

The Hymn Fake Book

*A Collection of Over 1000
Multi-Denominational Hymns*

MELODY, LYRICS, CHORDS



HAL • LEONARD

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HAL LEONARD[®]
CORPORATION

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ABOUT THIS BOOK

This is one of the largest, if not *the* largest, comprehensive collections of hymns ever assembled. It contains a huge variety of cross-denominational hymns, spanning **several** centuries. In the research phase of this book, over 75 hymnals were consulted, some dating back to the **mid-1800s**.

It is a common practice in hymnals to alter the text in various ways for the sake of modern perceptions. In this book, however, we have made every effort to retain the original texts whenever possible. We have also attempted to include most, if not all, of the original verses, generally up to six. The chord symbols allow players to harmonize their own arrangements, while preserving the authentic chord progressions.

For those who are unfamiliar with this format, a "fake book" attempts to provide a shorthand version of all essential elements: melody, lyrics and chords. In other words, "faking it." Although the four-part harmonies typically found in hymnals are not included, these arrangements are intended for players, soloists, or group singing.

-The Editors

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ABIDE IN GRACE, LORD JESUS

CHRISTUS, DER IST MEIN LEBEN

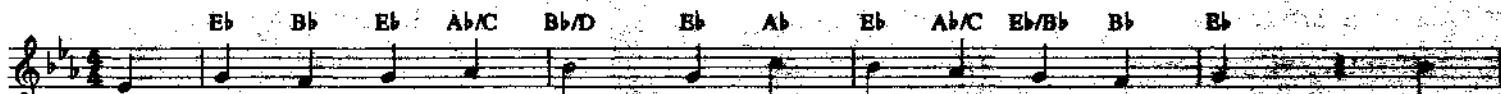
music by

Melchior Vulpius (c.1560-1615)

words by

Josua Stegmann (1588-1632)

tr. by F.W. Dettner (1861-1893)



1. A - bide in grace, Lord Je - sus, A - mong us con - stant - ly, Lest
 2. A - bide, Lord, with the sto - ry Of Thy re - deem - ing love; May
 3. A - bide, our path - way bright - en With Thy ce - les - tial ray; Blest
 4. A - bide with us in bless - ing, Lord of the earth and sky; Rich
 5. A - bide, our on - ly safe - ty, Thy peo - ple's sure de - fense; No
 6. A - bide a - mong us ev - er, Lord, with Thy faith - ful - ness; Je



Sa - tan's art de - ceive us And gain the vic - to - ry.
 we the Gos - pel's glo - ry And sav - ing vir - tue prove.
 Light, our souls en - light - en, Show us the truth, the way,
 grace and strength pos - sess - ing, Do Thou our need sup - ply!
 pow - er can with - stand Thee Di - vine Om - nip - o - tence!
 sus, for - sake us nev - er, Help us in all dis - tress!

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ABIDE WITH ME

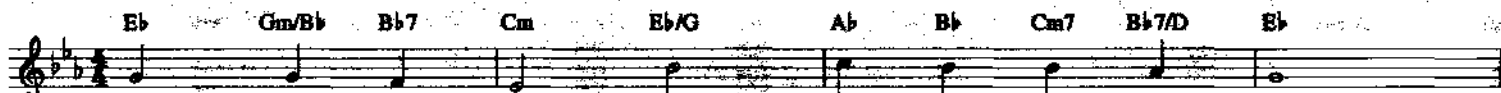
EVENTIDE

music by

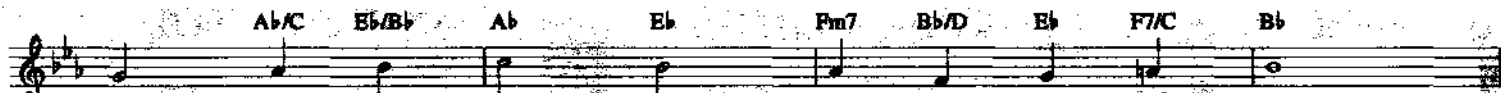
William H. Monk, 1861

words by

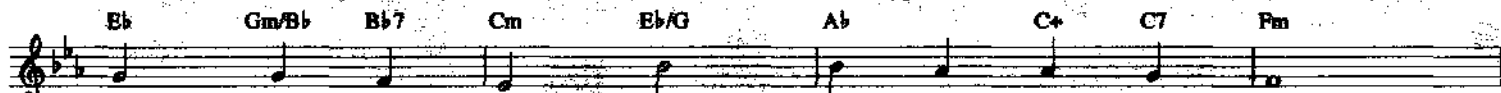
Henry F. Lyte, 1847



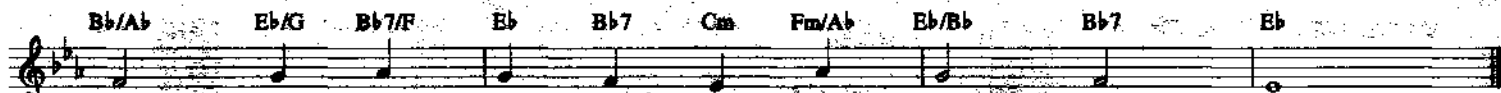
1. A bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide.
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence with ev - ry pass - ing hour,
 4. I fear Thy no - tice at Thee no hand to bless;
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross before my fore - head, my vic - to - ry, my crown;



The Earth's dark - ness grow deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.
 What joys but Thy grace dim, its glo - ry, glo - ries the pass - a - way.
 Ills have no weight, and can - not foil the no - tempt - er's power?
 Shine through the gloom and and point me to the ter - ter - ness, skies.



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



Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 O Thou who and sun - shine, not, Lord, a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still, if Thou, Thou, a - bide with me.
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

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AH, HOLY JESUS

HERZLIEBSTER JESU

music by

Johann Crüger, 1640

words by
Johann Heermann, 1630
tr. by Robert Bridges, 1899

1. Ah, ho ly Je sus, How hast Thou of
2. Who was the Good Shep y? Who brought this up
3. Lo, the Good Shep herd sus, For the sheep is
4. For me, kind Je sus, Was Thy in can car
5. There fore, kind Je sus, Since I can not

fend on ed, That we to judge Thee
of na pay fered; Thee? A The las, slave my trea Thee
pay tion, Thee, Thy I mor do tal a sor row, Thee,

Have in hate pre tend ed? By foes de rid ed,
Je sus, hath un done Thee! 'Twas I, Lord Je sus,
And the Son hath suf fered. For our a tone - ment,
And Thy life's ob la tion. Think death of an guish
And will ev er pray Thee, Thy pit y

By Thine own re - ject ed, O most af - flict ed!
I it was de - nied Thee; I God cru - ci - fied Thee.
While we noth ing heed ed, I God in ter - ced ed.
And Thy bit ter pas sion, For my say va - tion.
And Thy love un - swerv - ing, Not my de - serv - ing.

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ALAS, AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED

MARTYRDOM

music by

Hugh Wilson (1764-1824)

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my
2. Was it for I crimes that I have done, He groaned up
3. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While His dear
4. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut its
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of

Sov - reign die? Would He de - vote that
on the tree? A maz - ing pit - y,
cross ap - pears; Dis - solve my heart in
love ries in, When Christ, the I great give Re
I owe; Here, Lord, I give

sa - cred head For sin - ners such as I?
grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!
thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to
deem - er, died For man the crea - ture's sin.
self a way; 'Tis all that I can do.

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ALL CREATURES OF OUR GOD AND KING

LASST UNS ERFREUEN

music from

Geistliche Kirchengesäng, 1623

words by
Francis of Assisi, 1225
tr. by William Henry Draper

D Bm Em7 Asus A D/F# A7/E D Bm Em7

1. All crea - tures of our God and King, Lift up your voice and with us
2. Thou rush - ing wind that art so strong, Ye clouds that sail in heav'n a -
3. Thou flow - ing wa - ter, pure and clear, Make mu - sic for thy Lord to
4. Dear moth - er earth, who day by day Un - fold - est bless - ings on our
5. And all ye men of ten - der heart, For - giv - ing oth - ers, take your
6. Let all things their Cre - a - tor bless, And wor - ship Him in hum - ble

Asus A D/F# G D Bm A/C# D6 E A D/F# D Bm7 A7/C# D G/B

sing, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou burn - ing sun with gold - en
long, O - - - - - praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou ris - ing sun in heav'n
hear, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou fire so mas - ter - ful and
way, O - - - - - praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! The flow'rs and fruits that in thee
part, O - - - - - sing ye! Al - le - lu - ia! Ye who long pain and sor - row
ness, O - - - - - praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise, praise the Fa - ther, praise the

Asus A D/F# A7/E D G/B D/A G D/F# G/B D/A G6 D/F# Em7 D/F#

beam, Thou sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam,
joice, Ye lights of eve - ning, find a voice!
bright, That giv - est man both warmth and light,
grow, Let them His glo - ry al - so show!
bear, Praise God and on Him cast your care!
Son, And praise the Spir - it, Three in One!

O - - - - - praise Him! O - - - - -

G6 A7 Bm A/C# D6 E A Bm A/C# D6 Em A7/C# B/D# Em D/F# G6 A7 D

praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

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ALL DAY LONG

Traditional Spiritual

Traditional Spiritual

F F/A Bb F

1. All day long _____ I've been with Je sus, It has
2. All day long _____ I've talked with Je sus, It has
3. Won't you come _____ and walk with Je sus? It will

Gm C7 Dm C F F/A Bb

been _____ a glo - rious day. _____ I've just moved _____ up one step
been _____ a glo - rious day. _____ It just moved _____ me one step
be _____ a glo - rious day. _____ You can leave _____ your sin and

F/C C#dim7 Dm Gm Am/C C7 F

high _____ er, And I'm walk - ing on the King's high way. _____
high _____ er, On my walk a - long the King's high way. _____
sor _____ row, You can walk up on the King's high way. _____

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ALL DEPENDS ON OUR POSSESSING

ALLES IST AN GOTTES SEGEN

music by

J.B. König (1691-1758)

words from
Nürnberg Gesang-Buch, 1676
tr. by C. Winkworth (1827-1878)

F Dm C/E F Bb/D C/E F F/A G7/Bb C Dm G/B C

1. All de - pends on our pos - sess - ing God's a - bun - dant grace and bless - ing.
2. He who hath er - to hath fed me And to man - y joys hath led me,
3. Man - y spend their lives in fret - ting O - ver tri - fles and in get - ting
4. When with sor - row I am strick - en, Hope my heart a - new will quick - en,
5. Well he knows what best days to grant me; All the long - ing hopes that haunt me,
6. If on earth my days He length - en, He my wear - ry soul will strength - en;

G/B C Dm C/E F6 G C Gm/Bb Am D Gm C/E F

Though all earth - ly wealth de - part. He who trusts with faith un - shak - en
Is and ev - er shall be mine. He who did so gen - tly school me,
Things that have no sol - id ground. I shall strive to win a trea - sure
All my long - ing shall be stilled. To His lov - ing - kind - ness ten - der
Joy and sor - row have their day. I shall doubt His wis - dom nev - er;
All my in - Him I place. Earth - ly wealth is not a - bid - ing,

F/A G7/B C Dm G/B C F/A Bb Gm F/A Bb6 C F

In his God is not for - sak - en And e'er keeps a daunt - less heart.
He who still doth guide and rule me, Will re - main my Help di - vine.
That will bring me last - ing plea - sure And that now is sel - dom found.
Soul and bod - y I sur - ren - der, For on Him a - lone I build.
As God wills so be it ev - er; I to Him com - mit my way.
Like a stream a - way is glid - ing; Safe I an - chor in His grace.

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ALL FOR JESUS

CONSTANCY

Composer unknown

words by
Mary D. James (1810-1883)

Eb Bb Eb

1. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus! All my be - ing's ran - somed pow'rs:
2. Let my hands per - form His bid - ding, Let my feet run in His ways;
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all be - side;
4. Oh, what won - der! how a - maz - ing! Je - sus, glo - rious King of kings,

Bb Eb

All my thoughts and words and do - ings, All my days and all my hours.
Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His praise.
So en - chained my spir - it's vi - sion, Look - ing at the Cru - ci - fied.
Deigns to call me His be - lov - ed, Lets me rest be - neath His wings.

Refrain

Ab Ab/C Ab Eb Bb Eb

All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours;
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise;
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Look - ing at the Cru - ci - fied;
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Rest - ing now be - neath His wings;

Ab Ab/C Ab Eb Bb Eb

All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Look - ing at the Cru - ci - fied.
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Rest - ing now be - neath His wings.

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ALL GLORY, LAUD AND HONOR

ST. THEODULPH

music by

Melchior Teschner (1584-1635)

arr. by William Henry Monk, 1861

words by

Theodulph of Orleans, c. 820

tr. by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

Refrain

All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er,
 King, To whom the lips of chil - dren Made
 sweet ho - san - nas ring. **Fine**
 1. Thou art the King of
 2. The peo - ple of the
 3. The com - pa - ny of
 4. To Thee, be - fore Thy
 5. Thou didst ac - cept their

Is - ra - el, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son, Who
 He an - pas - ei, With Are palms be - fore Thee, went; Our
 an - pas - ei, With Are palms be - fore Thee, high; And
 prais - es; Ac - cept the - ir pray - ers of we bring, To
 Who

in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One,
 praise mor - tal men and all an - them, Be fore Thee and we pre - sent.
 Thee, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy make re - ply.
 in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King!

Repeat Refrain

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ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

CORONATION

music by

Oliver Holden, 1792

words by

Edward Perronet, 1779

alt. by John Rippon, 1787

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, let ye ran - somed from the
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, on this at His feet res - tate
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred thron' we at His feet may

fall; bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, and
 fall, hail to Him who all the saves you by His grace, and
 fall, hail to Him who all the maj - es - ty as - cribe, and
 fall! We'll join the the - er - last - ing song, and

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F C/E Dm C/G G C F F/A F

crown Him Lord of all. Bring forth the roy - al
 crown Him Lord of all. Hail Him who saves you
 crown Him Lord of all. To Him all the maj - es
 crown Him Lord of all. We'll join the ev - er

C Dm F/A Bb F/C Csus C7 F

di - a - dem, and crown Him Lord of all.
 by His grace, and crown Him Lord of all.
 ty as - crite, and crown Him Lord of all.
 last - ing song, and crown Him Lord of all.

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

words by
 Edward Perronet, 1779
 alt. by John Rippon, 1787

DIADEM
 music by
 James Ellor, 1838

Ab Ab/C Bb Ab Fm Bbm/Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab Db/Ab Ab Db/Ab

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

Ab Ab/C Db Bbm7 Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab C/G Fm

fall, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring - forth the roy - al
 fall, Ye ran - somed from the fall; Hail Him who saves you
 fall, On this ter - res - trial fall; To Him all the maj - es
 fall, We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er

Bbm/Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab Ab7 Db Ab Eb7

di - a - dem, } And crown
 by His grace, }
 ty as - crite, }
 last - ing song, }

Ab Db Eb Ab Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.

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ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

words by
 Edward Perronet, 1779
 alt. by John Rippon, 1787

MILES LANE
 music by
 William Shrubsole (1760-1806)

Fm Db Ab/C Eb Ab Bb7/F Eb Ab/C Db Ab/C Db Ab/Eb Eb Ab

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race. Ye ran - somed from the fall, Hail
 3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall, Go
 4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To
 5. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of your God, Who from His al - tar call, Ex
 6. O that with yon - der sa - cred thron'g We at His feet may fall! We'll

Db Ab/C Eb Ab Bb Eb Refrain Ab Fm Eb Ab Db Ab/Eb Eb Ab

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, }
 Him who saves you by His grace, }
 spread your tro - phies at His feet, }
 Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, } And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
 toi the Stem of Jes - sie's Rod, }
 join the ev - er - last - ing song, }

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ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL

OLD HUNDREDTH
music from
Genevan Psalter, 1551

attr. to Louis Bourgeois (1510-1561)

words by
William Kethe, from *Scottish Psalter*, 1565;
based on Psalm 100

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with
2. The Lord, ye know, is God gates in with praise; deed; With out the our Lord aid He with
3. O en - ter then His gates with praise; Ap - proach our with joy His
4. For why? The Lord our God is God mer - cy joy is for
5. To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, the God whom heaven and

cheer - ful voice; Him serve with fear, His praise forth
did us make; We are His flock, He doth us
courts un - to; Praise, and at all times name firm an - ly
ev - er a - sure; His From earth and from the an - gel
earth a - dore, From earth and from the an - gel

tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
ways, For it is from Him so age - to - dure.
stood, And shall from Him so age - to - dure.
host Be praise and glo - ry ev - er - more.

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ALL PRAISE TO OUR REDEEMING LORD

ARMENIA
music by

Sylvanus B. Pond, 1836

words by
Charles Wesley, 1747

1. All praise _____ to our re - deem - ing Lord, who
2. He bids _____ us build each oth - er up; and,
3. The gift _____ which He think on and speak the same, we
4. E'en now _____ we He and the joy _____ of one; and
5. We all _____ par - take the low - ship _____ of be - low the
6. And if _____ our fel - low - ship _____ be - low in

joins _____ us by _____ His grace, and bids _____ us, each to
gath - ered in _____ to _____ one, to our _____ high call - ing's
all _____ de - ly _____ a _____ prove, the _____ grace _____ through ev -
cor - dial _____ peace _____ we _____ feel, a _____ cen - tured _____ all, through
com - mon _____ be _____ so _____ sweet, what _____ height _____ of _____ sen - sual
Je - sus _____ be _____ so _____ sweet, what _____ height _____ of _____ rap - ture

each _____ re - stored, to - geth - er seek _____ His face.
glo - rious _____ hope we hand _____ in go - on.
ves - sel _____ flows in pur - est streams _____ of love.
Je - sus' _____ name, in per - fect har - mo - ny.
minds _____ un - known, a joy _____ un - speak - a - ble.
shall _____ we know when round _____ His throne _____ we meet!

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ALL PRAISE TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT

TALLIS' CANON
music by
Thomas Tallis, c. 1567

words by
Thomas Ken, c. 1674

Dsus D Em G/B C D G G/B Am7 D7/A G Am/G D/F# G G/B

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, for all the blessings of the light! Keep
2. For give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, the ill that I this day have done, that
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread the grave as lit - tle as my bed, Teach
4. O may my soul on Thee re - pose, and with sweet sleep mine eye - lids close, sleep
5. Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low; praise

Am/C D G Am D/F# G Am/C D7/A Em G/B C D G

me, O keep me, King of kings, be - neath Thine own al - might - y wings.
with the world, my self, and Thee, I, ere I, sleep, at the peace may be.
me to die, that so I may rise glo - rious at the judg - ment day.
that may me more vig - orous make to serve my God when I a - wake.
Him a - bove, ye heav - enly host; praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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ALL THE WAY ALONG

words by
Ada Blenkhorn, 1904

music by
Lewis E. Jones, 1904

G Gdim G D G G/D D7 Ddim7 D7

1. There is One who loves me, One who is my Friend All the way a - long,
2. He doth still the temp - est, bid its tu - mult cease, All the way a - long,
3. In my Lord and Sav - ior I will joy - ful be All the way a - long,
4. I will sing the prais - es of His won - drous love All the way a - long,

D7/G G D7/G G Gdim G D G

all the way a - long. He is ev - er near me, read - y to de - fend.
all the way a - long. In the time of trou - ble keeps in per - fect peace -
all the way a - long. Speak - ing words of com - fort sweet and dear to me,
all the way a - long. I will sing more sweet - ly in my home a - bove.

G/D D7 G D7 G/D D7 G Refrain D

All the way a - long it is Je - sus. All the way a - long it is

G D7 G D7 G/D D7 G

Je - sus; All the way a - long, bless - ed Je - sus. He's my joy and song

D7 G C G/D G D7 G

all the way a - long. All the way a - long it is Je - sus.

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ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOR LEADS ME

ALL THE WAY
music by
Robert Lowry, 1875

words by
Fanny J. Crosby, 1875

G D D/C G/B D/A G

1. All the way my Sav - ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side? Can I
2. All the way my Sav - ior leads me; Cheers each wind - ing path I tread, Gives me
3. All the way my Sav - ior leads me; Oh, the full - ness of His love! Per - fect

C/G G D7 Em G/D D A D Am/D D7

doubt His ten - der mer - cy, Who thru life with has been my guide? Heav'n - ly
grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread: Tho' my
rest to me is prom - ised In my Fa - ther's house a - bove: When my

G C/G G G/B D G C/G G D G

peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell! For I
wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be, Gush - ing
spir - it, cloth'd im - mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day, This my

D/A G/B C G/D D G

know what - e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well; For I
from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy all I see; Gush - ing
song thru end - less a - ges: Je - sus led me all the way; This my

D/A G/B C G/D D G

know what - e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well.
from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy all I see.
song thru end - less a - ges: Je - sus led me all the way.

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ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

ALL THINGS BRIGHT
music by
William Henry Monk (1823-1889)

words by
Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)

Refrain C F/A C/B Am G/D D7 G

All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small,

C G7/D C/E Am C/G G7

All things wise and won - der - ful: The Lord God made them

C Fine G Am7 G C

all. 1. Each lit - tle man flow'r that o pens, Each
2. The rich man in his cas - tle, The
3. The pur - ple wind - ed moun - tain, The
4. The cold wind in the win - ter, The
5. The tall trees in the green wood, The
6. He gave us eyes to see them, And

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G/B Em G/D D7 G E7 Am

lit - tle bird that sings, He made their glow ing
 poor man at his gate, God made them, high or
 pleas - ant run - ning by, The sun set and the
 mead - ows that we mer - sun, fruits in the
 lips that we may tell play, rush es by the
 the Al

D7 Em C G/D D7 G Repeat Refrain

col ors, He made their ti ny wings.
 low ly, And or bright - ens their up es the
 morn ing, That He made them, ev - 'ry sky;
 gar den: He We gath er made ev - 'ry one;
 might y, Who has made all things day;
 well.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

words by Cecil Frances Alexander, 1848

ROYAL OAK 17th century English melody

Refrain

G/B G D7/A G C Am6 G/B G C/E C D G G/F C/E G/D

All things bright and beau - ti - ful, all crea - tures great and small, all things wise and

C Am6 G/B G C/E C D G Fine D G C Am

won - der - ful: the Lord God made them all.

- 1. Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, each
- 2. The pur - ple - head - ed moun - tains, the
- 3. The cold wind in the win - ter, the
- 4. God gave us eyes to see them, and

D D/C G/B G D7sus D7/F# G D/F# Em D C D D7/C G/B C D G D.C.

lit - tle bird that sings, God made their glow - ing col - ors, and made their ti - ny wings.
 riv - er run - ning by, the sun - set and the morn - ing that bright - ens up the sky.
 pleas - ant sun - mer sun, the ripe fruits in the gar - den; God made them ev - 'ry one.
 lips that we might tell how great is God Al - might y, who has made all things well.

ALL WHO BELIEVE AND ARE BAPTIZED

ES IST DAS HEIL

music from

Etlich christlich Lieder, Wittenberg, 1524

words by

Thomas H. Kingo (1634-1703)

tr. by George T. Rygh (1860-1943)

A/C# A D C/E D7/F# G D Em A/C# D D/F# Bm B A/C# E7

1. All who be - lieve and are bap - tized pray, Shall see the Lord's sal - va -
 2. With one ac - cord, O God, we pray, Grant us Your Ho - ly Spir -

A D A/C# A D C/E D7/F# G D Em A/C#

tion; Bap - tized in - to the death of Christ, Each
 it; Help us in our in - fir - mi - ty Through

D D/F# Bm E A/C# E7 A A/C# D D/F# G Edim D E7 A A/C#

is a new cre - a - tion; Through Christ's re - demp - tion we shall stand A -
 Je - sus' blood and mer - it; Grant us to grow in grace each day That,

Bm D/F# G Bm F#m Em F# Bm Em/G Em D/F# A Bm A7 D

mong the glo - rious heav'n - ly band Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
 as is prom - ised here, we may E - ter - nal life in - her - it.

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ALL YE WHO SEEK A COMFORT SURE

KINGSFOLD

Traditional English melody

Latin text, 13th century

tr. by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

Em C D/C G/B Em D Em/B F#dim/A G Am C Dsus D G/B

1. All ye who seek a com - fort sure In trou - ble and dis - tress, What
 2. Ye hear how kind - ly He in - vites; Ye hear His words so blest - "All

C(add2) C Am7 D G/B A7/B D D7 G/B F#dim/A G G/B C Am Em

ev - er sor - row vex the mind, Or guilt the soul op - press, Je -
 ye that la - bour come to Me, And I will give you rest." O

Bm Em7 D7/F# G Am7/C D G G/B F#dim/A F#dim/A G/B C Dsus D G/B

sus who gave Him - self for you high, Up - on the Cross to die: O
 Je - sus joy of Saints on high, Thou hope of sin - ners here, At

C(add2) Am G Em7 C#dim/E D B/B F#dim/A G C Am Em

pens to you His sa - cred Heart; O to that Heart draw nigh.
 tract - ed by those lov - ing words To Thee I lift my prayer.

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ALL YOUR ANXIETY

words by
Edward Henry Joy, 1920

music by
Edward Henry Joy, 1920

E♭
E♭sus E♭
B♭7/D
E♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
Fm/A♭
C/G
Fm
Fm7

1. Is there a heart o'er - bound by sor - row? Is there a life weighed
 2. No oth - er friend so swift to help you; No oth - er friend so
 3. Come then at once; de - lay no long - er! Heed His en - treat - y

B♭7
Cm
B♭/D
E♭
E♭sus E♭
B♭7sus
B♭7
E♭7
Fm/A♭

down - by care? Come to the cross, each bur - den bear - ing;
 quick - to hear. No oth - er cross, to leave - den bur - den;
 kind - and sweet. You need not fear a dis - ap - point - ment;

C/G
Fm
C/G
Fm/A♭
E♭/B♭
B♭7
E♭
Refrain
E♭sus E♭
E♭sus E♭

All your anx - i - e - ty - leave - it there. } All your anx - i - e - ty,
 No oth - er one - to hear - your prayer. }
 You shall find peace at the mer - cy seat. }

B♭7/D
E♭
B♭
Fm
C7/F
Fm
C7/F
Fm
B♭
Cm7
B♭7/D
E♭
E♭/G
B♭7sus/F
E♭

all your care, Bring to the mer - cy seat; leave it there. Nev - er a

B♭7/D
E♭
C/E
C7/E
Fm
E♭/B♭
Bdim7
Cm
Fm
E♭/G
A♭
B♭7
E♭

bur - den He can - not bear; Nev - er a friend like Je - sus!

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ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! LET THE HOLY ANTHEM RISE

LET THE HOLY ANTHEM RISE
music from
St. Basil's Hymnal, 1889

Author unknown

B♭
F7
B♭
E♭
F7
F7/A
B♭
D7

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Let the ho - ly an - them rise, And the
 2. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Like the sun from out the wave, He has
 3. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Bless - ed Je - sus, make us rise From the

Gm
C/E
F
F/A
B♭
C7
F

choirs of heav - en chant it In the tem - ple of the skies; Let the
 ris - en up in tri - umph Prom the dark - ness of the grave. He's the
 life of this cor - rup - tion To the life that nev - er dies. May your

F7
B♭
F7
B♭

moun - tains skip with glad - ness, And the joy - ful val - leys ring With ho -
 splen - dor of the na - tions, He's the the lamp of end - less day; He's the
 glo - ry be our por - tion When the days of time are past And the

B♭/D
E♭
Edim7
B♭/F
F7
B♭

san - nas in the high - est To our Sav - ior and our King.
 ver - y Lord of glo - ry Who is ris - en up to - day.
 dead shall be a - wak - ened By the trum - pet's might - y blast.

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ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

HYMN TO JOY

music by

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
adapted by Edward Hodges (1796-1867)

words by
Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885)

G G/D D7 G/D D/C G/B D7/A G G/D D

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise;
 2. Now the i - ron bars are bro - ken, Christ from death to life is born,
 3. Christ is ris - en, Christ, the first fruits Of the ho - ly har - vest field,
 4. Christ is ris - en, we are ris - en! Shed up - on us heav'n - ly grace,
 5. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high;

G C/G G7 C G/D D7 G/D D7 G

Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise.
 Glo - rious life, and life im - mor - tal, On this ho - ly Eas - ter morn;
 Which will all its full a - bun - dance At His sec - ond com - ing yield;
 Rain and dew and gleams of glo - ry From the bright - ness of Thy face;
 Al - le - lu - ia to the Sav - ior, Who has gained the vic - to - ry;

D G/D D7 G/D D7 G/D D7 B/D# B7 Bm A7 B

He who on the cross a vic - tim, For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
 Christ has tri - umphed, and we con - quer By His might - y en - ter - prise,
 Then the gold - en ears of we - har - vest Will His heads - be - fore Him wave,
 That we, with our hearts in heav - en, Here on earth may fruit - ful be,
 Al - le - lu - ia to the Spir - it, Fount of love and sanc - ti - ty;

G C/G G7 C G/D D7 G/D D7 G

Je - sus Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.
 We with Him to life e - ter - nal By His res - ur - rec - tion rise.
 Rip - ened by His glo - rious sun - shine From the fur - rows of the grave.
 And by an - gel hands be gath - ered, And be ev - er, Lord, with Thee.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! To the Tri - une Maj - es - ty.

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ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

LUX EO!

music by

Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900)

words by
Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885)

C C/E C/G G7 C F C/E C D/A D7 G

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise;
 2. Now the i - ron bars are bro - ken, Christ from death to life is born,
 3. Christ is ris - en, Christ, the first fruits Of the ho - ly har - vest field,
 4. Christ is ris - en, we are ris - en! Shed up - on us heav'n - ly grace,
 5. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high;

G/F C/E G/D D/C G/B C G/D D7sus D7 G

Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise.
 Glo - rious life, and life im - mor - tal, On this ho - ly Eas - ter morn.
 Which will all its full a - bun - dance At His sec - ond com - ing yield;
 Rain and dew and gleams of glo - ry From the bright - ness of Thy face;
 Al - le - lu - ia to the Sav - ior, Who has gained the vic - to - ry;

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F/A Em/G F Esus E Am/C E/B Am Dm6 Am/E E Am

He who on the cross a vic - tum, For the world's sal - va - tion - blest,
 Christ has tri - umphed, and we con - quer By His might - y en - ter - prise;
 Then the gold - en ears of har - vest Will their heads be fore Him wave;
 That we, with our hearts to the Spir - it. Here on of earth may and sanc - ti - ty;
 Al - le - lu - ia

G7/B C C/G G/F C/E F C/G Adim7 G7/B C F6 C/G G7 C

Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.
 We with Him to life e - ter - nal By his res - ur - rec - tion rise.
 Rip - ened by His glo - rious sun - shine From the fur - rows of the grave.
 And by an - gel hands be - gath - ered, And be - ev - er, of the Thee.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! To the Tri - une Lord, with Maj - es - ty.

ALLELUIA! SING TO JESUS

words by William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)

ALLELUIA music by Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876)

F Edim/F F Bb F/A G7 C7 Dm C/E F F/A Bb F

1. Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - ter, His the throne;
 2. Al - le - lu - ia! not as or - phans are we left in sor - row now;
 3. Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of Hea - ven, Thou on earth our food, our stay!
 4. Al - le - lu - ia! King e - ter - nal, Thee the Lord of lords we own:

F/A C7 Dm C/E F Bb F/C C G7 C/E D7/A C/G G7 C

Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, his the vic - to - ry a lone;
 Al - le - lu - ia! He is near us, his faith be - lieves, nor ques - tions how:
 Al - le - lu - ia! here the sin - ful flee to thee from day to day:
 Al - le - lu - ia! born of Ma - ry, earth Thy foot - stool, heaven Thy throne:

F C Dm Bb F/A G7 C7 Dm Gm/Bb A A/C# Esus E A

Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on thun - der like a might - y flood;
 though the the - ces sor, friend re - ceived Him, when the sight for - ty days were o'er;
 In - ter - ces sor, friend re - ceived Him, when the sight for - ty days were o'er;
 Thou with in the veil hast en - tered, robed in Re - deem - er, our great High Priest:

Am Am/C Gm/D D Gm Gm/Bb F/C C Dm7 Gm Dm7 Gm7/Bb C7 F

Je - sus out of ev - ery na - tion hath re - deemed us by His blood.
 shall our hearts for - get all His prom - ise, "I am with you ev - er more?"
 where the songs of both Priest and Vic - tim sweep in the cross the crys - tal sea.
 Thou on earth both Priest and Vic - tim sweep in the cross the crys - tal sea.

ALLELUIA! SING TO JESUS

HYFRYDOL

music by

Rowland Hugh Prichard, 1831

words by

William Chatterton Dix, 1866

F C F Bb/D C7/E F C Dm C F/A C7/G F F/A

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Sing to Je - sus! His the scep - ter,
 2. Al - le - lu - ia! Not as or phans Are we on the left in
 3. Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of an - gels, Thou on earth our
 4. Al - le - lu - ia! King e - ter - nal, Thee the Lord of

Gm/Bb Dm C F C F Bb/D C7/E F C Dm C

His the throne! Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph,
 sor - row now. Al - le - lu - ia! He is near us;
 food, our stay. Al - le - lu - ia! Here the sin - ful
 lords we own; Al - le - lu - ia! Born of Ma - ry,

F/A C7/G F F/A Gm/Bb Dm C F Am Dm Gm

His the vic - to - ry a lone! Hark! the songs of peace - ful
 Faith be - lieves - nor ques - tions how. Thought the cloud - from sight re -
 Flee to Thee from day - to day. In - ter - ces - sor, friend of
 Earth Thy foot - stool, heav'n - Thy throne. Thou with - in the veil hast

C7 Dm C7/E F F/E Dm Gm/Bb F/A Gm Bb Csus C F/A Gm C7/E

Zi - on Thun - der like a might - y flood; Je - sus out of
 ceived Him, When Earth's Re - deem - er, were o'er, Shall our hearts for -
 sin - ners, Earth's Re - deem - er, plead for me, Where the songs of
 en - tered, Robed in flesh, our great High Priest; Thou on earth both

F F/A C F/A Bb F/A Bb F/C C7 F

ev - 'ry na - tion Hath re - deemed us by His blood.
 get His prom - ise, "I am with you ev - er more"
 all the sin - less, Sweep a - cross the the crys - tal sea.
 Priest and Vic - tim In the Eu - cha - ris - tic feast.

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ALMIGHTY GOD, THY WORD IS CAST

ST. FLAVIAN

music from

John Day's Psalter, 1562

words by

John Cawood (1775-1852)

Csus C F F/A Bb6 C F Bb/D F Bb A F

1. Al - might - y God, Thy Word is cast Like seed in - to the ground; Now
 2. Let not the foe of Christ and cast man This ho - ly seed re - move; But
 3. Let not the world's de - ceit - ful cares The ris - ing plant de - stroy, But
 4. Off as the pre - cious seed is sown, Thy quick - 'ning grace be - stow, That

Bb/D C/E Am/C Dm C F C Dm Bb C F

let the dew of heav'n de - scend And right - eous fruits a bound.
 give it root in ev - ry heart To bring forth fruits of love.
 let it yield a hun - dred fold The fruits of peace and joy.
 all whose souls the truth re - ceive Its sav - ing pow'r may know.

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ALLELUIA, SONG OF GLADNESS

DULCE CARMEN

music from

Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782

Latin text, 11th century

tr. by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

G D/F# G C/E D G D Em G/B C Am7 G/D D7 G

1. Al - le - lu - ia, song of glad - ness, voice of joy that can - not die;
 2. Al - le - lu - ia, now re - sound - ing, true Je - ru - sa - lem and free;
 3. Al - le - lu - ia we de - serve not here to chant for - ev - er more,
 4. There - fore in our hymns we now pray, grant us, bless - ed Trin - i - ty,

C G G/B G/D D G D/A A7 D

Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them ev - er dear to choirs on high;
 Al - le - lu - ia, joy - ful moth - er, all your chil - dren sing with glee;
 Al - le - lu - ia our trans - gres - sions make us for a while give o'er;
 At the last to keep you, East - er, in our home - be - yond the sky;

D/C G/B C B Em D G C Am7 G/B D7 G

In the house of God a - bid - ing thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly.
 But by Bab - y - lon's sad wa - ters mourn - ing ex - iles now are we.
 For the ho - ly time is com - ing bid - ding us our sins de - plore.
 There to you for - ev - er sing - ing Al - le - lu - ia joy - ful - ly.

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ALMOST PERSUADED

words by Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

music by Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

F Bb/F F Dm C F Bb/F

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," now come to be - lieve; "Al - most per -
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to day; "Al - most per -
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per -

F C7 F Bb/F F

suad - ed," Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say,
 suad - ed," turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here,
 suad - ed," doom comes as last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail;

C/E C C7/E C7/F F Gm7 F/A Bb F F/C C C7 F

"Go, Spir - it, go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
 An - gels are ling - g'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts to dear, O Thee wan - d'r'er, come.
 "Al - most" is but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail, "Al - most," but lost.

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AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS

ARLINGTON

music by

Thomas A. Arne (1710-1778)

words by

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Chords: F C7 Dm C F F/A C7/G F F/C C C7/E

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, a fol - lower of the Lamb, and
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies, on flow - ery beds of ease, while
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is
 4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; in crease my cour - age, Lord, I'll
 5. Thy saints in all this glo - rious war shall con - quer, though they die; they
 6. When that il - lus - trious day shall rise, and all thy arm - ies shine in

Chords: F Bb F F/A Gm/Bb F/C C7 F

shall I fear to own his cause, or blush to speak his name?
 oth - ers fought to win the prize, and sailed through blood - y seas?
 this vile world a friend to grace, to help me on to God?
 bear the toil, en - dure the pain, sup - port - ed by thy word.
 see the tri - umph from a - far, by faith they bring it nigh.
 robes of vic - tory through the skies, the glo - ry shall be thine.

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AMAZING GRACE

words by John Newton (1725-1807), v. 1-4
 v. 5 from *A Collection of Sacred Ballads*, 1790

Traditional American melody
 from Carrell and Clayton's *Virginia Harmony*, 1831
 arr. by Edwin O. Excell, 1900

Chords: Ab Eb7 Fm Db Ab

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. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His word my
 4. Through man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al
 5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal
 6. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright shin - ing

Chords: Bb9 Eb7sus Eb7 Ab Ab7/C

wretch like me! I once was lost but
 fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did that
 hope se - cures; He will my shield and
 read - y come; 'Tis grace hath brought me
 life shall cease, I shall pos - sess, with
 as the sun, We've no less days to

Chords: Db Ab Fm Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

now am found, Was blind but now I see.
 grace ap - pear The As - yet be - lieved.
 por - tion be As The hour long as I en - dures.
 safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 in the veil, a life of joy and peace.
 sing God's praise Than when we'd first be - gun.

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AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

MATERNA
music by

Samuel A. Ward, 1888

words by
Katharine Lee Bates, 1904



1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, For pur - ple moun - tain
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern im - pas - sion'd stress A thor - ough - fare for
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes prov'd in lib - er - at - ing strife, Who more than self their
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years Thine al - a - bas - ter



maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on
 free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry
 coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re -
 cit - ies gleam, Un - dimmed by hu - man tears! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on



thee, And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
 flaw, Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 fine Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 thee, And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

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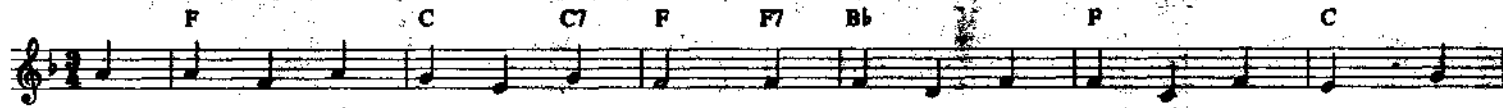
AND ARE WE YET ALIVE

DENNIS
music by

Johann G. Nägeli

arr. by Lowell Mason, 1845

words by
Charles Wesley, 1749



1. And are we yet a - live, and see each oth - er's face? Glo -
 2. Pre - served by power di - vine to full sal - va - tion here, a -
 3. What trou - bles have we seen, what might y con - flicts past, fight -
 4. Yet out of all the Lord hath brought us by His love; and
 5. Then let us make our boast of His re - deem - ing power, which
 6. Let us take up the cross till we the crown ob - tain, and



ry and thanks to Je - sus give for His al - might - y grace!
 gain in Je - sus' praise we join, and in His sight ap - pear.
 ings with - out, and fears with in, since we as - sem - bled last!
 still He doth His help af - ford, and hides our life a - bove.
 saves us to the ut - ter most, till we can sin no more.
 glad - ly reck on all things loss so we may Je - sus gain.

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AND NOW, O FATHER, MINDFUL OF THE LOVE

UNDE ET MEMORES

music by

William Henry Monk (1823-1889)

words by
William Bright (1824-1901)

1. And now, O Fa - ther, mind - ful of the love That bought us, once look for
 2. Look Fa - ther, look on His a - noint - ed face, And on - ly look on
 3. And then for those, our dear - est and our best, By this pre - look - ing
 4. And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet, Most pa - tient Sa - vior,

all, on Cal - vary's Tree, And hav - ing with us Him that pleads a - bove, We
 us 'as found in Him; Look not on our mis - us - ings of thy grace, Our
 pres - ence we ap - peal; O fold them clos - er to Thy mer - cy's breast, O
 who canst love us still: And by this food, so aw - ful and so sweet, De -

here pre - sent, we here spread forth to Thee That For on - ly Of - fering
 prayer so lan - guid, and our faith so dim: For lo! be - tween our
 do Thine ut - most for their soul's true weal: From taint - ing mis - chief
 liv - er us from ev - ry touch of ill: In Thine own ser - vice

per - fect in Thine eyes, The one true, pure, im - mor - tal Sac - ri - fice.
 and their re - ward, We And set the, Pas - sion of thy Son our
 keep them white and clear, And crown Thy gifts with strength to per - se - vere.
 make us glad and free, And grant us nev - er more to part with thee.

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AND CAN IT BE THAT I SHOULD GAIN

SAGINA

music by

Thomas Campbell (1777-1844)

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

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

in the Sav - ior's blood? Died He for me, who
 in fi - na - na - ture's night. grace! His Emp - He tied for me, who
 sin and na - ture's night. Thine eye Him self, of
 all in Him, is mine! A - live in Him fused a
 my

caused His pain? For me, who Him to death pur
 all but love, And And I woke for the Ad - am's death help less
 quick - ning ray: And I clothed in in dun - geon help - less
 liv - ing Head, And clothed in right eous - ness with di

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G D DC G/B D/A G C A/C# D

sued? race! light! vine, A 'Tis My Bold maz - mer chains I ing - cy fell ap love! all, off, proach how im - my th'e can - mense heart - ter it and was - nal be free, free, throne, That For, I And

G G/B C D G Refrain

Thou, O claim my my went the God, forth, crown, shouldst and thee die it and the found fol Christ for out lowed my me? me. Thee. } A - maz - ing

B D7 G C Am6 G/B Am/C G/D D7 G

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

ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

words by James Montgomery (1771-1854)

REGENT SQUARE music by Henry T. Smart (1813-1879)

G G/D DC G/B C G/B Em D/F# D7 G

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 - tar bend - ing, Watch - ing long in hope and fear,

Em/B B Em B7 Em D/A A7 D

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.

Refrain D7 G C Am G/B Am/C Em Dsus D7 G

Come and wor - ship! Come and wor - ship! Wor - ship Christ the new - born King!

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

GLORIA

Traditional French melody

Traditional French carol
tr. by James Chadwick (1813-1882)

F Am Csus C F C F F/C C7 F

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!

Am Csus C F C F F/C C7 F

And the moun - tains in re - ply Ech - o back their joy - ous strains.
Say, what may the tid - ings be Which in - spire your heav'n - ly song?
Come a - dore the 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.

Refrain D Gm C F Bb C C7

Glo - ri - a

F/A C F Bb F/C C F D Gm C

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

F Bb C C7 F/A C F Bb F/C C7 F

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

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ANOTHER YEAR IS DAWNING

AURELIA

music by

Samuel S. Wesley (1810-1876)

words by
Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)

D G/D D D/A A/G D/F# G6 D/A A7 D A7/E

1. An - oth - er year is dawn - ing: Dear Fa - ther, let it be, In
2. An - oth - er year of mer - cies, Of faith - ful - ness and grace; An
3. An - oth - er year of ser - vice, Of wit - ness for Thy love; An

D/F# F# F#7 Gdim7 G F#m G/B A/C# D G#dim/B A

work - ing or in wait - ing, An - oth - er year with Thee; An
oth - er year of glad - ness In the shin - ing of Thy face; An
oth - er year of train - ing For ho - lier work a - bove. An

D A7/B D/F# G D/F# Bm Bm/F# F#m/Bm/B D/B# Em AAC#

oth - er year of prog - ress, An - oth - er year of praise, An
oth - er year of lean - ing, Up - on Thy lov - ing breast; An
oth - er year is dawn - ing: Dear Fa - ther, let it be, On

D G/D D G Em Asus A7 D

oth - er year of prov - ing, Thy pres - ence all the days.
oth - er year of trust - ing, Of qui - et, hap - py rest.
earth or else in heav - en, An - oth - er year for Thee.

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ANYWHERE WITH JESUS

SECURITY
music by

Daniel B. Towner, 1887

words by
Jessie B. Pounds (v. 1,2,4), 1887
and Helen C. Dixon (v. 3), 1915

C F/C C Dm7/C C

1. An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go,
2. An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a lone,
3. An - y - where with Je - sus o - ver land and sea,
4. An - y - where with Je - sus I can go to sleep

G G7 C/G G7/B C

An - y - where He leads me in this world be low.
Oth - er friends He may fail me; He is still my own.
Tell - ing souls in dark - ness of sal - va - tion free;
When the dark - 'ning shad - ows round a - bout me creep,

F/C C Dm7/C C

An - y - where with - out Him dear - est joys would fade.
Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver drea - ry ways,
Read - y as He sum - mons me to go or stay,
Know - ing I shall wak - en nev - er more to roam.

G7sus/D C/E C F C/F F C/G G7 C

An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a afraid.
An - y - where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
An - y - where with Je - sus when He points the way.
An - y - where with Je - sus will be home, the sweet home.

Refrain

G7 C Am G/D D7 G

An - y - where! An - y - where! Fear I can not know.

C G7sus/D C/E C F C/F Dm/F C/G G7 C

An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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AS PANTS THE HART FOR COOLING STREAMS

MARTYRDOM

music by

Hugh Wilson (1764-1824)

adapted by Robert Smith (1780-1829)

words by Nahum Tate (1652-1715)
and Nicholas Brady (1659-1726)

G C G G/B GD D7 G D/F# G Em G/B

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams When heat - ed in the
2. For Thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst y soul doth
3. Why rest - less, why cast - down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt
4. To Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a

D D/F# G D Em Bdim/D C G D G G/B C Em G/D D7 G

chase, So longs my soul, O God, for Thee And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.
pine: O when shall I be - hold Thy face, Thou Maj - es - ty di - vine?
sing The praise of Him who is, Thy thy God, Thy health's e - ter - nal spring.
dore, Be glo - ry as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er more.

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ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

WASHED IN THE BLOOD
music by
Elisha A. Hoffman, 1878

words by
Elisha A. Hoffman, 1878

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans - ing power? Are you
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the the Sav - ior's side? Are you
 3. When the Bride - groom com - eth will that your robes be white? Are you
 4. Lay a - side the the gar - ments that are stained with sin, And be

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust - ing in His
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the
 washed in the blood of the Lamb; There's a foun - tain flow - ing for the

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
 Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
 man - sions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?) Are you
 soul un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

washed in the blood, In the soul - cleans - ing blood of the Lamb? Are your

gar - ments spot - less? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

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ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE

LENOX
music by
Lewis Edson (1748-1820)

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

1. A rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears. The
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove For me to in - ter - cede, His
 3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry, They
 4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear A - noint - ed One; He
 5. My God is rec - on - ciled; His par - d'ning voice I hear. He

bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears. Be
 all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead. His
 pour - of - fec - tual prayers; They strong - ly plead for me. "For
 can - not turn a way child; The The strong pres - ence of His Son. His
 owns me for His child; I can no long - er fear. With

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fore the throne my Sure ty stands, Be fore the throne my
 blood a - toned for all our they race, His blood a - toned for
 give him, oh, for give," they cry, "For give him, oh, for
 Spir it an - swers to now draw the blood, His Spir it an - swers
 con - fi - dence I

Sure ty stands; My name is writ ten on His hands. _____
 all our race; And sprin - kles now the throne of grace. _____
 give," they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner of die. _____
 to the blood, And tells me I am born of God. _____
 now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry. _____

AS THE SUN DOTH DAILY RISE

Latin Hymn Text
tr. by J. Masters
adapt. by Horatio Nelson, 1864

INNOCENTS
music from
The Parish Choir, 1850

1. As the sun doth dai - ly rise, bright - ening all the morn - ing skies,
 2. Day by day pro - vide us food, from Thee come our things good;
 3. Be our guard in sin and strife; be from the lead - er of our life;
 4. Quick - ened by the Spir - it's grace by all Thy ho - ly will to trace
 5. Praise we, with the heaven - ly host, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost;

so to Thee with one ac - cord lift we up our hearts, O Lord.
 strength un - to our souls af - ford from Thy liv - ing bread, O Lord.
 lest from Thee we stray a - broad, stay our way - ward feet, O Lord.
 while we dai - ly search Thy Word, wis - dom true im - part, O Lord.
 Thee would we with one ac - cord praise and mag - ni - fy, O Lord.

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AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD

words by
William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898)

DIX
music by
Conrad Kocher (1786-1872)

1. As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold;
 2. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man - ger dore;
 3. As they of - fered gifts most rare At that that man - ger and bare,
 4. Ho - ly Je - sus, ev - 'ry rare day Keep us in the nar - row way;

As with joy they hailed its light, Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright;
 There to bend the knee be fore Him whom heav'n and earth a - dore;
 So may we with ho - ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al - loy,
 And when earth - ly things are past, Bring our ran - somed souls at last

So, most gra - cious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.
 So may we with will - ing feet Ev - er seek Thy mer - cy seat.
 All our cost - liest trea - sures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heav'n - ly King.
 Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo - ry hide.

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ASK YE WHAT GREAT THING I KNOW

words by
Johann C. Schwedler, 1741
tr. by Benjamin H. Kennedy, 1863

HENDON
music by
H.A. César Malan, 1827

1. Ask ye what great thing I know, that de lights and
 2. Who de feats my fierce est foes? Who con soles my
 3. Who is life in life to me? Who the death of
 4. This is that great thing I know; this de lights and

stirs me so? What the high re ward I win? Whose the name I
 sad dest woes? Who re vives my faint ing heart, heal ing all its
 death will be? Who will place me on His right, with the count less
 stirs me so: faith in Him who died to save, Him who tri umphed

glo ry in? Je sus Christ, the cru ci fied.
 hid den smart? Je sus Christ, the cru ci fied.
 hosts of light? Je sus Christ, the cru ci fied.
 o'er the grave: Je sus Christ, the cru ci fied.

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AT CALVARY

words by
William R. Newell, 1895

CALVARY
music by
Daniel B. Towner, 1895

1. Years I spent in van i ty and pride, Car ing not my Lord was cru ci fied,
 2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem bled at the law I'd spurned,
 3. Now I've giv'n to Je sus ev 'ry thing, Now I glad ly own Him as my King,
 4. O the love that drew sal va tion's plan! O the grace that brought it down to man!

Know ing not it was for me He died on Cal va ry.
 Till my guilt y soul im plor ing turned to Cal va ry.
 Now my rap tured soul can on ly sing of Cal va ry.
 O the might y gulf that God did span at Cal va ry!

Mer cy there was great and grace was free, Par don there was mul ti plied to me,
 There my bur dened soul found lib er ty, at Cal va ry.

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AT THE CROSS

HUDSON

music by

Ralph E. Hudson, 1885

words by Isaac Watts, 1707 (verses)
and Ralph E. Hudson, 1885 (refrain)

E♭ **E♭/G** **A♭** **E♭/G** **B♭7/F** **E♭**

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up on the
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide And shut His glo - ries
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I

B♭ **E♭** **A♭/E♭** **E♭** **Fm/A♭** **-E♭/B♭** **B♭7**

die? Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For sin - ners such as
tree? A - maz ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de -
in, When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the crea - ture's
owe. Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can

E♭ **Refrain** **A♭/E♭** **E♭** **E♭/B♭** **B♭**

I? }
grec! }
sin. }
do! }

At the cross, at the cross where I first — saw the light And the

B♭7 **E♭** **A♭**

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way; It was there by faith I re

E♭ **Fm/A♭** **B♭7** **E♭**

ceived my — sight, and now I am hap - py all the day!

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AT THE CROSS, HER VIGIL KEEPING

STABAT MATER

music from

Mainzisch Gesangbuch, 1661

words by
Jacopone da Todi, 13th century
tr. by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

F **C** **F** **C/E** **F** **F/A** **Gm** **F** **C** **Dm** **C/E** **G** **C** **G** **C**

1. At the cross, her vig - il keep - ing, Stood the mourn - ful moth - er weep - ing
2. Who, up - on that moth - er gaz - ing, In her an - guish so a - maz - ing,
3. For His peo - ple's sins chas - tis - ed, She be - held her Son de - spis - ed,
4. Near your cross, O Christ, a - bid - ing, Grief and love my heart di - vid - ing,

Gm/B♭ **Dm** **C** **F/A** **Csus** **C** **F** **Dm** **C** **F** **C/E** **F** **F/A** **Gm** **F**

Where He hung, the dy - ing Lord; Through her soul of joy be - reav - ed,
Born of wom - an, would not weep? Who, of Him Christ's dear moth - er think - ing
Scourged and crowned with thorns en - twined, Saw of Christ's then from judge - ment tak - en,
I with her would take my place; By your sav - ing cross up - hold me,

C **Dm** **C/E** **G** **C** **G** **C** **Gm/B♭** **Dm** **C** **F/A** **Csus** **C** **F**

Bowed with sor - row, deep - ly griev - ed, Passed the sharp and pierc - ing sword.
While her Son that cup is drink - ing, Would not share her sor - row deep?
And in death by all for - sak - en, Till His Spir - it He re - signed.
In your dy - ing, Christ, en - fold me With the death - less arms of grace.

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AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE SING

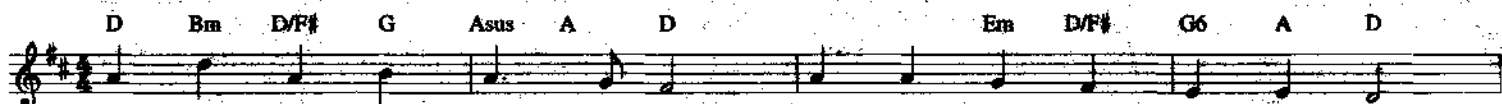
SALZBURG

music by

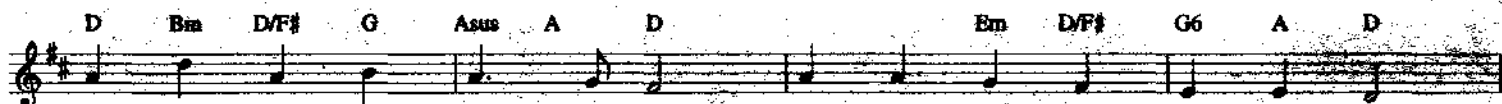
Jakob Hintze (1622-1702)

4th century Latin text

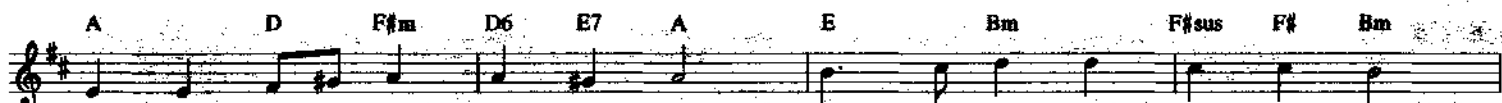
tr. by Robert Campbell (1814-1868)



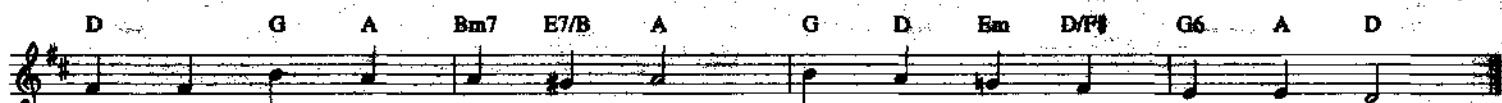
1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King.
 2. Where the Pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;
 3. Might - y Vic - tim from the sky, Hell's fierce pow'rs be - neath Thee lie;



Who hath washed us in the tide Flow - ing the from wave His that pierc - ed the side;
 Is - rael's hosts tri - um in - phant go Through the wave brought us that drowns the foe;
 Thou hast con - quered in the flight, Thou hast brought us life and light;



Praise we Him — whose love di - vine, Gives His sa - cred Blood for wine,
 Praise we Christ, — whose blood was shed, Pas - chal Vic - tim, the Pas - chal Bread;
 Now no more — can death ap - pall, Now no more the grave en - thrall;



Gives His Bod - y for the feast, Christ the Vic - tim, Christ the Priest.
 With sin - cer - i - ty and love Eat the we man - na the a - bove.
 Thou hast o - pened par - a - dise, And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

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AT THE NAME OF JESUS

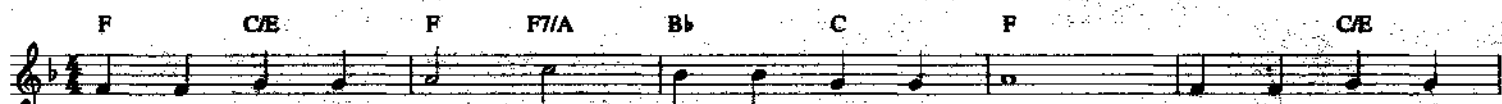
WYE VALLEY

music by

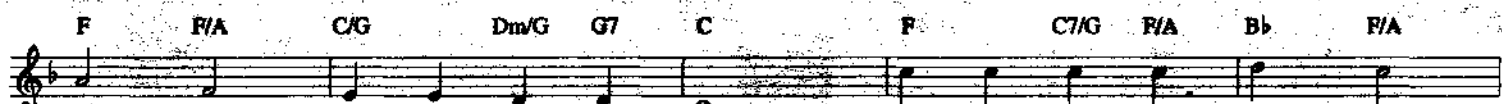
James Mountain, 1876

words by

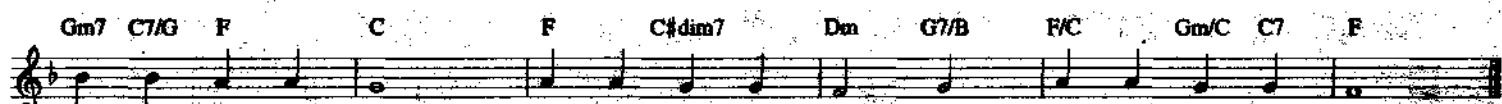
Caroline M. Noel, 1870



1. At the name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow, Ev - 'ry tongue con
 2. Hum - bled for a sea - son To - re - ceive a name From the lips of
 3. In your hearts en - throne Him; There let Him re - move All that is not
 4. Watch, for this Lord Je - sus Shall re - turn a - gain With His - Fa - ther's



fess - Him King of Glo - ry now. 'Tis the Fa - ther's plea - sure
 sin - ners Un - to whom He came; Faith - ful - ly He bore it,
 ho - ly, All that is not true; Crown Him as your cap - tain
 glo - ry, O'er the earth to reign; For the day is com - ing



We should call Him Lord, Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might - y Word.
 Spot - less to the last, Brought it back vic - to - rious When from death He passed.
 In temp - ta - tion's hour, Let His will en - fold you In its light and pow'r.
 When each knee shall bow, All our hearts con - fess Him King of Glo - ry now.

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AWAKE AND SING THE SONG

ST. ETHELWALD

music by

William Henry Monk (1823-1889)

words by
William Hammond (1719-1783)

1. A - wake and sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb; Tune
 2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing power; Sing
 3. If you have felt His grace, You'll not re - fuse to sing; But
 4. Look back and see the state Where in your na - ture lay; Then
 5. Sing till you feel your hearts As - cend - ing with your tongues; Sing
 6. Sing till you hear Christ say, "Your sins are all for - giv'n"; Go

ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue To praise the Sa - vior's name.
 how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
 sun - mon all your pow'rs to Your Sa - vior and your King.
 won - der at His love so great, Who did Your ran - som pay.
 till the love of sin de - parts in - spires in your som - e songs.
 on, re - joic - ing all the way, And And sing your souls to your to heaven.

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AWAKE, AWAKE TO LOVE AND WORK

MORNING SONG

music from

Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second, 1813

words by
Geoffrey Anketel Studdert-Kennedy (1883-1929)

1. A - wake, a - wake to love and work! The lark is in the
 2. Come, let thy voice be one with theirs, The shout with their shout of
 3. To give and give, and give a gain, what God hath giv - en

sky, the fields are wet with dia - mond dew, the
 praise; see how the the gi - self ant sun soars up, great
 thee; to spend thy self nor count the cost; to

worlds a wake to cry their bless ings on the
 lord of right years and rious days! So let the love of
 serve right glo - rious ly the God who gave all

Lord of life, as he goes meek ly by
 Je sus come and set thy soul a blaze.
 worlds that are, and all that are to be.

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AWAKE, MY HEART, WITH GLADNESS

words by
Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676)
tr. by John Kelly (1833-1890)

AUF, AUF, MEIN HERZ
music by
Johann Crüger (1598-1662)

D D/F# G D A D G Bm F#

1. A - wake, my heart, with glad ness, See what to day is
2. The foe in tri - umph shout ed When Christ lay in the
3. This is a sight that glad dens - What peace it doth im -
4. Now hell, its prince, the dev il, Of all their pow'r are
5. Now I will cling for - ev er To Christ, my Sav - ior
6. He brings me to the por tal That leads to bliss un -

Bm D D/F# G D A D G Bm F#

done; Now, af - ter gloom and sad ness, Comes forth the glo - rious
tomb; But, lo, he now is rout ed. His boast is turned to
part! Now noth - ing ev - er sad dens The joy with in my
shorn; Now I am safe from e vil, And sin I laugh to
true; My Lord will leave me nev er, What e'er He pass es
told, Where - on this rime im - mor tal Is found in script of

Bm D A/C# Bm A D Em G Am B

sun. My Sav - ior there was laid Where our bed must be
gloom. For Christ a gain is free; In glo - rious vic to
heart. No gloom shall ev - er shake, No foe shall ev er
scorn. Grim death with all his might Can not my soul af -
through. He rends death's i ron chain, He breaks through sin and
gold: "Who there My cross hath shared Finds here a crown pre -

E A D A/C# Em E A D G Bm A D

made When to the realms of light Our Spir - it wings its flight
ry He who is strong to save Has tri - umphed o'er the grave.
take. The hope which God's own Son In love for me hath won.
fright; He is a pow'r - less form, How e'er he rave and storm.
pain. He shat - ters hell's dark thrall, I fol - low through it all.
pared; Who there with Me has died Shall here be glo - ri - fied."

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AWAKE, MY SOUL, STRETCH EVERY NERVE

words by
Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)

SIROÉ
music by
George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
adapt. in *Melodia Sacra*, 1815

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry - nerve, and press with vig - or on, a
2. A cloud of wit - ness es a - round hold Thee in full sur - vey; for
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice that calls thee from on high; 'tis
4. Then wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery - nerve, and press with vig - or on, a

A/C# D Em A7 Dsus D G/D D G/D D G/D D Em/G D/F# D/A A7 D

heaven - ly race de - mands Thy zeal, and an im - mor - tal crown, and an im - mor - tal crown.
get the steps al - read - y trod, and on - ward urge Thy way, and on - ward urge Thy way.
His own hand pre - sents the prize to thine as - pir - ing eye, to thine as - pir - ing eye.
heaven - ly race de - mands Thy zeal, and an im - mor - tal crown, and an im - mor - tal crown.

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AWAKE, MY SOUL, AND WITH THE SUN

MORNING HYMN

music by

François H. Barthélemon (1741-1808)

words by

Thomas Ken (1637-1711)

1. A wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy
 2. All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept And
 3. Lord, I my vows to Thee re new. Dis
 4. Di rect, con trol, sug gest, this day, All
 5. Praise God, from whom all bless ings flow; Praise

dai ly stage of du ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and
 hast re freshed me while I slept. Grant, Lord, when I from
 perse my sins as morn ing dew; Guard my first springs of
 I de sign or do or say, That all my pow'rs, with
 Him, all crea tures here be low; Praise Him a bove, ye

joy ful rise To pay thy morn ing sac ri fice.
 death shall wake, I I may of end less light par take.
 thought and will; And with Thy self my spir it fill.
 all their might; In Thy sole glo ry may u nite.
 heav'n ly host; Praise Fa ther, Son, and Ho ly Ghost.

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AWAY IN A MANGER

CRADLE SONG

music by

William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

Author unknown (v. 1,2)

v. 3 by John T. McFarland (1851-1913)

1. A way in a man ger, no crib for a bed, the
 2. The cat tle are low ling, the ba by a wakes, but
 3. Be near me, Lord Je sus; I ask Thee to stay close

lit tle Lord Je sus laid down His sweet head. The
 lit tle Lord Je sus no cry ing He makes. I
 by me for ev er, and love me I pray. Bless

stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay, the
 love thee, Lord Je sus! Look down from the sky, and
 all the dear chil dren in Thy ten der care, and

lit tle Lord Je sus a sleep on the hay.
 stay by my for side un til morn ing is nigh.
 fit us for heav en to live with Thee there.

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AWAY IN A MANGER

MUELLER

music by

James R. Murray (1841-1905)

Author unknown (v. 1,2)

v. 3 by John T. McFarland (1851-1913)

1. A way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed, The
 2. The cat near the are low - ing, no the Ba - by a - wakes, But
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close

lit - tle Lord Je - sus laid down his sweet head. The
 lit - tle Lord for - ev - er, and love me, I makes. pray. I
 by me for - ev - er, and love me, I makes. pray. I Bless

stars in the sky looked down where he lay, The
 love Thee, Lord Je - sus, look down from the sky, And
 all the dear chil - dren in Thy ten - der care, And

lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a - sleep on the hay.
 stay by my cra - dle, till morn - ing the is - hay.
 fit us for heav - en to live with Thee there.

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THE BANNER OF THE CROSS

ROYAL BANNER

music by

James McGranahan (1840-1907)

words by

Daniel W. Whittle (1840-1901)

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers of the
 2. Though the foe may rage - ner and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand - ard be dis -
 3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious tid - ings
 4. When the glo - ry dawns - 'tis draw - ing ver - y near - It is has - t'ning day by

King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day, While as ran - somed ones we
 played; And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord, For the truth be not dis -
 known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell, While the Lord shall claim His
 day; Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear, And the cross the world shall

sing. }
 mayed. }
 own! }
 sway! }
 March - ing on, march - ing on, For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss! And to

crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross!

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BAPTIZED INTO THY NAME MOST HOLY

O DASS ICH TAUSEND ZUNGEN HÄTTE

music by

K.H. Dretzel (1697-1775)

words by
J.J. Rambach (1693-1735)
tr. by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

1. Bap - tized in to Thy name most ho - ly, O Fa - ther,
 2. My lov - ing to Fa - ther, Thou dost take me To Fa - ther,
 3. And I have vowed ther, to fear and love Thee And be - hence
 4. My faith - ful God, Thou fail - est nev - er, Thy cov - 'nant o -
 5. Yea, all I am and love most dear - ly To thee I
 6. And nev - er let my pur - pose fal - ter, O Fa - ther,

Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, I claim a place, though weak and
 forth Thy child and heir; My faith - ful Sav - ior, Thou dost
 bey - ond Thee, Lord, will a - lone; Thy me Ho - ly Spir - it
 sure - ly fer - new the whole; O cast me not a - way for
 of Son, and Ho - ly Ghost; But keep me faith - ful to Thy
 low - ly, A - mong Thy seed, Thy cho - sen host, Bur - ied with
 make me The fruit of all Thy sor - rows share. Thou, Ho - ly
 move me, And free - ly pledged Thy self on my side, Re - nounc - ing
 ev - er Should I trans - gress on of my soul, If I have
 cere - ly, Take full pos - ses - sion me from my post. Let naught with
 at - tar Till Thou shalt call me from my post. So un - to

Christ and dead to sin, Thy Spir - it now shall live with in.
 Ghost, wilt com - fort me, When dark - est clouds a - round I see.
 sin to keep the faith, And war with e - vil un - to death.
 score my soul de - filed, Yet still for give, re - store Thy child.
 in me, naught I own die And praise Thee ev - er but Thine a - lone.
 Thee I live and die And praise Thee ev - er but Thine a - lone. high.

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BE JOYFUL, MARY

REGINA CAELI

music from

Leisentritt's Catholicum Hymnologium Germanicum, 1584

Latin text, 17th century
tr. in Psallite, 1901

1. Be joy - ful, Ma - ry, heav'n - ly queen, Gau - de, Ma - ri
 2. The Son you has bore by heav - en's grace, Gua - de, Ma - ri
 3. The Lord has ris - en from the dead, Gua - de, Ma - ri

a, Your Son who died was liv - ing seen, }
 a, Did He all our guilt and sin of face, }
 a; He rose with might as He had said, } Al

le lu - ia, lae - ta - re, O Ma - ri a!

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BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

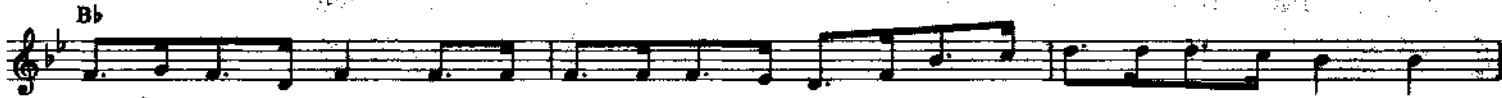
BATTLE HYMN

Traditional American melody, 19th century

words by
Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910)



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord, He is tram - pling out the vin - tage where the
 2. seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps, They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the
 3. sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er sound re - treat, He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be -
 4. beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His bos - on that trans -



grapes of wrath are stored. He hath loos'd the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His
 eve - ning dews and damps. I can read His right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His
 fore His judg - ment seat. O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! Be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our
 fig - ures you and me. As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While



truth is march - ing on. } Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le lu - jah! } Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -
 day is march - ing on. }
 God is march - ing on. }
 God is march - ing on. }



lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on. (2.) I have on.
 (3.) He has
 (4.) In the

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BE KNOWN TO US IN BREAKING BREAD

ST. FLAVIAN

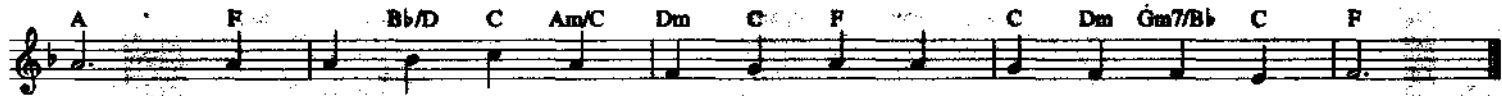
music from

Day's Psalter, 1562

words by
James Montgomery, 1825



1. Be known to us in break - ing bread; But do not then de -
 2. There sup with us in love di - vine; Thy bod - y and Thy



part; Sav - ior, a - bide with us, and spread Thy ta - ble in our heart.
 blood, That liv - ing bread, that heav'n - ly wine, Be our im - mor - tal food.

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BE PRESENT AT OUR TABLE, LORD

OLD HUNDREDTH
music attr. to
Louis Bourgeois, 1551

words by
John Cennick, 1741

G D Em Bm Em D G D Em C G D Em

1. Be pres - ent at our ta - ble, Lord; be here and ev - 'ry - where a - dored; Thy
2. We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food, but more be - cause of Je - sus' blood; let

D G D G/B C D7/A G Em D Am G/B D7 G

crea - tures bless, and grant souls that we may the feast in per life - a sent - disc with Thee.
man - na to our souls be - giv'n, the bread of life sent down from heav'n.

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BE STILL AND KNOW

Author unknown
based on Psalm 46:10, Exodus 15:26

Composer unknown

C F C G C G7/D C/E F

1. Be still and know that I am God. Be still and know that
2. I am the Lord that heal - eth thee. I am the Lord that

D7 G C Dm7 C/E F C/G G7 C

I am God. Be I still and know that I am God.
heal - eth thee. I am the Lord that heal - eth thee.

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BE STILL, MY SOUL

words by
Katharina von Schlegel, 1752
tr. by Jane L. Borthwick, 1855

FINLANDIA
music by
Jean Sibelius, 1899

F C/Bb F/A C7/G F C/Bb F/A Bb C7/G F C/Bb F/A C7/G F

1. Be still, my soul! The Lord is on thy side; Bear pa - tient - ly the
2. Be still, my soul! Thy God doth un - der - take To guide the fu - ture
3. Be still, my soul! The hour is has - t'ning on When we shall be for -

C/Bb F/A Bb C7/G F F/E Dm F/A C Gm

cross of grief or pain. Leave to thy God to or - der and pro - vide;
as He has the past. Thy hope, thy con - fi - dence let noth - ing shake;
ev - er with the Lord, When dis - ap - point - ment, grief, and fear are gone,

D7/A Gm/Bb F/C F/A Bb Gm6/Bb A F F/E Dm

In ev - 'ry change He faith - ful will re - main. Be still, my soul! Thy
All now mys - te - rious shall be bright at last. Be still, my soul! The
Sor - row for - got, love's pur - est joys re - stored. Be still, my soul! When

F/A C Gm D7/A Gm/Bb F/C C7/sus C7 F

best, thy heav'n - ly Friend Thro' thorn - y ways leads to a joy - ful end.
waves and winds still know His voice who ruled them while He dwelt be - low.
change and tears are past, All safe and bless - ed we shall meet at last.

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BE THOU MY VISION

SLANE

Traditional Irish melody

Ancient Irish poem
tr. by Mary E. Byrne, 1905

1. Be Thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2. Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise;
 3. Be Thou my wis - dom, and Thou my true word;
 4. High King of heav - en, when vic - t'ry is won,

Naught be mine all else to me, save that Thou art;
 Thou mine ev - er with heav - en's joys, and Thou with me, ways:
 I may I reach heav - en's joys, and Thou with me, Lord:
 Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 Thou and Thou on ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what ev - er be - fall,
 Heart of my heart, what ev - er be - fall,

Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.
 Great God of heav - en, my treas - ure Thou art.
 Still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.
 Still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

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BEAMS OF HEAVEN AS I GO

SOMEDAY

music by

Charles Albert Tindley, c. 1906

words by
Charles Albert Tindley, c. 1906

1. Beams of heav - en as I go, through this wil - der - ness be - low, guide my
 2. Of - ten - times my sky is clear, joy a - bounds with - out a tear; though a
 3. Hard - er yet may be the fight; right may of - ten yield to might; wick - ed
 4. Bur - dens now may crush me down, dis - ap - point - ments all a - round; trou - bles

feet in peace - ful ways, turn my mid - nights in - to days. When in the dark - ness I would
 day so bright be - gun, clouds may hide to - mor - row's sun. There'll be a day that's al - ways
 ness a while may reign; Sa - tan's cause may seem to gain. There is a God that rules a -
 speak in mourn - ful sigh, sor - row through a tear - stained eye. There is a world where pleas - ure

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E^b B^b F7/A B^b7/A^b E^b/G A^b E^b/G C7 F7 B^b E^b E^bmaj7 E^b A^b E^b C7 Dm/F F7 F[#]dim7 F F7

gropes, faith al - ways sees a star of hope, and soon from all life's grief and dan - ger I shall be
 bright, a day that nev - er yields to night, and in its light the streets of glo - ry I shall be -
 ove, with hand of pow'r and heart of love; if I am right, He'll fight my bat - tle, I shall have
 reigns, no mourn - ing soul shall roam its plains, and to that land of peace and glo - ry I want to

Refrain
 B^b Fm7^b5 E^b B^b F7/A B^b7/A^b E^b/G E^b A^b B^b7/F E^b B^b F7/A B^b7/A^b E^b/G A^b E^b/G C7

free some - day.
 hold some - day.
 peace some - day.
 go some - day.

I do not know how long 'twill be, nor what the fu - ture holds for

F7 B^b E^b E^bmaj7 E^b A^b E^b C7 Dm/F F7 F[#]dim7 F F7 B^b Fm7^b5 E^b

me, but this I know: if Je - sus leads me, I shall get home some - day.

THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN OF PRAYER

words by
 Eleanor Allen Schroll

BEAUTIFUL GARDEN
 music by
 James H. Fillmore (1849-1936)

D G D E7/B

1. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, There's a place that is
 2. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, And I go, with my
 3. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, O can aught with His
 4. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing; And He bids you to

D/A A7 D G D

won - drous - ly fair, For it glows with the light of His pres - ence;
 bur - den and care, Just to learn from His lips words of com - fort
 glo - ry com - pare? Just to walk and to talk with my Sav - ior
 come meet Him there, Just to bow and re - ceive a new bless - ing

A/E E7 A Refrain

'Tis the beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer.
 In the beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer.
 In the beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer.
 In the beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer.

O the

A7 D A7

beau - ti - ful gar - den, the gar - den of prayer, O the beau - ti - ful

D D7

gar - den of prayer! There my Sav - ior a - waits, and He

G D/A Bm B^b7 D/A A7 D

o - pens the gates To the beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE

BEAUTIFUL ISLE

music by

J.S. Fearis, 1897

words by

Jessie B. Pounds, 1897

1. Some - where the sun is shin - ing, Some - where the song - birds dwell; _____
 2. Some - where the day is lon - ger, Some - where the task is done; _____
 3. Some - where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate; _____

Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ning, God lives, and all is well. _____
 Some - where the heart is stron - ger, Some - where the guer - is don won. _____
 Some - where the clouds are rift - ed, Some - where the an - gels wait. _____

Refrain
 Eb7 Ab Fm Bb7 Eb
 Some - where, some - where, Beau - ti - ful isle _____ of some - where;

Ab Eb Ab/C Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab
 Land of the true, where we live a - new, Beau - ti - ful isle _____ of some - where.

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BEAUTIFUL SAVIOR

SCHÖNSTER HERR JESU (I)

Silesian folk tune, 19th century

words from

Münsterisch Gesangbuch, 1677

tr. by Joseph A. Seiss (1823-1904)

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

Son of _____ God and _____ Son of _____ Man!
 Robed in _____ flow'rs of _____ bloom - ing _____ spring;
 Bright the _____ spar - kling _____ stars on _____ high;
 Son of _____ God and _____ Son of _____ Man!

Tru - ly I'd love _____ thee, Tru - ly I'd serve _____ thee,
 Je - sus is fair er, Je - sus is pur - er,
 Je - sus shines bright hon - er, Je - sus shines pur - er,
 Glo - ry and hon - or, Praise, ad - o - ra - tion,

Light of my soul, my joy, my crown.
 He makes our sor - r'wing spir - it sing.
 Than all the an - gels in the sky.
 Now and for ev - er more be - thine!

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BECAUSE THOU HAST SAID

PADERBORN

music from

Paderborn Gesangbuch, 1765

words by
Charles Wesley, 1748

G Em D G Em G/B D7 G D/F# Em Am/C

1. Be - cause Thou hast look said: "Do this for My sake," the mys - ti - cal
2. 'Tis here we look up and grasp at Thy mind, 'tis here that we

Bsus B Em G/B Em/C D7 Gsus G G/B G E/G# Am D7/F#

bread we glad - ty par - take; we thirst for the Spir - it that
hope Thine im - age to find; the means of be - stow - ing Thy

G D G/B G G/B D G Em Bm/D C G/B D7 G

flows from a - bove, and long to in - her - it Thy - ness of love.
gifts we em - brace; but all things are ow - ing to Je - sus' grace.

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BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE

OLD HUNDREDTH

music by

Louis Bourgeois (c. 1510-1561)

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
alt. by John Wesley, 1736

G D Em Bm Em D G D Em C G D

1. Be fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
2. His sov - 'reign pow'r, with - out aid, Made us of clay and formed us men;
3. We are His peo - ple, we His care, Our souls and all our mor - tal frame.
4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voic - es raise;
5. Wide as the world is Thy com - mand, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty Thy love;

Em D G D G/B C D7/A G Em D Am G/B D7 G

Know that the Lord is God a lone, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.
And when like wan - d'ring sheep we we strayed, He brought us to His fold a gain.
What last - ing hon - or shall we rear, Al - might - y Mak - er, to Thy name?
And earth, with her ten thou - sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise.
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand, When roll - ing years shall cease to move.

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BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE

PARK STREET

music by

Frederick M.A. Venua (1788-1872)

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
alt. by John Wesley, 1736



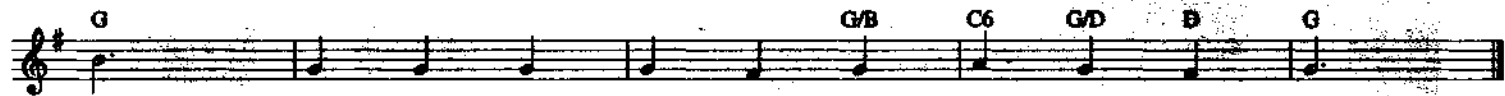
1. Be fore Je ho vah's aw ful throne, Ye na tions
2. His sov 'reign pow'r, with out our aid, Made us of
3. We are His peo ple, we His care, Our souls and
4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thank ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voic es raise; And Firm
5. Wide as the world is Thy com mand, Vast as e



bow with sa cred joy; Know that the Lord is
clay and formed us men; And when us like wan d'ring
all our mor tal frame. What last ing hon ors
heav'ns our voic es raise; And earth, with her ten
ter ni ty Thy love; Firm as a rock Thy



God a lone, He can cre ate, and He de
sheep we strayd, He He brought us to His fold a
shall we rear, Al might y Mak er, to Thy
thou sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sound ing
truth must stand, When roll ing years shall cease to



stroy, He can cre ate, and He de
gain, He He brought us to His fold a
name, Al might y Mak er, to Thy name?
praise, Shall fill Thy courts with sound ing praise.
move, When roll ing years shall cease to move.

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BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE

WINCHESTER NEW

music from

Musicalisch Hand-Buch, 1690

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
alt. by John Wesley, 1736



1. Be fore Je ho vah's aw ful throne, Ye na tions, bow with sa cred joy; Know
2. His sov 'reign power, with out our aid, Made us of clay and formed us men; And
3. We are His peo ple, we His care, Our souls, and all our mor tal frame; What
4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thank ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voic es raise; And Firm
5. Wide as the world is Thy com mand, Vast as e ter ni ty Thy love; Firm



that the Lord is God a lone; He can cre ate, and He des troy.
last like wan d'ring sheep we strayd, He He brought us to His fold a gain.
earth, with hon ors ten thou sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sound ing Thy Name?
as a rock Thy truth must stand When roll ing years shall cease to ing praise.
move.

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BEFORE THE LORD WE BOW

DARWALL'S 148TH
music by
John Darwall (1731-1789)

words by
Francis Scott Key (1779-1843)

C G/B C Am Em/G F C/E G7/D C G

1. Be - fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a - bove And
2. The na - tion Thou hast blest May well Thy love de - clare, From
3. May ev - 'ry moun - tain height, Each vale and for - est green, Shine
4. Earth, hear thy Mak - er's voice; Thy great Re - deem - er own; Be
5. And when in pow'r He comes, Oh, may our na - tive land From

C C/E Am G/B D D/C G/B C G/D D G C F G7/D

rules the world be - low, In bound - less pow'r and love. Our thanks we
foes and fears at rest, Pro - tect - ed by Thy care. For this fair
in Thy Word's pure light, And its rich fruits be seen! May ev - 'ry
lieve, o - bey, re - joice, And wor - ship Him a - lone. Cast down thy
all its rend - ing tombs send forth a glo - rious band, A count - less

Am C/E G/D C F/A C F G7/D C/E Dm/F C/G G C

bring in joy and praise Our hearts we raise to heav'n's high King!
land, for this bright day, Our thanks we pay gifts of Thy hand.
tongue be tuned to praise And join to raise a grate - ful song!
pride, Thy sin de - plores, And bow be - fore the Cru - ci - fied.
throng, For aye to sing To heav'n's high King sal - va - tion's song!

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BEFORE THY THRONE, O GOD, WE KNEEL

ST. PETERSBURG
music by
Dimitri S. Bortmiansky (1751-1825)

words by
William Boyd Carpenter (1841-1918)

Bb Eb/Bb Bb Bb/D F7 Bb Bb/D Eb Bb/D Bb

1. Be - fore Thy throne, O God, we kneel: Give us a con - science
2. Search out our hearts and make us true; Wish - ful to give to
3. For sins of heed - less word and deed, For pride am - bi - tious
4. Let the fierce fires which burn and try, Our in - most spir - its

F/A Bb F F/A Bb Eb/G F Bb/D Cm/Eb Bb/F F Bb Bb/D

quick to feel, A rea - dy mind to un - der stand The
all their due. From love of pleas - ure, lust of gold, From
to suc - ceed, For craft - y trade and sub - tile snare, To
pu - ri - fy: Con - sume the ill; purge out the shame; O

Bb F Gm Cm6 Bb/D Eb6 F F/Eb Bb/D Bb

mean - ing of Thy chas - t'ning hand; What - e'er the pain and
sins which make the heart grow cold; Wean us and train us
catch the sin ple un - a - ware; For lives be - reft of
God, be with us in flame; A new - born peo - ple

F7/A Bb Bb/F F Gm Bbmaj7/F Eb Bb/D Cm/Eb Bb/F F7 Bb

shame may be, Bring us, O Fa - ther, near er Thee.
with Thy rod; Teach us to know our faults, O God.
pur - pose high, For give, for give, O Lord, we cry.
may we rise, More pure, more true, more no bly wise.

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BEGIN, MY TONGUE, SOME HEAVENLY THEME

MANOAH

music from

Henry W. Greatorex's Collection, 1851

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

G G/B C Am E/B Am/C C#dim7 G/D

1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'n - ly theme, And speak some bound - less thing;
 2. Tell of His won - drous faith - ful - ness, And sound His pow'r a - broad;
 3. His ver - y word of grace is strong, As that which built the sky;
 4. Oh, might I hear Thy heav'n - ly tongue But whis - per, "Thou art mine!"

D D7 C C/G G C E Asus Am Am/C G/D D7 G

The might - y works or might - ier name Of our e - ter - nal King.
 Sing the sweet prom - ise of His grace And the per - form - ing God.
 The voice that rolls the stars a - long Pro - claims it from on high.
 Those gen - tle words should raise my song To notes al - most di - vine.

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BEHOLD THE AMAZING GIFT OF LOVE

ST. STEPHEN

music by

William Jones, 1789

words by
Isaac Watts, 1709
para. by William Cameron, 1781

D/F# G Em C D A7/E D G G/B Em G/D D7

1. Be - hold th' a - maz - ing gift of love The Fa - ther hath be -
 2. Con - cealed as yet this hon - or lies, By this dark world un -
 3. High is the rank we now pos - sess; But high - er we shall
 4. Our souls, we know, when He ap - pears, Shall bear His im - age
 5. A hope so great, and so di - vine, May tri - als well en -

G C/E D/F# G C/E G/B C D G Em G/D D7 G

stowed On us, the sin - ful sons of men, To call us sons of God!
 known, A world that knew not when He came, E'en God's e - ter - nal Son.
 rise, Though what we shall here af - ter be Is hid from mor - tal eyes.
 bright; For all His glo - ry, full dis - closed, Shall o - pen to our sight
 dure; And purge the soul from sense and sin, As Christ Him - self is pure.

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BEHOLD THE THRONE OF GRACE

ST. THOMAS

music by

Aaron Williams, 1763

words by
John Newton, 1779

F/A F C/E G7/D C F C7/G F/A C7/G F C7/G F C C/E

1. Be - hold the throne of grace, The prom - ise calls us near; There
 2. That rich a - ton - ing blood, Which sprin - kled round we see; Pro
 3. Be - yond our ut - most wants His love and pow'r can bless; To
 4. Thine im - age, Lord, be - stow, Thy pres - ence and Thy love. We
 5. A - bid - ing in Thy faith, Our will con - formed to Thine, Let

F F/A C C/E F Dm C C/B F/A Bb F/A Bb F/C C7 F

Je - sus shows a smil - ing face And waits to an - swer prayer.
 vides for those who come to God An all - pre - vail - ing plea.
 pray - ing souls he al - ways grants More than they can ex - press.
 ask to serve Thee here be - low And reign with Thee a - bove.
 us vic - to - rious be in death, And then in glo - ry shine.

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BELOVED, LET US LOVE

SONG 46

music by

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

words by

Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

based on I John 4:7

Chords: F, C/E, F, Bb/D, Eb, F

1. Be - lov - ed, let us love: for love is of
 2. Be - lov ed, let us love: for for who
 3. Be - lov ed, let us love: for love is
 4. Be - lov ed, let us love: for love is
 5. Be - lov ed, let us love: for on ly

Chords: C, G, C, F/A, Bb, F, Dm, F/A, Csus, C7, F

God; In God a lone love has its true a bode.
 love, They on ly, are his chil dren from a be. bode.
 rest, And those who do not And love can not be. bode.
 light, And those who do not love still live in night.
 thus Shall we see God, the Lord, who first loved us.

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BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS

ST. CHRISTOPHER

music by

Frederick Charles Maker, 1881

words by

Elizabeth Cecilia Douglas Clephane, 1872

Chords: Db, Dbdim7, Db, Ab7, Db, F7/C

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

Chords: Bbm, F7/C, Bbm/Db, Bb7/D, Ebm, Bbm/F, Gb6, Gb7, F7, Db

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

Chords: Gb6/Db, Db, Db7, Gb, Bb, Ebm

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

Chords: Ab, Db, Db7/F, Gb, Db/Ab, Ab7, Db

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

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BEULAH LAND

words by
Edgar Page Stites (1836-1921)

music by
John R. Sweny (1837-1899)

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its riches free-ly mine; Here
 2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mu- ion here have we; He
 3. A sweet per-fume up on the breeze Is born from ev-er-ver-nal trees, And
 4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel-o-dy, As

shines un-dimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
 gen- tly leads me by His hand For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.
 flow'rs that nev-er fade His grow Where streams of life for ev-er flow;
 an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

Bou-lah Land, sweet Bou-lah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand, I
 look a-way a-cross the sea, Where man-sions are pre-pared for me, And
 view the shin-ing glo-ry-shore, My heav'n, my home for-ev-er more!

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BLESS, O MY SOUL, THE LIVING GOD

words by
Isaac Watts, 1719
based on Psalm 103

PARK STREET
music by
Frederick M.A. Venua, c. 1810

1. Bless, O my soul, the liv-ing God; Call home thy thoughts that
 2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His fa-vors claim thy
 3. 'Tis He, my soul, who sent His Son To die for crimes which
 4. Let the whole earth His power con-fess, Let the whole earth a

rove a-broad; Let all the powers with-in me join In work and
 high-est praise: Why should the the-won-ders He hath wrought Be lost in
 thou hast done: He owns the ran-som and for-gives The hour-ly
 dore His grace; The Gen-tile with the Jew shall join In work and

wor-ship so di-vine, In work and wor-ship so di-vine.
 si-lence and for-got, Be lost in si-lence and for-got?
 fol-lies of our lives, The hour-ly fol-lies of our lives.
 wor-ship so di-vine, In work and wor-ship so di-vine.

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BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL

BLESS THE LORD
Composer unknown

Author unknown
based on Psalm 103:1

G Bm7 C C/Bb A A7/C# D D7

Bless the Lord, O my soul; Bless the Lord, O my soul; And

G C Am/C G/D D7 G

all that is with - in me bless His ho - ly name.

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BLESS THOU THE GIFTS

DEUS TUORUM MILITUM
music from

Grenoble Antiphoner, 1753

adapt. by Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

words by
Samuel Longfellow, c. 1886

Bb F/A Gm Bb/D Cm/Eb Bb/F F Bb Gm Gm/Bb

Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought; bless Thou the

C Bb Dm C F Eb Ab/C Gm Bb/D

work our hearts have planned. Ours is the faith, the

Cm Bb/D Cm/Eb D Bb Eb Ab/C Gm F/A Bb Eb F Bb

will, the thought: the rest, O God, is in Thy hand.

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BLESSED ASSURANCE

ASSURANCE

music by

Phoebe Palmer Knapp (1839-1908)

words by
Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

E A/E E B/F# F#7 B E

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal -

2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light! Vi - sions of rap - ture now burst on my sight. An - gels de -

3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and

A/E E A F#m/A E/B B7 E

va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my

scend - ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. }
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love. }

A E A E/G# B/F# F# B B7

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

E A/E E A F#m/A E/B B7 E

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

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BLESSED BE THE NAME

words by William H. Clark (verses)
and Ralph E. Hudson (refrain)

Composer unknown
arr. by Ralph E. Hudson and William J. Kirkpatrick

A **A/C# D** **A** **A/C# E** **E7/G#**

1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove In maj - es - ty su - preme, Who
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more, At
3. His name shall be the Coun - sel - lor, The might - y Prince of Peace, Of

A **E** **F#m** **B** **A** **A/C# D** **A/B** **E7** **A**

gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem!
God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
all earth's king - doms Con - quer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.

Refrain **D** **A** **E**

Bless - ed be the name! Bless - ed be the name! Bless - ed be the name of the Lord!

A **D** **A** **A/E E7** **A**

Bless - ed be the name! Bless - ed be the name! Bless - ed be the name of the Lord!

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BLESSED BE THE NAME

words by Charles Wesley (verses)
and Ralph E. Hudson (refrain)

Composer unknown
arr. by Ralph E. Hudson and William J. Kirkpatrick

Ab **Db** **Ab** **Ab/C Eb** **Ab** **Eb7/G Ab** **Eb** **Eb7**

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing - Bless - ed be the name of the Lord! The
2. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears - Bless - ed be the name of the Lord! 'Tis
3. He breaks the pow'r of can - celled sin - day - Bless - ed be the name of the Lord! His
4. I nev - er shall for - get that day - Bless - ed be the name of the Lord! When

Ab **Db** **Ab** **Ab/C Db6 Ab/Eb** **Eb7** **Ab**

glo - ries of my God and King - Bless - ed be the name of the Lord!
mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears - Bless - ed be the name of the Lord!
blood can make the foul - est clean - Bless - ed be the name of the Lord!
Je - sus washed my sins a - way - Bless - ed be the name of the Lord!

Refrain **Db** **Ab** **Ab/C Eb** **Ab** **Eb7/G Ab** **Eb**

Bless - ed be the name, bless - ed be the name; Bless - ed be the name of the Lord!

Ab **Db** **Ab** **Ab/C Db6 Ab/Eb** **Eb7** **Ab**

Bless - ed be the name, bless - ed be the name; Bless - ed be the name of the Lord!

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BLESSED JESUS, AT THY WORD

LIEBSTER JESU, WIR SIND HIER

music by

J.R. Ahle (1625-1673)

v. 1-3 by T. Clausnitzer (1619-1684)
tr. by C. Winkworth (1827-1878)
v. 4 from *Gesangbuch*, Berlin, 1707
translator unknown

G G/B D D/F# G Em D G G/B C G/B F#dim/A G Dsus D G

1. Bless - ed Je - sus, at Thy Word We are gath - ered all to hear Thee;
 2. All our knowl - edge, sense, and sight Lie in deep - est dark - ness shroud - ed
 3. Glo - rious Lord, Thy self im - part, Light of Light, from God pro - ceed - ing;
 4. Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise to Thee and ad - o - ra - tion!

G G/B D D/F# G Em D G G/B C G/B F#dim/A G Dsus D G

Let our hearts and souls be stirred Now to seek and love and fear Thee,
 Till Thy Spir - it breaks our night With the beams of truth un - cloud - ed.
 O - pen Thou our ears and heart, Help us by Thy Spir - it's plead - ing.
 Grant that we Thy Word may trust, And ob - tain true con - so - la - tion

G D/F# A7/E D G/B A/C# D G/B Em D G C G Dsus D G

By Thy teach - ings, sweet and ho - ly, Drawn from earth to love Thee sole - ly.
 Thou a - lone to God canst win us; Thou from must work all good with - in us.
 Hear the cry Thy peo - ple rais - es, Hear and bless our prayers and prais - es.
 While we here be - low must wan - der, Till we sing Thy prais - es yon - der.

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BLESSED QUIETNESS

words by
Manie Payne Ferguson, c. 1897

music by
W.S. Marshall, c. 1897
arr. by James M. Kirk, 1900

Ab C7#5 Db Ab Ab/C Eb Ab

1. Joys are flow - ing like a riv - er Since the Com - fort - er has come. He a -
 2. Bring - ing life and health and glad - ness All a - round, this heav'n - ly Guest Ban - ished
 3. Like the rain that falls from heav - en, Like the sun - light from the sky, So the
 4. See, a fruit - ful field is grow - ing— Bless - ed fruit of righ - teous - ness; And the
 5. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see His face! What a

C7#5 Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab Refrain

bides with us for - ev - er— Makes the trust - ing heart His home.
 un - be - lief and sad - ness; And we just o - bey and rest.
 Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high. } Bless - ed
 streams of life are flow - ing In the lone - ly wil - der - ness.
 peace - ful hab - i - ta - tion! What a qui - et rest - ing place!

Ab/C Db Ab Ab/C Eb Ab

qui - et - ness! Ho - ly qui - et - ness! What as - sur - ance in my soul! On the

Ab/C Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

storm - y sea Je - sus speaks to me, And the bil - lows cease to roll.

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BLESSED REDEEMER

words by
Avis B. Christiansen, 1921

REDEEMER
music by
Harry Dixon Loes, 1921

1. Up Cal - v'ry's moun - tain one dread - ful morn Walked Christ, my Sav - ior, wea - ry and
 2. "Fa - ther, for - give them," thus did He pray, E'en while His life - blood flowed fast a -
 3. O how I love Him, Sav - ior and Friend! How can my prais - es ev - er find

worn; Fac - ing for sin - ners death on the cross, That He might
 way; Pray - ing for sin - ners while in such woe, No one but
 end? Through years un - num - bered on heav - en's shore, My tongue shall

save them from end - less loss. Bless - ed Re - deem - er! Pre - cious Re -
 Je sus ev - er loved so! }
 praise Him for - ev - er more.

deem - er! Seems now I see Him on Cal - va - ry's tree; Wound - ed and
 bleed - ing, for sin - ners plead - ing, Blind and un - heed - ing, dy - ing for me!

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BLESSING AND HONOR

words by
Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

AMERICAN HYMN
music by
Matthias Keller (1813-1875)

1. Bless - ing and hon or and glo ry and pow'r, Wis - dom and
 2. Sound - eth the heav'n of the heav'ns with His name; Ring - eth the
 3. Ev - er as cend eth the song and the joy, Ev - er de
 4. Give we the glo - ry and praise to the Lamb! Take we the

rich - es and strength ev - er more, Give ye to Him who our
 earth with His glo ry and fame, O cean and moun tain, stream,
 scend eth the love from on high; Bless ing and hon - or, and
 robe and the harp and the palm; Sing we the song of the

bat - tle hath won, Whose are the King - dom, the crown, and the
 for - est, and flow'r, Ech o His prais - es and tell of that His
 glo - ry and praise: This is the theme of the hymns that we
 Lamb that was slain, Dy ing in weak ness, but ris ing to

throne; Whose are the King - dom, the crown, and the throne!
 pow'r; Ech o His prais - es and tell of His pow'r.
 raise; This is the theme of the hymns we raise.
 reign; Dy ing in weak ness, but ris ing to reign!

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BLESSING AND HONOR

O QUANTA QUALIA

music from

Paris Antiphoner, 1681

as in La Feillée's *Méthode du plain-chant*, 1808

words by
Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

G Em D G C/E G/D Am/C D7 G

1. Bless - ing and hon - or and glo - ry and pow'r, Wis - dom and
 2. Sound - eth the heav'n of the heav'n's with His name, Ring - eth the
 3. Ev - er as - cend - eth the song and the joy; Ev - er de
 4. Give we the glo - ry and praise to the Lamb; Take we the

Am Em B/D# Em D/F# G Bm A D G D7/A G C D

rich - es and strength ev - er more, Give ye to Him who our
 earth with His glo - ry and fame; O cean and moun - tain, stream,
 scend - eth the love from on high; Bless - ing and hon - or and
 robe and the harp and the palm; Sing we the song of of and the

G/B D7/A G G/D D G/B Em Am/C D G/B Em Am/C D7 G

bat - tle hath won, Whose are the King - dom, the crown, and the throne.
 for - est, and flow'r Ech - o His prais - es and tell of His power.
 glo - ry and praise: This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.
 Lamb that was slain, Dy - ing in weak - ness but ris - ing to reign.

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BLEST ARE THE PURE IN HEART

FRANCONIA

music by

Johann Balthasar König (1691-1758)

words by
John Keble (1792-1866)

A D G/B A D G D/F# C#dim/E D A

1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God; The
 2. Still to the low - ly soul He doth Him - self im - part; And
 3. Lord, we Thy pres - ence seek; May ours this bless - ing be; O

D/F# A Bm/D F#m Esus E A Bm D/F# G A D

se - cret of the Lord is theirs, Their soul is Christ's a - bodie.
 for His tem - ple and His throne Se - lects the pure in heart.
 give the pure and low - ly heart, A tem - ple meet for Thee.

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BLEST BE THE DEAR UNITING LOVE

EVAN

music by

William Havergal, 1847

arr. by Lowell Mason, 1850

words by
Charles Wesley, 1742

Ab Eb7 Fm D# Ab Fm

1. Blest be the dear u - nit - ing love that will not let us
 2. Joined in one spir - it to walk our Head, where He ap - points we
 3. O may we ev - er in Him, and the noth - ing know be
 4. We all are one who Him re - ceive, and each with each a
 5. Par - tak - ers of the Sav - ior's grace, the same in mind and

Eb Eb7/G Ab Eb7 Fm Eb Ab Ab/C D# Eb Ab Fm Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

part; our bod - ies may far off re - move, we still are one in heart.
 go, and still in Je - sus' foot - steps tread, and do His work be - low.
 side, noth - ing de - sire, noth - ing es - teem, but Je - sus cru - ci - fied!
 gree, in Him the One, the Truth, we live; blest point of u - ni - ty!
 heart, nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place, nor life, nor death can part.

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BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

DENNIS

music by

Johann G. Nägeli, 1828

arr. by Lowell Mason, 1845

words by
John Fawcett, 1782



1. Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Chris- tian love; the
 2. Be fore our Fa- ther's throne we pour our ar- dent prayers; our
 3. We share each oth- er's woes, our mu- tual bur- dens bear; and
 4. When we a sun- der part, it gives us in ward pain; but



fel- low- ship of kin- dred minds is like to that a- bove.
 fears our hopes our aims are one, our com- forts and our cares.
 of ten for each oth- er flows the sym- pa- thiz- ing tear.
 we shall still be joined in heart, and hope to meet a gain.

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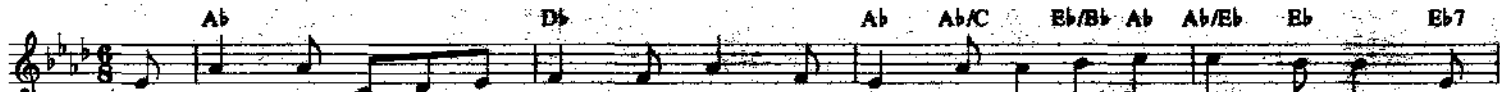
THE BLOOD WILL NEVER LOSE ITS POWER

MARTIN

music by

Stillman Martin, 1912

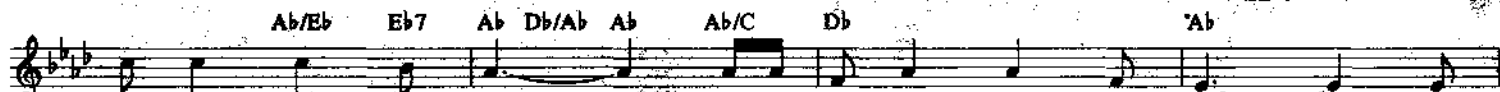
words by
Civilla D. Martin, 1912



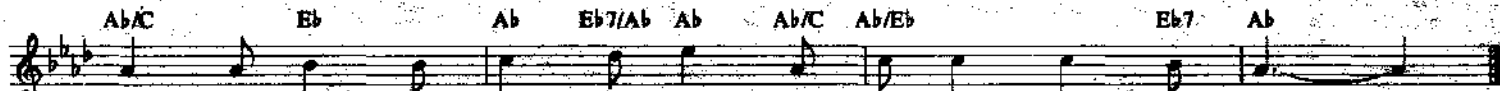
1. The blood that Je- sus once shed for me, As my Re- deem- er up- on the tree The
 2. It gives us ac- cess to God on high; From far- off pla- ces it brings us nigh To
 3. It is a shel- ter for rich and poor; It is to heav- en the o- pen door, The
 4. And when with all the blood- washed throng We sing in glo- ry re- demp- tion's song, We'll



blood that set- teth the pris- 'ner free Will nev- er lose its pow'r. _____
 pre- cious bless- ings that nev- er die. It will nev- er lose its pow'r. _____
 sin- ner's mer- it for ev- er- more. It will nev- er lose its pow'r. _____
 pass the glo- ri- ous truth a- long; It has nev- er lost its pow'r. _____ } It will



nev- er lose its pow'r. _____ It will nev- er lose its pow'r. _____ The



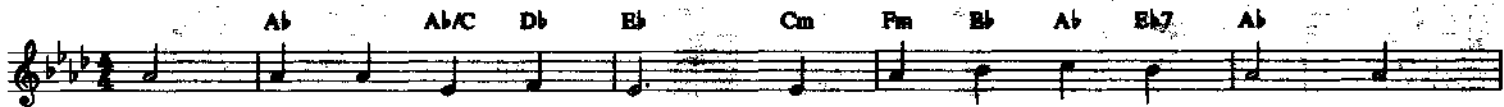
blood that cleans- es from all sin Will nev- er lose its pow'r. _____

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BLOW YE THE TRUMPET, BLOW

words by
Charles Wesley, 1750

LENOX
music from
Lewis Edson, c. 1782



1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow! The gladly solemn sound let
2. Je - sus, our great high priest, hath full a - tone - ment made; ye
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, the all - a - ton - ing Lamb; re -
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, your lib - er - ty re - ceive, and
5. Ye who have sold for nought your her - i - tage a - bove shall
6. The gos - pel trum - pet hear, the news of heaven - ly grace; and



all the na - tions know, to earth's re - mot - est bound:
wea - ry spir - its, rest, ye mourn - ful souls, be glad:
demp - tion in His blood through - out the world pro - claim:
safe in Je - sus dwell, and blest in Je - sus' live:
have it back un - bought, the gift of Je - sus' love:
saved from earth, ap - pear be - fore your Sav - ior's face: } The year of ju - bi -



lee is come! The year of ju - bi - lee is come! { 1.-5. Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.
6. Re - turn to your e - ter - nal home.

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BOW DOWN THINE EAR, ALMIGHTY LORD

words by
Thomas E. Powell (1823-1901)

HERR JESU CHRIST, MEINS
music from
As Hymnodus Sacer, Leipzig, 1625



1. Bow down Thine ear, al - might - y Lord, And hear Thy Church - 's sup - pliant
2. In mer - cy, Fa - ther, now give heed, And pour Thy quick - 'ning Spir - it's
3. O Sav - ior, from Thy pierc - ed hand Shed o'er them all Thy gifts di -
4. Blest Spir - it, in their hearts a - bide And give them grace to watch and
5. O God, Thy strength and mer - cy send To shield them in their strife with



cry For all who preach Thy sav - ing Word And wait up - on Thy min - is - try.
breath On those whom Thou dost call to feed Thy flock re - deemed by Je - sus' death.
vine, That those who in Thy pres - ence stand May do Thy will with love like Thine.
pray, That as they seek Thy flock to guide, Them - selves may keep the nar - row way.
sin, Grant them, en - dur - ing to the end, The crown of life at last to win.

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BREAD OF HEAVEN, ON THEE I FEED

ARFON

French and Welsh melody

words by
Josiah Conder, 1824

Gm Dsus D D/C Gm/B \flat D Gm D/F \sharp Gm D E \flat Cm7 Gm/D D Gm

1. Bread of heav - en, on thee I feed, For thy flesh is meat, in - deed;
2. Vine of heav - en, thy blood sup - plies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice;

D/F \sharp Gm Gm/B \flat F \sharp dim/A Gm D Gm/B \flat F \sharp dim/A Gm Gm/F Cm/E \flat Cm7 Gm/D D

Ev - er may my soul be fed give; With this true and liv - ing Bread;
'Tis thy wounds my heal - ing give; To thy cross I look, and live;

D/C Gm/B \flat D7sus/A D7/A D/C Gm/B \flat D Gm D/F \sharp Gm D E \flat Cm7 Gm/D D7 Gm

Day by day with strength sup - plied Through the life of him who died.
Thou my Life, oh, let me be Root - ed, graft - ed, built on thee!

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BREAD OF HEAVEN, ON THEE I FEED

JESU, JESU, DU MEIN HIRT

music by

Paul Heinlein (1626-1686)

words by
Josiah Conder (1789-1855)

Dm B \flat F/A Gm7 C7 F C/E Bdim/D Am/C Ess E A

1. Bread of heaven, on Thee I feed, For Thy Flesh cup is meat, in - deed;
2. Vine of heaven, Thy blood sup - plies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice;

F C/E B \flat /D B \flat F/C C7 F Am C/E Dm Dm/F C/G G7 C

Ev - er may my soul be fed give; With this true and liv - ing Bread;
Lord, Thy wounds our heal - ing give; To Thy cross I look, and live;

Dm7 Edim F F/A B \flat Csus C Gm Gm/B \flat Dm Dm/F Asus A Dm

Day by day with strength sup - plied Through the life of Him who died.
Thou, my Life, oh, let me be Root - ed, graft - ed, built on Thee!

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BREAD OF THE WORLD

RENDEZ À DIEU

music by

Louis Bourgeois (1510-1561)

words by
Reginald Heber (1783-1826)

G C D Em Am E Am G C G/B D G

Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,

Em Am Em A G Em D G

by whom the words of life were spo - ken, and in whose death our sins are dead: look

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D A D G D Em D G

on the heart by sor - row bro - ken, look on the tears by sin - ners shed;

Am G D G Em D G

and be Thy feast to us the to - ken that by Thy grace our souls are fed.

BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE

BREAD OF LIFE

music by

William Fiske Sherwin, 1877

words by
Mary Artemesia Lathbury, 1877

E♭ Ab/E♭ E♭ B♭

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, Now un - to me,
3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me,
4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me.

E♭ Ab/E♭ E♭ B♭/F F7 B♭

As Thou didst break the loaves Be - side the sea;
As Thou didst bless the the bread By Gal - lee;
Thy ho - ly Word the truth and That sav - eth me;
That He may touch mine eyes And make me see;

B♭7 Ab/E♭ E♭ B♭/D F/C B♭7

Be yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord;
Then shall all the bond - age cease, All fet - ters fall;
Give me the truth and con - cealed With Thee a bove;
Show me the con - cealed With in Thy Word,

E♭ Ab6 B♭sus B♭7 E♭

My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
And I shall find love for my peace, My all in all.
Teach me to Thy Book Thy truth, Thou for I Thou art in love.
And in Thy Book re - vealed for I see the the - e ter - ni - ty.

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BREATHE ON ME, BREATH OF GOD

TRENTHAM

music by

Robert Jackson, 1894

words by
Edwin Hatch, 1886

F B♭/F B♭m/F F B♭6 G7. C

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

F B♭/F F/A Gm/B♭ Gm F/C C7 F

That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.
Un - til with Thee I will one will, To do and to en - dure.
Un - til this earth - ly part of me life Glows with Thy fire to di - vine.
But live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.

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BRETHREN, WE HAVE MET TO WORSHIP

HOLY MANNA
music by
William Moore, 1825

words by
George Atkins, 19th Century

1. Breth - ren, we have met to wor - ship And a - dore the
 2. Breth - ren, see poor sin - ners round you Shun - b'ring on the
 3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mo - ses' sis - ter
 4. Let us love our God su - preme - ly; Let us love each

Lord our God. Will you pray with all your pow - er
 brink of woe. Death is com - ing; hell is mov - ing;
 aid - ed him. Will you help the trem - bling mourn - ers
 oth - er too. Let us love and pray for sin - ners

While we try to preach the Word? All is vain un - less the Spir - it
 Can you bear to let them go? See our fa - thers and our moth - ers
 Who are strug - gling hard with sin? Tell them all a - bout the Sav - ior;
 Till our God makes all things new. Then He'll call us home to heav - en;

Of the Ho - ly One comes down. Breth - ren, pray, and
 And our chil - dren sink ing down. Breth - ren, pray, and
 Tell them that He will be found. Sis - ters, pray, and
 At His ta - ble we'll sit down. Christ will gird Him

ho - ly man - na Will be show - ered all a - round.
 ho - ly man - na Will be show - ered all a - round.
 ho - ly man - na Will be show - ered all a - round.
 self and serve us With sweet man - na all a - round.

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BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

music by
Charles H. Gabriel

words by
Ina Duley Ogdon

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great - ness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light a -
 2. Just a - bove are cloud - ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not nar - row self your way de -
 3. Here for all your tal - ent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re - flect the Bright and Morn - ing

far. To the man - y du - ties ev - er near you now be true,
 bar. Though in - to one heart a - lone may fall your song of cheer,
 Star. E - ven from your hum - ble hand the bread of life may feed, } Bright - en the cor - ner

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B7 E B7 E

where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are!

A E/B B7 E

Some-one far from har-bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

BRING THEM IN

words by Alexcenah Thomas, 19th century

music by William A. Ogden (1841-1897)

Ab Ab/Eb Eb7 Eb7/Ab Ab

1. Hark! 'tis the Shep-herd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
 2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the wan-d'ring ones to find?
 3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the moun-tains wild and high:

Db Bbm F/C Bbm/Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

Call-ing the sheep who've gone a-stray Far from the Shep-herd's fold a-way.
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold?
 Hark! 'tis the Sav-ior speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."

Db Ab Eb Bb Eb Eb7

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Ab Db Ab Eb Eb7 Ab

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wan-d'ring ones to Je-sus.

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BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES

words by Knowles Shaw (1834-1878)

HARVEST music by George A. Minor

Bb Eb Bb F

1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew-y eve;
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze;
 3. Go-ing forth with weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Though the loss sus-tained our spir-it of-ten grieves;

Bb Eb Bb F7 Bb

Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 When our weep-ing's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

Refrain Bb Eb Bb I F 2 F7 Bb

Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. bring-ing in the sheaves.

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BRING YOUR VESSELS, NOT A FEW

BRING YOUR VESSELS
music by
Lelia N. Morris, 1912

words by
Lelia N. Morris, 1912

1. Are you long - ing for the full - ness of the bless - ing of the Lord In your
 2. Bring your emp - ty earth - en ves - sels, clean thro' Je - sus' pre - cious blood. Come, ye
 3. Like the cruse of oil un - fail - ing is His grace for - ev - er - more, And His

heart and life to day? Claim the prom - ise of your Fa - ther; come ac -
 need y, one and all; And in hu - man con - se - cra - tion wait be -
 love un - chang - ing still; And ac - cord - ing to His prom - ise, with the

cord - ing to His Word, In the bless - ed, old - time way. } He will fill your heart to - day to o - ver -
 fore the throne of God Till the Ho - ly Ghost shall fall. }
 Ho - ly Ghost and pow'r He will ev - 'ry ves - sel fill. }

flow - ing. As the Lord com - mand - eth you, "Bring your ves - sels, not a few." He will

fill your heart to - day to o - ver - flow - ing With the Ho - ly Ghost and pow'r.

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BUILT ON THE ROCK THE CHURCH DOTHT STAND

KIRKEN
music by

Ludvig M. Lindeman, 1871

words by
Nicolai F.S. Grundtvig, 1837
tr. by Carl Döving, 1909

1. Built on the Rock the Church doth stand, E - ven when
 2. Sure ly in the tem - ples of made with hands, God - ven the when
 3. We are God's house of liv - ing stones, Build - ed for
 4. Now we may gath - er with our King, E'en in the

stee - ples are fall - ing; Crum - bled have spires in
 High is not dwell - ing; High a - bove earth in
 His hab - i - ta - tion; He through bap - tis - His His
 low - li - est dwell - ing; Prais - es to Him mal - we

ev - 'ry land, Bells still are chim - ing and call - ing;
 tem - ple us, stands, All earth - ly tem - ples ex - cell - ing;
 grace there may bring, His of His won - drous sal - cell - ing;
 there may bring, His of His won - drous sal - cell - ing;
 there may bring, His of His won - drous sal - cell - ing;

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D7 Gm Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb G/F Cdim7 Gm/Bb Cm6

Call - ing the young and old to rest, But a bove all the
 Yet He whom heav'n's can not con - tain Chose to a - bide on
 Were we but two His to name us to tell, Yet He would deign
 Je - sus His grace to us ac - cords, Spir - it and life are

Gm/D D7 Gm G7 Cm Fm7 G7 Cm

soul dis - tressed, Long - ing for rest ev - er last ing.
 earth with men, Built in our bod - ies His tem - ple.
 us to dwell, With all His grace and His tem - fa - vor.
 all His words, His truth doth hal - low the tem - ple.

CALVARY

African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual

Cm G

Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry,

Cm Bdim/C Cm

Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry, Cal - va

G7 Cm Fine

ry, Sure - ly He died on Cal - va - ry.

N.C.

1. Ev - ry time I think a - bout Je - sus, Ev - 'ry
 2. Don't you hear the ham - mer ring - ing? Don't you
 3. Don't you hear Him call - ing His Fa - ther? Don't you
 4. Don't you hear Him say, "It is fin - ished"? Don't you

time I think a - bout Je - sus, Ev - 'ry time I
 hear the ham - mer ring - ing? Don't you hear the
 hear Him call - ing His Fa - ther? Don't you hear Him
 hear Him say, "It is fin - ished"? Don't you hear Him

D.C. (3 times)
 D.C. al Fine (4th time)

think a - bout Je - sus,
 ham - mer ring - ing?
 call - ing His Fa - ther?
 say, "It is fin - ished"? } Sure - ly He died on Cal - va - ry.

CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD

CAST THY BURDEN

music by

Felix Mendelssohn, from *Elijah*

words based on
Psalms 55:22, 16:8

Chord symbols: Eb, Bb7/F Eb, Ab, Bb, Bb7/D Eb, Eb/G, Ab, Bbsus Bb7 Eb, Bb7/F

Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord, And He shall sus - tain thee. He

Chord symbols: Eb, Cm, Bb/D, Fm, G, Cm, Eb/G, Ab, Bb7sus Bb7 Eb, Bb

nev - er will suf - fer the righ - teous to fall; He is at the right hand. Thy

Chord symbols: Bb7/Ab, C7/G, Fm, Cm, Fm/C, Cm, Cm/Eb, F7, Bb, Bb7

mer - cy, Lord, is great and far a - bove the heav'ns; Let

Chord symbols: Eb, Eb/Db, Ab/C, Ab, Eb/G, Ab/C, Cm/Ab, Bbsus Bb7, Eb

none be made a - sham - ed that wait up - on Thee.

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CHANNELS ONLY

CHANNELS

music by

Ada R. Gibbs (1865-1905)

words by
Mary E. Maxwell (1837-1915)

Chord symbols: Ab, Db, Db/Ab, Ab, Eb, Ab/Eb Eb7, Ab

1. How I praise Thee, pre - cious Sav - ior, That Thy love laid hold of me; Thou hast
2. Emp - tied that Thou should - est fill me, A clean ves - sel in Thy hand; With no
3. Je - sus, fill now with Thy Spir - it Hearts that full sur - ren - der know; That the

Chord symbols: Db, Db/Ab, Ab, Eb, Ab/Eb, Eb7, Ab, Db/Ab

saved and cleansed and filled me That I might Thy chan - nel be. } Chan - nels
pow'r but as Thou giv - est me Gra - cious - ly in Thy with each com - mand. }
streams of liv - ing wa - ter From our in - ner man may flow. }

Chord symbols: Ebsus, Eb, Eb7, Absus, Ab, Ab/C, Db, Absus, Ab, Db/Ab

on - ly, bless - ed Mas - ter, But with all Thy won - drous pow'r Flow - ing

Chord symbols: Ebsus, Eb, Eb7, Absus, Ab7, Db, Bbm7, Eb7, Ab

through us, Thou canst use us Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour.

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CHIEF OF SINNERS THOUGH I BE

GETHEMANE

music by

Richard Redhead (1820-1901)

words by

William McComb (1793-c. 1870)

Chords: Eb Bb Eb Ab Eb Cm Bb Eb Ab Bb Eb

1. Chief of sin - ners though I be, Je - sus shed his blood for me,
 2. Oh, the height of Je - sus' love! High - er than the heav'n's a - bove,
 3. On - ly Je - sus can im - part Balm to heal the wound - ed heart,
 4. Chief of sin - ners though I be, Christ is All in All to me;
 5. O my Sav - ior, help af - ford By Your Spir - it and Your Word!

Chords: Eb/G Cm Bb Eb Ab Bb7/Ab Eb Eb/G Eb Bb/D Gm Eb F7 Bb

Died that I might live on high, Lives that I might nev - er die.
 Deep - er than the depths of sea, Last - ing that as e - ter - ni - ty.
 Peace that flows from sin for - giv'n, Joy that lifts the soul to heav'n,
 All my wants to Him are known, All my sor - rows are His own,
 When my way - ward heart would stray, Keep me in the nar - row way;

Chords: Eb/G Bb7/F Eb Ab Eb Eb/G Bb7/F Eb Fm/Ab Eb/Bb Bb Eb

As the branch is to the vine, I am His, and He is mine.
 Love that found me to won - drous thought Found me when I sought Him not.
 Faith and hope to walk with God In the way that I E - noch trod.
 He sus - tains the hid - den life Safe with Him from earth - ly strife.
 Grace in time of need sup - ply While I live and when I die.

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A CHILD OF THE KING

BINGHAMTON

music by

John B. Sumner, 1877

words by

Harriet E. Buell, 1877

Chords: Eb G G/B Cm Bb

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 o'er
 3. I once was an out - cast strang - er on earth, A sin - ner by
 4. A tent or a cot tage why should I care? They're build - ing a

Chords: Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb/Bb Bb Eb Ab

wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and dia - monds, of sil - ver and
 earth as the poor - est of them! But now He is reign - ing for - ev - er on
 choice and an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed; my name's writ - ten
 pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, - yet still I may

Chords: Eb Eb/G Ab6 Eb/Bb Gm/Bb Bb7 Eb Refrain

gold, His cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told!
 high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.
 down, I'm heir to a man - sion, a robe and a crown!
 sing: "All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King!" } I'm a child of the

Chords: Ab Eb Ab Fm/Ab Eb/Bb Gm/Bb Bb7 Eb

King! A child of the King! With Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I'm a child of the King!

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CHRIST AROSE

(Low in the Grave He Lay)

words by
Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

music by
Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

C G C

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

F C D G

Wait ing the com ing day, Je sus my Lord!
Vain ly they seal the dead, Je sus my Lord!
He tore the bars a way, Je sus my Lord!

Refrain C F C G

Up from the grave He a - rose, With a might - y tri - umph o'er His foes; He a -

Am F C F D7 G

rose a Vic - tor from the dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign, He a -

C F C/G G7 C

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

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CHRIST FOR THE WORLD WE SING

words by
Samuel Wolcott, 1869

ITALIAN HYMN
music by
Felice de Giardini, 1769

F F/A Gm/Bb F/C C F C/E F C7/G C7/B F C

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
4. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring

N.C. C C/F C7 F Fsus F C C/F C7

With lov - ing zeal: The poor, and them, that mourn, The faint and
With fer - vent prayer: The The poor, and them, that mourn, The faint and
With one ac - cord: With us the work souls, to share, By With us re -
With joy - ful song: The new - born souls, whose days, Re - claimed from

F Fsus F N.C. F Bb/F F Gm/Bb F/C C7 F

o - ver - borne, Sin - sick and sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
pas - sions tossed, Re - deemed at count less cost From dark de - spair.
proach to dare, With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord.
er - ror's ways, In - spired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long.

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CHRIST, FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW

CANTERBURY
music adapt. from
Orlando Gibbons, 1623

words by
Charles Wesley, 1740

D G/B D/F# G Asus A D A/C# E7/B A D Asus E7 A

1. Christ, from whom all blessings flow, perfecting the saints be low,
2. Join us, in one spirit it join, let us still receive of Thine;
3. Move and actuate and guide, diverse gifts to each di- vide;
4. Nev- er from Thy ser- vice move, need- ful to each oth- er prove;
5. Man- y are we now, and one, we who Je- sus have put on;
6. Love, like death, hath all de- stroyed, ren- dered all dis- tinc- tions void;

D G/B A/C# B/D# Em D/F# A A/C# D A Bm G A7 D

hear us, who Thy na- ture share, who Thy mys- tic bod- y are.
still for more on Thee we call, Thou who fill- est all in all.
placed ac- cord- ing to Thy will, let us all our work in ful- fill;
use this grace on each be- stowed, tem- pered by our art of God.
there is nei- ther bond nor free, male nor fe- male, Lord, in Thee.
names and sects and par- ties fall; Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

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CHRIST IS MADE THE SURE FOUNDATION

LAUDA ANIMA
music by
J. Goss (1800-1880)

words from
Angularis fundamentum, 6th or 7th century
tr. by J.M. Neale (1818-1866)

D A7/E D/F# G D G/B D G D/F# Bm Em A A7

1. Christ is made the sure foun- da- tion, Christ, the head and cor- ner- stone,
2. All that ded- i- cat- ed cit- y, Dear- ly loved of God on high,
3. To this tem- ple, where we call Thee, Come, O Lord of hosts, to day,
4. Here vouch- safe to Thy ser- vants, What they ask of Thee to gain,
5. Laud and hon- or to the Fa- ther; Laud and hon- or to the Son,

F#7/A# F#7/A# Bm F#7/C# Bm/D B7/D# E7sus Fdim F#m E7/G# A D/F# Bm/D E7 A

Cho- sen of the Lord, and pre- cious, Bind- ing all the Church in one,
In ex- ul- tant Lord, ju- bi- la- tion Pours per- pet- ual mel- o- dy:
With Thy ten- der lov- ing- kind- ness Hear Thy peo- ple as they pray,
What they gain from Thee for- ev- er With the bless- ed to re- tain,
Laud and hon- or to the Spir- it, Ev- er Three and ev- er One,

D/F# G A7 Bm A7/C# Bm/D F#m7 G Em/G DA A7 D

Ho- ly Zi- on's help for ev- er, And her con- fi- dence a- lone.
God the One in Three a- dor- ing In glad hymns e- ter- nal- ly.
And Thy full- est ben- e- dic- tion Shed with- in its walls al- way.
And here af- ter in Thy glo- ry Ev- er more with Thee to reign.
One in might, and One in glo- ry, While un- end- ing ag- es run.

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A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE

BOYLSTON

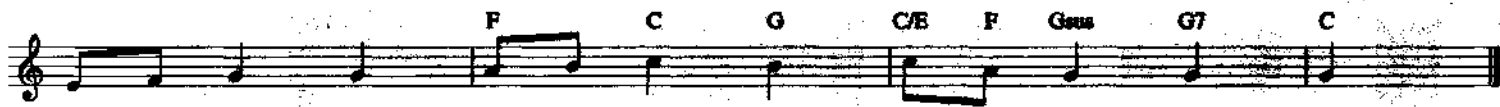
music by

Lowell Mason, 1832

words by
Charles Wesley, 1762



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill; O
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live, And
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly, As



nev - er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will!
 now Thy ser - vant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count ter's give!
 sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

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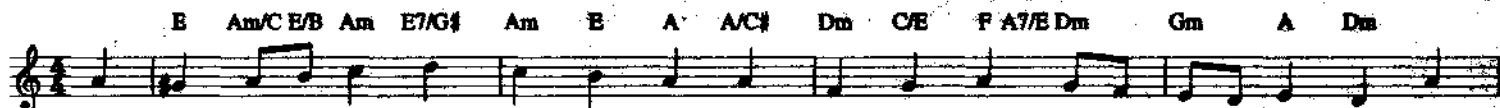
CHRIST JESUS LAY IN DEATH'S STRONG BANDS

CHRIST LAG IN TODESBANDEN

music from

Geistliche Gesangbüchlein, 1524

words by
Martin Luther, 1524
tr. by Richard Massie, 1854



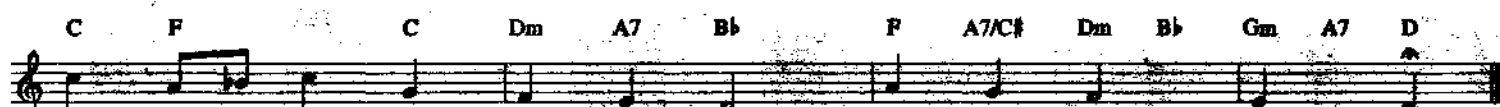
1. Christ Je - sus lay in death's strong hands, for our of - fens - es giv - en; but
 2. It was a strange and dread - ful strife when life and death con - tend - ed; the
 3. So let us keep the fes - ti - val where - to the Lord in - vites us; Christ
 4. Then let us feast this Eas - ter day on the true bread of heav - en; the



now at God's right hand He stands, and brings us life from heav - en;
 vic - to - ry re - mained with life; the reign of death was end - ed.
 is Him - self the joy of all, the Sun that warms and lights us.
 Word of grace hath purged a - way the old and wick - ed leav - en.



where - fore let us joy - ful be, and sing to God right - thank - ful - ly loud
 Stripped of power, no more it reigns, an emp - ty form a - lone re - mains; death's
 By His grace He doth im - part e - ter - nal sun - shine to the heart; the
 Christ a - lone our souls will feed; He is our meat and drink in - deed; the faith



songs of Al - le - lu - ia!)
 sting is lost for - ev - er!)
 night of sin is end - ed!)
 lives up - on no oth - er!

Al - le - lu - ia!

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CHRIST IS MADE THE SURE FOUNDATION

REGENT SQUARE

music by

Henry T. Smart (1813-1879)

Latin text, 7th century
tr. by John M. Neale (1818-1866)

Bb Bb/F F7/Eb Bb/D Eb Bb/D Gm F/A F7 Bb

1. Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion. Christ the head and cor - ner - stone,
 2. To this tem - ple, where we call Thee, Come, O Lord of hosts, to - day,
 3. Here vouch - safe to all Thy ser - vants, What they ask of Thee to gain,
 4. Laud and hon - or to the Fa - ther; Laud and hon - or to the Son.

Adim/C Gm/D D Gm D Gm/Bb Gm F/C C7 F

Cho - sen of the Lord and pre - cious, Bind - ing all the Church in one.
 With ac - cus - tomed lov - ing kind - ness, Hear Thy peo - ple as they pray,
 What they gain from Thee for - ev - er, With the bless - ed to re - tain.
 Laud and hon - or to the Spir - it; Ev - er Three and ev - er One.

Bb Bb7 Eb Cm Dm Cm/Eb Gm Fsus F7 Bb

Ho - ly Zi - on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.
 And Thy full - est ben - e - dic - tion And Shed with - in its walls al - way,
 And here - af - ter in Thy glo - ry Ev - er - more with Thee to reign.
 One in might and One in glo - ry While un - end - ing a - ges run.

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CHRIST OF THE UPWARD WAY

SURSUM CORDA

music by

George Lomas (1834-1884)

words by
Walter J. Mathams, c. 1915

E C#m B/D# E B7/F# E/G# F#m7 G#m/B B E E/G# B7/F#

1. Christ of the Up - ward Way, My Guide di - vine, Where Thou hast
 2. Give me the heart to hear Thy voice and will, That with - out
 3. Give me the good stout arm To shield the right, And wield Thy
 4. Christ of the Up - ward Way, My Guide di - vine, Where Thou hast

E B7/D# E D#dim/F# C#m/G# G# C#m B/D# E A E/G# B7/F# E A/C# B7/D# E

set Thy feet May I place mine; And move and march wher - ev - er Thou hast
 fault or fear I may ful - fill Thy pur - pose with a glad and ho - ly
 sword of truth With all my might, That, in the war - fare I must wage for
 set Thy feet May I place mine; And when Thy last call comes se - rene and

B B/A E/G# C#m B E A/C# E F#m/A E/B B7 E

trod, Keep - ing face for - ward up the hill of his God.
 zest, Like one who would not bring the less than his best.
 Thee, More than a vic - tor I may ev - er be.
 clear, Calm may my an - swer be "Lord, I am here."

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CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN

NEUMEISTER

music by

James McGranahan (1840-1907)

words by
Erdmann Neumeister (1671-1756)
tr. by Emma F. Bevan (1827-1909)

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive; Sound this word of grace to all Who the
 2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His Word is plain; He will
 3. Now my heart con - demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand; He Who
 4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin; Purged from

heav'n - ly path - ways leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
 take the sin - ful - est, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men. } Sing - it
 cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
 ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

o'er and o'er a - gain; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the
 mes - sage clear and plain: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.

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CHRIST RETURNETH

music by

James McGranahan (1840-1907)

words by
H.L. Turner, 19th century

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a wak - ing, When
 2. It may be at mid day, it may be at twi - light, It
 3. O joy! O de - light! should we go with out dy - ing, No

sun - light thru dark - ness and shad - ow is break - ing, That Je - sus will
 may be, per - chance, that the black - ness of mid - night Will burst in - to
 sick - ness, no sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing- Caught up thru the

come in the full - ness of glo - ry To re - ceive from the world His own.
 light in the blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives His own.
 clouds with our Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives His own.

O Lord Je - sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song: Christ re -
 turn - eth! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men!

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CHRIST, THE LIFE OF ALL THE LIVING

JESU, MEINES LEBENS LEBEN

music from

Kirchengesangbuch, Darmstadt, 1687

words by

E.C. Homburg (1605-1681)

tr. by C. Winkworth (1827-1878)

G G/B D G/B C D7/A Gsus G Em C D7/A G G/B D

1. Christ, the Life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the Death of death, our foe,
 2. Thou, ah, Thou hast tak - en on Thee Bonds and stripes, a cru - el rod;
 3. Thou hast borne the smit - ing on - ly That my wounds might all be whole;
 4. Heart - less scoff - ers did sur - round Thee, Treat - ing Thee with shame - ful scorn,
 5. Thou hast suf - fered great af - flic - tion, And hast born it pa - tient - ly,
 6. Then, for all that wrought my par - don, For Thy sor - rows deep and sure,

G G/B D G/B C D7/A Gsus G Em C D7/A G G/B D

Who, Thy - self for me once giv - ing, To the dark - est depths of woe -
 Pain, and scorn were heaped up - on Thee, O Thou sin - less Son of God!
 Thou hast suf - fered, sad and lone - ly, Rest to give my wea - ry soul;
 And with pierc - ing thorns they crowned Thee, All dis - grace Thou, Lord, hast borne
 E - ven death by cru - ci - fix - ion, ful - ly a - tone for me;
 For Thine an - guish in the Gar - den, I will thank Thee ev - er - more,

G C/E D G/B D A7/E Dsus D G G/B Dsus D Em Em/G Bsus B

Through Thy suf - f'ings, death, and mer - it I e - ter - nal life in - her - it;
 Thus didst Thou my soul de - liv - er From the bonds of sin for - ev - er,
 Yea, the curse of God en - dur - ing, Bless - ing un - to me se - cur - ing.
 That as Thine Thou might - est own me And with heav'n - ly glo - ry crown me.
 Thou didst choose to be tor - ment - ed that my doom should be pre - vent - ed.
 Thank Thee for Thy groan - ing, sigh - ing, For Thy bleed - ing and Thy dy - ing.

Em G/B C D G C G G/B D Em C6 D G

Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
 Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
 Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
 Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
 Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.
 For that last tri - um - phant cry, And shall praise Thee, Lord, on high.

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CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN AGAIN

ESSEX

music by

Thomas Clark

words by

Michael Weisse (c. 1480-1534)

tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1858

C F/C C G C C/E F G7/D C/E Dm/F C/G G C F C/E

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain, — Christ hath bro - ken ev - 'ry chain; — Hark! an - gel - ic
 2. He who gave for us His life, — Who for us en - dured the strife, — Is our Pas - chal
 3. He who bore all pain and loss, — Com - fort - less up - on the cross, — Lives in glo - ry
 4. Now He bids us tell a - broad — How the last may be re - stored, — How the pen - i -

G7/D C C/G G N.C. C G/D C/E Dm/F C/G G C

voic - es cry, — Sing - ing ev - er - more on high: } Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
 Lamb to - day! — We, too, sing for joy and say:
 now on high, — Pleads for us and hears our cry:
 tent for - giv'n, — How we, too, may en - ter heav'n: }

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CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY

EASTER HYMN

music from

Lyra Davidica, London, 1708

words by
Charles Wesley, 1739

C G/B C F F/C C G7/D C F/A C/G G7 C

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

F/A C F C/E G7/D C C/G G C G7/D C F/A C/G G7 C

Earth and heaven in cho-rus say, Al le lu ia!
 Fought the fight, the bat-tle won, Al le lu ia!
 Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al le lu ia!
 Fol-l'wing our ex-alt-ed Head, Al le lu ia!

G D7/A G/B G C/E G7/D C G D7/A G C/E G/D D G

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

C/E C F F/C C F C/E F6 C/G G7 C

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

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CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY

LLANFAIR

music by

Robert Williams (1781-1821)

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

F Dm F/A Gm/Bb C F F/A C7/G F Bb/D F/C Bb C F Dm

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day, Al le lu ia! All on earth with
 2. Lives a-gain our glo-rious King, Al le lu ia! Where, O death, is
 3. Love's re-deem-ing work is done, Al le lu ia! Fought the fight, the
 4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Al le lu ia! Fol-l'wing our ex-

F/A Gm/Bb C F/A C7/G F Bb/D F/C Bb C F Dm C/E F Bb F/A C7/G F C

an-gels say, Al le lu ia! Raise your joys and tri-umphs high,
 now your sting? Al le lu ia! Once He died our souls to save,
 bat-tle won, Al le lu ia! Death in vain for-bids Him rise,
 alt-ed Head; Al le lu ia. Made like Him, like Him we rise,

F C/E F G7/D C F Dm F/A Gm/Bb C F/A C7/G F Bb/D F/C Bb C F

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

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CHRIST, WE DO ALL ADORE THEE

ADORE THEE

music by

Theodore Dubois

from *The Seven Last Words of Christ*

words from
Adoramus Te
English version by Theodore Baker

C Em F G F C/E G7sus/D G7/D C G

Christ, we do all a - dore Thee, and we do praise Thee for - ev - er. Christ, we do all a -

Am Em Dm C Gsus G Em Am Dm Bb

dore Thee, and we do praise Thee for - ev - er, For on the ho - ly cross hast Thou the

F C Gsus G C Em F G F C/E

world from sin re - deem - ed. Christ, we do all a - dore Thee, and we do praise Thee for -

Dm C F C/E Dm C Am C

ev - er. (Instrumental) Christ, we do all a - dore Thee!

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CHRIST, WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES

LUX PRIMA

music by

Charles F. Gounod, 1872

words by
Charles Wesley, 1740

G Em C G/D D G B/F# Em C G/D D G

1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies; Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,
2. Dark and cheer - less is the morn - Un - ac - com - pa - nied by Thee;
3. Vis - it, then, this soul of mine; Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;

G/B Am7 D7/A G G/D D D7 G/D Am/D D7 G/D D G

Sun of Right - eous - ness, a rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;
Joy - less is the day's re - turn Till Thy mer - cy's beams I see;
Fill me, Ra - dian - cy di - vine; Scat - ter all my un - be - lief;

C/G G7 C/G G/F C/E E Am G/B C G/D D7 G

Day - spring from on high, be near; Day - star, in my heart ap - pear.
Till they in - ward light im - part, Glad Glad my eyes and warm my heart.
More and more Thy self dis - play, Shin - ing to the per - fect day.

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CHRIST, WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES

RATISBON

music from

Freylinghausen's *Gesangbuch*, 1704

adapted in Werner's *Choralbuch*, 1815

words by
Charles Wesley, 1740

D G A7/E D A Bm A/C# D G A D

1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,
 2. Dark and cheer - less is the morn - ing, Un - ac - com - pa - nied by Thee;
 3. Vis - it, then, this soul of mine; Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;

A D A7/C# D Bm F#7 G Em6 F# Bm

Sun of righ - teous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;
 Joy - less is the day's re - turn, Till Thy mer - cy's beams of I see,
 Fill me, Ra - dian - cy di - vine, Scat - ter all my un - be - lief;

G A Bm Em7 F# Bm A/C# D A D

Day - spring from on - high, be - near; Day - star, in my heart ap - pear.
 Till they in - ward light, im - part, Glad - ding eyes to the warm my heart.
 More and more Thy - self dis - play, Shin - ing to the per - fect day.

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CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD

CHURCH IN THE VALLEY

music by

Dr. William S. Pitts, 1865

words by
Dr. William S. Pitts, 1865

Bb Eb/Bb Bb Bb/F F7 Bb Bb/D

There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, no love - li - er spot in the dale. No
 Oh, — come to the church — in the wild - wood, to the trees where the wild flow - ers bloom, where the
 From the church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, when day fades a - way in - to night, I would

Eb Bb F7 Bb

place is so dear to my child - hood as the lit - tle brown church in the vale. }
 part - ing — hymn will be chant - ed; we will weep — by the side of the tomb. } Oh, —
 fain from this spot of my child - hood; wing my way — to the man - sions of light. }

Eb/Bb Bb Bb/F F7 Bb Bb/D

come, come, come, come. Come to the church in the wild - wood, oh, come to the church in the vale. No

Eb Bb F7 Bb

spot is so dear to my child - hood as the lit - tle brown church in the vale.

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CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS

music by

Pierre de Corbeille (d. 1221)

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

F C/E Dm Am/C Gm/Bb C F Dm7 Am/C Bb F/A Gm7 C F

1. "Christ the Lord is risen to day!" All on earth with an angels say;
 2. Lives a gain our glo rious king! Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 3. Love's re deem ing work is done, Fought the fight, the bat tle won;
 4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Fol lowing our ex alt ed Head;

Dm Gm/Bb Gm F/A Bb Dm7 Am/C Dm C/E C Dm Am/C Gm/Bb C F

Raise your joys and tri umphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns; and earth, re ply.
 Once He died our souls to save; Where thy vic to ry, O grave?
 Death in vain for bids His rise; Christ has o pened Par a dise.
 Made like Him, like Him we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

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THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

AURELIA

music by

Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876)

words by
Samuel John Stone (1839-1900)

Eb Ab/Eb Eb Eb/Bb Bb/Ab Eb/G Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb Bb7/F

1. The church's one founda tion is Je sus Christ her Lord; she
 2. E lect from ev 'ry na tion, yet one o'er all the earth, her
 3. Though with a scorn ful won der men see her sore op pressed, by
 4. Mid toil and tri bu la tion, and tu mult of her war she
 5. Yet she on earth hath un ion with God, the Three in One, and

Eb/G G7 Ab/dim7 Ab Gm/Bb Ab/C Bb/D Eb F7/C Bb

is his new cre a tion by wa ter and the word: from
 char ter of sal va tion, by one Lord, one faith, the one birth;
 schi sms rent a sun der, by her e sies, one dis tressed;
 waits the con sum ma tion of peace for ev er more;
 mys tic sweet com mun ion with those whose rest is won. O

Eb Bb7/F Eb/G Ab Eb/G Cm G/F Cm/Eb C/E Fm Bb/D

heav'n he came and sought her to be his ho ly bride; with
 ho ly Name she are bless es, to par takes his ho ly ly bride;
 saints their watch are keep ing, es, ing, their cry goes up, ly food, and
 with the vi sion glo rious her long ing eyes are "How long?" and
 hap py ones and ho ly! Lord, give us grace that are blessed, and
 and face

Eb Ab/Eb Eb Ab/maj9 Ab Fm7 Bb/sus Bb7 Eb

his own blood he bought her, and for her life he died.
 to one hope she press es, with ev 'ry grace en dued.
 soon the night of weep ing shall be the morn of song.
 the great Church vic to rious shall be the Church at rest.
 them, the meek and low ly, on high may dwell with thee.

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CLEANSE ME

ELLERS

music by

Edward J. Hopkins

words by
J. Edwin Orr
based on Psalm 139:23

1. Search me, O God, and know my heart to day; Try me, O
 2. I praise Thee, Lord, for cleans ing me from sin; Ful fill Thy
 3. Lord, take my life, and re viv al comes from Thee; Fill my poor
 4. O Ho ly Ghost, re viv al comes from Thee; Send a re

Sav ior, know my thoughts, I pray. See if there be some
 Word and make me pure with in. Fill me with fire where
 heart with Thy great love di vine. Take all my de clares Thou
 viv al, start the work in me.

wick ed way in me; Cleanse me from ev 'ry sin and set me free.
 once I burned with shame; Grant my de sire to mag ni fy Thy name.
 pas sion, self, and pride; I now sur ren der; Lord, in me a bide.
 wilt sup ply our need; For bless ings now, O Lord, I hum bly plead.

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CLEANSE ME

MAORI

Traditional Maori melody

words by
J. Edwin Orr
based on Psalm 139:23

1. Search me, O God, and know my heart to day;
 2. I praise Thee, Lord, for cleans ing me from sin;
 3. Lord, take my life, and re viv al comes from Thee;
 4. O Ho ly Ghost, re viv al comes from Thee;

Try me, O Sav ior, know make my thoughts, I pray.
 Ful fill Thy Word and with in.
 Fill my poor heart viv al, Thy great love di vine.
 Send a re viv al, start the work in me.

See if there be some wick ed way in me;
 Fill me with fire, where once I burned with shame;
 Take all my will, my pas sion, self and pride;
 Thy Word de clares Thou wilt sup ply our need;

Cleanse me from ev 'ry sin, and set me free.
 Grant my de sire to mag ni fy Thy name.
 I now sur ren der, O Lord, in me a bide.
 For bless ings now, O Lord, I hum bly plead.

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THE CLEANSING WAVE

KNAPP
music by

words by
Phoebe Palmer (1807-1874)

Phoebe Palmer Knapp (1839-1908)

D G G/D D A D

1. O now I see the crim - son wave, the foun - tain deep and wide; Je
 2. I see the new cre a - tion rise; I hear the speak - ing blood. It
 3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light A - bove the world and sin, With
 4. A - maz - ing grace! 'tis heav'n be - low To feel the blood ap - plied, And

G G/D D D/A A7 D Refrain

sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wound - ed side. }
 speaks! pol - lut - ed na - ture dies! Sinks 'neath the cleans - ing flood. }
 heart made pure, and gar - ments white, And Christ en - throned with in. } The
 Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know - My Je - sus, cru - ci - fied. }

G D A G/D D

cleans - ing stream, I see, I see! I plunge and, O it cleans - eth me! O

G D A D/A A7 D

praise the Lord, it cleans - eth me! it cleans - eth me, yes, cleans - eth me!

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CLOSE TO THEE

music by

words by
Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

Silas J. Vail (1818-1884)

G D7 G D G

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me, All a -
 2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure Nor for fame my prayer shall be; Glad - ly
 3. Lead me through the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea; Then the

C G/D D7 G D

long will my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee. }
 gate I of life and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee. } Close to
 of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee. }

G D G

Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; } All a -
 Glad - ly
 Then the

G7 C G/D D7 G

long will my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
 gate I of life and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

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COME AND DINE

WIDMEYER

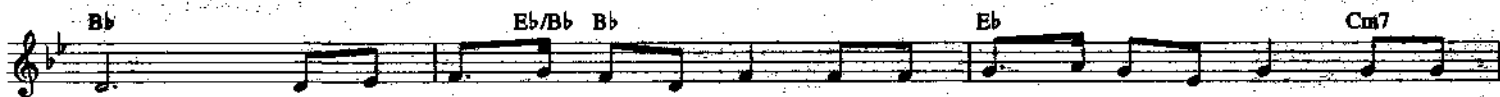
music by

C.B. Widmeyer, 1907

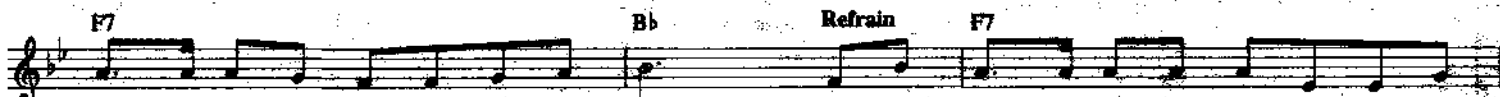
words by
C.B. Widmeyer, 1907



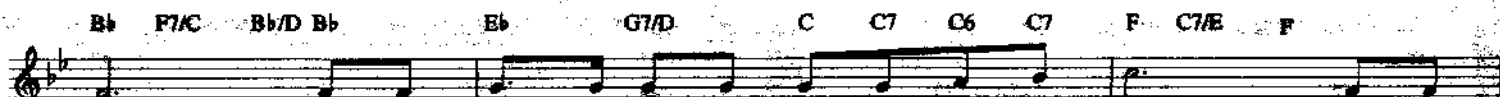
1. Je - sus has a ta - ble spread Where the saints of God are fed; He in - vites His cho - sen peo - ple, "Come and
2. The dis - ci - ples came to land, Thus o - bey - ing Christ's com - mand; For the Mas - ter called to them, "O come and
3. Soon the Lamb will take His bride To be ev - er at His side; All the hosts of heav - en will as - sem - bled



dine." With His man - na He doth feed And sup - plies our ev - 'ry need. O 'tis
dine." There they found their hearts' de - sire— Bread and fish up - on the fire; Thus He
be. O 'twill be a glo - rious sight— All the saints in spot - less white; And with



sweet to sup with Je - sus all the time! } "Come and dine," the Mas - ter call - eth, "come and
sat - is - fies the hun - gry ev - 'ry time. }
Je - sus they will feast e - ter - nal - ly. }



dine." You may feast at Je - sus' ta - ble all the time. He who



fed the mul - ti - tude, turned the wa - ter in - to wine, To the hun - gry call - eth now, "Come and dine."

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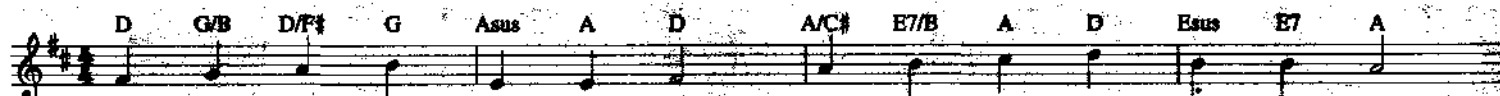
COME, AND LET US SWEETLY JOIN

CANTERBURY

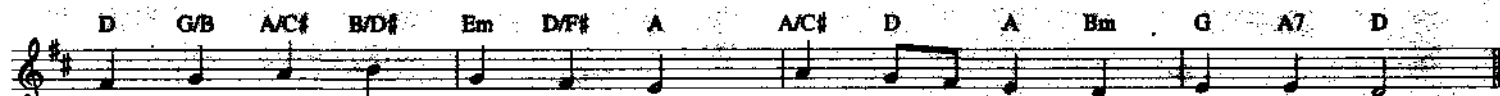
music adapt. from

Orlando Gibbons, 1623

words by
Charles Wesley, 1740



1. Come, and let us sweet - ly join, Christ to praise in hymns di - vine;
2. Hands and hearts and voic - es raise, sing as praise in the an - cient days;
3. Je - sus, dear ex - pect - ed Guest, Thou art bid - den to the feast;
4. Sanc - ti - fy us, Lord, and bless, breathe Thy Spir - it, give Thy peace;



give we all with one ac - cord glo - ry — to our com - mon Lord.
an - te - date the joys a - bove, cel - e - brate the feast of love.
for Thy - self our hearts pre - pare; come, and — sit, and ban - quet there.
Thou Thy - self with in us move, make our — feast a feast of love.

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COME, CHRISTIANS, JOIN TO SING

MADRID

Traditional Spanish melody

words by
Christian H. Bateman, 1843

1. Come, Chris - tians, join to sing Al - le - lu - ia! A - men! Loud praise to
 2. Come, lift your hearts on high, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men! Let prais - es
 3. Praise yet our Christ a - gain, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men! Life shall not

Christ our King; Al - le - lu - ia! A - men! Let all, with heart and voice,
 fill the sky; Al - le - lu - ia! A - men! He is our Guide and Friend;
 end the strain; Al - le - lu - ia! A - men! On heav - en's bliss - ful shore

Be - fore His throne re - joice; Praise is His gra - cious choice: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
 To us He'll con - de - scend; His love shall nev - er end: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
 His good - ness we'll a - dore, Sing - ing for - ev - er - more, "Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!"

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COME, DEAREST LORD, DESCEND AND DWELL

FEDERAL STREET
music by
Henry K. Oliver, 1832

words by
Isaac Watts, 1709

1. Come, dear - est Lord, de - scend in - ward dwell strength; By Make faith and
 2. Come, fill our hearts with in - ward strength; Make our en -

love larg - in ev - ery pos - sess Then And shall we know and
 ed souls - ery pos - sess Then And shall we know and
 the height, and the

taste and feel The joys that can - not be ex - pressed.
 breath, and length Of Thine un - meas - ur - a - ble grace.

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COME, HOLY GHOST, OUR HEARTS INSPIRE

WINCHESTER OLD
music from
Est's *The Whole Booke of Psalmes*, 1592

words by
Charles Wesley, 1740

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire, let us Thine in - fluence prove; source
 2. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, (for moved by Thee let the proph - ets wrote and spoke), un -
 3. Ex - pand Thy wings, ce - les - tial Dove, brood o'er our na - ture's night; on
 4. God, through the Spir - it we shall know if Thou with - in us shine, and

of the old pro - phet - ic fire, foun - tain of life and love.
 lock the truth, Thy self the key, un - seal the sa - cred book.
 our dis - or - dered spir - its move, and let there now be light.
 sound, with all Thy saints be - low, the depths of love di - vine.

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"COME, FOLLOW ME," THE SAVIOR SPAKE

MACH'S MIT MIR, GOTT

music by

Bartholomäus Gesius (c. 1555-1613)

words by
Johann Scheffler (1624-1677)
tr. by Charles W. Schaeffer (1813-1896)

D Bm A D/F# G D A E/G# A Bm A/C# Esus E A

1. "Come, fol low Me," the Sav - ior spake, "All in My way a bid - ing;
2. "I am the Light; I light the way, A god - ly life dis - play - ing;
3. "My heart a - bounds in low - li - ness, My soul with love is glow - ing,
4. "I teach you how to shun and flee What harms your soul's sal - va - tion.
5. "Who seeks to find his soul's wel - fare With - out Me, he shall lose it;
6. Then let us fol low Christ, our Lord, And take the cross ap - point - ed;

D Bm A D/F# G D A E/G# A Bm A/C# Esus E A

De ny your - selves, the world for - sake, O - bey My call feet and guid - ing.
I bid you walk as in the day; I keep your feet from stray - ing.
And gra - cious words My lips ex - press, With meek - ness o - ver - flow - ing.
Your heart from ev 'ry guile to free, From sin and its temp - ta - tion.
But who to lose it may ap - pear, In God shall in - tro - duce it.
And, firm - ly cling - ing to His Word, In suf - f'ring be un - daunt - ed.

D Bm G D/F# G D A D/F# G D A Bm D/F# Asus A D

O bear the cross, what - e'er be - tide, Take My ex - am - ple for your guide.
I am the Way, and well I show How you must so - journ here be - low.
My heart, My mind, My strength, My all, To God I yield, on Him I call.
I am the Ref - uge of the soul And lead you to your heav'n - ly goal.
Who bears no cross nor fal - lows hard De - serves not Me nor My re - ward."
For who bears not the bat - tle's strain The crown of life shall not ob - tain.

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COME, GRACIOUS SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE

WAREHAM

music by

William Knapp (1698-1768)

words by
Simon Browne (1680-1732)

E7/B Bm A/C# Bm/D A/E E A E/G# A E/G# B7/F#

1. Come, gra cious Spir - it, heav'n - ly dove, With light and
2. To us the Spir - it of heav'n truth - ly dis - play, And make us
3. Lead us to ho - li - ness, the road Which we must
4. Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, To be with

E A/C# E/G# A E/B B7 E A/C# D A/C# E7/B A A/C# E7

com - fort from a - bove. Be Thou our guard - ian,
know and to choose Thy way, Plant ho - ly - ly fear
take to dwell with God, Lead us to Christ, in
Him for - ev - er blest. Lead us to heav'n, the
its

F#m E A E/G# D/F# A/E Bm/D A/C# E7/B A Bm/D A/E E7 A

Thou our guide; O'er ev 'ry thought and step pre - side.
ev 'ry heart, That we us from God may ne'er pre - part.
Liv - ing Way, Nor let us from His pas - tures stray.
bliss to share Full - ness of joy for - ev du - ces there.

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COME, HOLY GHOST, OUR SOULS INSPIRE

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS
Sarum plainsong, mode VIII

words attr. to
Rhabanus Maurus (776-856)
tr. by John Cosin (1594-1672)

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with cel - es - tial fire;
 2. Thy bless - ed unc - tion from a - bove Is com - fort, life, and fire of love.
 3. A - noint and cheer our soil - ed face With the a - bun - dance of Thy grace.
 4. Teach us to know the Fa - ther, Son, And Thee, of both, to be but one;

Thou the a - noint - ing Spir - it art, Who dost Thy sev'n - fold gifts im - part.
 En - a - ble with per - pet - ual light The dull - ness of our blind - ed sight.
 Keep far our foes; give peace at home; Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
 That through the a - ges all a - long Thy praise may be our end - less song!

5. Praise to Thine e - ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it. A - men.

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COME, HOLY SPIRIT, DOVE DIVINE

MARYTON
music by
H. Percy Smith, 1874

words by
Adoniram Judson, 1832

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Dove di - vine, On these bap - tis - mal wa - ters shine,
 2. We love Thy name, we love Thy laws, And joy - ful - ly em - brace Thy cause;
 3. We sink be - neath the wa - ter's face, And thank Thee for Thy sav - ing grace;
 4. And as we rise with Thee to live, O let the Ho - ly Spir - it give

And teach our hearts, in high - est strain, To praise the Lamb for sin - ners slain.
 We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain, O Lamb of God for sin - ners slain.
 We die to sin and seek a grave With Thee, be - neath the yield - ing wave.
 The seal - ing unc - tion from a - bove, The joy of life, the fire of love.

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COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE

ST. AGNES
music by
John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick - ening powers;
 2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
 3. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor, dy - ing rate;
 4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick - ening powers;

Kin - dle the flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys!
 Our love so cold, so faint to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
 Come, shed a broad the Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

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COME, LET US JOIN OUR CHEERFUL SONGS

NUN DANKET ALL' UND BRINGET EHR'

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

music by
Johann Crüger (1598-1662)

1. Come, let us join our that cheer ful songs With
 2. "Wor thy the Lamb our that died," they cry, "To
 3. Je sus is wor a thy tion to join re ceive Hon
 4. Let all cre a tion join in one To

an gels 'round the throne; Ten thou sand thou sand
 be ex alt ed thus!" "Wor thy bless the Lamb," sand
 or and pow'r di vine; And Of Him ings, who mose sits our
 bless the sa cred name Of Him who sits than
 up

are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
 lips re ply, "For He was slain ev er us!"
 we can give, Be, Lord, for ev er Thine.
 on the throne, And to a dore the Lamb.

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COME, LET US JOIN OUR FRIENDS ABOVE

FOREST GREEN

words by
Charles Wesley, 1759

Traditional English melody
arr. by Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

1. Come, let us join our friends a bove who have ob - tained the prize, and
 2. One fam - i - ly we dwell in Him, one church a - bove, be - neath, and
 3. Ten thou sand to their end - less home this sol - emn mo - ment fly, though
 4. Our spir - its too shall quick - ly join, like theirs with glo - ry crowned, and

on the ea - gle wings of love to joys ce - les - tial rise. Let
 now di - vid - ed by the stream, the nar - row stream of death; one
 we are to the mar - gin come, and we ex - pect to die. E'en
 shout to see our Cap - tain's sign, to hear His trum - pet sound. O

saints on earth u - nite to sing with those to glo - ry gone, for
 ar - my of the liv - ing God, to His com - mand we bow; part
 now by faith we join our hands with those that went be - fore, and
 that we now might grasp our Guide! O that the word were given! Come,

all the ser - vants of our King in earth and heaven are one.
 of His host have crossed the flood, and part are cross - ing now.
 greet the blood - be - sprin - kled bands on the land e - ter - nal shore.
 Lord of Hosts, the waves di - vide, and us all in heaven.

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COME, HOLY GHOST, CREATOR BLEST

KOMM, GOTT SCHÖPPER
music based on *Veni Creator Spiritus*
Sarum plainsong, c. 9th century

words attr. to
Rhabanus Maurus (776-856)
tr. by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

E♭ B♭ C/B♭ F/A Gm F B♭ E♭/G B♭/D Adim/C Gm F/A B♭ B♭/D F F/E♭

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor blest, Vouch - safe with - in our souls to rest; Come
2. To Thee, the Com - fort - er, we cry, To Thee, the Gift of God Most High; The
3. Thy light to ev - 'ry thought im - part, And shed Thy love in ev - 'ry heart; The
4. Drive far a - way our wi - ly foe, And Thine a - bid - ing peace be - stow; If
5. Make Thou to us the Fa - ther known; Teach us th' e - ter - nal Son to own, And
6. Praise we the Fa - ther and the Son And Ho - ly Spir - it, with them One; And

B♭/D Gm E♭ F F7/C B♭ F B♭/D E♭ Cm Cm/E♭ F/E♭ B♭/D F

with Thy grace and heav'n - ly aid, And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
Fount of life, the Fire of love, The soul's A - noint - ing from a - bove.
weak - ness of our mor - tal state With less might in - vig - o - rate.
Thou be our pro - tect - ing Guide, No e - vil can our steps be - tide.
Thee, whose home we ev - er bless, Of both the Spir - it, to con - fess.
may the Son on us be - stow The gifts that from the Spir - it flow.

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COME, LET US USE THE GRACE DIVINE

KINGSFOLD
Traditional English melody
arr. by Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

words by
Charles Wesley, 1762

Em C G/B Em D G/B D/A G Am C Dsus D G/B

1. Come, - let us use the grace di - vine, and - all with one - ac - cord, in -
2. The - cov - enant we this mo - ment make be - ev - er kept - in mind; we -
3. Thee, - Pa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, let - all our hearts - re - ceive, pres -

C Am7 D G/B A/E D G/B D7/A G G/B C D7/A Em

a per - pet - ual cov - 'nant join our - selves to Christ - the Lord; give -
will no more our God for - sake, or - cast these words - be - hind; We -
ent with Thy ce - les - tial host the - peace - ful an - swer give; to each

Bm Em D/F# G C D G G/B D7/A G D7/A G/B C Dsus D G/B

up our - selves, - thru Je - sus' power, His - name to - glo - ri - fy; and -
nev - er will - throw off the fear of - God who - hears our vow; and -
cov - e - nant - the blood ap - ply which - takes our - sins a - way, and -

C Am G A7/E D G/B D7/A G Bm C D7/A Em

prom - ise, in - this - sa - cred hour, for - God to live - and die.
if Thou art - well - pleased to hear, come - down and meet - us now.
reg - is - ter - our - names on high, and - keep us to - that day!

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COME, MY WAY, MY TRUTH, MY LIFE

THE CALL

music by

Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1911

words by
George Herbert, 1633

Cm Bbm Ab Bbm Bbm Cm Bbm Ab Bbm Bbm Gb

1. Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life; such a way as gives us breath, such a
 2. Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength: such a light as shows a feast, such a
 3. Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart: such a joy as none can move, such a

Ab6 Bbm Fm Eb Db Eb Fm Bbm Eb/Bm Eb

truth as ends all strife, such a life as kill eth death.
 feast as mends in length, such a strength as makes his guest.
 love as none can part, such a heart as joys in love.

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COME, O THOU TRAVELER UNKNOWN

VERNON

Traditional melody

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Cm Eb Cm Gm Cm Gm Bb Gm

1. Come, O thou Trav- el- er un- known, Whom still I
 2. I need not tell Thee who I am, My sin and
 3. In vain Thou strug- glest to get free, I nev- er
 4. Yield to me now, for I am weak, But con- fi-
 5. 'Tis Love, 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me! I hear Thy
 6. I know Thee, Sav- ior who Thou art, Je- sus, the

Eb Cm Ab Eb Cm Eb Cm Gm

hold, but can not see; My com- pa- ny be fore is
 mis- er- y de- clare; Thy self hast called me by my
 will un- loose my hold; Art Thou the Man that died for
 dent in self de- spair; Speak to my heart, in bless- ing
 whis- per in my heart, The morn- ing breaks, the shad- ows
 fee- ble sin- ner's Friend, Nor wilt Thou with the night de-

Cm Gm Bb Gm Bb Cm Ab Eb

gone, And I am left a lone with Thee. With Thee all
 name, Look on Thy hands, and read it there. But who I
 me? The se- cret of Thy love un- fold. Wres- tling, I
 speak, Be con- quered by my love in stant prayer. Speak, or Thou
 flee; Pure u- ni- ver- sal love Thou art. To me, Thou
 part, But stay and love me to the end. Thy mer- cies

Ab Eb Gm Bb Cm Bb Eb Bb Fm Gm/Bb Eb/G Cm

night I mean to stay, And wres- tle till the break of day.
 ask Thee, who art Thou? Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.
 will not let Thee go, Till I Thy name, Thy na- ture know.
 nev- er hence shalt move, And tell me if Thy name be Love.
 all, Thy mer- cies move; Thy na- ture and Thy name is Love.
 nev- er shall re- move; Thy na- ture and Thy name is Love.

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COME SING, YE CHOIRS EXULTANT

ACH GOTT, VOM HIMMELREICHE

music by

Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)

Latin text by

Adam of St. Victor, c. 1170

tr. by Jackson Mason (1833-1889)



1. Come sing, ye choirs ex - ul - tant, Those mes - sen - gers of
 2. He chose them, our Good Shep - herd, And, tend - ing ev - er
 3. In one har - mo - nious ness, The cho - sen Four com -
 4. Lo, these the wing - ed char - iots That bring Em - man - uel
 5. Four - square on this foun - da - tion The Church of Christ re -



God, _____ Through whom the liv - ing Gos - pels Came sound - ing all a -
 more _____ His flock through earth's four quar - ters. In wis - dom made them
 bine, _____ While each his own com - mis - sion Ful - fills in ev - 'ry
 night; _____ The gold - en staves up - lift - ing The ark of God on
 mains, _____ A house to stand un - shak - en By floods or winds or



broad! _____ Whose voice pro - claimed sal - va - tion That poured up - on the
 four; _____ True Law - giv - er, He them Their heal - ing mes - sage
 line; _____ As, in the Pro - phet's vi - sion From out the am - ber
 high; _____ And these the four - fold riv - er Of Par - a - dise a -
 rains. _____ O glo - rious hap - py por - tion In this safe home to



night, _____ And drove a - way the shad - ows, and flushed the world with light. _____
 spread, _____ One char - ter for all na - tions, One glo - rious ti - tle - deed. _____
 flame _____ In form of vis - age di - verse, four liv - ing crea - tures came. _____
 dove, _____ Whence flow for all the na - tions New mys - ter - ies of love. _____
 be, _____ By God, true Man, u - nit - ed With God e - ter - nal - ly!

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COME, SINNERS, TO THE GOSPEL FEAST

HEBRON

music by

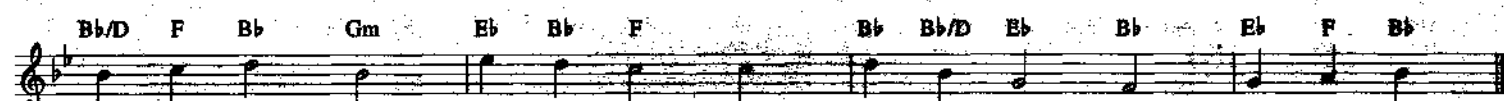
Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

words by

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)



1. Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest; Ye
 2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all; Come,
 3. Come, all ye souls by sin op - pressed, Ye rest - less wan - d'ers af - ter rest; Ye
 4. My mes - sage as from God re - ceive; Ye all may come to Christ and live; O
 5. See Him set forth be - fore your eyes, That pre - cious, bleed - ing sac - ri - fice! His



need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all man - kind.
 all the world! come, sin - ner, thou! All things in Christ are read - y now.
 poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart - y wel - come find.
 let His love your hearts con - strain, Nor suf - fer Him to die in vain.
 of - fered ben - e - fits em - brace, And free - ly now be saved by grace!

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COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

NETTLETON
music from

words by
Robert Robinson, 1758

John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second, 1813

D A D G D A7 D A7 D

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er
 2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'm come; And I hope, by Thy good -
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be! Let Thy good - ness, like a

A D G D A7 D D/F# G D D/F# G

ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a -
 plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus - sought me when a strang - er, Wan - d'ring from the fold of
 fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel - it, Prone to leave the God I

D A7 D A D G D A7 D

bove; Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
 God; He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
 love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

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COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

WARRENTON
music from

words by
Robert Robinson (1735-1790)

The Sacred Harp, 1844

D A/E D/F# D G G/D D Em D/F# G

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to
 2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con -

D/A A7 D A/E D/F# D G G/D D

sing Thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing,
 help I'm come; And I hope, by Thy good - ure,
 strained to be! Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter,

Em D/F# G D/A A7 D A7 D A7 Bm A

Call for songs of loud - est praise. } I am bound for the king - dom, Will you
 Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. }
 Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee. }

D Dsus D A7sus A7 D Em D/F# G D/A A7 D

go to glo - ry with me? Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord!

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COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

ITALIAN HYMN

music by

Felice de Giardini (1716-1796)

Author unknown, c. 1757

1. Come, thou al - might y King, Help us thy name to
 2. Come, thou in - car nate Word, Gird on thy might y
 3. Come, ho - ly Com fort er, Thy sa - cred wit ness
 4. To thee, great One in Three, E - ter - nal prais es

sing; sword; bear be
 Help Our In Hence
 us prayer this ev
 to at glad er
 praise; tend. hour! more!
 Fa ther and all thy glo ri - ous,
 Come Thou, Thy sov - reign might ple - y art, bless,
 Thy sov - reign maj - es - ty

O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
 And give thy Word suc - cess, And let thy right - eous - ness On us de - scend.
 Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
 May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

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COME, THOU LONG-EXPECTED JESUS

HYFRYDOL

music by

Rowland Hugh Prichard, 1831

words by
 Charles Wesley, 1744

1. Come, Thou long - ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to
 2. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born to a

set child Thy and peo - ple a free; King, From Born our to fears and in sins re -
 lease ev - er; Let Now Thy gra - cious rest king - dom Thee. bring.

Is By - rael's Thine strength own and e - con - ter - so - nal la Spir - tion, it Hope Rule of in
 all the earth Thou art; Dear de - sire of
 all our hearts a lone; By Thine all suf -

ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of us ev - 'ry long - ing heart.
 fi - cient mer - it Raise us to Thy glo - rious throne.

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COME, THOU LONG-EXPECTED JESUS

STUTT GART

music by

C.F. Witt (1660-1716)

from *Psalmodia Sacra*, Gotha, 1715

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

F C/E B \flat /D F/C B \flat C F C/E F B \flat Gm7 Csus C F

1. Come, Thou long - ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
2. Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art,
3. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child and yet a King,
4. By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it Rule Thou in our hearts a lone;

Dm Am/C Gm/B \flat A B \flat Gm F/C C7 Dm B \flat F/A F Csus C F

From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
Dear de - sire of ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart.
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gra - cious King - dom bring.
By Thine all suf - fi - cient mer - it Raise us to Thy glo - rious throne.

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COME TO CALVARY'S HOLY MOUNTAIN

HOLY MOUNTAIN

music by

Ludwig M. Lindeman (1812-1887)

words by
James Montgomery (1771-1854)

G D7/C G/B Am D7 D7/C G/B Bm Em7 A7/E D/A A7 D

1. Come to Cal - v'ry's ho - ly moun - tain, sin - ners ru - ined by the fall;
2. Come in pov - er - ty and mean - ness, come de - filed, with out, with in;
3. Come in sor - row and con - tri - tion, wound - ed im - po - tent, and blind;
4. All who drink shall live for - ev - er - 'tis a soul - re - new - ing flood;

G B7/F# Em C/E Am D7 D7/C G/B B/D# Em A/C# D A7 D

here a pure and heal - ing foun - tain flows to you, to me, to all,
from in - fec - tion and un - clean - ness, from the lep - ro - sy of sin,
here the guilt - y free re - mis - sion, here the trou - bled peace may find,
God is faith - ful, God will nev - er break his cov - e - nant of blood,

G/B A9/C# D G A9/E D/F# D7/C G/B D7/A G/B G/D D7 G

in a full, per - pet - ual tide, o - pened when our Sav - ior died.
wash your robes and make them white: you shall walk with God in light.
signed when our Re - deem - er died, sealed when He was glo - ri - fied.

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COME, WE THAT LOVE THE LORD

ST. THOMAS

music by

Aaron Williams (1731-1776)

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

F/A F C/E G7/D C F C7sus/G F/A C7/G F C7/G F

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be

C C/E F F/A C C/E F Dm C F/A B \flat F/A B \flat F/C C7 F

known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
God; But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, May speak their joys a - broad.
sweets Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.
dry; We're march - ing through Em - man - uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

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COME, YE DISCONSOLATE

CONSOLATOR

music by

Samuel Webbe, (1740-1816)

words by
Thomas Moore (v.1, 2)
and Thomas Hastings (v.3)

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, Light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure, Here Here speak the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure."
come, ev - er - know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

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COME, YE FAITHFUL, RAISE THE STRAIN

GAUDEAMUS PARITER

music by

Johann Horn (c. 1495-1547)

words by
John of Damascus (c. 675-c. 749)
tr. by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

1. Come, ye faith - ful raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness;
2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day, Christ hath burst His pris - on,
3. Now the queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of splen - dor,
4. Nei - ther might the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark por - tal,
5. "Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry To our King in mor - tal,

God hath brought forth Is - ra - el In to joy from sad - ness;
And from three days' sleep in death As a sun hath ris - en;
With the roy - al feast of feasts, nor seal Hold Thee joy to ren - der;
Nor the watch - ers, nor the bars Of Thee joy as a ren - der;
Who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars Of the tomb's dark por - tal;

Loosed from Phar - oah's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;
All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark, and is fly - ing
Comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem, Who with true af - fec - tion
But to day a - midst the twelve Thou didst stand, be - stow - ing
"Al - le - lu - ia!" with the Son, God the Fa - ther prais - ing;

Led them with un - moist - ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.
From His light, to whom we give Laud and sus' res - ur - rection.
Wel - comes in un - wa - ried strains Je - sus' hu - man know - ing.
That Thy peace which ev - er - more Pass - eth the Spir - it rais - ing.
"Al - le - lu - ia!" yet a - gain To the Spir - it rais - ing.

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COME WITH US, O BLESSED JESUS

JESU, JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING

music by

Johann Schop (1600-1665)

words by

John H. Hopkins, Jr. (1820-1891)

F Bb/D C/E Am/C Dm C7/E F C/E G7/D C F Bb/D C Dm Gm/Bb C C7 F

Come with us, O bless - ed Je - sus, With us ev - er - more — to be.

Bb/D C/E Am/C Dm C7/E F C/E G7/D C F Bb/D C Dm Gm/Bb C C7 F

And, in leav - ing now Thine al - tar, Let us nev - er - more — leave Thee!

C C/Bb F/A Gm7 Bb/D Cm6 D G/Bb Am7 Gm Bb/D F/A Bb Bb/D Eb F Bb

Let Thy bright ce - les - tial cho - rus Nev - er cease the heav'n - ly strain;

F Bb/D C/E C Bb/D C/E Dm/F C/E Dm7 C F Bb/D C Dm Gm/Bb C C7 F

But in us, Thy lov - ing chil - dren, Come, bring peace, good will — to men.

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COME, YE FAITHFUL, RAISE THE STRAIN

ST. KEVIN

music by

Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900)

words by

John of Damascus, 8th century

tr. by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

F Dm C F Gm/Bb F/C C

1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain of tri - um - phant glad - ness!
 2. 'Tis the spring — of souls to — day; Christ hath burst his pris - on,
 3. Now the queen — of sea sons, bright with the day of splen - dor,
 4. Nei - ther might — the gates of death, nor the tomb's dark por - tal,
 5. "Al - le - lu - ia!" now we cry to our King im - mor - tal,

G7/D G7 C/E Am C/G G7 C

God hath brought — his Is - ra - el in - to joy from — sad - ness:
 and from three — days' sleep in death as a sun hath — ris - en;
 with the roy - al feast of feasts, comes its joy to — ren - der;
 nor the watch - ers, nor the seal hold thee as a — mor - tal;
 who, tri - um - phant, burst the bars of the tomb's dark — por - tal;

C7 F D Gm F/C C

loosed from Pha - roah's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons — and daugh - ters,
 all the win - ter of our sins, long and dark, — is fly - ing
 comes to glad — Je - ru - sa - lem, who with true — af - fec - tion
 but to day — a midst thine own thou didst stand, — be - stow - ing
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" with the Son, God the Fa - ther prais - ing,

F F7 Bb Gm7 C7 F

led them with — un - mois - tened foot through the Red Sea wa - ters,
 from his light, — to whom we give laud and praise un - dy - ing.
 wel - comes in — un - wea - ried strains Je - sus' re - sur - rec - tion.
 that thy peace — which ev - er - more pass - eth hu - man know - ing,
 "Al - le - lu - ia!" yet a - gain to the Spir - it rais - ing.

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COME, YE SINNERS, POOR AND NEEDY

RESTORATION

music from

Walker's Southern Harmony, 1835

words by
Joseph Hart (1712-1768)

Gm Eb/G Gm Eb F7 Bb Eb Bb/D Gm F Bb

1. Come, ye sin - ners, — poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, — sick and sore;
 2. Come, ye thirst - y, — come, and wel - come, God's free boun - ty — glo - ri - fy;
 3. Come, ye wea - ry, — heav - y la - den, Lost and ru - ined — by the fall;
 4. Let not con - science — make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness — fond - ly dream;

F/A Gm F/A Bb Gm Dm Gm Bb/D Eb F Gm F/A Bb F/A Gm

Je - sus read - y stands to save — you, Full of pit - y, — love, and pow'r.
 True be - lief — and true re - pen - tance, Ev - 'ry grace — that — brings you nigh.
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er — come at all.
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel — your — need of Him.

Eb/G Gm Eb F7 Bb Eb Bb/D Gm F Bb

I will a - rise and — go to Je - sus, He will em - brace me — in His arms;

F/A Gm F/A Bb Gm Dm Gm Bb/D Eb F Gm F/A Bb F/A Gm

In the arms — of my dear Sav - ior, O there are — ten — thou - sand charms.

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COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR

music by

George Job Elvey (1816-1893)

words by
Henry Alford (1810-1871)

F C/E F Dm C F C/E F Dm Gm/Bb A

1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, raise the song of har - vest - home;
 2. All the world is God's own field, fruit is un - to his praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take his har - vest home;
 4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come to thy fi - nal har - vest - home;

Dm Gm C F G7/D C/E F6 C/G G7 C

all wheat is safe - ly gath - ered in, ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
 and tares to gath - erer sown, un - to joy or sor - row grown;
 from his field shall in that day all of - fens - es purge a way;
 gath - er thou thy peo - ple in, free from sor - row, free from sin;

C/Eb F/A C/G F F/Eb Bb/D F/C Bb

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied;
 first the blade, and then the ear, for then the full corn shall ap - pear;
 give his an - gels charge at last in in the the fire the tares to a - bid;
 there, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, in thy pres - ence to a - bid;

D Gm C F Bb F/A Dm F/C C7 F

come to God's own tem - ple, come, raise the song of har - vest - home.
 Lord of the har - vest, grant that we whole - some grain and pure may be.
 but the fruit - ful ears to store fruit in his gar - ner ev - er - more.
 come, with all thine an - gels, come, raise in the glo - rious har - vest - home.

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COME, YE THAT KNOW AND FEAR THE LORD

WARWICK

music by

Samuel Stanley (1767-1822)

words by
George Burder (1752-1832)

1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And
 2. This pre-cious truth His word clares, And
 3. Be hold, his lov-ing kind-ness waits For
 4. O may we all, while here be low, This

raise all those blest
 your His who of
 souls mer from bless
 a-cies Him-ings
 a-bove; prove, rove, prove,
 Let While And Till
 ev Christ, calls warm
 'ry th'a of mer hearts,
 heart ton-mer hearts,
 and ing-cy in

voice Lamb reach bright
 ac-ap- their er
 cord pears hearts worlds,
 To To To Shall
 sing show teach shout
 that that them that
 God God God God
 is is is is
 love. love. love. love.

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THE COMFORTER HAS COME

COMFORTER

music by

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1890

words by
Frank Bottome, 1890

1. O spread the ti-dings 'round, wher-ev er man is found, Wher
 2. The long, long night is past; the morn-ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound-less love di-vine! How shall this tongue of mine To

ev-er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a-bound. Let ev-'ry Chris-tian
 hushed the dread-ed wail and fu-ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
 ev-'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
 won-d'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di-vine— That I, a child of

tongue hills cells hell,
 pro-claim the day should
 the joy-ful sound: ad-vanc-es fast! of tri-umph rings: His im-age shine?
 The Com-fort-er has has has
 The Com-fort-er has has has
 The Com-fort-er has has has

come!
 come!
 come!
 come!

The Com-fort-er has come! The Com-fort-er has come! The

Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, the Fa-ther's prom-ise giv'n, O spread the ti-dings 'round, wher
 ev-er man is found: The Com-fort-er has come!

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CONSTANTLY ABIDING

words by
Anne S. Murphy, 1908

music by
Anne S. Murphy, 1908

D Dsus D A7/E D/F# G D Dsus D

1. There's a peace in my heart that the world nev - er gave, A peace it can -
2. All the world seemed to sing of a Sav - ior and King, When peace sweet - ly
3. This ___ treas - ure I have in a tem - ple of clay, While here on His

D/F# A7/E D A D Dsus D A7/E D/F#

not take a way; Though the tri - als of life may sur - round like a
came to my heart; Trou - bles all fled a way and my night turned to
foot - stool I roam: But He's com - ing to take me some glo - ri - ous

G D A/E E7 A D

cloud, I've a peace that has come there to stay! _____
day, Bless - ed Je - sus, how glo - rious Thou art! _____ } Con - stant - ly a -
day, O - ver there to my heav - en - ly home! _____

D/F# A7

bid - ing, Je sus is mine; Con - stant - ly a -

D

bid - ing, Rap - ture di - vine! He nev - er leaves me lone - ly,

D/F# G D/F# D D/A A7 D

Whis - pers, O so kind: "I will nev - er leave thee," Je - sus is mine.

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COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

BLESSINGS

words by
Johnson Oatman, Jr. (1856-1922)

music by
Edwin O. Excell (1851-1921)

Db Ab7 Db

1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest tossed, When you are dis - cour - aged, think - ing all is lost,
2. Are you ev - er bur - dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem heav - y you are called to bear?
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has prom - ised you His wealth un - told.
4. So a - mid the con - flict, wheth - er great or small, Do not be dis - cour - aged; God is o - ver all.

Ab7 Db/Ab Ab7 Db

Count your man - y bless - ings; name them one by one, And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.
Count your man - y bless - ings; ev - 'ry doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
Count your man - y bless - ings; mon - ey can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en nor your home on high.
Count your man - y bless - ings; an - gels will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

Ab7 Db

Count your bless - ings, name them one by one; Count your bless - ings, see what God hath done.

Gb Ab7 Gb/Ab Ab7 Db Gb Db/Ab Ab7 Db

Count your bless - ings, name them one by one; Count your man - y bless - ings, see what God hath done.

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COMMIT WHATEVER GRIEVES THEE

HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN

words by Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676)
translators unknown

music by Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612)

F C/E G7/B C F6 G C E7/B Am Am/C Esus E7 Am C

1. Com - mit what - ev - er grieves thee In - to the gra - cious hands Of
 2. On Him place thy re - li - ance If thou wouldst be - se - cure; His
 3. Thy truth and grace, O Fa - ther, Most sure - ly see - and know Both
 4. Thy hand is nev - er short - ened, All things must serve - Thy might; Thine
 5. Though all the pow'rs of e - vil The will of God - op - pose, His
 6. Then hope, my fee - ble spir - it, And be thou un - dis - mayed; God

F C/E G7/B C F6 G C E7/B Am Am/C Esus E7 Am

Him who nev - er leaves thee, Who heav'n and earth - com - mands, Who
 work thou must con - sid - er, If thine is to - en - dure, By
 what is good and e - vil For mor - tal man - be - low. Ac
 ev - 'ry act is bless - ing, Thy path is pur - est light. Thy
 pur - pose will not fal - ter; His pleas - ure on - ward goes. What
 helps in ev - 'ry tri - al And makes thee un - ward a - afraid. A

Dm C/E F G7/D F/C C F C#dim7 Dm Dm/F A D7/F#

points - the clouds their cours - es, Whom winds and waves o - bey; He
 anx - ious sighs to Thy and griev - ing sel And self - tor - ment - ing care
 cord - ing to Thy can hin - der, Thy wilt Thy work pur - sue, God
 work - no man can his - der, Thy pur - pose none can stay, And
 e'er - God's will re - solv - eth, What ev - er He in - tends, Will
 wait - His time with pa - tience; Then shall thine eyes be - hold The

G D/F# C/E G/D A7/C# D G C Dm C/E Gsus G C

will - di - rect thy foot - steps And find for thee a way.
 is - not moved to dom - choos - ing; All must be gained by prayer.
 what Thy wis - dom chil - dren, Wilt might al - ways will ways do.
 Thou, to bless Thy chil - dren, Wilt al - ways find a way.
 al - ways be ac - com - plished True to His aims and ends.
 sun - of joy and glad - ness His bright - est beams un - fold.

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COVERED BY THE BLOOD

words by Nellie Edwards, 20th century

music by Ran C. Story, 20th century

Ab Db Ab Ab/C

1. Once in sin's dark - est night I was wan - d'ring a - lone; A stran - ger to mer - cy I
 2. From the bur - den I car - ried now I am set free, For Je - sus has lift - ed my
 3. I can ne'er un - der - stand why He sought e - ven me, Why His life - blood on Cal - va - ry
 4. Now He comes to my heart and re - moves ev - 'ry care; He bears all my cum - ber - ing

Eb Ab Ab/C Db Ab

stood. But the Sa - vior came nigh When He heard my faint cry, And He
 load. O the love and the grace I re - ceived in its place When He
 flowed. But suf - fi - cient for me, Since He died on the tree, He hath
 load. In a path - way re - plete With His love are my feet, Since He

Db Fm Eb7 Ab Refrain

put my sins un - der the blood. }
 put my sins un - der the blood. }
 put my sins un - der the blood. }
 put my sins un - der the blood. }
 They are cov - ered by the blood; They are

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cov - ered by the blood; My sins are all cov - ered by the blood. Mine in -
iq - ui - ties so vast Have been blot - ted out at last. My sins are all cov - ered by the blood.

CREATOR SPIRIT, BY WHOSE AID

words attr. to
Rhabanus Maurus (778-856)
tr. by John Dryden (1631-1700)

SURREY
music by
Henry Carey (c. 1690-1743)

1. Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by whose aid The world's foun -
2. O Source of un - cre - at - ed light, The Fa - ther's
3. Plen - teous of grace, de - scend from high, Rich, in Thy
4. Im - mor - tal hon - or, end - less fame, At - tend th' al -

da - tions first were laid, Come, vis - it ev 'ry hum - ble
prom - ised Par - en - ter gy; Thrice ho - ly re -
sev'n - fold en - er - gy; Make us ly e - ter - nal truths
might - y Fa - ther's name; The Sav - ior Son be glo - ri -

mind; Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man - kind; From sin and
fire, Our hearts with heav'n - ly love in - spire; Come and Thy
ceiv - ed, Who for lost man's re - demp - tion died; Give us Thy
ad - o - ra - tion - be,

sor - row set us free, And make Thy tem - ples fit for Thee.
sa - cred un - cion bring To sanc - ti - fy us while we sing.
self, that we may see The Fa - ther and the Son by Thee.
ad - o - ra - tion - be,

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CROSS OF JESUS, CROSS OF SORROW

words by
William J.S. Simpson (1860-1952)

CROSS OF JESUS
music by
John Stainer (1840-1901)

1. Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row, where the blood of Christ was shed,
2. Here the King of all the a - ges, throned in light ere worlds could be,
3. Ev - er - more for hu - man fail - ure By His pas - sion we can plead;
4. Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row, where the blood of Christ was shed,

per - fect man on you did suf - fer, per - fect God on you has bled!
robed in mor - tal flesh is dy - ing, cru - ci - fied by sin for me.
God has borne all mor - tal an - guish, sure - ly He will know our need.
per - fect man on you did suf - fer, per - fect God on you has bled!

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CREATOR SPIRIT, BY WHOSE AID

ALL EHR UND LOB

words attr. to
Rhabanus Maurus (778-856)
tr. by John Dryden (1631-1700)

music from
Kirchengesangbuch, Strassburg, 1541

G Em D/F# G Em Am F G D D/F# G C/E D/F# G C D Em

1. Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by whose aid The world's foun - da - tions first were laid.
2. O Source of un - cre - a - ted light, The Fa - ther's prom - ised Par - a - clete,
3. Plen - teous of grace, de - scend from high, Rich in the sev'n - fold en - er - gy;
4. Im - mor - tal hon - or, end - less fame, At - tend the al - might - y Fa - ther's name;

Am Am/G F G Em F#m B C/G/B Am Em7 Em D G/B C/E Am/C D G

Come, vis - it ev - 'ry hum - ble mind; Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man - kind;
Thrice ho - ly fount, thrice ho - ly fire, Our hearts with heav'n - ly love in - spire;
Make us e - ter - nal truths re - ceive And prac - tice all that we be - lieve;
The Sav - ior Son be glo - ri - fied, Who for lost man's re - demp - tion died;

D/F# Bm/D Em Am/C Bm E A/C# B/D# Em D/F# C/E Dm Am/C G/B D7 Em C D G

From sin and sor - row set us free, And make Thy tem - ples fit _____ for Thee.
Come, and Thy sa - cred unc - tion bring To sanc - ti - fy us while _____ we sing.
Give us Thy - self, that we may see The Fa - ther and the Son _____ by Thee.
And e - qual ad - o - ra - tion be, E - ter - nal Par - a - clete, _____ to Thee.

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CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

DIADEMATA

words by Matthew Bridges (1800-1894), v. 1,2,4,5
and Godfrey Thring (1823-1903), v. 3

music by
George Job Elvey (1816-1893)

D Bm G D/F# G A7/E D A

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark!
2. Crown Him the Son of God, Be fore the worlds be - gan, And
3. Crown Him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave, Who
4. Crown Him of lords the Lord, Who o - ver all doth reign, Who
5. Crown Him the Lord of heav'n, En - throned in worlds a - bove; Crown

D A/C# Bm D E A/C# E7/B A D Em E A

how the heav'n - ly an - them _____ drows all mu - sic but its own; A
ye, who tread where He hath _____ trod, crown Him the Son of Man; Who
rose vic - to - rious in the _____ strife for those He came to save; His
once on earth, the in - car - nate Word, for ran - somed sin - ners slain, Now
Him the King, to whom is _____ given, the won - drous name of Love, Crown

D A7/E D/F# G B7/F# E D/F# E7/G# A A/G

wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, And
ev - 'ry grief hath known That Who wrings the hu - man breast, And
glo - ries now we sing Who died, and rose on high, And
lives in realms of light, Where saints, with an - gels sing Their
Him with man - y crowns, As thrones be - fore Him fall, Crown

D/F# G D/F# Em7 A D D/F# G D Am A7 D

hail Him as thy match - less King, Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
takes and bears them for His own, That all in Him may rest.
died, e - ter - nal life to and, bring, And all that death may die.
songs be - fore Him day and night, Their lives that that death may die.
Him, ye kings, with man - y crowns, For He is King of King, King, all.

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DAY BY DAY

BLOTT EN DAG

music by

Oscar Ahnfelt (1813-1882)

words by

Carolina Sandell Bergh (1832-1903)

tr. by Andrew L. Skoog

1. Day by day and with each pass - ing mo - ment, Strength I find to meet my tri - als
 2. Ev - 'ry day the Lord Him - self is near me With a spe - cial mer - cy for each
 3. Help me then in ev - 'ry trib - u - la - tion So to trust Your prom - is - es, O

here; Trust - ing in my Fa - ther's wise be - stow - ment, I've no
 hour; All the Lord's care He fain - would bear, and cheer - me, He whose
 Lord, That I lose not faith's sweet con - so - la - tion Of - fered

cause for wor - ry or for fear. He whose heart is kind be - yond all
 name is Coun - sel or and Pow'r. The pro - tec - tion of His child and
 me with - in Your ho - ly Word. Help me, Lord, when toil and trou - ble

meas - ure Gives un - to each day what He deems best — Lov - ing —
 treas - ure Is a charge that on Him - self He laid; "As your
 meet - ing, E'er to take, as from a fa - ther's hand, One by

ly, its part of pain and pleas - ure, Min - gling toil with peace — and — rest.
 days, your strength shall be in meas - ure," This the pledge to me — He — made.
 one, the days, the mo - ments fleet - ing, Till I reach the Prom - ised — Land.

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THE DAY IS PAST AND OVER

DU FRIEDENSFÜRST, HERR JESU CHRIST

music by

Bartholomäus Gesius, 1601

Greek text, c. 6th century

tr. by John Mason Neale, 1853

1. The day is past and o - ver; all thanks, O Lord, to Thee! We
 2. The joys of day are o - ver; we lift our hearts to Thee, and
 3. The toils of day are o - ver; we raise our hymn to Thee, and
 4. Be Thou our souls' pre - serv - er, O God, for Thou dost know how

pray Thee that of - fens - less the hours of dark may be. O
 call on Thee that sin - less the hours of dark may be. O
 ask that free from per - il the hours of dark may be. O
 man - y are the per - ils through which we have to go. Lord

Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight, and guard us through the com - ing night.
 Je - sus, make their dark - ness light, and guard us through the com - ing night.
 Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight, and guard us through the com - ing night.
 Je - sus Christ, O hear our call, and guard and save us from them all.

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THE DAY IS SURELY DRAWING NEAR

ES IST GEWISSLICH

music by

J. Klug, *Geistliche Lieder*, Wittenberg, 1535

words by

Bartholomäus Ringwaldt (1532-1599)

tr. by Philip A. Peter (1832-1919)

G C G D Em C6 D G C G C/E D G D G

1. The day is surely drawing near
 2. A trumpet loud shall then resound
 3. A book is opened then to all
 4. Then woe to those who scorned the Lord
 5. O Je - sus, who my debt didst pay
 6. O Je - sus Christ, who do not de - lay,

When God's Son, the A - noint - ed,
 And all the earth be shak - en.
 A rec - ord tru - ly tell - ing
 And sought but car - nal pleas - ures,
 And for my sin wast smit - ten;
 But has - ten our sal - va - tion;

C G D Em C6 D G C G C/E D G D G

Shall with great maj - es - ty ap - pear
 Then all who in their graves are found
 What each hath done, both great and small,
 Who here de - spised His pre - cious Word
 With - in the Book of Life, O may
 We of ten trem - ble on our way
 In

As Shall Judge of all ap - point - ed,
 When from he on earth was a - wak - ed;
 And he loved their earth - ly dwell - ing;
 My name be al - so writ - ten!
 In fear and trib - u - la - tion.

G/B D Em Bm G A D G/B C G D Em D G

All mirth and laugh - ter then shall cease
 But all that live shall in that hour
 And ev 'ry heart be clear they will stand
 With shame and trem - bling I trust in Thee;
 I will not doubt; I cry to Thee;

When flames on flames will still in - crease,
 By the Al - might - y's bound - less pow'r
 And all be known as they have been
 From Sa - tan Judg - e's stern com - mand
 Come, might - y Judge, and make us free

C G C/E D G D G

As Scrip - ture tru - ly teach eth.
 Be - changed thoughts at His com - mand - ing.
 In and tan all be con - dem - nated.
 To from ev 'ry e - vil na - men.

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DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST

CHAUTAQUA

music by

William F. Sherwin (1826-1888)

words by

Mary A. Lathbury (1841-1913)

Ab Db/Ab Ab Db/Ab Ab

1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touch - ing earth with rest;
 2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home,
 3. While the deep - ning shad - ows fall, of Heart Pass of Love, en - fold - ing all,
 4. When for - ev - er from our sight the stars, the day, the night,

Eb7 Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab Eb7/G Ab Bb7/F Eb

Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her eve ning lamps a - light Thro'
 Gath - er us, who seek Thy face, To Of the fold of Thy em - brace, For
 Through the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, For
 Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, Our
 And

Bb7 Eb Ab

all the sky.
 Thou art nigh.
 hearts as thou end.
 shad - ows end!

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly,

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Ab/Bb Eb7 Ab Db Ab

Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee!

Eb7 Ab Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION

LANCASHIRE

music by Henry Thomas Smart, c. 1835

words by John of Damascus (c. 675-749)
tr. by John Mason Neale, 1862

D G/D D D/C G/B D/A G A A7 D D7 G/D

1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad; The Pass - o - ver of
2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right The Lord in rays e -
3. Now let the heavens be joy - ful, Let earth the song be - gin, Let the round world keep

D A/E E7 A A7 D D7/A D7/F# D7 G B7/F#

glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God. From death to life e - ter - nal, From
ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion light; And, lis - tening to His ac - cents, May
tri - umph, And all that is there in; Let all things seen and un - seen Their

E E7/B E7/G# E7 A A/G D/F# Em7/G D7/A G/B G D/A A7 D

this world to the sky, Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.
hear, so calm and plain, His own "All hail!" and, hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.
notes of glad - ness blend, For Christ the Lord is ris - en, Our joy that hath no end.

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THE DAY OF RESURRECTION

ROTTERDAM

music by Berthold Tours (1838-1897)

words by John of Damascus (c. 675-749)
tr. by John Mason Neale, 1862

G/B Em Am7 D7 G G/B C G/D D D7 G

1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad; The
2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right The
3. Now let the heav'n's be joy - ful! Let earth her song be - gin! Let

G/B Am7/C D7/A Am7 B Em A/G D/F# Bm D/A A7 D

pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The pass - o - ver of God, From
Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion light; And
the round world keep tri - umph, And all that is there in! Let

D7/F# G D/A G/B Dsus/C D/C G/B G Em7 D7/F# G

death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky, Our
lis - t'ning to His ac - cents, From May hear, so calm and the plain, His
all things seen and un - seen Their notes in glad - ness blend, For

C Ddim/C Am/C Em7/C Am/C G/C F/C C#dim7 G/D D7 G

Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.
own "All hail!" and hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.
Christ the Lord hath ris - en, Our joy that hath no end.

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THE DAY THOU GAVEST, LORD, IS ENDED

ST. CLEMENT

music by

Clement Cotterill Scholefield, 1874

words by
John Ellerton, 1870

1. The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended, The dark-ness
 2. We thank Thee that Thy church un-sleep-ing, While earth rolls
 3. As o'er each con-vent and is-land The dawn leads
 4. The sun that bids us rest is wak-ing Thy chil-dren
 5. So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall nev-er, Like earth's proud

falls at Thy be-hest; To Thee our morn-ing
 on ward in to light, Through all the world a
 on an oth-er day, The voice of prayer is
 'neath the west-ern a-sky, And hour-by-hour fresh
 em-pires, pass a-way; Thy king-dom stands, and

hymns as-cend-ed, Thy praise shall hal-low now our rest.
 watch is keep-ing And rests not now by day or night.
 nev-er si-lent, Nor dies the strain of praise a way.
 lips are mak-ing Thy won-drous do-ings heard on high.
 grows for-ev-er Till all Thy crea-tures own Thy sway.

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DEAR LORD AND FATHER OF MANKIND

REST

music by

Frederick Charles Maker, 1887

words by
John Greenleaf Whittier, 1872

1. Dear Lord and Fa-ther of man-kind, For give our fool-ish
 2. In sim-ple trust like theirs who heard, Be-side the Syr-ian
 3. O Sab-bath rest by Gal-i-lee, O calm of hills a
 4. Drop Thy still dews of qui-et-ness, Till all our striv-ings
 5. Breathe through the heats of our de-sire, Thy cool-ness and Thy

ways; Re-clothe us in our right-ful mind, In
 sea, The Where Je-gra-cious in call-ing of the the mind, Let
 bove, Where Je-gra-cious in call-ing of the the mind, Let
 cease; Take Let from our be-dumb, the share strain flesh with and re-tire; Thee stress, The And
 balm; Let sense be dumb, the share strain flesh with and re-tire; Thee stress, The And
 Speak

pur-er lives Thy ser-vices find, In deep-er rev-erence, praise.
 us, like them, with-out a word, Rise up and fol-low Thee.
 si-lence of e-ter-ni-ty, In In-ter-pret-ed by love!
 let our or-dered lives con-fess, The beau-ty of Thy peace.
 through the earth-quake, wind and fire, O still, small voice of Thy calm!

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DEAREST JESUS, WE ARE HERE

LIEBSTER JESU, WIR SIND HIER

music by

J.R. Ahle (1625-1673)

words by

B. Schmolck (1672-1737)

tr. by C. Winkworth (1827-1878)

G G/B D D/F# G Em D G G/B C G/B F#dim/A G Dsus D G

1. Dear - est Je - sus, we are here, Glad - ly Thy com - mand o - bey - ing;
 2. Yea, Thy Word is clear and to plain, And we would o - bey it du - ly;
 3. There - fore hast - en we to Thee, In our arms this in - fant bear - ing;
 4. Wash it, Je - sus, in Thy blood, From the sin - stain of its na - ture;
 5. Gra - cious Head, Thy mem - ber own; Shep - herd, take Thy lamb and feed it.
 6. Now in - to Thy heart we pour Prayers that from our hearts pro - ceed - ed.

G/B D D/F# G Em D G G/B C G/B F#dim/A G Dsus D G

With this child we now draw near In ac - cord with Thine own say - ing
 "He who is not born a gain, In Heart and life re - new - ing tru - ly,
 Let us here Thy glo - ry see, Let this child, Thy mer - cy shar - ing,
 Let it rise from out this flood, Clothed in Thee, a new - born crea - ture;
 Prince of Peace, make here Thy throne; Way of our Life, to heav - en lead it,
 Our pe - ti - tion heav'n - ward soar; May our de - sires be heed - ed!

D/F# A7/E D G/B A/C# D G/B Em D G C G Dsus D G

That to Thee it shall be giv - en, As a child and heir of heav - en.
 Born of wa - ter be shield - ed Spir - it, Can My king - dom and in - her - it."
 In Thine arms be Thou hast bid - den, In Thine on earth and Thine in - ev - er.
 May it, washed as Thou hast bid - den, In Thine in - no - cence be hid - den.
 Pre - cious Vine, let noth - ing sev - er, From Thy side in this branch for - ev - er.
 Write the name we now have giv - en, Write it in the book of heav - en.

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DECK THYSELF, MY SOUL, WITH GLADNESS

SCHMÜCKE DICH

music by

Johann Crüger, 1653

words by

Johann Franck, 1649

tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

D A Bm A D D/F# Em Bm A/C# D G/B A Bm D/F# G A D

1. Deck thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, leave the gloom - y — haunts of sad - ness.
 2. Sun, who all my life dost bright - en; Light, who dost my — soul en - light - en;
 3. Je - sus, bread of life, I pray Thee, let me glad - ly — here o - bey Thee;

A Bm A D D/F# Em Bm A/C# D G/B A Bm D/F# G A D

Come in - to the day - light's splen - dor; there with joy thy — prais - es ren - der
 Joy, the best that an - y know - eth; Fount, whence all my — be - ing flow - eth;
 nev - er to my hurt in - vit - ed, be Thy love with — love re - quit - ed.

G D F#m Esus E A D G D/F# Bm F#m Esus E A

un - to Christ, whose grace un - bound - ed, hath this won - drous ban - quet found - ed.
 at Thy feet, I cry, my Mak - er, let me be a fit par - ta - ker
 From this ban - quet let me meas - ure, Lord, how vast and deep its treas - ure;

D/F# Em Bm C Am6 B Em D G D Em Bm Asus A D

High o'er all the heavens He reign - eth, yet to dwell with Thee he deign - eth.
 of this bless - ed food from heav - en, for our good, Thy glo - ry giv - en.
 through the gifts Thou here dost give — me, as Thy guest in Heaven re - ceive me.

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DEAR JESUS, IN WHOSE LIFE I SEE

HURSLEY

music from

Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1774
adapt. from *Metrical Psalter, 1855*

words by
John Hunter, 1889

F C7 F

1. Dear Je - sus, in whose life I see all that I
2. Though what I dream and what I do in my weak

F/A C7/G F C Gm/Bb D7/A Gm C

would, but fail to be, let Thy clear light pressed for
days are al ways two, help me, op - pressed by

F Bb/D C Bb Csus C Dm Bb F/C C7 F

ev - er shine, to shame and guide this and life of mine,
things un - done, O Thou whose deeds and dreams were one!

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DEEPER AND DEEPER

music by

Oswald J. Smith, 1914

words by
Oswald J. Smith, 1914

Db Gb/Db Db

1. In - to the heart of Je - sus Deep - er and deep - er I go,
2. In - to the will of Je - sus Deep - er and deep - er I go,
3. In - to the cross of Je - sus Deep - er and deep - er I go,
4. In - to the joy of Je - sus Deep - er and deep - er I go,
5. In - to the love of Je - sus Deep - er and deep - er I go,

Ab Ab/Gb Db/F Ebm Ab7/C Db Ebm7(add4) Db/F Gb Ab7/Eb Db

Seek - ing to know the rea - son Why He should love me so,
Pray - ing for grace to fol - low, Seek - ing His way to know;
Fol - low - ing thro' the gar - den, Fac - ing the dread - ed foe;
Ris - ing, with en - rap - tured, Far from the world be - low,
Prais - ing the One who bro't me Out of my sin and woe;

Ab7sus/Eb Db/F Gb

Why He should stoop to lift me Up from the mir - y clay,
Bow - ing in full sur - ren - der Low at His bless - ed feet,
Drink - ing the cup of sor - row, Sob - bing with bro - ken heart,
Joy in the place of sor - row, Peace in the midst of pain,
And thro' e - ter - nal a - ges Grate - ful - ly I shall sing,

Ab/Gb Gb Db Ab7 Ab7/C Db Ab/Gb Fm Ab7/Eb Ab7 Db

Sav - ing my soul, Mak - ing me whole, Tho' I had wan - dered a - way,
Bid - ding Him take, Break me, and make, Till I am mold - ed, com - plete,
"O Sav - ior, help! Dear Sav - ior, help! Grace for my weak - ness im - part."
Je - sus will give, Je - sus will give! He will up - hold and sus - tain,
"O how He loved! O how He loved! Je - sus, my Lord and my King!"

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DEEPER, DEEPER

words by
Charles P. Jones, 1900

music by
Charles P. Jones, 1900

N.C. G C G/D D G/D D

1. Deep - er, deep - er in the love of Je - sus Dai - ly let me go;
 2. Deep - er, deep - er! bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Take me deep - er still,
 3. Deep - er, deep - er! tho' it cost hard tri - als, Deep - er let me go!
 4. Deep - er, high - er, ev - 'ry day in Je - sus, Till all con - flicts past

N.C. G C G/D D D7 G Refrain

High - er, high - er in the school of wis - dom, More of grace to know,
 Till my life is whol - ly lost in Je - sus And His per - fect will. } O
 Root - ed in the ho - ly love of Je - sus, Let me fruit - ful grow.
 Find me con - qu'ror, and in His own im - age Per - fect - ed at last. }

D7 G

deep - er yet, I pray, And high - er ev - 'ry day, And

D7 G/D D7 G

wis - er, bless - ed Lord, In Thy pre - cious, ho - ly Word.

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DOES JESUS CARE?

MY SAVIOR CARES
music by
J. Lincoln Hall, 1901

words by
Frank E. Graeff, 1901

Db Gb/Db Db Gb/Db Db Ab Db

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth and song, _____ As the
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear? _____ As the
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp - ta - tion strong, _____ When for
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said good - by To the dear - est on earth to me, _____ And my

Gb6 Db Ab7 Db

bur - dens press, and the cares dis - tress, And the way grows wea - ry and long? _____
 day - light fades in - to deep night - shades, Does He care e - nough to be near? _____ } O
 my deep grief I find no re - lief, Though my tears flow all the night long? _____
 sad heart aches till it near - ly breaks, Is it aught to Him? Does He see? _____

Ab7 Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab Db/Ab Ab7

yes, He cares, I know He cares; His heart is touched with my grief. _____ When the

Db Gb6 Db Ab7 Db Gb/Db Db

days are wear - y, the long nights drear - y, I know my Sav - ior cares. _____

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DEPTH OF MERCY

CANTERBURY
music adapt. from
Orlando Gibbons, 1623

words by
Charles Wesley, 1740

1. Depth of mer - cy! Can there be mer - cy still re - served for me?
 2. I have long with stood His de - grace, long pro - voked Him to His face,
 3. I my Mast - ter have de - nied, I a - fresh have cru - ci - fied,
 4. There for me the Sav - ior stands, shows His wounds and spreads His hands,
 5. Now in - cline me to re - pent, let me now my sins la - ment,

Can my God His wrath for - bear, me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
 would not hear - en to His calls, grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.
 oft pro - faned His hal - lowed name, put Him to an o - pen shame.
 God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps and loves me still.
 now my foul re - volt de - plores, weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.

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DONA NOBIS PACEM

Traditional Latin text

Traditional music

* ①
 F C7 F C7 Bb F C7 F
 Do - na no - bis pa - cem, pa - cem. Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

②
 C7 Bb F/A C7/G F
 Do - na no - bis pa - cem. Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

③
 C7 F C7 Bb F C7 F
 Do - na no - bis pa - cem. Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

*May be sung as a round.

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DOWN AT THE CROSS

(Glory to His Name)

GLORY TO HIS NAME
music by
John H. Stockton, 1878

words by
Elisha A. Hoffman, 1878

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans - ing from sin I cried,
 2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a - bides with - in,
 3. O pre - cious foun - tain that saves from sin, I am so glad that I en - tered in,
 4. Come to this foun - tain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the Sav - ior's feet,

There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;
 There at the cross where He took me in;
 There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean;
 Plunge in to - day and be made com - plete;

Glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry to His name,

Glo - ry to His name! There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His name!

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DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

WAR NO MORE
Traditional Spiritual

Traditional Spiritual

1. Gon - na lay down my bur - den
2. Gon - na lay down on my sword long and shield
3. Gon - na try on my long white robe

Down by the riv - er - side, —

Down by the riv - er - side, —

lay down my bur - den
lay down on my sword long and shield
try on my long white robe

Down by the riv - er - side — And stud - y —

war no more. I ain't gon - na stud - y war — no more, Ain't gon - na

stud - y war — no more, Ain't gon - na stud - y war no more.

I ain't gon - na stud - y war — no more, Ain't gon - na stud - y war — no

more, Ain't gon - na stud - y war no more.

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DRAW NIGH AND TAKE THE BODY OF THE LORD

COENA DOMINI
music by
Arthur S. Sullivan (1842-1900)

Latin text, 7th century
tr. by John M. Neale (1818-1866)

1. Draw nigh and take the bod - y of the Lord,
2. By that pure bod - y and that ho - ly blood
3. Sal - va - tion's Giv - er, Christ, the on - ly Son,
4. Of - fered was He for the great - est and for least,
5. Ap - proach ye, then with faith - ful hearts sin - cere, shields,
6. He who His saints in this world rules sin and shields,

And drink the ho - ly blood for you out - poured.
Saved and re - freshed, we blood ren - der thanks to God.
By His dear cross, and blood the world hath won.
Him self the vic - tim and Him self the priest here.
And take the ear - nest of sal - va - tion here.
To all be - liev - ers life e - ter - nal yields.

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DOWN IN THE VALLEY

LEND A HAND

music by

Leonard Daugherty, 1922

words by
Mary Barrett, 1922

1. Are you dwell - ing in the sun - light? Is your path with ros - es strewn? Do you
 2. Is your day one round of pleas - ure, From the morn till set of sun? Know you the
 3. Sweet it is to dwell in sun - light, Where the shad - ows nev - er rise, Where the

walk with buoy - ant glad - ness In the steps that you have hewn? Have you
 not of pain or sor - row? Are the your vic - tories all won? Lend a
 balm y, waft - ing breez - es Kiss the blue, o'er - hang - ing skies; But there's

reached the top of * Pis - gah, Climb - ing al - ways firm and true?) Don't for -
 hand al - to help in your broth - er, Who is strug - gling hard and true,)
 al ways in the shad - ow Some poor mor - tal, brave and true,)

get that in the val - ley There is some one need - ing you. Lend a
 hand _____ to help a broth - er Who is striv - ing hard and true, Don't for -
 get _____ that in the val - ley There is some one need - ing you.

* Pisgah: mountain from which Moses viewed the Promised Land

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THE DUTEOUS DAY NOW CLOSETH

O WELT, ICH MUSS DICH LASSEN

music attr. to

Heinrich Isaac (c.1450-1517)

words by
Paul Gerhardt (1607-1676)
tr. by Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930), et al.

1. The du - teous day now clos - eth, each flower and tree re - pos - eth, shade
 2. Now all the heav - en - ly splen - dor breaks forth in star - light ten - der from
 3. Though long our mor - tal blind - ness has missed God's lov - ing - kind - ness and

creeps o'er wild and wood: let us, as night is fall - ing, on
 myr - iad worlds un - known; and yet we, when this mar - vel see - ing, for
 plunged us in to strife; yet when life's day is o - ver, shall

God our Mak - er call - ing, give thanks to him, the Giv - er good.
 get our self - ish be - ing for the joy of beau - ty not our own.
 death's fair night dis - cov - er the fields of ev - er last - ing life.

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DWELLING IN BEULAH LAND

BEULAH LAND
music by
C. Austin Miles, 1911

words by
C. Austin Miles, 1911

Bb Eb/Bb Bb Eb/Bb Bb Bb/F F7 Bb Eb

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly
4. View-ing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hear-ing now His

Bb C7 F7 Bb Eb/Bb Bb Eb/Bb Bb

sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat-tle long the pro-ten-e-d by with-stand; Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
shel-tered here, pro-TECT-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I

Bb/F F7 Bb Eb Bb/D Eb Bb/F F7 Bb

vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land. }
of God's Word re-treat-ing, Noth-ing then can reach me, 'tis Beu-lah Land. } I'm
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land. }
learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land. }

Eb/Bb Bb Bdim7 F7/C F7

liv-ing on the moun-tain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm drink-ing at the

Bb C7 F7 Bb Bb7

foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry; O yes, I'm feast-ing on the man-na from a

Eb Bb Eb Bb/F F7 Bb

boun-d-ful sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Beu-lah Land.

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THE EARTH, WITH ALL THAT DWELL THEREIN

CAITHNESS
music from
Scottish Psalter, 1635

words from
The Psalter, 1912
based on Psalm 24

D G/B A D/F# A7/E D A D G/B D7/A G D

1. The earth, with all that dwell there-in, With all its wealth un-told,
2. What man shall stand that be-fore the Lord, On Zi-on's ho-ly hill?
3. Ye ev-er last-ing doors, give way, Lift up your heads, ye gates!
4. Who is this glo-rious King that comes To claim His right-ful throne?

A/C# Bm F#m/A G D/F# G A G/B D G6 A7 D

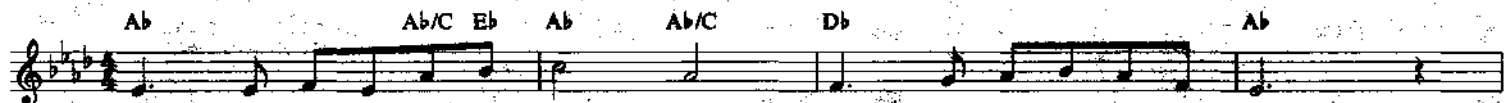
Be-longs to God, who found-ed it Up-on the seas of old.
The clean of hand, the pure of heart, The just who does His will.
For now, be-hold, to en-ter in The King of glo-ry waits.
The Lord of Hosts, He is the King Of glo-ry, God a-lone.

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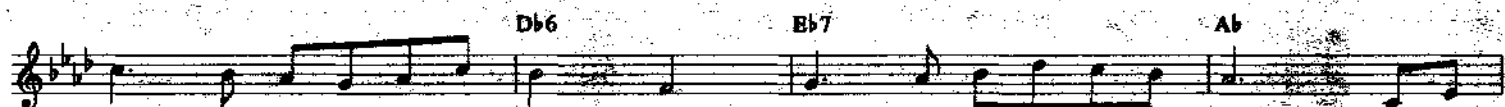
THE EASTERN GATE

words by
Isaiah G. Martin, 1905

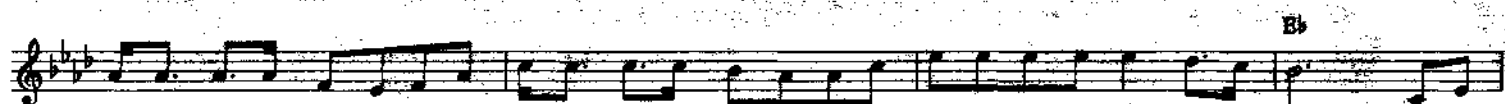
EASTERN GATE
music by
Isaiah G. Martin, 1905



1. I will meet you in the morn - ing, Just in - side the East - ern Gate.
2. If you has - ten off to glo - ry, Lin - ger near the East - ern Gate;
3. Keep your lamps all trimmed and burn - ing, For the Bride-groom watch and wait;
4. O the joys of that glad meet - ing With the saints who for us wait!



Then be read - y, faith - ful pil - grim, Lest with you it be too late. }
For I'm com - ing in the morn - ing, So you'll not have long to wait. } I will
He'll be with us at the meet - ing Just in - side the East - ern Gate. }
What a bless - ed, hap - py meet - ing Just in - side the East - ern Gate!



meet you in the morn - ing, I will meet you in the morn - ing Just in - side the East - ern Gate o - ver there. I will



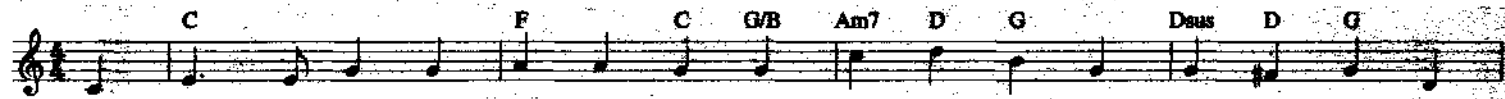
meet you in the morn - ing, I will meet you in the morn - ing, I will meet you in the morn - ing o - ver there.

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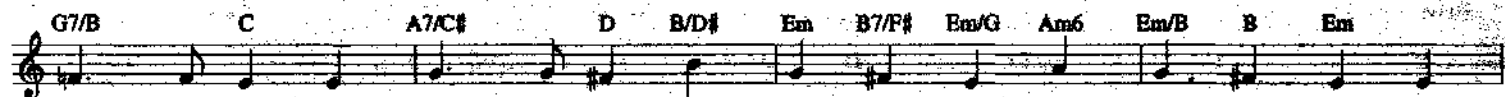
ETERNAL FATHER, STRONG TO SAVE

words by
William Whiting (1825-1878)

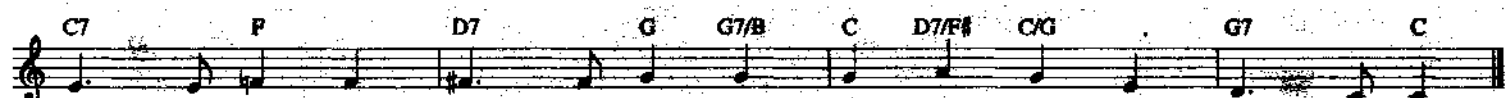
MELITA
music by
John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)



1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, whose arm hath bound the rest - less wave, who
2. O Christ, whose voice the wa - ters heard and hushed their ra - ging at thy word, who
3. O Ho - ly Spir - it, who didst brood up - on the wa - ters dark and rude, and
4. O Trin - i - ty of love and power, our breth - ren shield in dan - ger's hour; from



bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: O
walk - edst on the foam - ing deep, and calm a - mid the storm didst sleep: O
bid their an - gry tu - mult cease, and give, for wild con - fu - sion, peace: O
rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, pro - tect them where - so - e'er they go; thus



hear us when we cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.
hear us when we cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.
hear us when we cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.
ev - er - more shall rise to thee glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

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ETERNAL RULER OF THE CEASELESS ROUND

SONG 1

music by

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

words by
John W. Chadwick (1840-1904)

F C/E Dm C F/A Bb Csus C7 F Bb/D
 1. E - ter - nal of Rul - er the cease - less round Of cir - cling
 2. We are of Thee the chil - dren of Thy love, The broth - ers
 3. We would be one in ha - tred of all wrong, One in our

C F C Gsus G7 C Cm F Bb F/A Gm7 F
 plan - ets sing - ing on their way, Guide of the na - tions from the night pro -
 of Thy well - be - lov - ed Son; De - scend, O Ho - ly Spir - it, like a
 love of all things sweet and fair, One with the joy that break - eth in - to

C Gm C C/Bb F/A C7/G F Csus C7 F Bb/D F7/C
 found In - to the glo - ry of the per - fect day, Rule in our
 dove, In - to our hearts that we may be as one, - As one with
 song, One with the grief that trem - bles in - to prayer, One in the

Bb C F/A Gsus G C C F/A C7/G F C Bb/D C7/E F Csus C7 F
 hearts, that we may ev - er be Guid - ed and strength - ened and up - held by Thee.
 Thee, to whom we ev - er tend, As one with Him, our Broth - er and our Friend.
 pow'r that makes Thy chil - dren free To fol - low truth and thus to fol - low Thee.

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EVERY BRIDGE IS BURNED BEHIND ME

EVERY BRIDGE

music by

George C. Hugg (1848-1907)

words by
Johnson Oatman, Jr. (1856-1922)

F F7 Bb F Dm Dm/C Dm/B G7 C
 1. Since I start - ed out to find Thee, Since I to the cross did flee,
 2. Thou didst hear my plea so kind - ly; Thou didst grant me so much grace.
 3. Cares of life per - plex and grind me, Yet I keep the nar - row way.
 4. All in All I ev - er find Thee, Sav - ior, Lov - er, Broth - er, Friend.

F F7 Bb Bbdim Bb Bdim7 F/C Dm6 G7 C7 F
 Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me; I will nev - er turn from Thee.
 Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me; I will ne'er my steps re - trace.
 Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me; I from Thee will nev - er stray.
 Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me; I will serve Thee to the end.

Refrain Bb/F F Bb F F/A C F/C C
 Strength - en all the ties that bind me Clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

Bb/F F Bb F/C Dm6 G7 C7 F
 Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me; Thine I ev - er - more will be.

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EVERY TIME I FEEL THE SPIRIT

EVERY TIME
Traditional Spiritual

Traditional Spiritual

Ev - 'ry time I feel the Spir - it mov - ing in my heart, I will
 pray. Yes, ev - 'ry time I feel the Spir - it mov - ing
 in my heart, I will pray. 1. Up - on the moun - tain, my Lord spoke, Out His
 2. Jor - dan Riv - er runs right cold, Chills the
 mouth came fire and smoke. All a - round me looks so shine, Ask my
 bod - y, not the soul. Ain't but one train on this track, Runs to
 Lord if all was mine. Ev - 'ry back. Ev - 'ry
 heav - en and right pray.

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FACE TO FACE

words by
Carrie E. Breck, 1898
based on I Corinthians 13:12music by
Grant C. Tullar, 1898

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face what will it be
 2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark - ling veil and pain;
 3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence When the dark - ling things shall be plain;
 4. Face to face! O bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face to see and know;

When with rap - ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me?
 But a bless - ed day is com - ing When His glo - ry shall be seen.
 When the crook - ed ways are straight - ened And the dark things shall be plain.
 Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.

Refrain
 Face to face I shall be - hold Him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky;
 Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by.

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FAIREST LORD JESUS

CRUSADERS' HYMN

music from
Schlesische Volkslieder, 1842

words from
Münster Gesangbuch, 1677 (v. 1-3)
v. 4 by Joseph A. Seiss (1823-1904)

Eb Cm Ab6 Bb Eb Cm C7/Bb Ab6 Bb Eb

1. Fair est Lord Je sus, Ru ler of all na ture,
 2. Fair are the mea dows, Fair er still the wood lands,
 3. Fair is the the sun shine, Fair er still the the moon light,
 4. Beau ti ful Sav ior! Lord of the na tions!

Ab Eb Bb7/D Eb Bb

O Robed And Son Thou in all of the the God bloom twin God and ing kling, and man garb star Son the of ry of Son; spring: host: Man!

Eb/G Ab Eb/Bb C7 Fm Bb7 Eb

Thee Je Je Glo will sus sus ry I shines and cher fair bright hon ish, er, or, Thee Je Je Praise, will sus sus ad I is shines o hon pur pur ra or, er, tion, Thou, Who Than Now

Eb/G Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

my makes all and soul's the the for glo woe an ev ry, ful gels er joy, heart heav'n more and to can be crown, sing, boast, Thine!

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FAIREST LORD JESUS

SCHÖNSTER HERR JESU (II)

music from
Münster Gesangbuch, 1677

words from
Münster Gesangbuch, 1677 (v. 1-3)
v. 4 by Joseph A. Seiss (1823-1904)

Fm Bbm/Db C Fm/Ab Edim/G Fm Bbm/Db Caus C

1. Fair est Lord Je sus, Ru ler of all na ture,
 2. Fair are the the mea sun dows, fair fair er still the the wood lands,
 3. Fair is the the sun shine, fair er still the the moon light,
 4. Beau ti ful Sav ior! Lord of all the na tions!

Ab/C Fm Db6 Bbm7 Ebsus Eb7 Ab Ab/C Ebsus Eb

O Robed And Son thou in all of the the God bloom twin God and ing kling, and man garb star Son the of Man! Thee Je Je Glo will sus sus ry I is shines and cher fair bright hon ish, er, or,

Bbm Bbm/Db Fsus Fm Edim/G Fm/Ab C/E Fm Bbm Caus C7 Fm

Thee Je Je praise, will sus sus ad I shines o cher pur ra or, er, tion, Thou Who Than Now my makes all and soul's the the for glo woe an ev ry, ful gels er joy, heart heav'n more and to can be crown, sing, boast, Thine.

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FAITH IS THE VICTORY

SANKEY

music by

Ira D. Sankey, 1891

words by
John H. Yates, 1891

E♭ **E♭/B♭** **B♭** **B♭7** **E♭**

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

E♭/B♭ **B♭** **E♭**

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

E♭/B♭ **B♭** **E♭** **B♭/F** **F7** **B♭** **B♭7**

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

E♭ **E♭/G** **A♭** **E♭/B♭** **Cm** **E♭/B♭** **B♭7** **E♭**

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

Refrain **B♭** **B♭7** **A♭/E♭** **E♭**

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

A♭ **E♭** **E♭7** **A♭** **A♭m** **E♭/B♭** **B♭7** **E♭**

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

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FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

ST. CATHERINE

music by

Henri F. Hemy (1818-1888)

words by
Frederick William Faber (1814-1863)

G **D7/A** **G** **C** **D** **G** **C** **G**

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still in spite of dan - geon, _____
 2. Faith of our fa - thers! theirs! faith _____ and prayer shall win all na - tions, _____
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we _____ will prayer love both friend and foe _____ in

A7/E **D** **G** **G/D** **D7/C** **G/B** **A♭m** **D** **E♭m**

fire _____ and sword: O how our hearts _____ beat high _____ with joy,
 un _____ to thee; and through the truth _____ that comes _____ from God,
 all _____ strife: and preach thee, too, _____ as love _____ knows how,

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C G G/B C6 D7 G Refrain C G

when e'er we hear that glo-rious word: Faith of our fa-thers,
 man-kind shall then be and tru-ly free. ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

Dsus D G C Em Dsus D G

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

FATHER OF MERCIES, IN THY WORD

words by Anne Steele, 1760

DETROIT music from *The Sacred Harp*, Philadelphia, 1844

Dm Dm7 Gm Dm

1. Fa-ther of mer-cies, in Thy Word What
 2. Here may the blind and hun-gry come And
 3. Here springs of con-la-tion rise To
 4. Here the Re-deem-er's wel-come voice Spreads
 5. Oh, may those heav'n-ly pa-ges be my
 6. Di-vine In-struct-or, or, cious Lord, Be

Dm7 F7/C Bb Dm Gm Bbmaj7 C6

end-less glo-ry shines! For ev-er be Thy
 light and food re-ceive; Here shall the low-liest
 cheer the faint-ing soul; And thirst-ing souls re-
 heav'n-ly peace a-round, And life and ev-er-
 ev-er dear de-light; And still new beau-ties
 Thou for-ev-er er-near; Teach me to love Thy

Dm C F Gm Gm7 Am7 Dm

name a-dored For these ce-lestial lines.
 guest have room And taste and see live.
 ceive sup-plies And sweet re-fresh-ment find.
 last-ing joys At-tend the bliss-ful sound.
 may I see And still in-creas-ing light!
 sa-cred Word And view my Sav-ior here.

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FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

words by John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1863

DUKE STREET music by John Hatton (c.1710-1793)

D A7/E D/F# G A7/E D A/B B7 A D D/F# G D/F# C#dim/E D A

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might; Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right;
 2. Run the straight race through God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
 3. Cast care a-side, up on thy Guide, Lean, and His mer-cy will pro-vide;
 4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near; He chang-eth not, and thou art dear;

D A7 D D/F# G D/F# A7/E D A D/F# G A7/E D D/F# Em/G D/A A7 D

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e-ter-nal-ly.
 Life with its way be fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
 Lean, and the trust-ing soul shall prove, Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
 On-ly be-lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

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FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

MENDON

music from

The Methodist Harmonist, New York, 1821

words by
John S.B. Monsell (1811-1875)

A E7/B A/C# E B/D A/C# E7/B A E A A/C#

1. Fight the good fight With all thy might; Christ is thy
2. Run the straight race Through God's good grace; Lift up thine
3. Cast care a side; Up on thy Guide; Lean, and His
4. Faint not nor fear; His arms are near. He chang-eth

D Bm A/E E A B A A/C#

strength and Christ thy right Lay hold on life, and
eyes, and seek His face. Life with its way, be
mer not, cy and will pro vide. Lean, and the trust - ing
not, and thou art dear. On ly be lieve, and

Bm E7/B A B A A/C# D Bm A/E B A

it shall be Thy joy and crown e ter nal ly.
fore us lies; Christ is the path and Christ the prize.
soul shall prove see Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

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FILL ME NOW

music by

John R. Sweney, 1879

words by
Elwood H. Stokes, 1879

F Fsus F Bb/F F C F C7/G F/A Bb F/A F C

1. How'er o'er me, Ho-ly Spir-it, Bathe my trem-bling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir-it, Though I can-not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness, At Thy sa-cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and com-fort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;

F Fsus F Bb/F F C F C7/G F/A F C7 F

Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e-ter-nal Spir-it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.

Refrain
C F Bb F/A F F/A F C

Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come and fill me now;

F Fsus F Bb/F F C F C7/G F/A F C7 F

Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence Come, O come and fill me now.

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FATHER, WE PRAISE THEE

CHRISTE SANCTORUM

music from

Paris Antiphoner, 1681

words attributed to
Gregory the Great (540-604)
tr. by Percy Dearmer, 1906

D Em7/B D/A A D Bm A/C# D G D A G A/G

1. Fa - ther, we praise Thee, now the night is o - ver; Ac - tive and
2. Mon - arch of all things, fit us for Thy man - sions; Ban - ish our
3. All - ho - ly Fa - ther, Son, and e - qual Spir - it, Trin - i - ty

D/F# D A/C# Bm Bm/D E E7 A Bm A/C# Bm/D Esus Em F

watch - ful, stand we all be - fore Thee; Sing - ing, we of fer
weak - ness, health and whole - ness send - ing; Bring us to heav - en,
bless - ed, send us Thy sal - va - tion; Thine is the glo - ry,

Em A/C# Dsus D A A/G D/F# Bm Em D/F# A A7 D

prayer and med - i - ta - tion: Thus we a - dore Thee.
where Thy saints u - nit - ed ing Joy with - out end - ing.
gleam - ing and re - sound ing Through all cre - a - tion.

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FILL THOU MY LIFE, O LORD, MY GOD

RICHMOND

music by

Thomas Haweis, 1792

words by
Horatius Bonar, 1866

F C/E C Bb F Bb C7 F

1. Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God, In
2. Not for the lip, of praise a lone, Nor
3. Praise in the com - mon things of life, Its
4. Fill ev - 'ry part of me with praise; Let
5. So shalt Thou, Lord, from of ven - me Re
6. So shall no part of day or night From

C/E F6 C/G G7 C C/E F Bb F/A Gm F/C C7/Bb

ev - 'ry part with praise; That my whole be ing
for the prais - ing heart; I ask Thee each for a ty
go - ings out - ing in; Praise in - each du - a ty
all my be - ing speak Of Thee and of Thy
ceive the glo - ry due; And so shall I be
sa - cred - ness be free; But all my life, in

F/A Gm6 F Bb F/A Bb C7/G F/A Bb F/C C7 F

may pro - claim Thy be - ing and Thy ways.
life made up Of praise in ev - 'ry part.
and each deed, How ev - er small and mean.
love, O Lord, Poor tho' I be, and weak.
gin on earth The song for ev - er with new.
ev - 'ry step, Be fel - low ship with Thee.

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THE FIRST NOEL

Traditional English carol, 17th century

music from
W. Sandys' *Christmas Carols*, 1833

C Am G G/F C/E F C F

1. The First No el the an gel did say Was to
 2. They look ed up and saw a star Shin - ing
 3. And by the light of that same star, Three
 4. This star drew nigh to the north west, O'er
 5. Then en tered in those wise men three, Full
 6. Then let us all with one ac cord Sing

C/E F C/E F G7/D C/E C/G G7/B C G7

cer tain poor shep herds in fields as they lay; In
 in the men East came from yond them far; And
 wise men came coun yond try far; To
 Beth le hem it took its rest; And
 rev 'rent ly up on their knee, And
 prais es to our heav'n ly Lord, That

C Am G G/F C/E F C F

fields where they lay keep ing their sheep On a
 to the the earth it gave great light And a
 seek for a king in was their great in tent, And to
 there it did there both stop and stay, Right
 of fered there in His His and pres ence Their
 hath made heav'n and earth of naught, And

C/E F C/E F G7/D C/E C/G G7/B C G7

cold win ter's night that was so deep. No
 so it con tin ued both day and night.
 fol low the star wher ev er it went.
 o ver the place where Je sus lay.
 gold and myrrh and frank in cense.
 with His blood man kind hath bought.

C Am Em C F C G/B

el, No el, No el, No el,

Am Em F C F G7/D C/E C/G G7 C

Born is the King of Is ra el.

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FIX ME, JESUS

African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual

E♭ Fm/E♭ E♭ E♭dim7 E♭ E♭7 Fm/A♭ Cm

Oh, fix me, oh, fix me, oh, fix me;

To Coda

F7 B♭7 E♭ Cm B♭7 E♭

fix me, Je - sus, fix me. { 1. Fix me for my long white robe, } fix me, Je - sus, fix me.
 { 2. Fix me for my jour - ney home. }

2nd time D.C. al Coda CODA

G G/B Cm G Cm A♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭

{ Fix me for my star - ry crown, } fix me, Je - sus, fix me.
 { Fix me for my dy - ing bed, }

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FOLLOW ON

words by
William O. Cushing (1823-1902)

music by
Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

G D/A G/B C G D D7/C

1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom - ing and the
2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go, Where the storms are sweep - ing and the
3. Down in the val - ley or up - on the moun - tain steep, Close be - side my Sav - ior would my

G/B D7/A G D D7 G D/A G/B C G

sweet wa - ters flow; Ev - 'ry - where He leads me I would fol - low, fol - low on,
dark wa - ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev - er, nev - er fear,
soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the path that He has trod,

C D/C G/B D G G/B C G/D D7 G

Walk - ing in His foot - steps till the crown be won. } Fol - low! Fol - low!
Dan - ger can - not fright me if my Lord is near. }
Up to where they gath - er on the hills of God. }

C C/E C/G G D G/D D G/D D7 G/D D

I would fol - low Je - sus! An - y - where, ev - 'ry - where, I would fol - low on!

G C C/E C/G G C D/C G/B D G G/B C G/D D7 G

Fol - low! Fol - low! I would fol - low Je - sus! Ev - 'ry-where He leads me I would fol - low on!

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FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS

words by
Mary B.C. Slade (1826-1882)

FOOTSTEPS
music by
Asa B. Everett (1828-1875)

E♭ E♭7 A♭ A♭/E♭ E♭ B♭ E♭ E♭7

1. Sweet - ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call - ing, "Come, fol - low Me!" And we see where Thy
2. Though the lead o'er the cold, dark moun - tains, Seek - ing His sheep, Or a - long by Si -
3. If they lead through the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach - ing the Word, Or in homes of the
4. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done, We will rest where the

A♭ A♭/E♭ E♭ Cm E♭/B♭ E♭7 E♭ A♭ A♭/E♭ E♭

foot - prints fall - ing, Lead us to Thee. }
lo - am's foun - tains, Help - ing the weak:
poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord:
steps of Je - sus End at His throne. }

Foot - prints of Je - sus, that

A♭/E♭ E♭ B♭ E♭ E♭7 A♭ A♭/E♭ E♭ Cm E♭/B♭ B♭7 E♭

make the path - way glow! We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus wher - e'er they go.

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FOR ALL THE BLESSINGS OF THE YEAR

OLDBRIDGE
music by
Robert N. Quaille

words by
Albert H. Hutchinson

1. For all the blessings of the year, For all the friends we hold so dear,
 2. For life and health, those com - mon things, Which ev - 'ry day and hour brings,
 3. For love of Thine which nev - er tires, Which all our bet - ter thought in - spires

For peace on earth, both far and near, We thank Thee, Lord. _____
 For home, where our af - fec - tion clings, We thank Thee, Lord. _____
 And warms our lives with heav'n - ly fires, We thank Thee, Lord. _____

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FOR ALL THY SAINTS, O LORD

FESTAL SONG
music by
William H. Walter (1825-1893)

words by
Richard Mant (1776-1848)

1. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live, Who
 2. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Ac - cept our thank - ful cry, Who
 3. Thy mys - tic mem - bers fit To join Thy saints a - bove, In
 4. They all in life and death, With Thee, their Lord, in view, Learned
 5. For this Thy name we bless, And hum - bly pray that we be blest, May
 6. To God the Fa - ther, Son And Spir - it, ev - er blest, The

fol - lowed Thee, o - beyed, a - dored, Our grate - ful hymn re - ceive.
 count - ed Christ their great re - ward, And yearned for Him to die.
 one un - mixed com - mu - nion knit And fel - low ship of love.
 from Thy Ho - ly Spir - it's breath To suf - fer and to do.
 fol - low them in ho - li - ness And live and die in Thee.
 One in Three, the Three in One, Be end - less praise ad - dressed.

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FOR ALL THY SAINTS, O LORD

ST. GEORGE
music by
Henry John Gauntlett (1805-1876)

words by
Richard Mant (1776-1848)

1. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live, Who
 2. For all Thy saints, O God, Ac - cept our thank - ful cry, Who
 3. Thy mys - tic mem - bers fit To join Thy saints a - bove, In
 4. They all in life and death, With Thee, their Lord, in view, Learned
 5. For this Thy name we bless, And hum - bly pray that we be blest, May
 6. To God the Fa - ther, Son And Spir - it, ev - er blest, The

fol - lowed Thee, o - beyed, a - dored, Our grate - ful hymn re - ceive.
 coun - ted Christ their great re - ward, And yearned for Him to die.
 one un - mixed com - mu - nion knit And fel - low ship of love.
 from Thy Ho - ly Spir - it's breath To suf - fer and to do.
 fol - low them in ho - li - ness And live and die in Thee.
 One in Three, the Three in One, Be end - less praise ad - dressed.

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FOR ALL THE SAINTS

SINE NOMINE

music by

Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

words by
William W. How, 1864

G G/B Em/C D7 Em C G/B C G/D Am D G A D/B A/C#

1. For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, who Thee by
 2. Thou wast their rock, their for - tress, and their might; Thou, Lord, by
 3. O may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold, fight as the
 4. O blest com - mu - nion, fel - low - ship di - vine! We fee - bly
 5. And when the strife is fierce, the war - fare long, steals on the
 6. From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest coast, through gates of

Dsus2 D G/B D/F# Bm/G A7 D G/B C G/B Am7 G

faith be fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je sus,
 cap - tain in the well - fought fight, Thou in the dark - ness
 saints who no - bly fought of old, and Thou win with the them - the
 strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; yet all are one in
 ear the dis - tant tri - umph song, and hearts are are brave a
 pearl streams in the count - less host, sing - ing to Fa - ther,

Refrain

C/E D/F# G G/B D D/C G/B G7 C C/A G/B Em C G/B Am G/B Dsus D7 G

be for - ev - er - blest. }
 drear, their one - true - light. }
 vic - tor's crown - of - gold. }
 Thee, for all are Thine. } Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
 gain, and arms are strong. }
 Son, and Ho - ly - Ghost. }

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FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

DIX

music by

Conrad Kocher, 1838

words by
Folliot S. Pierpoint, 1864

G D/F# G C/E D7/F# G C D/C G/B C G/D D G

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, for the glo - ry of the skies,
 2. For the beau - ty of each hour, of the day and of the night,
 3. For the joy of ear and eye, for the heart and mind's de - light,
 4. For the joy of hu - man love, broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,

D/F# G C/E D7/F# G C D/C G/B C G/D D G

for the love which from our birth o - ver and a - round us lies;
 hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, sun - ing moon, and stars of light;
 friends on earth and friends a - bove, for all gen - tle thoughts and sight;
 mild;

Refrain

G D7/F# G D G C D/C G/B C/E G/D D7 G

Lord of all, to Thee we raise this our hymn of grate - ful praise.

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FORTH IN THY NAME, O LORD, I GO

SONG 34

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

music by
Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

E♭ Cm Gm/B♭ Fm/A♭ Gm/B♭ A♭/C B♭/D E♭ Cm B♭sus B♭ E♭/G Fsus F B♭

1. Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue;
 2. The task Thy wis - dom has as - signed, Oh, let me cheer - ful - ly ful - fill;
 3. Thee may I set at my right hand, Whose eyes my in - most sub - stance see,
 4. Give me to bear Thine eas - y yoke, And ev - 'ry mo - ment watch and pray,
 5. For thee de - light - ful - ly em - ploy What - e'er Thy boun - teous grace has giv'n,

E♭ A♭/C B♭ A♭ B♭ A♭/C E♭ Fm E♭ B♭7/F E♭ Fm Cm A♭/C B♭sus B♭ E♭

Thee, on - ly Thee, re - solved to know In all I think or speak or do.
 In all my works Thy pres - ence find And prove Thy good and per - fect will.
 And la - bor on at Thy com - mand, And of - fer all my works to Thee.
 And still to things e - ter - nal look, And has - ten to thy glo - rious day;
 And run my course with e - ven joy, And close - ly walk with Thee to heav'n.

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FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS

HEINLEIN

words by
George H. Smytten (1822-1870) and F. Pott

music attributed to
Martin Herbst (1654-1681)

Dm A7/E Dm/F A7/E Dm Dm/C G/B Asus A Am F Am D#dim7 Esus E7 Am

1. For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast - ing in the wild;
 2. Sun - beams scorch - ing all the day; Chill - y dew - drops night - ly shed;
 3. Shall not we Thy watch - ings share, And from earth - ly joys ab - stain;
 4. And if Sa - tan, vex - ing sore, Flesh or spir - it should as - sail,
 5. So shall we have peace di - vine; Ho - lier glad - ness ours shall be;
 6. Keep, O keep us, Sav - ior dear, Ev - er con - stant by Thy side;

A/G Gm Gm7 C F A7/E Dm A7/C# Dm Gm A7 D

For - ty days and for - ty nights Tempt - ed, and yet un - de - filed.
 Prowl - ing beasts a - bout Thy way; Stones Thy pil - low, earth Thy bed.
 Fast - ing with un - ceas - ing prayer, Glad with Thee to suf - fer pain?
 Thou, his van - quish - er be - fore, Grant we may not faint nor fail!
 Round us too shall An - gels shine, Such as min - is - tered to Thee.
 That with Thee we may ap - pear At the e - ter - nal Eas - ter tide.

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FORWARD THROUGH THE AGES

ST. GERTRUDE

words by
Frederick Lucian Hosmer, 1908

music by
Arthur S. Sullivan, 1871

E♭ Fm7 B♭7 E♭ E♭/G B♭/F

1. For - ward through the a - ges, in un - brok - en line, move the faith - ful spir - its
 2. Wid - er grows the king - dom, reign of love and light; for it we must la - bor,
 3. Not a - lone we con - quer, not a - lone we fail; in each loss or tri - umph

F7 F7sus F7 B♭ E♭ A♭

at the call di - vine; gifts in dif - fer - ing meas - ure, hearts and one ac - cord,
 till our faith is sight. Proph - ets have pro - claimed it, mar - tyr tes - ti - fied,
 lose or tri - umph all. Bound by God's far pur - pose in one liv - ing whole,

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Eb Ab/C Eb Ab Eb Ab/C Eb Ab Bb Refrain Eb Bb7
 man - i - fold the ser - vice, one the sure re - ward.
 or /'s sure its glo - ry he - roes for it died } For - ward through the a - ...

Eb Bb7/F Eb/G Ab Bb7 Eb
 in un - brok - en line, move the faith - ful spir - its at the call di - vine.

FRIENDSHIP WITH JESUS

words by Joseph C. Ludgate, 1898

music arr. from Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

C F/C C Gsus/D C/E F Bb/F F C
 1. A friend of Je - sus! O what bliss That one so vile as
 2. A Friend when oth - er friend - ships cease, A Friend when oth - ers
 3. A Friend when sick - ness lays me low, A Friend when death draws
 4. A Friend when life's short race is o'er, A Friend when earth is

G C F/C C Gsus/D C/E F C G6 G7 C
 I Should ev - er have a Friend like this To lead me to the sky!
 fail, A Friend who gives me joy and peace, A Friend when foes as - sail!
 near, A Friend as thro' the vale I go, A Friend to help and cheer!
 past, A Friend to meet on heav - en's shore, A Friend when home at last!

Refrain F/C C F C/B C G
 Friend ship with Je - sus! Fel - low - ship di - vine!

C F/C C Gsus/D C/E F C/E C Adim Fm6/Ab C/G G7 C
 O what bless - ed, sweet com - mu - nion! Je - sus is a Friend of mine.

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FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW THE SKIES

FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW THE SKIES

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

DUKE STREET
music by
John Hatton (c. 1710-1793)

D A7/E D/F# G A7/E D A/E E7 A D

1. From all that dwell be low the skies, Let the Cre
2. E ter nal are Thy mer cies, Lord; E ter nal
3. In ev 'ry land be gin the song; To ev 'ry

G D/F# Em D A D A7 D D/F#

a tor's praise a rise; Let the Re deem er's
truth at the tends Thy be Word: In Thy praise shall sound from
land the strains be long; In cheer ful sounds all

G D/F# A7/E D A D/F# G A7/E D Em D/F# Em/G D/A A7 D

name be sang, Through ev 'ry land by ev 'ry tongue.
shore to shore, Till And suns shall rise and set no more.
voic es raise, And fill the world with loud est praise.

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FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW THE SKIES

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

LASST UNS ERFREUEN
music from
Geistliche Kirchengesäng, 1623

D Bm Asus A D/F# D Bm

1. From all that dwell be low the skies Lord; Let the Cre a - tor's praise a -
2. E ter nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E ter nal truth at - tends Thy
3. In ev 'ry land be - gin the song; To ev 'ry land the strains be -

Asus A D/F# G D Bm E A D/F#

rise: Al - le - lu ia! Al - le - lu ia! Let
word: Al - le - lu ia! Al - le - lu ia! Thy
long: Al - le - lu ia! Al - le - lu ia! In

D Bm D Asus A D/F# D

the Re deem - er's name be sung Through ev 'ry land, in ev 'ry
praise shall deem - er's name be sung Through ev 'ry land, in ev 'ry
cheer ful sound all voic es raise And fill the world with loud est

G/B G6 D/F# Em7 D/F# A7 Bm

tongue. }
more. }
praise. }

Al - le - lu ia! Al - le - lu ia! Al - le

E7 A Bm Em B/D# Em7 D/F# G6 A7 D

lu ia! Al - le - lu ia! Al - le - lu ia!

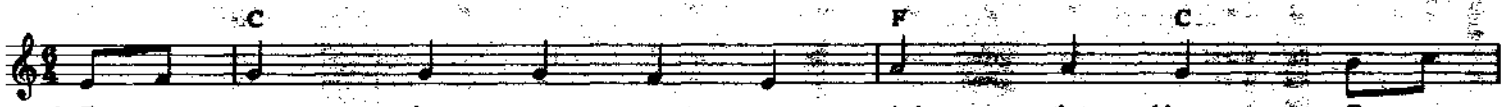
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FROM EVERY STORMY WIND THAT BLOWS

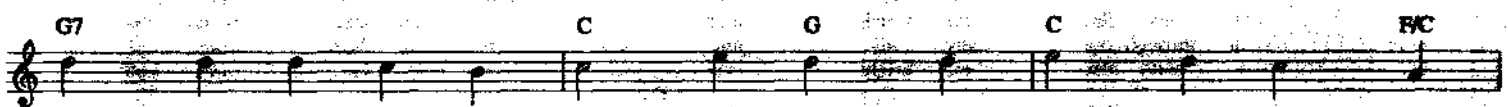
RETREAT
music by

Thomas Hastings, 1842

words by
Hugh Stowell, 1828



1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From
 2. There is a place where Je- sus sheds The
 3. There is a scene where Je- sus blends Where
 4. Ah! there on ea- rth's wings we soar, And



ev'ry swell- ing tide of our woes, There is a calm, a
 oil of glad- ness on our heads, A place than all far, be
 friend holds fel- low- ship with friend; Tho' sun- dered, all, be
 sin and sense- mo- lest no more, And heav'n comes down, by our



sure re- treat; 'Tis found be- neath the mer- cy- seat.
 sides more sweet; It is the blood - bought mer- cy- seat.
 faith they meet A - round one com- mon mer- cy- seat.
 souls to greet, And glo- ry crowns the mer- cy- seat.

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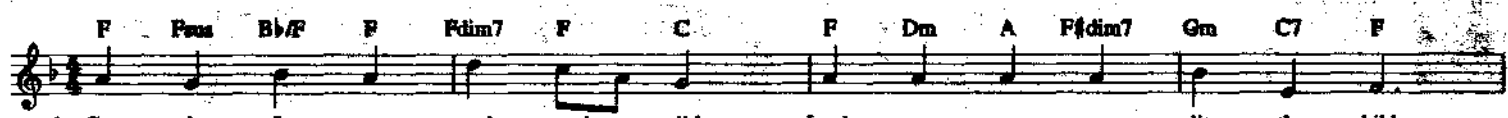
GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD

SEYMOUR

music by

Carl Maria von Weber (1786-1826)

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)



1. Gen- tle Je- sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;
 2. Lamb of God, I look to Thee, Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;
 3. Pain I would be as Thou art, Give me Thine o - be - dient heart;
 4. Lov - ing Je - sus, gen - tle Lamb, In Thy gra - cious hands I am;
 5. I shall then show forth Thy praise, Serve Thee all my hap - py days;



Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee.
 Thou art gen - tle, meek and mild, Thou wast once a lit - tle child.
 Thou art pit - i - ful and kind, Let me have Thy lov - ing mind.
 Make me, Sav - ior, what Thou art, Live Thy - self with in my heart.
 Then the world shall al - ways see Christ, the Ho - ly Child, in me.

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GIVE ME JESUS

words by
Fanny J. Crosby, 1879

music by
John R. Sweny, 1879

F C/Bb F/A C7/G C7 F/C C7 F/C C7

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, All its joys are but a
 2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet - est com - fort of my
 3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con - stant
 4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall

F C/Bb F/A C7/G C7 F/C C7 F/C C7

name; But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thru e - ter - nal years the
 soul; With my Sav - ior watch - ing o'er me, I can sing - though bil - lows
 smile; Then through - out my pil - grim jour - ney sion, Light will cheer me all the
 be; Till, with clear - er, bright - er vi - sion, Face to face my Lord I

F Refrain Bb F C/G C/E F G7/D

same. }
 roll. }
 while. }
 see. }
 O the height and depth of mer - cy! O the length and breadth of

C7 F C/Bb F/A C7/G C7 F/C C7 F/A C7 F

love! O the full - ness of re - demp - tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!

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GIVE ME THE FAITH WHICH CAN REMOVE

words by
Charles Wesley, 1749

SURREY
music by
Henry Carey, c. 1732

Bb/F F Bb F/C C/Bb F/A Gm/Bb F/Bb C F C/E G7/D C C/E

1. Give me the faith which can re - move and sink the moun - tain
 2. I would the pre - cious time re - deem, and long - er live for
 3. My tal - ents, gifts, and grac - es, Lord, in - to Thy bless - ed
 4. En - large, in flame, and fill my heart with bound - less char - i -

Dm/F C/G G C C/E Bb/F F Bb F/C C/Bb F/A Gm/Bb F/Bb C F

to a plain; give me the child - like pray - ing love, which
 this a - lone, to spend and to be spent for them who
 hands re - ceive; and let me live to preach Thy Word, and
 ty di - vine, so shall I all my strength ex - ert, and

C/E G7/D C Dm/F C/G G7 C F/A Bb C7/G F/A Bb/F

longs to build Thy house a - gain; Thy love, let it my
 have not yet my Sav - ior known; ful - ly on these my
 let me to Thy glo - ry live; my ev - ery sa - cred
 love them with a zeal like Thine, and lead them to Thy

Gm C F F/A C C7/B F C7 Dm Gm/Bb F/C C F

heart o'er - power, and all my sim - ple soul de - vour.
 mis - sion prove, and on - ly breathe, to breathe Thy love.
 mo - ment spend in the pub - lish - ing the sin - ner's Friend.
 o - pen side, the sheep for whom the Shep - herd died.

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GIVE HIM THE GLORY

GLORY
music by

words by
Elisha A. Hoffman, 1893

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1893

E♭ Eb/B♭ B♭7/A♭ Eb/G B♭7/F Eb Ab Eb B♭ Eb

1. It was down at the feet of Je - sus, O the hap - py, hap - py day! That my
 2. It was down at the feet of Je - sus, Where I found such per - fect rest. Where the
 3. It was down at the feet of Je - sus, Where I brought my guilt and sin, That He

E♭/B♭ B♭7/A♭ Eb/G B♭7/F Eb Eb/G Fm/A♭ Eb/B♭ B♭7 Eb

soul found peace in be - liev - ing, And my sins were washed a - way.
 light first dawned on my spir - it, And my soul was ful - ly blest. } Let me
 paid my debt and for - gave me, For He died my soul to win.

A♭ B♭/A♭ A♭ Eb A♭/Eb Eb B♭7/F A♭/Eb B♭7/D Cm7 B♭7/D Eb B♭7/F Eb/G

tell the old, old sto - ry Of His grace so full and free, Let my

A♭ B♭/A♭ A♭ Eb Eb/G Fm/A♭ Eb/B♭ B♭7 Eb

heart keep giv - ing Him the glo - ry For His won - drous love to me.

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GIVE ME THY HEART

BOURNE
music by

words by
Eliza E. Hewitt, 1898

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1898

F Fsus F B♭/F B♭m/F F C F/C C7 Cdim C7

1. "Give Me thy heart," says the Fa - ther a - bove. No gift so pre - cious to
 2. "Give Me thy heart," says the Sav - ior of men, Call - ing in mer - cy a -
 3. "Give Me thy heart," says the Spir - it di - vine. "All that thou hast, to My

Dm7 C7/E F Fsus F Fdim F B♭/F B♭m/F F

Him as our love. Soft - ly He whis - pers, wher - ev - er thou art,
 gain and a - gain. "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part.
 keep - ing re - sign. Grace more a - bound - ing is Mine to im - part.

C/G G G7 C Refrain F

"Grate - ful - ly trust Me, and give Me thy heart. } Give Me thy heart. Give Me thy
 Have I not died for thee? Give Me thy heart. }
 Make full sur - ren - der and give Me thy heart. }

B♭ F Dm G7 C7 F Fsus F Fdim F

heart." Hear the soft whis - per, wher - ev - er thou art. From this dark world He would

B♭/F B♭m/F F B♭/D F/C B♭ F/C Dm6 F/C C C7 F

draw thee a - part, Speak - ing so ten - der - ly, "Give Me thy heart."

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GIVE OF YOUR BEST TO THE MASTER

BARNARD

music by

Charlotte A. Barnard (1830-1869)

words by
Howard B. Grose (1851-1939)

E♭ B♭7/F E♭/G B♭7/F E♭ F7 B♭
 1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Give of the strength of your youth; _____
 2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Give Him first place in your heart; _____
 3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor - thy His love; _____

E♭ B♭7/F E♭/G Edim7/G Fm/A♭ B♭7 E♭
 Throw your soul's fresh, glow - ing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth; _____
 Give Him first place in your ser - vice, Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part; _____
 He gave Him - self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove; _____

Cm G7 Cm
 Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple, Daunt - less was He, young and brave; _____
 Give, and to you shall be giv - en, God His be - lov - ed Son gave; _____
 Laid down His life with - out mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save; _____

Fm Cm B♭/F F B♭/F F7 B♭ F7/C B♭7/D
 Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have. _____
 Grate - ful - ly seek - ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have. _____
 Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. _____

Refrain

E♭ B♭7/F E♭/G B♭7/F E♭ F7 B♭
 Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Give of the strength of your youth; _____

E♭ B♭7/F E♭/G Edim7/G Fm/A♭ B♭7 E♭
 Clad in sal - va - tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth. _____

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GIVE REST, O CHRIST

KONTAKION

Kievan chant from

Eastern Orthodox Memorial Service

words from
Eastern Orthodox Memorial Service
tr. by W.J. Birkbeck

Gm D Gm D7/F# Gm D B♭ F Gm D Gm D Gm F B♭
 Give rest, O Christ, to Thy ser - vant with Thy saints:

F Gm D Gm F B♭ F Gm D Gm D Gm F
 where sor - row and pain are no more; nei - ther sigh - ing,

B♭ Gm Cm Gm/D Cm/E♭ Cm Gm/D D7 Gm Fine B♭ F Gm F B♭ F Gm
 but life ev - er - last - ing. Thou on - ly art im - mor - tal,

F B♭ F7/A B♭ F B♭ Cm/E♭ F B♭ F Gm/B♭ Gm F/C C F
 the Cre - a - tor and Mak - er of man: and we are mor - tal, form - ed of the earth,

Gm F B♭ F Gm F B♭ F7/A B♭ F B♭ Cm/E♭ F
 and un - to earth shall we re - turn: for so Thou didst or - dain

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B \flat F Gm/B \flat Gm F/C C F Gm F B \flat F Gm

when Thou cre - at - edst me, say - ing, "Dust Thou art, and un - to dust shalt - thou re - turn."

F B \flat F7/A B \flat F B \flat Cm/E \flat F B \flat F D7/F# Gm D Gm F B \flat

All - we go down - to the dust; and, weep - ing o'er the grave, we make our song:

F Gm D Gm D.C. al Fine

al - le - lu - ya, al - le - lu - ya, al - le - lu - ya.

GIVE TO OUR GOD IMMORTAL PRAISE

DUKE STREET
music attr. to
John Hatton (d.1793)

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

D A7/E D/F# G A7/E D A/E E7 A D A7/E D/F#

1. Give to our God im - mor - tal - praise! Mer - cy and
2. He sent His Son with - pow'r to - save From guilt and
3. Give to the Lord of - lords re - nown; The King of

G D/F# Em D A D A7/E D/F# D

truth are all His ways; Won - ders of grace - to -
dark - ness and glo - ry the grave. crown. Won - ders of grace - to -
kings with glo - ry crown. His mer - cies ev - er

G D/F# A7/E D A D/F# G A7/E D Em/G D/A A D

God - be - long; Re - peat His mer - cies in your song.
God - be - long; Re - peat His mer - cies in your song.
shall - en - dure When lords and kings are known no more!

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GIVE TO THE WINDS THY FEARS

ST. BRIDE
music by
Samuel Howard, 1762

words by
Paul Gerhardt, 1656
tr. by John Wesley, 1739

Gm/B \flat E \flat Gm/D D7 Gm B \flat /D B \flat Gm B \flat /F F7

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope and be - un - dis -
2. Through waves and clouds and storms, He gent - ly clears thy
3. Still heav - y is thy heart? Still sink thy spir - its
4. What though thou rul - est not? Yet heav'n and earth and
5. Leave to His sov - reign sway choose and to com -
6. Far, far a - bove thy thought His coun - sel shall ap -

B \flat F Gm Dm E \flat B \flat Cm D E \flat Cm Gm/D D7 Gm

mayed. God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.
way; Wait thou His time, and so shall thy night Soon end in joy - ous day.
down? Cast off the weight, let fear de - part, And ev - 'ry care be gone.
hell Pro - claim, "God sit - test, on the throne And rul - eth all things well."
mand; So shalt thou, won - d'ring, own His way, How wise, how strong His hand!
pear, When full - y He the work hath wrought That caused thy need - less fears.

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GLORIA PATRI (Glory Be to the Father)

GREATOREX
music by
Henry W. Greatorex, 1851

Traditional words

Chords: Eb Bb7 Eb Bb/D Bb Eb Bb/D Eb6

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

Chords: Bb/F F7 Bb Bb7 Eb Ab/Eb Eb Bb Bb7

Ho - ly Ghost: as it was in the be - gin - ning, is now and ev - er

Chords: Eb Bb/Ab Eb/G Fm/Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.

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GLORIA PATRI (Glory Be to the Father)

MEINEKE
music by
Christoph Meineke, 1844

Traditional words

Chords: Ab Eb/G Eb Eb/G Bb7/F Eb/G Fm/Ab

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

Chords: Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb Ab Ab/C Ab Ab/Eb Eb Eb/G Eb7

Ho - ly Ghost: as it was in the be - gin - ning, is now and ev - er

Chords: Ab N.C. Db/F Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.

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A GLORIOUS CHURCH

words by
Ralph E. Hudson (1843-1901)

music by
Ralph E. Hudson (1843-1901)

Chords: Bb Eb Bb Eb Bb

1. Do you hear them com - ing, broth - er? Throng - ing up the steeps of light?
2. Do you hear the stir - ring an - them? Fill - ing all the earth and sky?
3. Nev - er fear the clouds of sor - row, Nev - er fear the storms of sin.

Chords: F/C Bb/D Eb Bb/D Cm7 F7 Bb

Clad in glo - rious, shin - ing gar - ments, Blood-washed gar - ments, pure and white.
'Tis a grand vic - to - rious ar - my, Lift its ban - ner up on high. } 'Tis a
We will tri - umph on the mor - row, E - ven now our joys be - gin.

Chords: F7/C Bb/D Eb Eb/Bb Bb Gm C7 F F7 Bb/F F7

glo - rious church with - out spot or wrin - kle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb. 'Tis a

Chords: Bb F7/C Bb/D Eb Eb/Bb Bb Gm Ebm6/Gb Bb/F F7 Bb

glo - rious church with - out spot or wrin - kle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

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GLORY BE TO GOD THE FATHER

CWM RHONDDA
music by
John Hughes, 1907words by
Horatius Bonar, 1866

F Bb F/A F C/G F/A Bb F/C C F F/A Bb Gm7

1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to
2. Glo - ry be to Him who loved us, Washed us from each
3. Glo - ry to the King of an - gels, Glo - ry to the
4. Glo - ry, bless - ing, praise e - ter - nal! Thus the choir of

F/C C7 F Bb F/A F C/G F/A Bb F/C C

God the Son, Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it -
spot and stain; Glo - ry be to Him who bought us,
Church 's King, King of who na - tions -
an - gels sings! Hon - or, rich es, pow'r, do - min - ion!

F Bb/D F/C Bb F/C C F C7 F/C C7 C/E F C7 F F/A

Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,
Made us kings with Him to reign! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,
Heav'n and earth your prais - es bring! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,
Thus its praise cre - a - tion brings! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

C7/G F C/E Dm7 C C7 F/A C7/G F Bb F/C C7 F

While e - ter - nal a - ges run, While e - ter - nal a - ges run!
To the Lamb that once was slain, To the Lamb that once was slain!
To the King of Glo - ry sing, To the King of Glo - ry sing!
Glo - ry to the King of Kings, Glo - ry to the King of Kings!

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GLORY BE TO GOD THE FATHER

WORCESTER
music by

Walter G. Whinfield (1865-1919)

words by
Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

Bb Gm F Bb/D Bb Eb Fsus F Gm F/A Bb Cm7 Eb F Bb

1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,
2. Glo - ry be to Him who loved us, Washed us from each spot and stain;
3. Glo - ry to the King of an - gels, Glo - ry to the Church's King,
4. Glo - ry, bless - ing, praise e - ter - nal! Thus the choir of an - gels sings;

Om F Bb/D Bb C C7/E F Gm C Dm F/A Gm/Bb C F

Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it, Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One!
Glo - ry be to Him who bought us, Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glo - ry to the King of na - tions; Heav'n and earth, your prais - es bring!
Hon - or, rich - es, pow'r, do - min - ion! Thus its praise cre - a - tion brings.

Bb/D Bb F7/C Bb/D Dm Cm/Eb Bb/F F7 Bb

Glo - ry, glo - ry While e - ter - nal a - ges run!
Glo - ry, glo - ry To the Lamb that once was slain!
Glo - ry, glo - ry To the King of glo - ry sing!
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry to the King of kings!

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GLORIOUS FREEDOM

words by
Haldor Lillenas, 1917

music by
Alfred Judson, 1917

Db Gb/Db Db Ab7 Bbm Ab7 Db Gb/Db Db Eb7

1. Once I was bound by sin's gall - ing fet - ters; Chained like a slave, I strug - gled in
 2. Free - dom from all the car - nal af - fec - tions; Free - dom from en - vy, ha - tred, and
 3. Free - dom from pride and all sin - ful fol - lies; Free - dom from love and glit - ter of
 4. Free - dom from fear with all of its tor - ments; Free - dom from care with all of its

Ab Ab7 Db Ab7 Bbm Ab7 Db Gb Db/Ab Ab7 Bbm Ab7

vain. But I re - ceived a glo - ri - ous free - dom When Je - sus broke my fet - ters in
 strife; Free - dom from vain and world - ly am - bi - tions; Free - dom from all that sad - dened my
 gold; Free - dom from e - vil tem - per and an - ger; Glo - ri - ous free - dom, rap - ture un -
 pain; Free - dom in Christ, my bless - ed Re - deem - er; He who has rent my fet - ters in

Db Refrain Db/F Gb Db Gb/Db Db Eb7

twain. }
 life! }
 told! }
 twain. }

Glo - ri - ous free - dom! Won - der - ful free - dom! No more in chains of sin I re -

Ab Ab7 Db Ab7 Bbm Ab7 Db Gb Db/Ab Ab7 Bbm Ab7 Db

pine! Je - sus, the glo - ri - ous E - man - ci - pa - tor - Now and for - ev - er He shall be mine.

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GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN

AUSTRIAN HYMN

words by
John Newton (1725-1807)

music by
Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Eb Bb7/D Eb Bb7 Eb Ab Eb/G Bb7/D Eb Fm6/Ab Am7b5 Bb

1. Glo - ri - ous things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God;
 2. See! the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from e - ter - nal love,
 3. Round each ha - bi - ta - tion hov - 'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear
 4. Sav - ior, since of Zi - on's cit - y, I thro' grace a mem - ber am,

Eb Bb7/D Eb Bb7 Eb Ab Eb/G Bb7/D Eb Ab6 Am7b5 Bb

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 the Lord re - move.
 For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near.
 Let the world de - ride or pit - y - I will glo - ry in Thy name.

Eb/G Cm F7 Bb

On the Rock of Ag - es found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
 Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to as - suage?
 Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner, Light by night, and shade by day,
 Fad - ing is the world's best plea - sure, All its boast - ed pomp and show;

Eb/G Ab Eb Ab Bb/D Eb Bb Eb/G Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

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.
 Safe they feed up on the man - na Which he gives them when they pray.
 Sol - id joys and last - ing trea - sures None but Zi - on's chil - dren know.

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GLORY BE TO GOD THE FATHER

CWM RHONDDA
music by
John Hughes, 1907

words by
Horatius Bonar, 1866

F Bb F/A F C/G F/A Bb F/C C F F/A Bb Gm7

1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to
 2. Glo - ry be to Him who loved us, Washed us from each
 3. Glo - ry to the King of an - gels, Glo - ry to the
 4. Glo - ry, bless - ing, praise e - ter - nal! Thus the choir of

F/C C7 F Bb F/A F C/G F/A Bb F/C C

God the Son, Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it -
 spot the and stain; Glo - ry be to Him who bought us,
 Church - 's King, King, Glo - ry to the King who na - tions -
 an - gels sings! Hon - or, rich - es, pow'r, do - min - ion!

F Bb/D F/C Bb F/C C F C7 F/C C7 C/E F C7 F F/A

Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,
 Made us kings with Him to reign! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,
 Heav'n and earth, your prais - es bring! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,
 Thus its praise cre - a - tion brings! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

C7/G F C/E Dm7 C C7 F/A C7/G F Bb F/C C7 F

While e - ter - nal a - ges run, While e - ter - nal a - ges run!
 To the Lamb that once was slain, To the Lamb that once was slain!
 To the King of Glo - ry sing, To the King of Glo - ry sing!
 Glo - ry to the King of Kings, Glo - ry to the King of Kings!

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GLORY BE TO GOD THE FATHER

WORCESTER
music by
Walter G. Whinfield (1865-1919)

words by
Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

Bb Gm F Bb/D Bb Eb Fsus F Gm F/A Bb Cm7 Eb F Bb

1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,
 2. Glo - ry be to Him who loved us, Washed us from each spot and stain;
 3. Glo - ry to the King of an - gels, Glo - ry to the Church's King,
 4. Glo - ry, bless - ing, praise e - ter - nal! Thus the choir of an - gels sings;

Gm F Bb/D Bb C C7/E F Gm C Dm F/A Gm/Bb C F

Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it, Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One!
 Glo - ry be to Him who bought us, Made us kings with Him to reign!
 Glo - ry to the King of na - tions; Heav'n and earth, your prais - es bring!
 Hon - or, rich - es, pow'r, do - min - ion! Thus its praise cre - a - tion brings.

Bb/D Bb F/C Bb/D Dm Cm/Eb Bb/F F7 Bb

Glo - ry, glo - ry While e - ter - nal a - ges run!
 Glo - ry, glo - ry To the Lamb that once was slain!
 Glo - ry, glo - ry To the King of glo - ry sing!
 Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry to the King of kings!

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GLORY BE TO JESUS

WEM IN LEIDENSTAGEN
music by
Friedrich Filitz (1804-1876)

Italian text, 18th century
tr. by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains,
 2. Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find;
 3. Blest through end - less a - ges Be the pre - cious stream
 4. A - bel's blood for ven - geance Plead - ed to the skies;
 5. Oft as earth ex - ult - ing Wafts its praise on high;
 6. Lift we then our voic - es, Swell the praise might - y flood;

Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins.
 Blest be His com - pas - sion, In fi - nite ly - kind.
 Which from end - less tor - ment Did the world re - deem.
 But the blood of Je - sus For our par - don cries.
 Ang - gel hosts re - joic - ing Make their glad re - ply.
 Loud - er still and loud - er Praise the pre - cious blood.

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GO FORWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

LANCASHIRE
music by
Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879)

words by
Laurence Tuttiett (1825-1895)

1. Go for - ward, Christ - ian sol - dier, be - neath his ban - ner true; the Lord him - self, thy
 2. Go for - ward, Christ - ian sol - dier, fear not the se - cret foe; far more o'er thee are
 3. Go for - ward, Christ - ian sol - dier, nor dream of peace - ful rest, till Sa - tan's host is
 4. Go for - ward, Christ - ian sol - dier, fear not the gath - ering night; the Lord has been thy

Lead - er, shall all thy foes sub - due. His love fore - tells thy tri - als; he
 watch - ing than hu - man eyes can know; trust on - ly Christ, thy Cap - tain; cease
 van - quished and heaven is all pos - sessed; till Christ him - self shall call thee to
 shel - ter; the Lord will be thy light. When morn his face re - veal - eth thy

knows thine hour - ly need; he can with bread of heav - en thy faint - ing spir - it feed.
 not to watch and pray; heed not the treach - 'rous voic - es that lure thy soul a - stray.
 lay thine ar - mor by, and wear in end - less glo - ry the crown of vic - to - ry.
 dan - gers all are past; O pray that faith and vir - tue may keep thee to the last!

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GOD IS SO GOOD

Traditional music

Traditional words

1. God is so good, God is so good, God is so good, He's so good to me.
 2. He cares for me, He cares for me, He cares for me, He's so good to me.
 3. I love Him so, I love Him so, I love Him so, He's so good to me.
 4. I praise His name, I praise His name, I praise His name, He's so good to me.

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GO, TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

GO TELL IT
African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual
verses by John W. Work, Jr., 1907

F B♭ F C B♭/C C7 F

Go, tell it on the moun - tain, O - ver the hills and ev - 'ry - where;

B♭ F Dm Gm/B♭ F/C C7 F Last time Fine

Go, tell it on the moun - tain That Je - sus Christ is born.

B♭/F F C Dm C F

1. While shep - herds kept their watch - ing O'er si - lent flocks by night, Be
2. The shep - herds feared and trem - bled When, lo! a - bove the earth, Rang
3. Down in a low - ly man - ger The hum - ble Christ was born, And

B♭/F F G7 C C7 D.C.

hold, through - out the heav - ens There shone a ho - ly light
out the an - gel cho - rus That That hailed our Sav - ior's birth
God sent us sal - va - tion That That bless - ed Christ - mas morn.

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GO TO DARK GETHSEMANE

GETHSEMANE

words by
James Montgomery (1771-1854)

music by
Richard Redhead (1820-1901)

E♭ B♭ E♭ A♭ E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭ E♭

1. Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, All who feel the tempt - er's pow'r;
2. Fol - low to the sem - a - ne, View the Lord of life ar - raigned;
3. Cal - v'ry's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; There, a - dor - ing at his feet;
4. Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb Where they laid his breath - less clay;

A♭ E♭ F7 B♭

Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see. Watch with him one bit - ter hour;
Oh, the worm - wood and the gall! Oh, the pangs his soul sus - tained!
Mark that mir - a - cle of time. God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete.
All is sol - i - tude and gloom. Who has tak - en him a - way?

E♭ B♭ E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭

Turn not from his griefs a - way; Learn from Je - sus Christ to pray.
Shun not suf - fring, shame, or loss; Learn from him to bear the cross.
"It is fin - ished!" hear him cry; Learn from Je - sus Christ to die.
Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes. Sav - ior, teach us so to rise.

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GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN

GOD BE WITH YOU
music by
William G. Tomer, 1880

words by
Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1880

C G C F C

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,

G C C/G G7 C

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you;
Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you;
Put His arms un - fail - ing round you;
Smite death's threat - ening wave be - fore you;

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

F C G

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

C F C

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

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GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET AGAIN

RANDOLPH
music by

Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

words by
Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1880

D D/F# G Em7 Asus A7 D E/D A/C# F#m D E7 Asus A

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 se - cure - ly 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,

D/F# G Bm7/F# Em Em/D A/C# A7 D D7/F# G Em7 Asus A7 D

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;
put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain;
smite death's threat - ning wave be - fore you; God be with you till we meet a - gain;

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GOD IS MY STRONG SALVATION

CHRISTUS, DER IST MEIN LEBEN

music by
Melchior Vulpus, 1609

words by
James Montgomery, 1822

D A D Em7 A D G D/F# EmG D/A A D A/C#

1. God is my strong sal - va - tion; What foe have I to fear? In
2. Though hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm in the fight I stand; What
3. Place on the Lord re - li - ance, My soul, with cour - age wait; His
4. His might thy heart shall strength - en, His love thy joy in - crease; Mer

D6 A/C# E7/B A/C# D6 E7 A D G/B D G6 A7 D

dark - ness and temp - ta - tion, My light, my help, is near.
ter - ror can con - found me, With God at my right hand?
truth be thine af - fi - ance, When faint and des - o - late.
cy thy days shall length - en; The Lord will give thee peace.

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GOD IS OUR REFUGE AND OUR STRENGTH

WINCHESTER OLD
music from
Este's Psalms, 1592

Author unknown
words based on Psalm 46

F C Dm Bb Bb/D F C F F/A Gsus G C F

1. God is our ref - uge and our strength, Our ev - er - pres - ent aid, And
 2. Though hills a - midst the seas be cast, Though foam - ing wa - ters roar, And
 3. A riv - er flows whose streams make glad the cit - y of our God, The
 4. Since God is in the midst of her, Un - moved her walls shall stand, For
 5. Be still and know that I am God, O'er all ex - alt - ed high; The
 6. The Lord of Hosts is on our side, Our safe - ty to se - cure; The

Bb F Bb/D F C Dm A F C Dm Bb C F

there - fore, though the earth re - move, We will not be a - fraid;
 though the might - y bil - lows shake The moun - tains on the shore.
 ho - ly place where in the Lord Most High has His a - bode;
 God will be her ear - ly help, When trou - ble is at hand.
 sub - ject na - tions of the earth My Name shall mag - ni - fy.
 God of Ja - cob is for us A ref - uge strong and sure.

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GOD IS THE REFUGE OF HIS SAINTS

WARD
music by
Lowell Mason, 1830

words by
Isaac Watts, 1719

Bb F7 Gm Bb/D Eb Bb F Bb/D F Bb F/A C7/G F

1. God is the ref - uge of His saints, When storms of sharp - dis - tress in - vade;
 2. Loud may the troub - led o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace - our souls a - bide;
 3. There is a stream, whose gen - tle flow Sup - plies the cit - y of our God,
 4. That sa - cred stream, that ho - ly Word, Our grief al - lays, - our fear con - trols;

Bb F7 Gm Bb/D Eb Bb F Bb/D Eb Bb/F F7 Bb

Ere we can of - fer our com - plaints, Be - hold Him pres - ent with His aid.
 While ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trem - bles and dreads - the swell - ing tide.
 Life, love, and joy still glid - ing thro', And wa - t'rin' our di - vine a - bode.
 Sweet peace Thy prom - is - es af - ford, And give new strength - to faint - ing souls.

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GOD LOVED THE WORLD

ST. CRISPIN
music by
Melchior Vulpius (c. 1560-1615)

Author unknown, 1791
tr. by August Crull (1846-1923)

D Bm A/C# D E A Bm F#m E A G Bm A

1. God loved the world so that He gave His on - ly Son - the lost to
 2. Christ Je - sus is the Ground of faith, Who was made flesh and suf - fered
 3. God would not have the sin - ner die, His Son with sav - ing grace is
 4. Be of good cheer, for God's own Son For - gives all sins which thou hast
 5. If thou be sick, if death draw near, This truth thy trou - bled heart can
 6. Glo - ry to God the Fa - ther, Son, And Ho - ly Spir - it, Three in

D D/F# G A Bm Bm/D Am/C D C#dim/E A/C# Bm C G A D

save death; That all who would in Him be - lieve Should ev - er - last - ing life re - ceive.
 high, All that con - fide in Him a - lone Are built on this chief Cor - ner - stone.
 done, His Spir - it in the Word doth teach How man the bless - ed goal may reach.
 cheer; Thou'rt jus - ti - fied by Je - sus' blood, Thy Bap - tism grants the high - est good.
 One! Christ Je - sus saves my soul from death; That is the firm - est ground of faith.
 To Thee, O bless - ed Trin - i - ty, Be praise now and e - ter - nal - ly!

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GOD LEADS US ALONG

GOD LEADS US
music by
G.A. Young

words by
G.A. Young

1. In shad - y, green pas - tures, so rich and so sweet, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long; _____ Where the
2. Some - times on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long; _____ Some
3. Though sor - rows be - fall us and Sa - tan op - pose, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long; _____ Through

wa - ter's cool flow bathes the wea - ry one's feet, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long. _____
times in the val - ley, in dark - est of night, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long. _____
grace we can con - quer, de - feat all our foes, God leads His dear chil - dren a - long. _____

Some through the wa - ters, some through the flood, Some through the fire, _____ but

all through the blood; Some through great sor - row, but God gives a song, In the night sea - son and all the day long.

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THE GOD OF ABRAHAM PRAISE

LEONI
Traditional Hebrew melody
adapted by Meyer Lyon, c. 1770

words by Thomas Olivers, c. 1770
based on Hebrew Yigdal of Daniel Ben Judah

1. The God of A - br'ham praise, Who reigns en - throned a - bove, The
2. He by Him - self hath sworn; We on His oath de - pend, We
3. The God who reigns on high; The great arch - an - gels sing, And
4. The whole tri - um - phant host Give thanks to God on high; "Hail,

An - cient of e - ter - nal days And God of as - love, Je
shall on ca - gles' wings up - borne, To heav'n His pow'r a - dore, We
"Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," cry, "Al - might y King!" Who
Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost!" They ev - er cry, Hail,

ho - vah, great I AM, By _____ earth _____ and _____ heav'n con - fessed; We
shall be - hold His face; We shall His pow'r a - dore; And
was and is the same mine! And _____ ev - er more be: We
A - br'ham's God and mine! With _____ heav'n _____ our _____ songs we raise: And
E

bow and bless the sa - cred _____ name For _____ ev _____ er _____ blest.
sing the won - ders of His _____ grace For _____ ev _____ er _____ more.
ter - nal Fa - ther, great I _____ AM, We _____ wor _____ ship _____ Thee.
might and maj - es - ty are _____ Thine And _____ end _____ less _____ praise.

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GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

LONDON NEW
music from
Scottish Psalter, 1635

words by
William Cowper (1731-1800)

AC# D Bm D G D A Bm D/F# A

1. God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.
 2. Deep in unfathomable mines Of never failing power.
 3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much
 4. Judge not the Lord by sight, His wisdom is past all
 5. His purposes are past our fancies, His ways are past our
 6. Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain.

D Bm E C#m F#m D6 E A D AC# Bm D/A A7 D

form; skill, dread grace; hour; vain;
 He Are Be The
 plants big hind bud
 his ures with a may
 foot up mer - cy, frown - ing a
 steps his own in
 in the bright and Prov - i - dence a bit - ter
 the de - signs shall break i - dence taste,
 sea And And rides up on the storm.
 And In He hides a smil - ing face.
 But sweet will be the flow'r.
 And He will make it plain.
 will. head. face. plain.

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GOD OF GRACE AND GOD OF GLORY

CWM RHONDDA
music by
John Hughes

words by
Harry Emerson Fosdick

G C G/B G G/B G/D D G C/E C Am7

1. God of grace and God of glo - ry, On Thy peo - ple
 2. Lo! the hosts of e - vil - round us Scorn Thy Chris - tian
 3. Cure Thy chil - dren's war - ring mad - ness; Bend our pride
 4. Set our feet on loft - y plac - es, Gird our lives to that

G/D D7 G C G/B G G/B G/D D

pour Thy power; Crown Thine an - cient Church - 's sto - ry,
 sail His ways! From Shame our fears wan - ton, self - ish bound us,
 Thy con - trol; be Ar - mored with all Christ - like grac - es
 they may be

G C/E G/B C G/D D G D7 G/D D7 D/F# G D7 G G/B

Bring her bud to glo - rious flower. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,
 Free our hearts to faith and praise. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,
 Rich in things and poor in soul. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,
 In the fight to set men free. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,

D7/A G D/F# A7sus D G/B D7/A G C G/D D7 G

For the fac - ing of this hour, For the fac - ing of this hour.
 For the liv - ing of these days, For the liv - ing of these days.
 Lest we miss Thy king - dom's goal, Lest we miss Thy king - dom's goal.
 That we fail not man nor Thee, That we fail not man nor Thee.

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GOD OF MY LIFE

WARD

Traditional Scottish Melody

arr. by Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

words by Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)

Bb F7 Gm Bb/D Eb Bb Fsus F

1. God of my life, through all my days I'll tune the
 2. When anxious care would break my rest, And grief the
 3. When death o'er na- ture shall pre- vail, And grief all would
 4. But, O, when that last con- flict's o'er, And I am
 5. Then shall I learn th' ex- alt- ed strains That ech- o

Bb/D F Bb F/A C7/G F Bb F7 Gm Bb/D Eb

grate tear ful notes of praise; The song shall wake with open- ing
 pow- ers my of throb- bing breast, The Joy through my praise swim- ming eyes shall
 chained to earth no more, With what ac- cents shall I
 through the heav'n ly plains, And em- u- late with joy un-

Bb Fsus F Bb/D Eb Bb/F F7/D Bb

light, And war- ble to the si- lent night.
 high Shall check the mur- der of the sigh.
 break, And mean the the can not speak.
 rise To join the glad mu- sic of Thy skie!
 known The glow- ing ser- aph 'round Thy throne.

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GOD OF OUR FATHERS

NATIONAL HYMN

music by

George William Warren (1828-1902)

words by Daniel Crane Roberts (1841-1907)

Eb Cm Bb Eb Ab

Trumpets, before each stanza

1. God of our fa- thers,
 2. Thy love di- vine hath
 3. From war's a- larms, from
 4. Re- fresh thy peo- ple

Eb/Bb Bbsus Bb Eb Cm Gm C7/G Bb/F Fsus F

whose al- might- y hand leads forth in beau- ty all the star- ry
 led us in the past, in this free land by thee our lot is
 dead- ly pes- ti- lence, be thy strong arm our ev- er- sure de-
 on their toil- some way, lead us from night to nev- er- end- ing

Bb N.C. Gb Gb7 Bbm/F Fsus F7 Bb

band cast of shin- ing worlds in splen- dor through the skies,
 fense; be thy thou- our ru- ler, guard- ian, our hearts and in- stay,
 day; fill all our lives with love and grace di- vine, crease,

Eb/G Ab Eb Edim7 Fm Eb/G Bbsus Bb7 Eb

our grate- ful songs be fore thy throne a rise.
 thy word our law, thy paths our cho- sen sen- way.
 and thy bound- teous good, and nour- ish us in peace.
 and glo- ry, good laud, and praise be ev- er thine.

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GOD, OUR FATHER, WE ADORE THEE

BEECHER
music by
John Zundel

words by George W. Frazier (v.1, 2, 4)
and Alfred S. Loizeaux (v.3)

1. God, our Fa - ther, we a - dore Thee! We, Thy chil - dren, bless Thy name!
 2. Son E - ter - nal, we a - dore Thee! Lamb up - on the throne on high!
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, we a - dore Thee! Par - a - clete and heav'n - ly guest!
 4. Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it Three in One! we give Thee praise!

Cho - sen in the Christ be - fore Thee, We are "ho - ly with - out blame."
 Lamb of God, we and bow the - fore Thee, Thou hast brought Thy peo - ple night!
 Sent from God and from the Sav - ior, Thou hast led us in - to rest.
 For the rich - es we in - her - it, Heart and voice to Thee we raise!

We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! Ab - ba's prais - es we pro - claim!
 We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! Son of God, who came to die!
 We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! By Thy grace for - ev - er blest:
 We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! Thee we bless, thro' end - less days!

We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! Ab - ba's prais - es we pro - claim!
 We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! Son of God, who came to die!
 We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! By Thy grace for - ev - er blest!
 We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! Thee we bless, thro' end - less days!

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GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD

STAINER
music by

John Stainer (1840-1901)

words based on
John 3:16, 17

God so loved the world, God so loved the
 world, that He gave His on - ly be - got - ten Son, that
 who - so be - liev - eth, be - liev - eth in Him should not per - ish,
 should not per - ish but have ev - er - last - ing life. For God
 sent not His Son in - to the world to con - demn the world. God sent not His Son in - to the
 world to con - demn the world, But that the world through Him might be sav - ed.

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CODA

Am C7 F/A Gdim7 Dm/F C/E

life, (ev - er - last ing life,) ev - er - last ing, ev - er

G7/D F/C G7/B C7 F(add2)/C F/C

last ing life. God so loved the world,

C G7/C Csus(add2) C Em/G G7 Em/G C

God so loved the world, God so loved the world.

GOD, THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN

words by Reginald Heber, 1827 (v.1) and Frederick Lucian Hosmer, 1912 (v.2)

AR HYD Y NOS
Traditional Welsh melody

F F/A Bb Bb/D G G7/B C F/A Bb C7 F F/A Bb Bb/D

1. God that mad - est earth and heav - en, dark - ness and light, who the day for
2. When the con - stant sun re - turn - ing un - seals our eyes, may we, born a -

G G7/B C F/A Bb C7 F Bb/D F/C Bb/D F Bb F/A C7/G F

toil hast giv - en, for rest the night: may thine an - gel guards de - fend us,
new like morn - ing, to la - bor rise. Gird us for the task that calls us,

C7/G F C7 Dm Bb F/C C F/A Bb Bb/D G G7/B C F/A Bb C7 F

slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us; ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, this live - long night.
let not ease and self en - thrall us, strong through Thee what - e'er be - fall us, O God most wise!

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GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU

words by
Civilla D. Martin, 1904

GOD CARES
music by
W. Stillman Martin, 1904

Bb F7 Bb F7 Bb

1. Be not dis - mayed what - e'er be - tide; God will take care of you. Be - neath His wings of
2. Through days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you. When dan - gers fierce - your
3. All you may need He will pro - vide; God will take care of you. Noth - ing you ask will
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you. Lean, wea - ry one, up -

F7 Bb F7 Bb Eb Eb/Bb Bb

love a - bide; God will take care of you. } God will take care of you,
path as - sail, God will take care of you. }
be de - nied; God will take care of you. }
on His breast; God will take care of you. }

F7 Bb Bb/D Eb6 D Eb Bb/F F Bb

Through ev - 'ry day, o'er all the way. He will take care of you; God will take care of you.

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GOD THE OMNIPOTENT!

RUSSIAN HYMN
music by
Alexis T. Lvov, 1833

words by
Henry F. Chorley, 1842
and John Ellerton, 1870

E♭ A♭ E♭ Gm/B♭ Cm A♭ E♭ C/E Fm B♭/D B♭

1. God the Om - ni - po - tent! King, who or - dain - est Thun - der Thy
 2. God the All - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en The ways of
 3. God the All - right - eous One! man hath de - fied Thee; Yet e -
 4. God thee All - wise! by the fire of Thy Chas - tening, Earth shall to
 5. So shall Thy chil - dren with thank - ful de - vo - tion, Praise Him who

E♭ Cm6 Gm/D D D7 Gm B♭7 E♭ G7/D

clar - ion, the light - ning Thy sword; Show forth Thy pit - y on
 bless - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy Word; Bid not Thy wrath in its
 ter - ni - ty stand - eth Thy Word, False - hood and wrong shall not
 free - dom and truth be re - stored; Through the thick dark - ness Thy
 saved them from per - il and sword, Sing - ing in cho - rus from

Cm Dm/F Cm/G G Cm B♭7/D E♭ A♭ E♭ Edim7 Fsus Fm/A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ B♭7 E♭

high - where Thou reign - est, Give to us peace in our time, O Lord,
 ter - rors a - wak - en; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
 tar - ry be - side Thee; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
 king - dom is has - tening; Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.
 o - cean to o - cean, Peace to the na - tions, and praise to the Lord.

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GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE

IN DULCI JUBILO
14th century German melody

14th century Latin text
tr. by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

F B♭/F F B♭/F F B♭/F F B♭/F C

1. Good Chris - tian men, re - joice, With heart and soul and voice;
 2. Good Chris - tian men, re - joice, With heart and soul and voice;
 3. Good Chris - tian men, re - joice, With heart and soul and voice;

F/A B♭ C F C7 F Dm B♭6 F/C C7

Give ye heed to what we say: News! News! Je - sus Christ is
 Now ye hear of end - less bliss; Joy! Joy! Je - sus Christ was
 Now ye need not fear the grave; Peace! Peace! Je - sus Christ was

Dm C F F/A B♭ C C7/E F C7 Dm F/A B♭6 F/C C7

born to - day! Ox and ass be - fore Him bow, And He man is in the
 born for this! He hath ope'd the heav'n ly door, And man is bless - ed
 born to save! Calls you one and calls you all, To gain His ev - er

Dm C F B♭ C Dm C F B♭6 C F

man - ger now; Christ is born to - day! Christ is born to - day!
 ev - er more. Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!
 last - ing hall. Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

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GOD'S WORD IS OUR GREAT HERITAGE

REUTER
music by

Friedrich O. Reuter, 1916

words by
Nikolai F.S. Grundtvig, 1817
tr. by Ole G. Belsheim, 1909

D A A7 B G A A7/C# D D/F# G F#m/A Bm A D

God's Word is our great her - i - tage And shall be ours for - ev - er; To

A A7 Bm G A A7/C# D D/F# G F#m/A Bm A D A/C#

spread its light from age to age Shall be our chief en - deav - or. Through life it

Bm/D E A G D/F# D Em7/G A D Bm F#m7/C# Bm/D F#m D/F# E E7

guides our way; In death it is our stay. Lord, grant, while worlds en

A G A A7/C# D Asus A D Bm A/C# Em D/F# Em7/G A A7 D

dure, We keep its teach - ings pure Through - out all gen - er - a - tions.

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GRACE GREATER THAN OUR SIN

MOODY
music by

Julia H. Johnston, 1910

words by
Daniel B. Towner, 1910

G D/G G D7 Em D/F# G D7 G D GD D7

1. Mar - vel - ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our

2. Sin and de spair, like the sea waves cold, Threat - en the soul with

3. Dark is the stain that we can not hide; What can a - vail to

4. Mar - vel - ous, in - fi - nite, match - less grace, Free - ly be - stowed on

G D/G G D7 Em D/F# G D7 Em

sin and our guilt! You - der on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured,

wash it a - way? Look! that is great - er, yes, grace un - told,

all who be - lieve! You that are long - ing to see His face,

Am/C G/B Am G/B Am/C G/D D G Refrain

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt. } Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in, Grace,

Points to the ref - uge, the the might be - y to - day. } (Mar - vel - ous grace,

Whit - er than snow you may His grace re - ceive? } grace,

Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive? }

C/G G D7 Bm/D D7 G C/G G

God's in - fi - nite grace, Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in, Grace, (Mar - vel - ous

C/G G Am/C G/B Am G/B Am/C G/D D G

grace, God's in - fi - nite grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin!

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GRACE! 'TIS A CHARMING SOUND

SILVER STREET
music by

Ira D. Sankey (1840-1908)

v. 1, 3 by Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)
v. 2, 4, 5 by Augustus M. Toplady (1740-1778)

D Ddim G/D D A D/A A7 D

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear; Heav'n
 2. 'Twas grace that wrote my name In life's e - ter - nal book; 'Twas
 3. Grace taught my wan - d'ring feet To tread the heav'n - ly road; And
 4. Grace taught my soul to pray, And made mine eyes o'er - flow; 'Twas
 5. O let Thy grace in - spire My soul with strength di - vine: May

D/F# A7/E D G A7/E D G D/A A7 D Em/G A D

with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
 grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sor - rows took.
 new sup - plies each hour I meet, While press - ing on to God. Saved by grace a - lone!
 grace which kept me to this day, And will not let me go.
 all my pow'rs to Thee as - pire, And all my days be Thine.

G A/G G D D/F# A7/E D G A7/E D G D/A A7 D

This is all my plea: Je - sus died for all man - kind, And Je - sus died for me.

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THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

words by
Rev. William Hunter, 1842

music arr. by
Rev. J.H. Stockton (1813-1877)

Eb Bb Eb

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing
 2. Your man - y sins are all for - giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of
 3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I, now be - lieve in
 4. Come breath - ren, help me sing His praise, Oh, praise the name of
 5. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but
 6. And when to that bright world a - bove, We rise to see our

Bb7 Eb Bb Eb

Je - sus: He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of
 Je - sus; Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with
 Je - sus; I love the bless - ed Sav - ior's name, I love the name of
 Je - sus; Come, sis - ters, all your voic - es raise, Oh, bless the name of
 Je - sus; Oh, how my soul de - lights to hear, The pre - cious name of
 Je - sus; We'll sing a - round the throne of love His name, the name of

Bb7 Eb Refrain Ab Eb

Je - sus.
 Je - sus.
 Je - sus.
 Je - sus.
 Je - sus.
 Je - sus.
 Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on

Ab Eb Bb Eb Bb7 Eb

mor - tal tongue, Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

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GREAT GOD, WE SING THAT MIGHTY HAND

WAREHAM

music by

William Knapp, 1738

words by
Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)
from Orton's *Hymns Founded on Various Texts*, 1755

1. Great God, we sing that might y hand By which sup
2. By day, by night, at home, a broad, Still we are
3. With grate ful hearts the past we own; The fu ture,
4. In scenes ex alt or de pressed, Be Thou our
5. When death shall in ter rupt our songs, And seal in

port ed still we stand; The s p'ning year Thy
guard ed by our God, By His in ces sant
all to us un known, We to Thy guard ian
joy, and Thou our rest; Thy good ness all our
si lence mor tal tongues, Our Help er, God, in

mer cy shows; Let mer cy crown it till it close.
boun ty fed, By His un err ing coun sel led.
care com mit, And peace ful leave be fore Thy feet.
hopes shall raise, A dored through all our chang ing days.
whom we trust, In bet ter worlds our soul shall boast.

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GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

CWM RHONDDA

music by

John Hughes, 1907

words by
William Williams, 1745
v. 1 tr. by Peter Williams, 1771
v. 2,3 tr. by William Williams, 1772

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je ho vah, Pil grim through this bar ren land;
2. O pen now the crys tal foun tain, Whence the heal ing stream doth flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor dan, Bid my anx ious fears sub side;

I am weak, but Thou art might y; Hold me with Thy pow'r ful hand;
Let the fire and cloud y pil lar Lead me all my jour ney through;
Death of death, and hell's de struc tion, Land me safe on Ca naan's side;

Bread of heav en, bread of heav en, Feed me till I want no
Strong de liv 'rer, strong de liv 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and
Songs of prais es, songs of prais es, I will ev er give to

more, shield, Feed me till I want no more.
Thee, Be I Thou will ev er give strength and shield.
Thee, I will ev er give strength and to Thee.

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GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH

ZION

music by

Thomas Hastings, 1830

words by
W. Williams, 1745

D G D D/F# G D/A A

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thru this bar - ren
 2. O - pen now the great crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub

D G D D/F#

land; I am weak, but Thou art might y, Hold me
 flow; Let the fier y, cloud swell - y pil lar, Lead me
 side; Bear me thru the the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me

G D/A A D G D/A A

with Thy pow'r - ful hand; Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no
 all my jour - ney thru; Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and
 safe on Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to

D D/F# Em/G D/A A D

more: Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
 shield: Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 Thee; Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

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GUIDE MY FEET

African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual

Ab Db/Ab Ab

1. Guide my feet
 2. Hold my hand
 3. Stand by me
 4. I'm Your child
 5. Search my heart

while I run this race,

Guide my feet
 Hold my hand
 Stand by me
 I'm Your child
 Search my heart

Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab Db/Ab

feet hand me child heart } while I run this race, { Guide my feet hand me child heart } while I run this

Ab Fm Ab/Eb Db/Eb Ab Db/Ab Ab

race, For I don't want to run this race in vain!

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HAIL, HOLY QUEEN ENTHRONED ABOVE

SALVE REGINA COELITUM

music from

Choralmelodien zum Heiligen Gesänge, 1808

words from
Salve, Regina, mater misericordia, c. 1080
tr. in Roman Hymnal, 1884

Chords: Bb, F7/C, Bb/D, Eb, Bb/F, F, Gm, Cm7, Bb, Fsus, F, Bb, F7/C, Bb, Eb, Bb/F, F, Bb, Eb/G, Bb, Fsus, F, Bb, Dm, Eb, C/E, F, C7/G, F/A, Gm, F, Bb/D, Gm, Eb6, F, Gm, Bb/D, Eb, C, F, Gm, F, Dm, Gm, Eb6, F7, Bb

Hail, ho - ly Queen en - throned a - bove, O Ma - ri - a. Hail, Queen of mer - cy and of love, O Ma - ri - a. Tri - umph, all ye Cher - u - bin, Sing with us, ye Ser - a - phim, Heav'n and earth re - sound the hymn: Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Re - gi - na.

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HAIL THE DAY THAT SEES HIM RISE

LLANFAIR

music by

Robert Williams, 1817

words by
Charles Wesley, 1739

Chords: G, Em, G/B, Am/C, D, G/B, D7/A, G, C/E, G/D, Am/C, D, G, Em, G/B, Am/C, D, G/B, D7/A, G, C/B, G/D, Am/C, D, G, Em, D/F#, G, C, G/B, D7/A, G, D, G, D/F#, G, A7/E, D, G/D, D, G, G/B, G, Em, G/B, Am/C, D, G/B, D7/A, G, C/E, G/D, Am/C, D, G

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, le - lu - ia!
 2. There the glo - rious tri - umph waits, le - lu - ia!
 3. See, the heaven its Lord re - ceives, le - lu - ia!
 4. See, He lifts His hands a - bove, le - lu - ia!

To His throne a - bove the skies, le - lu - ia!
 Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates, le - lu - ia!
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves, le - lu - ia!
 See, He shows the prints of love, le - lu - ia!

Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, le - lu - ia!
 Christ, hath con - quered death and sin, le - lu - ia!
 Though re - turn - ing to His throne, le - lu - ia!
 Hark! His gra - cious lips be - stow, le - lu - ia!

Re - as - cends His na - tive heav'n, le - lu - ia!
 Take the King of glo - ry in, le - lu - ia!
 Still He calls the world His own, le - lu - ia!
 Bless - ings on His church be - low, le - lu - ia!

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HAIL THE DAY THAT SEES HIM RISE

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS

words by Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

music by Pierre de Corbeille (d. 1221)

F C/E F F/A Gm/Bb C F Bb Dm Csus C F

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise To His throne a - bove the skies!
 2. There the glo - rious tri - umph waits: Lift His heads, e - ter - nal gates!
 3. See, the heav'n its Lord re - ceives, Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
 4. See, He lifts His hands a - bove; See, He shows the prints of love.

C/E Bb/D F/C Gm/Bb A F/A Bb Am/C Dm Gm/Bb C F

Christ, a - while to mor - tals giv'n, Re - as - cends His na - tive heav'n.
 Christ hath con - quered death and sin; Take the King of glo - ry in!
 Though re - sus - cend - ing to His throne, He calls the world His own.
 Hark! His gra - cious lips be - stow Bless - ings on His Church be - low.

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HAIL, THOU ONCE DESPISED JESUS

IN BABILONE

words by John Bakewell (1721-1819) and Martin Madan (1726-1790)

music from *Oude en Nieuwe Hollandse Boerenlities en Contradanseu*, 1710

G Am6 G/B Em Am/C C/D D7 G G/B Am7 D Bm Em

1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i -
 2. Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap - point - ed, All our sins on _____
 3. Je - sus, hail, en - throned in glo - ry, There for ev - er _____
 4. Wor - ship, hon - or, pow'r, and bless - ing Thou art wor - thy _____

F#dim/A G/B Am/C D G Am6 G/B Em D B Em

le an King! Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us;
 Thee were laid; By al - might - y love a - noint - ed,
 to a bidel! All the heav'n - ly hosts a - dore Thee,
 to re - ceive Loud - est - prais - es with out - ceas - ing,

Am7 D Bm Em F#dim/A G/B Am/C D G G/F C/E Bdim/D

Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring. Hail Thou u - ni -
 Thou hast full a - tone - ment made. Ev - 'ry sin may
 Seat - ed at Thy Fa - ther's side. There for sin - ners
 Meet it is for us to give. Help, ye bright an -

Am/C E7 Am D D7/C G/B Em Am/C G/B C D G Am6 G/B Em

ver - sal Sav - ior, Who hast borne our sin - and shame! By whose mer - its
 be for - giv - en Through the vir - tue of Thy blood; O - pen is the
 Thou art plead - ing; There Thou dost our place pre - pare; Ev - er for us
 gel - ic spir - its, Bring your sweet - est, no - blest - lays; Help to sing our

Am/C C/D D B/D# Em Am7 D G/B C D G

we find fa - vor, Life is giv - en through Thy name.
 gate of heav - en, Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
 in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.
 Sav - ior's mer - its, Help to chant Im - man - uel's praise!

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HAIL, THOU ONCE DESPISED JESUS

AUTUMN

music by

Francois H. Barthélemon (1741-1808)

words by John Bakewell (1721-1819)
and Martin Madan (1726-1790)

1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an
 2. Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap - point - ed, All our sins on Thee were
 3. Je - sus, hail, en - throned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er thy to a -
 4. Wor - ship, hon - or, pow'r, and bless - ing Thou art wor - thy to re -

King! Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion
 laid; By al - might - y love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a - tone - ment
 bide! All the heav'n - ly hosts a - dore Thee, Thou seat - ed at Thy Fa - ther's
 ceive; Loud - est prais - es with - out ceas - ing, Meet it is for us to

bring. Hail, Thou u - ni - ver - sal Sav - iour, Who hast borne our sin and
 made. Ev - 'ry sin may be for - giv - en Through the vir - tue of Thy
 side. There for sin - ners Thou art plead - ing, There Thou dost our place pre -
 give. Help, ye bright an - gel - ic spir - its, Bring your sweet - est, no - blest

shame! By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor, Life is giv - en through Thy name.
 blood; O - pen is the gate of heav - en, Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
 pare, Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.
 lays; Help to sing our Sa - vior's mer - its, Help to chant Im - man - uel's praise!

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HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED

ELLACOMBE

music from

Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Württemberg, 1784

words by
James Montgomery, 1821

1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, great Da - vid's great - er
 2. He comes with suc - cor speed - y great to those - vid's who suf - fer
 3. He shall come down like show - ers up - on the fruit - ful
 4. To Him shall prayer un - ceas - ing and dai - ly vows as

Son! Hail in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be
 wrong; To help the poor and need - y, and bid the weak be
 earth; Love, joy, and hope, like in flow - ers, spring in His path to
 cend; His king - dom still in - creas - ing, a king - dom with - out

gun! He comes to break op - pres - sion, to set the cap - tive
 strong; To give them songs for the sigh - ing, their dark - ness turn
 birth. Be fore Him, on the moun - tains, shall peace, the her - ald,
 end. The tide of time shall nev - er His cov - e - nant re -

free; To take a - way trans - gres - sion, and rule in eq - ui - ty.
 light; Whose souls, con - demned and dy - ing, are pre - cious in His sight.
 go, And right - eous - ness, in foun - tains, from hill to val - ley flow.
 move; His name shall stand for - ev - er; that name to us is love.

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HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED

ES FLOG EIN KLEINS WALDVÖGELIN
German folk song

words by
James Montgomery (1771-1854)
para. of Psalm 72

1. Hail to the Lord's Anointed, great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time ap-
 2. He comes with suc- cor speed - y to those who suf- fer wrong, to help the poor and
 3. He shall come down like show - ers up - on the fruit - ful earth, and love, joy, hope, like
 4. Kings shall bow down be - fore Him, and gold and in - cense bring; all na - tions shall a -
 5. O'er ev - 'ry foe vic - to - rious, He on His throne shall rest; from age to age more

point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun! He comes to break - op - pres - sion, to
 need - y, and bid the weak be strong; He to give them break - op - pres - sion, to
 flow - ers, spring in His path to birth: be - fore Him on the moun - tains shall
 dore Him, His praise all peo - ple sing; to Him shall prayer un - ceas - ing and
 glo - rious, all bless - ing and all blest: the tide of time shall nev - er His

set the cap - tive free; to take a - way trans - gres - sion, and rule in eq - ui - ty.
 dark - ness turn to light, whose souls, con - demned and dy - ing, were pre - cious in His sight.
 peace, the her - ald, go; and right - eous - ness in foun - tains from hill to val - ley flow.
 dai - ly vows a - scend; His king - dom still in - creas - ing, a king - dom with - out end.
 cov - e - nant re - move; His Name shall stand for ev - er, His change - less Name of Love.

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HALLELUJAH! AMEN!

words by
Henrietta E. Blair, 19th century

Composer unknown
arr. by William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

1. How oft in ho - ly con - verse With Christ, my Lord, a - lone, I
 2. They passed thro' toils and tri - als And, tho' the strife was long, They
 3. My soul takes up the cho - rus And, press - ing on my way, Com -
 4. Thro' grace I soon shall con - quer And reach my home on high; And

seem to hear the mil - lions That sing a - round His throne;)
 share the vic - tor's con - quest And sing the vic - tor's song;)
 mun - ing with Je - sus, I'll sing from day to day;)
 thro' e - ter - nal a - ges I'll shout be - yond the sky;)

Refrain
 Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! A - men! A - men!

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HALLELUJAH, PRAISE JEHOVAH

AINOS

music by

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1893

words by
William J. Kirkpatrick, 1893

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

ho - vah in the high - est; All His an - gels praise pro - claim, All His
 ev - er He es - tab - lished: His de - cree shall ev - er stand, From the
 things and beast and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav - ens fly, Kings of

hosts to - geth - er praise Him, Sun and moon and stars on high; Praise Him,
 earth, O praise Je - ho vah, All ye floods, ye drag - ons all, Fire and
 earth and all ye peo - ple, Prin - ces great, earth's judg - es all; Praise His

O ye heav'n of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky. } Let them
 hail and snow and and heav - ens, Storm - y winds that hear Him call. }
 name, young men and maid - ens, A - ged men and chil - dren small. }

prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For His name a - lone is high, And His

Repeat phrase after last verse

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

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

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HAPPY THE HOME WHEN GOD IS THERE

ST. AGNES

music by

John B. Dykes (1823-1876)

words by
Henry Ware, Jr. (1794-1843)

1. Hap - py the home when God is there, And love fills ev - 'ry breast;
 2. Hap - py the home where Je - sus' name sweet to ev - 'ry ear;
 3. Hap - py the home where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise;
 4. Lord, let us in our homes a - gree This bless - ed peace to gain;

When one their wish, and one their prayer, And one their heav'n - ly rest.
 Where chil - dren ear - ly hisp His fame, And par - ents hold Him dear.
 Where par - ents love the sa - cred Word, And all its wis - dom prize.
 U - nite our hearts in love to Thee, And love to all will reign.

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HALLELUJAH, WHAT A SAVIOR!

MAN OF SORROWS
music by
Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

words by
Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

B♭ Gm D D7 E♭ Cm6/E♭ B♭/D B♭ F/C C7 F

1. "Man of sorrows!" 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 His
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,

B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ B♭/D F B♭ F7 Gm E♭ B♭

Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim!
Sealed my par - don with His blood;
Full a - tone - ment! Can it be?
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high,
Then a - new this song we'll sing, } Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!

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HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

MENDELSSOHN
music by
Felix Mendelssohn, 1840
arr. by William H. Cummings, 1856

words by
Charles Wesley, 1739
alt. by George Whitefield, 1753

F F/C C F/A B♭ F/C C F

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!

Dm F/C G7/B Am G/B C Fmaj7 G7 C

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - 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.

N.C. F/A C7/E F F/C C N.C. F/A C7/E F F/C C

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

B♭ Gm/B♭ D Gm C/B♭ F/A F/C C F

With th'an - gel - ic host 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.

B♭ Gm/B♭ D Gm C/B♭ F/A F/C C7 F

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

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HARK! TEN THOUSAND HARPS

HARWELL
music by

Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

words by
Thomas Kelly (1769-1854)

1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a -
 2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry bright - ens All a - bove, and gives it
 3. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er; Thine an ev - er - last - ing
 4. Sav - ior, has ten Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo - rious

bove; Je - sus reigns and heaven re - joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of
 worth; Lord of life, Thy smile en - light - ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on
 crown: Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine
 day, When, the aw - ful sum - mons hear - ing, Heaven and earth shall pass a -

love; See, He sits on yon - der throne, Je - sus rules the world a -
 earth; When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di -
 own; Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy
 way; Then with gold - en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

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HARK! THE SOUND OF HOLY VOICES

MOULTRIE
music by

Gerard Francis Cobb (1838-1904)

words by
Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885)

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voic - es, chant - ing at the crys - tal sea,
 2. Pa - tri - arch, and ho - ly pro - phet, who pre - pared the way for Christ,
 3. March - ing with Thy cross, their ban - ner, they have tri - umphed fol - low - ing
 4. Now they reign in heaven - ly glo - ry, now they walk in gold - en light,

al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee!
 king, a - pos - tle, saint, con - fes - sor, mar - tyr and e - van - gel - ist,
 Thee, the Cap - tain of sal - va - tion, Thee, their Sa - vior and their King,
 now they drink, as from a riv - er, ho - ly bliss and in - fi - nite;

Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber like the stars in glo - ry stands,
 saint - ly maid - en, god - ly ma - tron, wid - ows who have watched to prayer,
 Glad - ly, Lord, with Thee they taste for ev - er, glad - ly, Lord, with Thee they died;
 love and peace they taste for ev - er, and all truth and know - ledge see

clothed in white ap - par - el, hold - ing palms of vic - t'ry in their hands.
 joined in ho - ly con - cert, sing - ing to the Lord of all, are there.
 and by death to life im - mor - tal they were born and glo - ri - fied.
 in the be - a - tif - ic vi - sion of the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

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HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS CRYING

ELLESIE

words by
Daniel March, 1868 (v.1,2,4)
Author unknown (v.3)

music by
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
arr. by Hubert P. Main (1839-1925)

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,
3. If you can - not be a watch - man, Stand - ing high - not on Zi - on's walls,
4. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do,"

Fields are white, and har - vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say - He died for all.
Point - ing out the path to heav - en, Of - f'ring life and peace to all,
While the souls of men are dy - ing And the Mas - ter calls for you.

Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee;
If you can - not and rouse the wick - ed With the Judg - ment's dread a - larms;
With your prayers and He with your boun - ties You can do what God de - mands;
Take the task He gives you glad - ly, Let His work your pleas - ure be;

Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me?"
You can lead the lit - tie chil - dren To the Sav - ior's wait - ing arms.
You can be like faith - ful Aar - on, Hold - ing up the proph - et's hands.
An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, send me, send me!"

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HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS CRYING

GALILEAN

words by
Daniel March, 1868 (v.1,2,4)
Author unknown (v.3)

music by
Joseph Barnby, 1883

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,
3. If you can - not be a watch - man, Stand - ing high - not on Zi - on's wall,
4. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do,"

Fields are white, and har - vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.
Point - ing out the path to heav - en, Of - f'ring life and peace to all,
While the souls of men are dy - ing And the Mas - ter calls for you.

Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee;
If you can - not and rouse the wick - ed With the Judg - ment's dread a - larms;
With your prayers and He with your boun - ties You can do what God de - mands;
Take the task He gives you glad - ly, Let His work your pleas - ure be;

Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me?"
You can lead the lit - tie chil - dren To the Sav - ior's wait - ing arms.
You can be like faith - ful Aar - on, Hold - ing up the proph - et's hands.
An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, send me, send me!"

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HAVE THINE OWN WAY, LORD

POLLARD
music by

George C. Stebbins, 1907

words by
Adelaide A. Pollard, 1902

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. Mold me and make me Af-ter Thy
 try me, Mas-ter, to-day! Whit-er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
 wea-ry, Help me, I pray! Pow-er, all pow-er Lord, 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!

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HAVE YOU ANY ROOM FOR JESUS

ANY ROOM
music by

C.C. Williams, 19th century

Author unknown
adapted by
Daniel W. Whittle (1840-1901)

1. Have you an-y room for Je-sus, He who bore your load of sin?
 2. Room for pleas-ure, room for busi-ness, But for Christ the cru-ci-fied,
 3. Have you an-y room for Je-sus, As in grace He calls a-gain?
 4. Room and time now give to Je-sus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;

As He knocks and asks ad-mis-sion, Sin-ner, will you let Him in?
 Not a place that He can en-ter In the heart for which He died?
 O, to-day is time ac-cept-ed, Lat-er you may call in vain.
 Soon your heart left cold and si-lent, And your Sav-ior's plead-ing cease.

Room for Je-sus, King of glo-ry! Has-ten now, His Word o-bey;
 Swing your heart's door wide-ly o-pen, Bid Him en-ter while you may.

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THE HAVEN OF REST

HAVEN OF REST

music by

George D. Moore, 1890

words by
Henry L. Gilmour, 1890

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur - dened with sin and dis - tressed, Till I
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak - ing hold of the Word, My
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old sto - ry so blest Of
 4. O come to the Sav - ior; He pa - tient - ly waits To save by His pow - er di - vine. Come,

heard a sweet voice say - ing, "Make Me your choice," And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest, } I've
 fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul, the ha - ven of rest is my Lord. }
 Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have A home in the ha - ven of rest. }
 an - chor your soul in the ha - ven of rest And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine." }

an - chored my soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more; The
 tem - pest may sweep o'er the wild, storm - y deep; In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

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HE AROSE

Traditional Spiritual

Traditional Spiritual

1. They cru - ci - fied my Sav - ior and nailed Him to the cross, They cru - ci - fied my Sav - ior and
 2. And Jo - seph begged His bod - y and laid it in the tomb, And Jo - seph begged His bod - y and
 3. Sister Mar - y, she came run - ning, a - look - ing for my Lord, Sister Mar - y she came run - ning, a -
 4. An an - gel came from heav - en and rolled the stone a - way, An an - gel came from heav - en and

nailed Him to the cross, cross, — And the Lord will bear my spir - it home. }
 laid it in the tomb, tomb, — And the Lord will bear my spir - it home. } He
 look - ing for my Lord, Lord, — And the Lord will bear my spir - it home. }
 rolled the stone a - way, way, — And the Lord will bear my spir - it home. }

Refrain

'rose, He 'rose, He 'rose — from the dead, He 'rose, He 'rose, He

'rose — from the dead, He dead, — And the Lord shall bear my spir - it home.

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HAVE MERCY, LORD, ON ME

SOUTHWELL

music from
Damon's Psalms, 1579

words by Nahum Tate (1652-1715)
and Nicholas Brady (1659-1726)

Em C Am6 B Em G/B C6 D

1. Have mer - cy, Lord, on - me, As Thou wert ev - er
2. Wash off my foul of - fense, And cleanse me from my
3. The joy Thy fa - vor gives, Let me a - gain ob -
4. To God the Fa - ther, Son, And Spir - it glo - ry

G Em D C/E D7/F# G G/B D G Am Em Bsus B Em

kind; Let me, op - pressed with loads of guilt, Thy won - ted mer - cy find.
sin; For I con - fess my crime and see How great my guilt has been.
tain, And Thy free Spir - it's firm sup - port My faint - ing soul sus - tain.
be, As 'twas, and is, and shall be so To all e - ter - ni - ty.

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HE BROUGHT ME OUT

music by

Henry L. Gilmour, 1898

words by Henry J. Zelle, 1898 (verses)
and Henry L. Gilmour, 1898 (refrain)

D♭ Dbsus D♭ A♭ A♭7 D♭ G♭ D♭/F A♭7/E♭ D♭

1. My heart was dis - tressed 'neath Je - ho - vah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my
2. He placed me up - on the strong rock by His side. My steps were es - tab - lished, and
3. He gave me a song: 'twas a new song of praise. By day and by night its sweet
4. I'll sing of His won - der - ful mer - cy to me; I'll praise Him till all men His

A♭/C D♭ A♭ D♭ A♭/E♭ D♭/F G♭

sins dragged me down, I cried to the Lord from the deep mir - y clay, Who
here I'll a - bide. No dan - ger of fall - ing while here I re - main. But
notes I will raise. My heart's o - ver - flow - ing; I'm hap - py and free. I'll
good - ness shall see. I'll sing of sal - va - tion at home and a - broad, Till

D♭/F A♭7/E♭ D♭ Eb7/B♭ D♭/A♭ A♭7 D♭ Refrain G♭/D♭

ten - der - ly bro't me out to gol - den day. } He bro't me out of the
stand by His grace un - til the crown I gain. }
praise my Re - deem - er, who has res - cued me. }
man - y shall hear the truth and trust in God.

D♭ B♭m F/C B♭m/D♭ A♭/E♭ Eb7 A♭ A♭7

mir - y clay; He set my feet on the Rock to stay.

D♭ A♭/E♭ D♭/F G♭ D♭/F A♭7/E♭ D♭ A♭7 D♭

He puts a song in my soul to - day - A song of praise, hal - le - lu - jah!

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HE HIDETH MY SOUL

KIRKPATRICK

words by
Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

music by
William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

Chords: D^b G^b D^b

1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A
 2. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He
 3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns; And, I
 4. When clothed in His bright - ness, trans - port - ed I rise To

Chords: A^b7/C D^b A^b A^b7 D^b

won - der - ful Sav - ior to me; He hid - eth my soul in the
 tak - eth my bur - den a way. He hold - eth me up, and I
 filled with His full - ness di - vine. I sing in my rap - ture, "O
 meet Him in clouds of the sky; His per - fect sal - va - tion, His

Chords: G^b D^b/A^b A^b A^b7 D^b

cleft of the rock, Where riv - ers of pleas - ure I see.
 shall not be moved; He giv - eth me strength as my day.
 glo - ry to be God; For such a Re - deem - er as mine!" He
 won - der - ful love I'll shout with the mil - lions on high!

Chords: A^b7 D^b7 G^b/D^b D^b A^b7 A^b/C

hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock That shad - ows a dry, thirst - y

Chords: D^b D^b7 G^b

land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love And

Chords: D^b/A^b A^b D^b/A^b A^b7 D^b A^b7/E^b D^b/F G^b D^b/A^b A^b7 D^b

cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

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HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE

DELIVERANCE

words by
William A. Ogden, 1887

music by
William A. Ogden, 1887

Chords: G G/B C G/D D G/D D Am/D D7

1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand - est theme for a
 2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand - est theme for a
 3. 'Tis the grand - est theme; let the tid - ings roll To the guilt - y heart, to the

Chords: C/G G C/G G Am/C C

mor - tal tongue; 'Tis the grand - est theme that the world e'er sung: Our
 mor - tal strain; 'Tis the grand - est theme tell the world a gain: Our
 sin - ful soul: Look to God in faith; He will make thee whole. Our

Chords: G/D D D7 G Refrain

God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee. He is a - ble to de -

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D7 G/D D7 G G7 G

ly - er thee. He is a - ble to de - liv - er thee. Tho' by sin op - pressed, go to

Am/C C G/D D D7 G

Him for rest. Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.

HE IS ARISEN! GLORIOUS WORD!

WIB SCHÖN LEUCHTET
music by
P. Nicolai (1556-1608)

words by
B.K. Boye (1791-1853)
tr. by G.A.T. Rygh (1860-1942)

A/C# F#m/A Bm A/C# Bm/D C#dim/E D/F# G C#dim/E D/F# F#7/E Bm/D E7 A Bm G A G/B Gmaj7

He is a - ris - en! Glo - rious Word! Now rec - on - ciled is God, my Lord; The gates of heav'n are

A7sus A7 D A7/E D Bm A G G/B D Bm/D F#7/C# Bm A/C# Bm7/D E7 A Bm

o - pen. My Je - sus died tri - um - phant - ty, And Sa - tan's ar - rows bro - ken lie, De -

G D/F# Em/G D/A Em7/B A7 D A Bm A/C# D Em D/F# Em/G D/F#

stroyed hell's dir - est wes - pon. O hear What cheer! Christ vic - to - rious

Em D/F# A D G/B D A7sus A#dim7 Bm F#7 G D Em Gmaj7 Asus A7 D

Ris - eth glo - rious, Life He giv - eth. He was dead, but see, He liv - eth!

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HE IS KING OF KINGS

HE IS KING
African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual

♩ F Bb C F Bb C F C

He is King of kings, he is Lord of lords. Je - sus Christ the

F F7 Bb F/C 3rd time To Coda ⊕ C C7 F N.C.

first and last, no one works like Him. { Solo: 1. He built his throne up on

F C F N.C.

in the air, All: No one works like Him. Solo: And called His saints from

Ca - naan's ground, All: No one works like Him. Solo: And broke the Ro - man

F/C C C7 F D.S. al Coda CODA ⊕

ev - 'ry - where, All: No one works like Him. He is Him.

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HE IS COMING AGAIN

DIAPASON
music from
The Diapason, 1860

Traditional words

① F C7 Dm Gm/Bb C7 F ②

O, Je - sus is com - ing, He is com - ing a - gain. He is com - ing in

C7 Dm Gm/Bb C F ③ C/E Dm Gm/D C7/E F

glo - ry, But we do not know when. Com - ing, com - ing, com - ing a - gain.

**may be sung as a round*

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HE IS SO PRECIOUS TO ME

PRECIOUS TO ME
music by
Charles H. Gabriel, 1902

words by
Charles H. Gabriel, 1902

G C/G G B7#5 C G

1. So pre - cious is Je - sus, my Sav - ior, my King; His
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sun - shine and rain; And
3. I stand on the moun - tain of bless - ing at last No
4. I praise Him be - cause He ap - pointed a place Where

D7/A D7 C/D D/C G/B D/A G D G

praise all the day long with rap - ture I sing. To Him in my
pa - tient - ly wait - ed an en - trance to gain. What shame that so
cloud in the heav - ens a shad - ow to cast. His smile is up -
some - day, thro' faith in His won - der - ful grace, I know I shall

C/G G C G/D D7

weak - ness for strength I can cling, For He is so pre - cious to
long He en - treat - ed in vain, For He is so pre - cious to
on me; the val - ley is past, For He is so pre - cious to
see Him, shall look on His face, For He is so pre - cious to

Refrain
G G D

me. _____
me. _____
me. _____
me. _____

For He is so pre - cious to me; _____ For

G/D D7 G C/G G D7

He is so pre - cious to me. 'Tis heav - en be - low, my Re -

E9 D G7 C G/D D7 G

deem - er to know, For He is so pre - cious to me.

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HE IS RISEN, HE IS RISEN

UNSER HERRSCHER

music by

Joachim Neander (1650-1680)

words by
Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)

Bb F Bb Bb/D Gm Eb/G Fsus F Gm F F/Bb Bb/D Bb Eb F Bb

1. He is ris - en, He is ris - en: Tell it with a joy - ful voice;
 2. Come, ye sad and fear - ful heart - ed, With glad smile and ra - diant brow;
 3. Come, with high and ho - ly hymn - ing, Chant our Lord's tri - um - phant lay;

F Bb Bb/D G Eb/G Fsus F Gm F F/Eb Bb/D Bb Eb F Bb

He has burst His three days' pris - on; Let the whole wide earth re - joice.
 Lent's long shad - ows have de - part - ed; All His woes are o - ver now.
 Not one dark - some cloud is dim - ming Yon - der glo - rious morn - ing ray,

Bb/D Fsus F Gm Gm/Bb Dsus D Eb Adim/C Bb/D Gm Cm/Eb F Bb

Death is con - quered, man is free. Christ has won the vic - to - ry.
 And the pas - sion that He bore: Sin and pain can vex no more.
 Break - ing o'er the pur - ple East, Bright - er far our Eas - ter - feast.

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HE KEEPS ME SINGING

SWEETEST NAME

music by

Luther B. Bridgers, 1910

words by
Luther B. Bridgers, 1910

A D/A A B7 E A/E E7

1. There's with - in my heart a mel - o - dy, Je - sus whis - pers sweet and low: _____
 2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife; Dis - cord filled my heart with pain. _____
 3. Feast - ing on the rich - es of His grace, Rest - ing 'neath His shel - t'ring wing, _____
 4. Though some - times He leads through wa - ters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way, _____
 5. Soon He's com - ing back to wel - come me, Far be - yond the star - ry sky: _____

A D/A A B7 E A/E E7 A A/C#

"Fear not, I am with thee; peace be still." In all of life's ebb and flow.
 Je - sus swept a - cross the bro - ken strings, Stirred the slum - b'ring chords a - gain.
 Al - ways look - ing on His smil - ing face; That is why I shout and sing. Je - sus, Je - sus,
 Though some - times the path seems rough and steep, See His foot - prints all the way.
 I shall wing my flight to worlds un - known, I shall reign with Him on high.

E7/B E A A/C# D6 D E A/E E7 A

Je - sus, Sweet - est name I know, Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing - ing as I go.

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HE LEADETH ME

words by
Joseph H. Gilmore (1834-1918)

music by
William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

1. He lead - eth me: oh, bless - ed thought! Oh, words with heav'n - ly com - fort fraught! What -
 2. Some - times 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Some - times where E - den's bow - ers bloom, By
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur - nor re - pine; Con -
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic - t'ry's won, E'en

e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 death's cold wave I will not flee, Since 'tis Thy hand that lead - eth me.
 Since God through Jor - dan lead - eth me.

lead - eth me, he lead - eth me, By His own hand, He lead - eth me. His

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

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HE LIFTED ME

words by
Charles H. Gabriel, 1905

music by
Charles H. Gabriel, 1905

1. In lov - ing kind - ness Je - sus came My soul in mer - cy to re - claim, And
 2. He called me long be - fore I heard, Be - fore my sin - ful heart was stirred, But
 3. His brow was pierced with man - ya thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn, When
 4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well; Yet

from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me.
 when I took Him at His word, For - giv'n He lift - ed me.
 from my guilt and grief, for lorn, In love He lift - ed me.
 how or why, I can - not tell, He should have lift - ed me.

sink - ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten - der hand He lift - ed me, From

shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift - ed me!

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 wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He
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lead - eth me, he lead - eth me, By His own hand, He lead - eth me. His

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

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 3. His brow was pierced with man - y a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn, When
 4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well; Yet

from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me.
 when I took Him at His word, For - giv'n He lift - ed me.
 from my guilt and grief, for - lorn, In love He lift - ed me.
 how or why, I can - not tell, He should have lift - ed me. From

sink - ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten - der hand He lift - ed me, From

shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift - ed me!

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HE LOVES ME

words by Isaac Watts, 1707 (verses)
 Author of refrain unknown

Composer unknown

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die? Would
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree? A -
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in
 4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While Cal - v'ry's cross ap - pears,
 5. But drops of grief can n'er re - pay The debt of love I owe. Here,

He de - vote that sa - cred head For sin - ners such as I? }
 maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree! } He
 Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man, the crea - ture's, sin. }
 solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears. }
 Lord, I give my self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do. }

loves me; He loves me. He loves me this I know. He

gave Him - self to die for me Be - cause He loves me so!

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HE NEVER SAID A MUMBALIN' WORD

African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual

1. They cru - ci - fied my Lord, }
 2. They nailed Him to a tree, }
 3. They pierced Him in the side, }
 4. The blood came trick - a - lin' down, }
 5. He bowed His head and died, }

and He nev - er said a mum - ba - lin'

word; { They cru - ci - fied my Lord, }
 They nailed Him to the tree, }
 They pierced Him in the side, }
 The blood came trick - a - lin' down, }
 He bowed his head and died, }

word. Not a word, not a word, not a word.

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HE PAID A DEBT

American Folk Text

American Folk Melody

E♭ E♭dim7 E♭ Fm/B♭ E♭7 A♭ A♭/C E♭7 A♭

1. He paid a debt He did not owe, I owed a debt I could not pay.
 2. He paid that debt at Cal - va - ry, He cleansed my soul and set me free,
 3. One day He's com - ing back for me To live with Him e - ter - nal - ly,

E♭ A♭/E♭ E♭7 A♭/E♭ E♭ A♭

I need - ed that some - one to wash my sins a - way.
 I'm glad that Je - sus did all my sins e - rase;
 Won't it be glo - ry to see Him on that day!

B♭ E♭ E♭dim7 E♭ A♭/E♭ E♭7 A♭

And now I sing a brand new song: }
 I now can sing a brand new song: } "A - maz - ing Grace." All day
 I then will sing a brand new song: }

E♭ Fm/C E♭/B♭ Fm/A♭ E♭/B♭ E♭7 E♭

long. Christ Je - sus paid the debt that I could nev - er pay.

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HE RANSOMED ME

words by
Julia H. Johnson, 1916

music by
J.W. Henderson, 1916

A♭ D♭/A♭ A♭ A♭/C Fm A♭7/E♭ D♭ D♭/B♭

1. There's a sweet and bless - ed sto - ry Of the Christ who came from glo - ry Just to
 2. From the depth of sin and sad - ness To the heights of joy and glad - ness Je - sus
 3. From the throne of heav'n - ly glo - ry O the sweet and bless - ed sto - ry Je - sus
 4. By and by with joy in - creas - ing, And with grat - i - tude un - ceas - ing, Lift - ed

E♭7 A♭ D♭/A♭ A♭ A♭/C

res - cue me from sin and mis - er - y. He in lov - ing - kind - ness sought me, And from
 lift - ed me, in mer - cy full and free. With His pre - cious blood He bought me; When I
 came to lift the lost in sin and woe In - to lib - er - ty all - glo - rious, Tro - phies
 up with Christ for - ev - er - more to be, I will join the hosts there sing - ing, In the

Fm A♭7/E♭ D♭ C B♭m B♭m/D♭ E♭7 D♭/B♭ E♭7 A♭/E♭ E♭7 A♭ Refrain E♭

sin and shame hath brought me. Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran - somed me.
 knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di - vine He ran - somed me.
 of His grace vic - to - rious, Ev - er - more re - joic - ing here be - low. Hal - le -
 an - them ev - er ring - ing, To the King of Love, who ran - somed me.

E♭7 A♭ B♭m/A♭ A♭ A♭/C

lu - jah, what a Sav - ior, Who can take a poor lost sin - ner, Lift him

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Db Bb Bb7 Eb Ab Ab/Db Ab Ab/Eb Ab/C

from the mir - y clay and set him free! I will ev - er tell the sto - ry, Shout - ing,

Fm Ab7/Eb Db C Bbm Bbm/Db Eb Eb7 Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

"Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!" Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran - somed me.

HE ROLLED THE SEA AWAY

words by Henry J. Zellely, 1896

GILMOUR music by Heary L. Gilmour, 1896

Db Gb/Db Db Ab Db Ab Db

1. When Is - rael out of bond - age came, A sea be - fore them lay; My
 2. Be - fore me was a sea of sin So great I feared to pray; My
 3. When sor - rows dark, like storm - y waves, Were dash - ing o'er my way, A
 4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need - ed grace I'll pray; I

Lord reached down His might - y hand, And rolled the sea a - way. }
 heart's de - sire the Sav - ior read, And rolled the sea a - way. }
 gain the Lord in mer - cy came, And rolled the sea a - way. } Then
 know the Lord will quick - ly come, And roll the sea a - way. }

Ebm7 Db/F Ab/Db Eb/Db Ab/C Db Ab Eb7 Ab/Eb Eb Ab Ab7/Gb

for - ward still - 'tis Je - ho - vah's will - Tho' the bil - lows dash and spray. With a

Db/F Db Gb/Db Db Eb7/Bb Db/Ab Ab7 Db

con - qu'ring tread we will push a - head; He'll roll the sea a - way.

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HE'S A WONDERFUL SAVIOR TO ME

words by Virgil P. Brock, 1918

WONDERFUL SAVIOR music by Blanche Kerr Brock, 1918

Eb Bb7 Bbdim Bb7 Eb/Bb Bb Bb7 Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb/Bb Bb7

1. I was lost in sin but Je - sus res - cued me,
 2. He's a Friend so true, so pa - tient and so kind, } He's a won - der - ful Sav - ior to
 3. Dear - er grows the love of Je - sus day by day, } He's a won - der - ful Sav - ior to

Eb Cm/Eb G Cm F7 Bb Bb/D F7

me; { I was bound by fear but Je - sus set me free,
 Ev - 'ry - thing I need in Him I al - ways find, } He's a won - der - ful Sav - ior to
 Sweet - er is His grace while press - ing on my way, }

Bb Bb7 Eb Bb7/F Bb7 Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb/Bb Bb7

me. For He's a won - der - ful Sav - ior to me, He's a won - der - ful Sav - ior to

Eb C7 Fm C/G Fm/Ab Adim7 Eb/Bb B7 Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

me; I was lost in sin, but Je - sus took me in, He's a won - der - ful Sav - ior to me.

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HE THE PEARLY GATES WILL OPEN

PEARLY GATES
music by
Elsie Ahlwen

words by
Fredrick A. Blom
tr. by Nathaniel Carlson

G D/A G/B G/D D7 G C G D

1. Love di - vine, so great and won - drous, Deep and might - y, pure, sub - lime,
 2. Like a dove when hunt - ed, fright - ened, As a wound - ed fawn was I;
 3. Love di - vine, so great and won - drous! All my sins He then for - gave;
 4. In life's e - ven - tide, at twi - light, At His door I'll knock and wait;

G G+ C G/D D D7 G

Com - ing from the heart of Je - sus, Just the same thro' tests of time!
 Bro - ken heart - ed, yet He healed me. He will heed the sin - ner's cry.
 I will sing His praise for - ev - er, For His blood, His pow'r to save.
 By the pre - cious love of Je - sus, I shall en - ter heav - en's gate.

Refrain

D7 G/D D7 C/D D7 G G/B C G D/A G/B G/D D7

He the pearl - y gates will o - pen, So that I may en - ter in;

G G+ C C#dim7 G/D D7 G

For He pur - chased my re - demp - tion And for - gave me all my sin.

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HE TOOK MY SINS AWAY

music by
Margaret J. Harris, 1903

words by
Margaret J. Harris, 1903

G C G D7

1. I came to Je - sus, wea - ry, worn, and sad. He took my sins a - way; He
 2. The load of sin was more than I could bear. He took them all a - way; He
 3. No con - dem - na - tion have I in my heart. He took my sins a - way; He
 4. If you will come to Je - sus Christ to - day, He'll take your sins a - way, He'll

G C G

took my sins a - way. And now His love has made my heart so glad. He
 took them all a - way. And now on Him I roll my ev - 'ry care. He
 took my sins a - way. His per - fect peace He did to me im - part. He
 take your sins a - way, And keep you hap - py in His love each day. He'll

C D7 G Refrain D7

took my sins a - way. } He took my sins a - way; He
 took my sins a - way. }
 took my sins a - way. }
 take your sins a - way. }

G A7 D

took my sins a - way, And keeps me sing - ing ev - 'ry day!

G C G C D7 G

I'm so glad He took my sins a - way. He took my sins a - way.

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HE'S EVERYTHING TO ME

words by
Kate Byron, 1907

music by
Hampton H. Sewell, 1907

1. In sin I once had wan - dered, All wea - ry, sad, and lone. Till
 2. In sin no more I'll wan - der; He's Pi - lot, Friend, and Guide. He
 3. No long - er will I stray from His ten - der, lov - ing care; Like

Je - sus thro' His mer - cy A - dopt - ed me His own. E'er
 brings me joy and sing - ing; His Spir - it doth a - bide. A
 Him to be my pur - pose, my aim, my con - stant prayer. And

since I learned to trust Him, His grace doth make me free, And
 bless - ed, lov - ing Sav - ior, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry! He
 when He bids me wel - come Thro' - out e - ter - ni - ty, I'll

now I feel His par - don. He's ev - 'ry - thing to me. He's
 pur - chased my re - demp - tion. He's ev - 'ry - thing to me. He's
 praise His name for - ev - er. He's ev - 'ry - thing to me. He's

ev - 'ry - thing to me; From sin He sets me free His peace and love my
 por - tion thro' all e - ter - ni - ty! He's ev - 'ry - thing to me, More
 than I dreamed could be. O praise His name for - ev - er! He's ev - 'ry - thing to me.

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THE HEAD THAT ONCE WAS CROWNED WITH THORNS

words by
Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)

ST. MAGNUS
music by
Jeremiah Clarke (c.1669-1707)

1. The head that once was crowned with thorns Is crowned with glo - ry now; A
 2. The high - est place that heav'n af - fords Is His by sov - 'reign right; The
 3. The joy of all dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low right; To
 4. To them the cross, with all its shame, With all its grace, is giv'n; Their
 5. They suf - fer with their Lord be - low; They reign with Him a - bove; Their
 6. The cross He bore is life and health, Though shame and death to Him; His

roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y vic - tor's brow.
 King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heav'n's e - ter - nal light.
 whom He man - i - fests His love, And grants His name to know.
 name, an ev - er - last - ing name, Their joy, the joy of heav'n.
 pro - fit and their joy to know, The mys - t'ry of His love.
 peo - ple's hope, His peo - ple's wealth, Their ev - er - last - ing theme!

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HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

WHOLE WORLD
Traditional Spiritual

Traditional Spiritual

He's got the whole world _ is His hands, _ He's got the whole wide world _ in His hands, _ He's got the whole world _ in His hands, _ He's got the whole world in His hands. 1. He's got the
2. He's got
3. He's got

lit - tle ti - ny ba - by in His hands, _ He's got the lit - tle ti - ny ba - by
you and me, _ broth - er, in His hands, _ He's got you and me, _ sis - ter,
ev - 'ry - bod - y here _ in His hands, _ He's got ev - 'ry - bod - y here _

in His hands, _ He's got the lit - tle ti - ny ba - by in His hands, _
in His hands, _ He's got you and me, _ broth - er, in His hands, _ He's got the
in His hands, _ He's got ev - 'ry - bod - y here _ in His hands, _

whole world in His hands. He's got the hands. He's got the hands.

1, 2
C
3
C
D.S. al Coda
CODA
C
hands.

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HEAR WHAT GOD THE LORD HATH SPOKEN

CRUCIFER
music by
Henry Smart (1813-1879)

words by
William Cowper (1731-1800)

1. Hear what God the Lord hath spo - ken: O my peo - ple, faith and few, Com - fort -
2. There, like streams that feed the gar - den, Pleas - ures with - out end shall flow; For the
3. Ye no more your suns de - scend - ing, Wan - ing moons no more shall see; But, your

less, af - flict - ed, bro - ken, Fair a - bodes I build for you; Scenes of
Lord, your faith re - ward - ing, All His boun - ty shall be - stow. Still in
griefs for - ev - er end - ing, Find e - ter - nal noon in me: God shall

heart - felt trib - u - la - tion Shall no more per - plex your ways; You shall
un - dis - turbed pos - ses - sion, Peace and to right - eous - ness gloom shall reign; Nev - er
rise and, shin - ing o'er you, Change to day the gloom of night; He, the

name your walls "Sal - va - tion," And your gates shall all be "Praise."
shall you feel op - pres - sion, Hear the voice of war last - ing gain.
Lord, shall be your glo - ry, God your ev - er - last - ing light.

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HEAR OUR PRAYER, O LORD

WHELPTON

music by

George Whelpton

words based on
Psalm 143:1

D A A7 Gsus2/B A7/C# A7 D

Hear our prayer, O Lord. Hear our prayer, O Lord; In

D/F# D7 G Em/G D/A A A7 D G D

cline Thine ear to us, And grant us Thy peace. A - men.

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HEAVEN

REWARD

Traditional music

Traditional words

Bb Bb/D Eb F7 Bb

1. A robe of white, and pure de - light, With love and beau - ty ev - 'ry - where; A
2. E - tern - al days, un - end - ing praise. The Sav - ior's smile, His words, "well done!" There
3. The bat - tle done, the vic - t'ry won. And heav - en's bliss, e - nough re - ward; My

Bb/D Eb C C7 F F7 Bb

crown of gold and joys un - told Are mine when I get there.
is no night for God is light, No need of moon or sun.
voice I'll raise in end - less praise To Je - sus Christ my Lord.

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HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT

SUNLIGHT

music by

G.H. Cook, 1899

words by
H.J. Zellej, 1899

G Gsus G D G C/G G A7/E

1. Walk - ing in sun - light all of my jour - ney; O - ver the moun - tains, thru the deep
2. Shad - ows a - round me, shad - ows a - bove me, Nev - er con - ceal my Sav - ior and
3. In the bright sun - light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Press - ing my way to man - sions a -

D G Gsus G D G C/G G D7 G/D D7

vale; Je - sus has said, "I'll nev - er for - sake thee," Prom - ise di - vine that nev - er can
Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark - ness, Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to His
bove; Sing - ing His prais - es, glad - ly I'm walk - ing, Walk - ing in sun - light, sun - light of

G Refrain C C/E G/D C G A7/E

fail - side. } Heav - en - ly sun - light, heav - en - ly sun - light, Flood - ing my soul with glo - ry di -
love. }

D G Gsus G D G C/G G D7 G/D D7 G

vine; Hal - le - lu - jah! I am re - joic - ing, Sing - ing His prais - es, Je - sus is mine.

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THE HEAVENS DECLARE THY GLORY, LORD

words by
Isaac Watts, 1719
based on Psalm 19

UXBRIDGE
music by
Lowell Mason, 1830

E B E F#m/A E/B B E B/D# F#C# B E F#7

1. The heav'ns de - clare Thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - 'ry star Thy wis - dom
2. The roll - ing sun, the chang - ing light, And nights and days, Thy pow'r con -
3. Sun, moon, and stars con - vey Thy praise 'Round the whole earth, and nev - er
4. Nor shall Thy spread - ing gos - pel rest Till through the world Thy truth has

B E E/G# A E/G# B7/F# E B E B/D# E F#m/A E/B B7 E

shines; But when our eyes be - hold Thy Word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines.
fess; But the blest vol - ume Thou hast writ Re - veals Thy jus - tice and Thy grace.
stand; So when Thy truth be - gan its race, It touched and glanced on ev - 'ry land.
run; Till Christ has all the na - tions blest That see the light, or feel the sun.

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HERALDS OF CHRIST

words by
Laura S. Copenhaver, 1915

NATIONAL HYMN
music by
George W. Warren, 1894

Eb Cm Bb Eb Ab Eb/Bb Bb sus Bb Eb

Trumpets, before each stanza

1. Her - alds of Christ, who bear the King's com - mands,
2. Through des - ert ways, dark fen, and deep mo - rass,
3. Lord, give us faith, and strength the road to build,

Cm Gm C7/G Bb/F F sus F Bb N.C. Gb

im - mor - tal tid - ings in your mor - tal hands, pass on and car - ry
through jun - gles, slug - gish seas, and moun - tain pass, build now the road, and
to see the prom - ise of the day ful - filled, when war shall be no

Bbm/F F sus F Bb Eb/G Ab Eb C7/E Fm Eb/G Bbsus Bb7 Eb

swift the news you bring; make straight, make straight the high - way of the King.
fal - ter not, nor stay; pre - pare a - cross the earth the King's high - way.
more, and strife shall cease up - on the high - way of the Prince of Peace.

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HERE AT THY TABLE, LORD

words by
May P. Hoyt, 19th century

BREAD OF LIFE
music by
William F. Sherwin, 1877

D GD D A D

1. Here at Thy ta - ble, Lord, This sa - cred hour, O let us
2. So shall our life of faith, Be full, be sweet; And we shall
3. Come then, O ho - ly Christ; Feed us, we pray. Touch with Thy

GD D D/F# A/E E7 A D/A A7 GD D

feel Thee near In lov - ing pow'r; Call - ing our tho'ts a - way
find our strength For each - ing meet; Fed - ing by Thy Liv - ing Bread,
pierc - ed hand Each com - mon day, Mak - ing this earth - ly life

A/C# E/B A A7 D G Asus A7 D

From self and sin, As to Thy ban - quet hall We en - ter in.
All hun - ger past, We shall be sat - is - fied And saved at last.
Full of Thy grace, Till in the home of heav'n We find our place.

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HERE, O MY LORD, I SEE THEE FACE TO FACE

FARLEY CASTLE
music attr. to
Henry Lawes (1596-1662)

words by
Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)



1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I feed up on the bread of God; This is the hour of ban-quet and of song; I have no help but Thine; Mine is the sin, but Thine the right-eous-ness; Too soon we rise; the ves-sels dis-ap-pear; Here would I lay feast and wine; Here This An Mine the
would drink with the oth-er the-ought
I with the-ought the-ought



touch and han-dle things un-seen; Here grasp with firm-er hand the e-
Thee the roy-al wine of heav'n; Here would I lay a-side each
heav'n-ly ta-ble spread for me; Here let me feast and, feast-ing,
arm save Thine to lean up-on; Here It is e-nough, O Lord, e-
guilt, but Thine the cleans-ing blood; Here is my robe, my ref-uge,
not the love, is past and gone. The bread and wine re-move, but



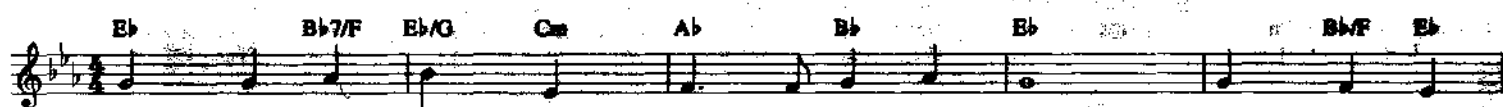
ter-nal grace, And Here all my wea-ri-ness up-on Thee lean.
earth-ly load, Here taste a fresh the calm of sin for-giv'n.
still pro-long My strength is bright hour of fel-low-ship with Thee.
ough in-deed Thy blood, Thy right-eous-ness, O Lord, my God.
and my peace: Near-er than ev-er, still my shield and sun.

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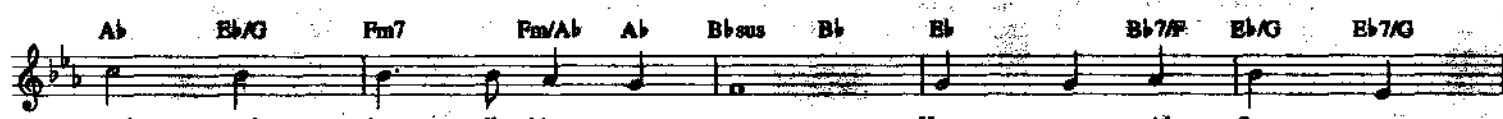
HERE, O MY LORD, I SEE THEE FACE TO FACE

PENITENTIA
music by
Edward Dearle (1806-1891)

words by
Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)



1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I
2. Here would I feed up on the bread of God; Here, drink with
3. Too soon we rise: the sym-bols dis-ap-pear; The feast, though
4. Feast af-ter feast thus comes, and pass-es by; Yet, pass-ing,



touch and han-dle things un-seen, Here, grasp with firm-er
Thee the roy-al wine of heav'n, Here would I lay a-side
not the love, is past and gone; The bread and wine re-
points to the the glad feast a-bove, The Giv-ing sweet fore-taste



hand e-ter-nal grace, And Here, all my wea-ri-ness up-on Thee lean.
side each earth-ly load, Here, taste a fresh the calm of sin for-giv'n.
move, but Thou art here, Near-er than ev-er, still my shield and sun.
of the fes-tal joy, The Lamb's great brid-al feast of bliss and love.

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HIDDEN PEACE

words by
John S. Brown, 1899

music by
L.O. Brown, 1899

G D G C G/D D7 G

1. I can not tell thee whence it came, This peace with in my breast; But
 2. Be neath the toil and care of life This hid den stream flows on. My
 3. I can not tell the half of love. Un feigned, su preme, di vine, That
 4. I can not tell thee why He chose To suf fer and to die; But

D G C G/D D7 G Refrain G7

this I know there fills my soul A strange and tran quil rest. }
 wea ry soul no long er thirsts, Nor am I sad and lone. }
 caused my dark est, in most self, With beams of hope to shine. }
 if I suf fer here with Him, I'll reign with Him on high. } There's a

C Cm G D A7/E

deep, set tled peace in my soul. There's a deep, set tled peace in my

D G/D D G C/G G D7 Em C Cm G/B G/D D7 G

soul. Tho' the bil lows of sin near me roll, He a bides; Christ a bides.

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HIDING IN THEE

words by
William O. Cushing, 1876

music by
Ira D. Sankey, 1877

E♭ Ab/E♭ E♭ B♭7 E♭ Ab/E♭ E♭ Ab/E♭

1. O safe to the Rock that is high er than I, My soul in its
 2. In the calm of the noon tide, in sor row's lone hour, In times when temp
 3. How oft in the con flict, when pressed by the foe, I have fled to my

E♭ Eb/G B♭ E♭ F7/C B♭ B♭7 E♭ Ab/E♭ E♭ B♭7

con flicts and sor rows would fly. So sin ful, so wea ry. Thine, Thine would I
 ta tion casts o'er me its pow'r, In the tem pests of life, on its wide, heav ing
 Ref uge and breathed out my woe. How of ten when tri als like sea bil lows

E♭ Ab/E♭ E♭ Ab/E♭ E♭ Cm Eb/B♭ Gm/B♭ B♭7 E♭ Refrain B♭ Eb/B♭

be; Thou blest Rock of A ges, I'm hid ing in Thee. }
 sea, Thou blest Rock of A ges, I'm hid ing in Thee. } Hid ing in
 roll Have I hid den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul. }

B♭7 E♭ Fm/E♭ E♭ Eb/G A♭ Eb/G E♭ F7/C, Eb/B♭ Gm/B♭ B♭7 E♭

Thee, Hid ing in Thee, Thou blest Rock of A ges, I'm hid ing in Thee.

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HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW

SPARROW

music by

Charles H. Gabriel, 1905

words by
Civilla D. Martin, 1905

C F C

1. Why should I feel dis-cour-aged? _____ Why should the shad-ows come? _____
 2. "Let not your heart be trou-bled," _____ His ten-der words I hear; _____
 3. When-ev-er I am tempt-ed, _____ When-ev-er clouds a-rise, _____

A7 Dm G7 C

Why should my heart be lone-ly _____ And long for heav'n and home _____ When
 And rest-ing on His good-ness, _____ I lose my doubt and fear, _____ Though
 When songs give place to sigh-ing, _____ When hope with-in me dies, _____ I

G7 C F A7/B Dm

Je-sus is _____ my por-tion? _____ My con-stant Friend _____ is He: _____ } His
 by the path _____ He lead-eth _____ But one step I _____ may see: _____ }
 draw the clos-er to Him; _____ From care He sets _____ me free: _____ }

G7 C C#dim7 Dm7 G7 C G7/D

eye is on _____ the spar-row, _____ And I know He watch-es me. _____ His

C/E C7 F Fm C/G G7 C

eye is on the spar-row, _____ And I know He watch-es me. _____ I

G C G C

sing be-cause I'm hap-py, _____ I sing be-cause I'm free; _____ For His

C7/E F Fm C/G G7 C

eye is on the spar-row, _____ And I know He watch-es me. _____

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HOLY BIBLE, BOOK DIVINE

ALETTA

music by

William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

words by
John Burton (1773-1822)

F C F C C7 F

1. Ho-ly Bi-ble, book _____ di-vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou _____ art mine;
 2. Mine _____ to chide me when _____ I rove; Mine _____ to show a Sav-ior's love;
 3. Mine _____ to com-fort in _____ dis-tress, Suf-f'ring in this wil-der-ness;
 4. Mine _____ to tell of joys _____ to come, And _____ the reb-el sin-ner's doom;

Bb/F F C/E G7/D C F C C7 F

Mine _____ to tell me whence I came; Mine _____ to teach me what _____ I am.
 Mine _____ thou art to guide and guard; Mine _____ to pun-ish or _____ re-ward.
 Mine _____ to show, by liv-ing faith, Man _____ can tri-umph o-ver death.
 O thou Ho-ly Book di-vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou _____ art mine.

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HIGHER GROUND

words by
Johnson Oatman, Jr. (1856-1922)

music by
Charles H. Gabriel, 1898

Chord progression: $A\flat$ $D\flat$ $A\flat$ $E\flat$ $A\flat$

1. I'm press - ing on the up - ward way, New heights I'm gain - ing ev - 'ry day; Still pray - ing as I'm on - ward
 2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a - rise and fears dis - may; Though some may dwell where these a -
 3. I want to live a - bove the world, Though Sa - tan's darts at me are hurled; For faith has caught the joy - ful
 4. I want to scale the ut - most height And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright; But still I'll pray till heav'n I've

Chord progression: $D\flat$ $A\flat/E\flat$ $E\flat 7$ $A\flat$ $E\flat 7$

bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground."
 bound, My prayer, my aim, is high - er ground.
 sound, the song of saints on high - er ground.
 found, "Lord, lead me on to high - er ground." } Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith on heav - en's ta - ble -

Chord progression: $A\flat$ $E\flat/B\flat$ $A\flat/C$ $D\flat$ $A\flat/E\flat$ $E\flat 7$ $A\flat$

land; A high - er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground.

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HIS GRACE ABOUNDETH MORE

words by
Kate Ulmer, 1899

music by
William J. Kirkpatrick, 1899

Chord progression: $A\flat$ $D\flat/A\flat$ $A\flat$ $D\flat$ $D\flat dim$ $D\flat$ $B\flat m/D\flat$ $D\flat$ $A\flat$

1. O what a won - der - ful Sav - ior In Je - sus, my Lord, I have found!
 2. When a poor sin - ner He found me; No good - ness to of - fer had I.
 3. Noth - ing of mer - it pos - sess - ing, All help - less be - fore Him I lay;
 4. How can I keep from re - joic - ing? I'll sing of the joy in my soul,

Chord progression: $D\flat/A\flat$ $A\flat$ $B\flat m/D\flat$ $E\flat 7$ $D\flat/E\flat$ $E\flat 7$ $A\flat$ **Refrain**

Tho' I had sins with - out num - ber, His grace un - to me did a - bound. _____
 Of - ten His law I had bro - ken And mer - it - ed naught but to die. _____
 But, in the pre - cious blood flow - ing, He washed all my sin - stains a - way. _____
 Prais - ing the love of my Sav - ior While years of e - ter - ni - ty roll. _____ } His

Chord progression: $D\flat$ $A\flat$ $B\flat 7$ $E\flat 7$

grace a - bound - eth more. _____ His grace a - bound - eth more. _____ Tho'

Chord progression: $A\flat$ $D\flat/A\flat$ $A\flat$ $D\flat$ $B\flat$ $B\flat 7$ $E\flat 7$ $A\flat$

sin a - bound - eth in my heart, His grace a - bound - eth more.

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HIS WAY WITH THEE

words by
Cyrus S. Nusbaum, 1898

NUSBAUM
music by
Cyrus S. Nusbaum, 1898

F Fsus F F/C C F/C C7 C F/C C7

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al - ways pure and good? Would you walk with Him with -
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol - low at His call? Would you know the peace that
 3. Would you in His king - dom find a place of con - stant rest? Would you prove Him true in

F Fsus F Gm/Bb D7/A Gm

in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den, car - ry all your load?
 comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need nev - er fall?
 prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His ser - vice la - bor al - ways at your best?

C F/C C7 F Refrain C C7 F

Let Him have His way with thee. }
 Let Him have His way with thee. } His pow'r can make you what you ought to be. His
 Let Him have His way with thee. }

C C7 F C F F7

blood can cleanse your heart and make you free. His love can fill your soul, and

Bb F/C C7 F/C Bb/C F/C C7 F

you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

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HIS YOKE IS EASY

words by
Ralph E. Hudson, 1885

music by
Ralph E. Hudson, 1885

Bb Eb/Bb Bb Eb Bb Eb Bb

1. The Lord is my Shep - herd; I shall not want. 'He mak - eth me down to
 2. My soul cri - eth out: "Re - store me a - gain, And give me the strength to
 3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val - ley of death, Yet why should I fear from

F F7 Bb Eb Bb/F F F7 Bb Refrain

lie ——— In pas - tures green. He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by. ——— }
 take ——— The nar - row path of right - eous - ness, E'en for His own name's sake." ——— } His
 ill? ——— For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com - fort still. ——— }

Eb Bb Bb/F F7 Bb F7 Bb

yoke is cas - y; His bur - den is light. I've found it so; I've found it so. He

Eb Bb Eb Gm F F7 Bb

lead - eth me by day and by night Where liv - ing wa - ters flow. ———

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HOLD THE FORT

words by
Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

music by
Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

C F/C C Csus C F/C C F/C C C/E G

1. Ho, my com - rades, see the sig - nal Wav - ing in the sky!
 2. See the might - y host ad - vanc - ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on;
 3. See the glo - rious ban - ner wav - ing! Hear the trum - pet blow!
 4. Fierce and long the bat - tle rag - es, But our help is near;

C F/C C Csus C A7/C# G/D C/D G/D D7 G

Re - in - force - ments now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh.
 Might - y men a round us fall - ing, Cour - age al - most gone!
 In - our Lead - er's name we tri - umph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.
 On - ward comes our great Com - man - er - Cheer, my com - rades, cheer!

C F G G7

"Hold the fort, for I am com - ing," Je - sus sig - nals still;

C C7 F GF F CG G7 C

Wave the an - swer back to heav - en, "By Thy grace we will."

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HOLD TO GOD'S UNCHANGING HAND

words by
Jennie Wilson

GOD'S UNCHANGING HAND
music by
F.L. Eiland

Ab Db/Ab Ab Db/Ab Ab Eb/Bb Ab/C Ab/Eb Ab

1. Time is filled with swift tran - si - tion, Naught of earth un - moved can stand,
 2. Trust in Him who will not leave you, What so - ev - er years may bring,
 3. Cov - et not this world's vain rich - es, That so rap - id - ly de - cay;
 4. When your jour - ney is com - plet - ed, If to God you have been true;

Db/Ab Ab Eb7 Fm Eb Ab Fm E7 Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

Build your hopes on things e - ter - nal, Hold to God's un - chang - ing hand!
 If by earth - ly friends for - sak - en, Still more close - ly to Him cling!
 Seek to gain the heav'n - ly treas - ures, They will nev - er pass a - way!
 Fair and bright the home in glo - ry Your en - rap - tured soul will view!

Db Eb7 Ab Eb Ab/C Ab/Eb Ab

Hold to God's un - chang - ing hand! Hold to God's un - chang - ing hand!

Db/Ab Ab Eb7 Fm Eb Ab Fm E7 Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

Build your hopes on things e - ter - nal, Hold to God's un - chang - ing hand!

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HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD

words by
Lelia N. Morris, 1900

music by
Lelia N. Morris, 1900

G C/G Cm/G G C/G G G/D D D7 G C G

1. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Church of our God, Pur - chase of Je - sus, re -
 2. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," chil - dren of light, Walk - ing with Je - sus in
 3. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," praise His dear name! This bless - ed se - cret to
 4. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," bride of the Lamb, Wait - ing the Bride - groom's re -

A7 D G B B7 Em D G

deemed by His blood; Called from the world and its i - dols to flee,
 gar - ments of white; Rai - ment un - sul - lied, nor tar - nished with sin;
 faith - now made plain: Not our own righ - teous - ness, but Christ with - in;
 turn - ing a - gain! Lift up your heads, for the day draw - eth near

G/B C G/D G/B C G/D D D7 G Refrain D7/A G/B C

Called from the bond - age of sin to be free. }
 God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in. } "Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord" is our
 Liv - ing, and reign - ing, and sav - ing from sin. }
 When in His beau - ty the King shall ap - pear!

G/D D7 G C E7/B Am Am/C E Am D7/F# G D

watch - word and song; "Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord" as we're march - ing a - long.

G G7/F C/E G/B C G/D D7 G/D D7 G

Sing it, shout it, loud and long: "Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord" now and for - ev - er.

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HOLY FATHER, GREAT CREATOR

REGENT SQUARE

music by

Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879)

words by
Alexander Viets Griswold (1766-1843)

A A/C# A A/E E/D A/C# D A/C# F#m EAG# E7 A

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love, and peace,
 2. Ho - ly Je - sus, Lord of glo - ry, Whom an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim,
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Come with unc - tion from a - bove,
 4. God the Lord, through ev - 'ry na - tion Let Thy won - drous mer - cies shine.

A/E A/C# A G#dim/B F#m/C# C# F#m C# F#m/A B/B B7 E

Look up - on the Me - di - a - tor, clothe us with His right - eous - ness;
 While we hear Thy won - drous sto - ry, Meet and wor - ship in Thy name,
 Raise our hearts to rap - tures high - er, Fill them with the Sav - ior's love.
 In the song of Thy sal - va - tion Ev - 'ry tongue and race com - bine.

A A7 D Bm A/C# Bm/D F#m Esus E7 A

Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Through the Sav - ior hear and bless.
 Dear Re - deem - er, dear Re - deem - er, In our hearts Thy peace pro - claim.
 Source of com - fort, source of com - fort, Cheer us with the Sav - ior's love.
 Great Je - ho - vah, great Je - ho - vah, Form our hearts and make them Thine.

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HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME

GROSSER GOTT

music from

Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, c. 1774

words from *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, Vienna, c. 1774

attr. to Ignaz Franz (1719-1790)

tr. by Clarence Walworth (1820-1900)

1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name! Lord of all, we
 2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn An - gel choirs a -
 3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it,

bow be - fore Thee; All on earth Thy scep - ter claim,
 bow are rais - ing; All Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim,
 Three we name Thee, While in es - sence on - ly One,

All in heav'n a - bove a - dore thee; In fi - nite Thy vast do -
 In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing, Fill the heav'ns with sweet ac -
 Un - di - vid - ed God we claim Thee, And a - dor - ing bend the

main, Ev - er last ing is Thy reign. In fi - nite Thy
 cord: Ho - ly, ho - ly, the mys - ter - y. Lord! Fill the heav'ns with
 knee, While we own the mys - ter - y. And a - dor - ing

vast do - main, Ev - er last ing is Thy reign.
 sweet ac - cord: Ho - ly, ho - ly, the mys - ter - y. Lord!
 bend the knee, While we own the mys - ter - y.

Last 8 measures optional

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HOLY IS THE LORD

Traditional words

music by

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Ho - ly is the Lord.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Ho - ly is the Lord.

Ho - ly is the Fa - ther, Ho - ly is the Son,

Ho - ly is the Spir - it; Bless - ed Three in One. Lord.

CODA

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HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY

NICAEA
music by

John B. Dykes (1823-1876)

words by
Reginald Heber (1783-1826)

1. Ha - 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 shall sin - ful man thy in 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!
 Which wert and in - and in - and in - and in - and in - and in - and in -
 Per - fect in three Pow'r, and in - and in - and in - and in - and in - and in -
 God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

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HOLY SPIRIT, LIGHT DIVINE

MERCY
music by

Louis M. Gottschalk, 1854
arr. by Edwin P. Parker, 1888

words by
Andrew Reed, 1817

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine.
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine.
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine.
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine.

Chase the shades of night a - way; Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin with - out con - trol Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my man - y woes de - part; Heal my wound - ed, bleed - ing heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne; Reign su - preme, and reign a - lone.

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HOLY SPIRIT, TRUTH DIVINE

SONG 13

words by Samuel Longfellow, 1864

music by Orlando Gibbons, 1623

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine, dawn up - on this soul of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine, glow with in this heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Power di - vine, fill and nerve this will of mine;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Right di - vine, King with in my con - science reign;

Word of God and in ward light, wake my spir - it, clear my sight.
 kin - dle ev - ery high de - sire; per - ish self in thy pure fire.
 grant that I may strong - ly live, brave - ly bear, and no - bly strive.
 be my Lord, and I shall be firm - ly bound, for ev - er free.

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HOSANNA TO THE LIVING LORD

HOSANNA

words by Reginald Heber (1783-1826)

music by John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

1. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th' in -
 2. Ho - san - na, Lord, Thine an - gels cry; Ho - san - na, Lord, Thy
 3. O Sav - ior, with pro - tect - ing care A - bide in this Thy
 4. But, chief - est, in our cleans - ed breast, E - ter - nal, bid Thy
 5. So in the last and dread - ful day, When earth and heav'n shall

car - nate Word! To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav - ior, King, let earth, let heav'n, ho -
 saints re - ply; A bove, we be - neath us, and a - round, both dead and liv - ing
 house of prayer; Where we make Thy part - ing prom - ise claim, As sem - bled in Thy
 Spir - it rest; And make our se - cret soul to be a tem - ple pure and
 melt a - way, Thy flock, re - deemed from sin - ful stain, shall swell the sound of

san - na sing! }
 swell the sound: }
 sa - cred name. } Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high est!
 wor - thy Thee. }
 praise a - gain. }

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HOSANNA, LOUD HOSANNA

ELLACOMBE

words by Jennette Threlfall, 1873

music from *Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Württemberg, 1784*

1. Ho - san - na, loud ho - san na, The lit - tle chil - dren sang; Through
 2. From Ol - i - vet they fol - lowed The Mid an - ex - ult - ant crowd; The
 3. "Ho - san - na in the high - est!" That an - cient song we sing, For

pil - lared court and tem - ple The love - ly an - them rang; To
 vic - tor palm branch wav - ing, And chant - ing clear and loud; The
 Christ is our Re - deem - er, The Lord of heaven our King. O

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Je - sus, who had blessed — them Close — fold — ed to his breast, The
 Lord of men and an — gels Rode — on in low ly state, The Nor
 may we ev — er praise him With — heart and life and voice, And
 chil — dren — sang their prais — es, The sim — piest and the best,
 scorned that — lit — tle chil — dren Should on — his bid — ding wait
 in his — bliss — ful pres — ence E — ter — nal ly re — joice.

HOW CAN A SINNER KNOW

words by
 Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

GERAR
 music by
 Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

1. How can a sin ner and know His sins on
 2. What we have felt and seen With con fi
 3. We who in Christ be lieve That He for
 4. Ex ults our ris ing soul, Dis bur dened
 5. His love sur pass ing far The love of
 6. Strong er than death or hell The sa cred

earth — for — giv'n? How can my gra — cious
 dence — we — tell; and We pub lish to the know
 us — hath — died, His all His un — the know
 of — her — load, And swells un — ut ter
 all — be — neath, We find with in our
 pow'r — we — prove; And, con querors of the

Sav ior show My name in scrib ed in heav'n?
 sons of men The signs in fal — ble.
 peace re ceive, And feel His blood ap plied.
 a bly full Of glo ry and of God.
 hearts, and dare The point less darts of death.
 world, we dwell In heav'n, who dwell in love.

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HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS

words by
 John Newton (1725-1807)

ORTONVILLE
 music by
 Thomas Hastings (1784-1872)

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It
 2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast; 'Tis
 3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place; My
 4. Je - sus, my shep - herd, broth - er, friend, My proph - et, priest, and king, My

soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear, And drives a - way his fear.
 man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest, And to the wea - ry, rest.
 nev - er fail - ing treas - ure, filled With bound - less stores of grace! With bound - less stores of grace!
 Lord, my life, my way, my end, Ac - cept the praise I bring, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

ADESTE FIDELES
music from

words from
John Rippon's *Selection of Hymns*, 1787

John F. Wade's *Cantus Diversi*, 1751

G D G D/F# G C G/D D A7/E D A

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed, For I am thy
 3. "When through fiery trials thy path shall lie, My grace, all suf-
 4. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I

D A7/E D/F# G D/A A7 D G/D D7 G/D D7 G/D

faith in His ex- cel- lent Word! What more can He say than to
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength- en thee, help thee, and
 fi- cient, shall be thy sup- ply; The flame shall not hurt thee, I
 will not desert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

D G G/B Am/C D N.C. G D/F# G D7/A G D G

you He hath said, To you who for ref- uge to Je- sus have fled? To
 cause thee to stand, Up- held by My right- eous, om- nip- o- tent hand, Up-
 on- ly de- sign, Thy cross to con- sume, and thy gold- to re- fine, Thy
 deav- or to shake, I'll nev- er, no, nev- er, no, nev- er for- sake! I'll

D7/A G D/F# A7/E D D/C G/B C G/D D7 G

you who for ref- uge to Je- sus have fled?
 held by My right- eous, om- nip- o- tent hand."
 dross to con- sume, and thy gold- to re- fine."
 nev- er, no, nev- er, no, nev- er for- sake!"

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HOW RICH THY BOUNTY, KING OF KINGS

ST. GABRIEL
music by

words by
Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)

Henry W. Greatorex (1813-1858)

Bb Eb/Bb Bb Eb/Bb Bb F7/A

1. How rich thy boun- ty, King of kings! Thy
 2. Gold is but dross, gems of Thy Should
 3. Yet all these treas- ures of Thy grace are
 4. Fee- bly they lisp Thy glo- ries forth, Yet
 5. Such won- ders pow'r di- vine ef- fects, Such

Bb Bb/D F/C C7 F Bb/F

fa- vors, how di- vine! The bless- ings which Thy
 gold and gems com- pare; How mean, when set a
 lodged in urns of clay; And the weak songs of
 grace the vic- t'ry gives; Quick- ly they mol- der
 tro- phies God can raise. His hand from crum- bling

F7 Bb Bb/D Eb Cm F7 Bb

goe- pel brings, How splen- did- ly they shine!
 gainst those joys Thy poor- est ser- vants share!
 mor- tal race Th' im- mor- tal gifts con- vey,
 back to earth, Yet still Thy gos- pel lives,
 dust e- rects His mon- u- ments of praise.

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HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

FOUNDATION
Early American melody

words by
John Rippon (1751-1836)
from *A Selection of Hymns*, 1787

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the
2. "Fear not, I the deep waters, when the waves roar,
3. "When through deep waters, when the waves roar,
4. "When through deep waters, when the waves roar,
5. "The soul that on Je sus still leans for shall re

Lord, is laid for your faith in his ex cel lent
mayed, for I am thy God and will still give thee
go, the riv ers all suf fi cient shall be thy sup
pose, I will not, I will not de sert to its

word! aid; What more can he say than to you he hath
flow; I'll for strength en and be help thee, and thy cause thee to
ply; the I flame will shall not with thee, thee; I en trou on lyly de
foes; that soul, though all hell should en deav or or de to

said, to you who for ref uge to Je sus have fled?
stand up and sanc held by my right eous, om ni po tent hand.
bless and thy dross nev er, ti fy to thee and thy deep gold est dis tress.
sign shake, I'll nev er, no, sume, nev er, no, nev er to re fine.
shake, I'll nev er, no, sume, nev er, no, nev er for sake."

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HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS

ST. PETER

music by

Alexander R. Reinagle (1799-1877)

words by
John Newton (1725-1807)

1. How sweet the name of Je sus sounds In a be liev er's ear! It
2. It makes the wound ed spir it whole And calms the trou bled breast; 'Tis
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid ing place; My
4. Je sus, my Shep herd, Broth er, Friend, My Proph et, Priest and King, My
5. Till then I would Thy love pro claim With ev 'ry fleet ing breath; And

soothes his sor rows, heals his wounds, And drives a way his fear.
man na to the hung ry soul, And With bound less stores, of rest.
nev er fail ing treas ure, filled With Ac cept the less praise, of grace!
Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac cept the praise, of I bring.
may the mu sic of Thy name Re fresh my soul in death.

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HOW THE FIRE FELL

FIRE FELL

music by

Miriam E. Oatman, 1905

words by
Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1905

Chords: D \flat Ab7 D \flat

1. O I love to tell the bless - ed sto - ry Since the Lord sanc - ti - fied me; For my
 2. All my doubts and fears are gone for - ev - er Since the Lord sanc - ti - fied me; For His
 3. To the world no more my heart is turn - ing Since the Lord sanc - ti - fied me; For on
 4. There's a crown a - wait - ing me in heav - en Since the Lord sanc - ti - fied me; For a

Chords: E \flat 7/B \flat D \flat /A \flat Ab7 D \flat Refrain

soul re - ceived a flood of glo - ry When the Lord sanc - ti - fied me.
 peace flowed o'er me like a riv - er When the Lord sanc - ti - fied me.
 me His Spir - it fell with burn - ing When the Lord sanc - ti - fied me. } O I
 heart made clean to me was giv - en When the Lord sanc - ti - fied me.

Chords: D \flat dim D \flat G \flat /D \flat D \flat G \flat /D \flat D \flat Ab7 D \flat

nev - er shall for - get how the fire fell, How the fire _____ fell, how the fire _____ fell. O I

Chords: D \flat dim D \flat G \flat /D \flat G \flat /D \flat D \flat E \flat 7/B \flat A7 \flat 5 D \flat /A \flat Ab7 D \flat

nev - er shall for - get how the fire fell When the Lord sanc - ti - fied me.

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HOW WONDROUS AND GREAT THY WORKS

OLD 104TH

music from

The Whole Booke of Psalms, 1621

words by
Henry Ustick Onderdonk (1759-1858)

Chords: Dm A/C \sharp Dm A B \flat Gm F C F A \flat G

1. How won - drous and long great Thy works, God of praise! How just, King of
 2. To na - tions long dark Thy light shall be shown; Their wor - ship and

Chords: C Dm F B \flat C7 F B \flat F/A Edim/G F B \flat

saints, and true are to Thy ways! O who shall not fear Thee, and
 vows shall come to Thy throne: Thy truth and Thy judg - ments shall

Chords: Gm D7 G B \flat F/A B \flat Gm F C Dm C Dm/F A Dm

hon - or Thy Name? Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme.
 spread all a - broad, Till earth's ev - 'ry peo - ple con - fess Thee their God.

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I AM COMING, LORD

I HEAR THY VOICE
music by
Louis Hartsough, 1872

words by
Louis Hartsough, 1872

Eb Bb Bb/D Eb Ab/Eb Eb
 I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord to Thee, For cleans-ing in Thy
 Ab/Eb Eb Bb7 Eb/Bb Bb7 Refrain Eb Ab/Eb Eb Ab
 pre-cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry. I am com-ing, Lord!
 Eb Bb Eb Ab/Eb Eb Bb7 Cm Bb Eb Bb7 Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb
 Com - ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry!

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I AM HIS AND HE IS MINE

EVERLASTING LOVE
music by
James Mountain, 1890

words by
George W. Robinson, 1890

D G/D Gm/D D A7/E D/F# D A7/C# D A D
 1. Loved with ev - er - last - ing love, Led by grace that love to know; Gra - cious
 2. Heav'n a - bove is soft - er blue; Earth a - round is sweet - er green. Some - thing
 3. Things that once were wild a - larms Can - not now dis - turb my rest. Closed in
 4. His for - ev - er, on - ly His; Who the Lord and me shall part? Ah, with
 G/D Gm/D D A/C# Bm7 G#dim/B D/E E7 A Bm7 A7/C# D G/D D
 Spir - it from a - bove, Thou hast taught me it is so. O this full and per - fect
 lives in ev - 'ry hue Christ-less eyes have nev - er seen. Birds with glad - der songs o'er
 ev - er - last - ing arms, Pil - lowed on the lov - ing breast - O to - lie for - ev - er
 what a rest of bliss Christ can fill the lov - ing heart! Heav'n and earth may fade and
 G D/F# A7/C# D A D A7/E D/F# G Gdim7 D/F# G
 peace! O this trans - port all di - vine! In a love which can - not cease, I am
 flow; Flow'rs with deep - er beau - ties shine, Since I know, as now I know, I am
 here, Doubt and care and self re - sign While He whis - pers in my ear, I am
 flee; First - born light in gloom de - cline. But while God and I shall be, I am
 D/F# B7/F# Em A D A7/E D/F# G Gdim7 D/F# G D/F# B7/F# Em A D
 His and He is mine. In a love which can - not cease, I am His and He is mine.
 His and He is mine. Since I know, as now I know, I am His and He is mine.
 His and He is mine. While He whis - pers in my ear, I am His and He is mine.
 His and He is mine. But while God and I shall be, I am His and He is mine.

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I AM RESOLVED

words by
Palmer Hartsough, 1896

RESOLUTION
music by
James H. Fillmore, 1896

Ab Ab/C D♭ Ab Ab/C Eb

1. I am re-solved no long-er to lin-ger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-ior, Leav-ing my sin and strife.
3. I am re-solved to fol-low the Sav-ior, Faith-ful and true each day.
4. I am re-solved to en-ter the King-dom, Leav-ing the paths of sin.
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends with-out de-lay.

Ab Ab/C D♭ Ab/B♭ Eb7 Ab

Things that are high-er, things that are no-ble- These have al-lured my sight.
He is the true One; He is the just One; He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say-eth, do what He will-eth; He is the Liv-ing Way.
Friends may op-pose me, foes may be-set me; Still will I en-ter in.
Taught by the Bi-ble, led by the Spir-it, We'll walk the heav'n-ly way.

Refrain

D♭ Ab Ab/C Eb

I will has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free.

Ab D♭ Ab/B♭ Eb7 Ab

Je-sus, Great-est, High-est, I will come to Thee.

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I AM THINE, O LORD

words by
Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

I AM THINE
music by
William H. Doane (1832-1915)

G D7 G G/B C G D7

1. I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me. But I long to rise in the
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy ser-vice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine. Let my soul look up with a
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer and with
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row-sea; There are heights of joy that I

G C Am D D7 G C G G/B

arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
Thee, my God, I com-mune as friend with friend!
may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Draw me near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the

C G/B D7/A G D G C G/D D7 G

cross where Thou hast died. Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

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I AM TRUSTING THEE, LORD JESUS

STEPHANOS

music by

H.W. Baker (1821-1877)

words by
F.R. Havergal (1836-1879)

G G/B D G D D7/F# G G/B D Em D

1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee,
 2. I am trust - ing Thee for par - don; At Thy feet I bow,
 3. I am trust - ing Thee for cleans - ing In the crim - son flood,
 4. I am trust - ing Thee to guide me; Thou a lone shalt lead,
 5. I am trust - ing Thee for pow - er; Thine can nev - er fail,
 6. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus; Nev - er let me fall.

G C G/B D G D/F# C/E G/D C D D7 G

Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
 For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy Trust - ing now.
 Trust - ing Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
 Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.
 Words which Thou Thy self shalt give me Must pre -vail.
 I am trust - ing Thee for ev - er And for all.

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I BELONG TO THE KING

CLIFTON

music by

Lincoln Hall, 1896

words by
Ida Reed Smith, 1896

G C/G G G/B C G

1. I be - long to the King; I'm a child of His love. I shall dwell in His
 2. I be - long to the King, and He loves me I know, For His mer - cy and
 3. I be - long to the King, and His prom - ise is sure - That we all shall be

A A7 D7sus D7 G C/G G D/A G/B C

pal - ace so fair, For He tells of its bliss in yon heav - en a - bove, And His
 kind - ness so free Are un - ceas - ing - ly mine where - so - ev - er I go, And my
 gath - ered at last In His king - dom a - bove, by life's wa - ters so pure, When this

G C/G G A D7 G Refrain D D7 G C/G

chil - dren in splen - dor shall share. }
 Ref - uge un - fail - ing is He. }
 life with its tri - als is past. } I be - long to the King; I'm a child of His

G A D7sus D7 G C/G G

love, And He nev - er for - sak - eth His own. He will call me some -

D/A G/B C G A D7 G

day to His pal - ace a - bove; I shall dwell by His glo - ri - fied throne.

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I AM REDEEMED

PRICELESS

music by

Daniel B. Towner (1850-1919)

words by

James M. Gray (1851-1935)

A7 D A7/E A7

1. I am re - deemed, but not with sil - ver; I am bought but not with
 2. I am re - deemed with grace and mer - cy. I be - long to God a -

D A7 D Dsus D G D/F# Em7 A7 D

gold; Brought with a price: the blood of Je - sus, Pre - cious price of love un - told.
 lone. Je - sus, the Lamb, has won my par - don, He has bought me for His own.

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I BIND UNTO MYSELF TODAY

ST. PATRICK'S BREASTPLATE

Traditional Irish melody

words attr. to

St. Patrick (c. 372-466)

para. by Cecil F. Alexander (1823-1895)

Gm Dm7 Gm F/A Bb F Gm7

I bind un - to my self to - day The strong name

F/A Gm7 F Gm Ebmaj7 F Dm Ebmaj7 Eb6 Cm7 Dm Gm

of the Trin - i - ty By in - vo - ca - tion

Dm/F Eb F/Eb Ebmaj7 Gm Cm/G Gm Adim/C Gm/D D7sus Gm

of the same, The Three in One and One in Three. I

Dm7 Gm F/A Bb

bind this day to me for - ev - er, By
 bind un - to my self to - day The
 bind un - to my self to - day The
 bind un - to my self to the name, The

F Gm7 F/A Gm7 F Gm Ebmaj7 F Dm

pow - er of faith, Christ's in car - na - tion, His
 vir - tues of the of the star - lit heav - en, The
 pow - er of God to hold and lead, His
 strong name of the Trin - i - ty, By

Ebmaj7 Eb6 Cm7 Dm Gm Dm/F Eb F/Eb Ebmaj7

bap - tism in the Jor - dan Riv - er, His
 glo - rious sun's the life - giv - ing ray, The
 eye to watch, His might to the stay, His
 in vo - ca - tion of the same, The

Gm Cm/G Gm Adim/C Gm/D D7sus Gm F/A

cross of death for my sal - va - tion, His
 white ness of the the moon at c - ven, The
 ear to heark en to my need, The
 Three in One and One in Three, Of

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Bb Eb Bb/D Eb G Cm Bb

burst - ing from the spic - ed tomb, His
 flash - ing of the light - ning free, The
 wis - dom of my God to teach, His
 whom all na - ture has cre - a - tion, E

Eb Cm7 F Gm Ebmaj7 F Dm/F

rid - ing up the heav'n ly way, His
 whirl - ing wind's tem - pes - tuous shocks, The
 hand to guide, His shield to ward, The
 ter - nal Fa - ther, Spir - it, Word. Praise

Eb Cm7 Dm Gm Dm/F Eb F/Eb Ebmaj7

com - ing at the day of doom, I
 sta - ble earth, the deep salt sea, A
 Word of God to give me speech, His
 to the Lord of my sal - va - tion; Sal

Gm Cm/G Gm Adim/C Gm/D D7sus 1-3 Gm 4 Gm

bind round heav'n va un - the ly tion to the old host is my e - ter - nal of Christ to day. I I I
 rocks. guard. Lord!

I FEEL LIKE TRAVELING ON

TRAVELING ON
Composer unknown

words by
William Hunter (1811-1877)

G D7

1. My heav - en - ly home is bright and fair, } No
 2. Its glit - t'ring tow - ers the sun out - shine, } That
 3. Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, } Which
 4. The Lord has been so good to me, } Un

I feel like tra - vel - ing on.

G D7 G

pain or death can en - ter there, }
 heav'n - ly man - sion shall be mine, }
 flames de - vour or waves o'er - flow, } I
 til that bless - ed home I see. } feel like tra - vel - ing on. Yes. I

D7

feel like tra - vel - ing on. I feel like tra - vel - ing on. My

G D7 G

heav - en - ly home is bright and fair, I feel like tra - vel - ing on.

I CALL ON THEE, LORD JESUS CHRIST

ICH RUF ZU DIR
music from
Geistliche Lieder, 1533

words by
Miles Coverdale (1487-1568)

Dm Gm F/A Bb Dm Gm/Bb A Dm C F Dm C Gm Edim/G D Dm

I call on Thee, Lord Je - sus Christ, I have none oth - er help - but Thee. My

Gm F/A Bb Dm Gm/Bb A Dm C F Dm C Gm Edim/G D Am

heart is nev - er set at rest till Thy sweet word have com - fort - ed me. And

Dm C/E F Dm F/A C F Dm Am Gm/Bb Dm Asus A Dm

stead - fast faith grant me there - fore, to hold by Thy word ev - er - more,

C Gsus G C Am Dm F/A Csus C F Bb F C Dm Bb Dm/F Asus A Dm

a - bove all thing, nev - er re - sist - ing but to in - crease in faith more - and more.

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I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE

KENOSIS
music by
Philip P. Bliss, 1873

words by
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1859

Bb Eb Bb/F F7 F/A Bb

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed, That
2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne, I
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than the tongue can tell, Of
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a bove, Sal -

thou might'st ran - somed be, And quick - ened from the dead; I
left, for earth - ly night, For wan - d'ring sad and lone; I
bit - t' rest ag - o ny, To res - cue thee from hell; I've
va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love; I

F7 Bb/F F Bb F7 Bb

gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me? I
left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me? I
borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me? I've
bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What has thou brought to Me? I

F7 Bb/F F Bb F7 Bb

gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me? I
left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me? I
borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me? I've
bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me? I

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I GREET THEE, WHO MY SURE REDEEMER ART

OLD 124TH
music from
Genevan Psalter, 1551

words attr. to
John Calvin (1509-1564)
as in *French Psalter*, Strassburg, 1545
tr. by Elizabeth Lee Smith, 1868

F C F Bb F C Dm Bb C F Bb/D F/C

1. I greet Thee, who my sure Re - deem - er art, My on - ly
 2. Thou art the King of mer - cy and of grace, Reign - ing om - ni -
 3. Thou art the life, by which a lone we live, And all our
 4. Thou hast the true and per - fect gen - tle - ness, No harsh - ness
 5. Our hope is in no oth - er save in Thee; Our faith is

Bb F Edim/G F Gm/Bb Dm C F/A C7 F C/E

trust and Sav - ior of my Who pain didst un - der
 nip o tent in ev - 'ry place: So come, O King, and
 sub - stance and our strength re - ceive; Sus - tain us by Thy
 hast Thou and no bit - ter - ness: O grant to us the
 built up on Thy prom - ise free; Lord, give us peace, and

F C/E Gsus G C F C Dm A Dm Gm/Bb Gm F/C C C7 F

go for my poor sake; I pray Thee from our hearts all cares to take.
 our whole be - ing sway; Shine on us with the light of Thy pure day.
 faith and by Thy power, And give us strength in ev - 'ry try - ing hour.
 grace we find in Thee, That we may dwell in per - fect u - ni - ty.
 make us calm and sure, That in Thy strength we ev - er - more en - dure.

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I HAVE DECIDED TO FOLLOW JESUS

ASSAM
Folk melody from India

Author unknown

C C7 F

1. I have de - cid - ed _____ to fol - low Je - sus, I have de - cid - ed _____ to fol - low
 2. The world be - hind me, _____ the cross be - fore me; The world be - hind me, _____ the cross be -
 3. Though none go with me, _____ still I will fol - low, Though none go with me, _____ still I will
 4. Will you de - cide now _____ to fol - low Je - sus? Will you de - cide now _____ to fol - low

F/C C Em/G Am C/G G7 C

Je - sus, I have de - cid - ed _____ to fol - low Je - sus, }
 fore me; The world be - hind me, _____ the cross be - fore me, }
 fol - low, Though none go with me, _____ still I will fol - low, }
 Je - sus? Will you de - cide now _____ to fol - low Je - sus? } No turn - ing back, _____ no turn - ing back.

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I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY

VOX DILECTI

music by

John B. Dykes (1823-1876)

words by
Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

Gm F Bb/D Bb F Gm Cm D

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give light. The
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light. Look

Gm Eb Adim/C Bb Cm/Eb F Bb Cm/Eb Bb/D Adim/C A7/C# D

down, O wea - ry one, lay down your head up - on my breast." I
 liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one; Stoop down and drink and live." I
 un - to me; your morn shall rise And all your day be bright." I

G Am G/B C G D/F# Em D C G D

came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad; I
 came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My
 looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my star, my sun; And

G/B D7 G E Am/C E7/B Am Am/C G/D D G

found thirst in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
 thirst in was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
 in that light of life I'll walk Till trav - 'ling days are done.

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I KNOW A FOUNT

music by
Oliver Cooke

words by
Oliver Cooke

D A A/G D/F# D Bm7 Em D/A A7 D G/D D C#

I know a fount where sins are washed a - way; I know a

F#m B/D# A/E D/E C#m/E E7 A A7 D A7/E D D/A A#dim7 Bm Em E9

place where night is turned to day. Bur - dens are lift - ed; blind eyes made to

A A/G D/F# A7/E D D/F# A7/E D D/F# D D7/F# G Em7 D/A A7 D

see. There's a won - der - work - ing pow'r in the blood of Cal - va - ry.

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I KNOW GOD'S PROMISE IS TRUE

GOD'S PROMISE IS TRUE

music by

Lelia N. Morris, 1899

words by
Lelia N. Morris, 1899

1. For God so loved this sin ful world, His Son He free ly gave, That
 2. I was a way ward, wan d'ring child, A slave to sin and fear, Un
 3. The "who so ev er" of the Lord, I trust ed was for me, I
 4. E ter nal life, be gun be low, Now fills my heart and soul. I'll

who so ev er would be lieve E ter nal life should have. 'Tis
 til this bless ed prom ise fell Like mu sic on my ear.
 took Him at His gra cious word; From sin He set me free.
 sing His praise for ev er more Who has re deemed my soul.

true, O yes, 'tis true. God's won der ful prom ise is true; For I've

trust ed, and test ed, and tried it, And I know God's prom ise is true.

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I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES

DUKE STREET

music by

John Hatton (c.1710-1793)

words by
Samuel Medley (1738-1799)

1. I know that my Re deem er lives; What joy the
 2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to
 3. He lives, and grants me dai ly breath; He lives, and
 4. He lives, all glo ry to His name; He lives, my

blest plead as sur ance gives! He lives, He lives, who
 plead for shall me con quer a bove; He lives, lives, my hum gry
 Sav I shall or, still the death; same; What joy the man sion
 as

once was dead; He lives, my ev er last ing Head!
 soul to feed; He lives, to help in time of need.
 to pre pare; He lives, to bring me safe ly there.
 sur ance gives; I know that my Re deem er lives!

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I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES

FILLMORE

music by

Fred A. Fillmore, 1917

words by
Fred A. Fillmore, 1917

Bb Eb/Bb Bb F7 Bb

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me; I
 2. He wills that I should ho-ly be, In word, in tho't, in deed; Then
 3. I know that un-to sin-ful men His sav-ing grace is nigh; I
 4. I know that o-ver yon-der stands A place pre-pared for me; A

Eb/Bb Bb C7 F/C C7 F Refrain

know e-ter-nal life He gives, From sin and sor-row free.
 I His ho-ly face may see, When from this earth life freed.
 know that He will come a-gain To take me home on high.
 home, a house not made with hands, Most won-der-ful to see. } I

F7 Bb Bdim Bb F7 Bb Bdim Bb

know, I know that my Re-deem-er lives, I know, I know e-ter-nal life He gives; I

Bb7 Eb Gdim Gb7b5 Bb/F F F7 Bb

know, I know that my Re-deem-er lives.

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I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH

HANNAH

music by

James H. Fillmore (1849-1936)

words by
Jessie Brown Pounds (1861-1921)

Db Gb/Db Cdim/Db Db Ab7/Db Db Ab/Eb Db Ab7 Db

1. I know that my Re-deem-er liv-eth, And on the earth a-gain shall stand; I
 2. I know His prom-ise nev-er fail-eth, The word He speaks, it can-not die; Though
 3. I know my man-sion He pre-par-eth, That where He is there I may be; O

Gb/Db Cdim/Db Db Ab/Eb Eb Eb7 Ab Refrain

know e-ter-nal life He giv-eth, That grace and power are in His hand.
 cru-el death my flesh as-sail-eth, Yet I shall see Him by and by. } I know, I
 won-drous thought, for me He car-eth, And He at last will come for me.

Ab7 Db Ab7 Db

know that Je-sus liv-eth, And on the earth a-gain shall stand; I know, I

Ab/Eb Db/F Gb Db/Ab Ab7 Db

know that life He giv-eth, That grace and power are in His hand.

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I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED

EL NATHAN

music by

James McGranahan, 1883

words by
Daniel W. Whittle, 1883
based on II Timothy 1:12

1. I know not why — God's won - drous grace To me He hath — made known, Nor
 2. I know not how — this sav - ing faith To me He did — im - part, Nor
 3. I know not how — the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men — of — sin, Re
 4. I know not what — of — good or ill May be re - served — for — me, Of
 5. I know not when — my — Lord may come, At night or noon - day — fair, Nor

why, un - wor - thy, — Christ in love Re - deemed me for — His — own.
 how be - liev - ing — in His Word Wro't peace with - in — my — heart.
 veal - ing Je - sus — thro' the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in — Him. } But I
 wea - ry ways — or — gold - en days Be - fore His face — I — see.
 if I'll walk — the — vale with Him, Or meet Him, in — the — air.

know whom — I have be - liev - ed, — And am per - suad - ed — that He is
 a - ble To keep that — which I've com - mit - ted Un - to Him a - gainst that day.

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I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS

CRUCIFIX

Traditional Greek melody

adapt. in Sullivan's Church Hymns, 1874

words by
Horatius Bonar, 1843

1. I — lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God; He —
 2. I — lay my wants on Je - sus; All full - ness dwells in Him. He —
 3. I — rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of mine; His —
 4. I — long to be like Je - sus - Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild; I —

bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load. I bring my guilt to
 heals all my dis - eas - es; He doth my soul re - deem. I lay my griefs on
 right hand me em - brac - es, I on His breast re - cline. I love the name of
 long to be like Je - sus - The Fa - ther's ho - ly Child. I long to be with

Je - sus, To wash my — crim - son — stains White —
 Je - sus, My bur - dens — and my — cares. He —
 Je - sus, Im - man - uel, — Christ, the — Lord; Like —
 Je - sus, A — mid the — heav'n - ly — throng, To —

in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.
 from them all re - leas - es; He all my sor - rows shares.
 fra - grance on the breez - es His His name a - broad is poured.
 sing with saints His prais - es, And learn the an - gels' song.

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I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS

words by
Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

MUNICH
music from
Neu-vermehrtes Gesangbuch, Meiningen, 1693

D G A A7/C# D D/F# G Asus A7

1. I _____ lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of
2. I _____ lay my wants on Je - sus; All full - ness dwells in
3. I _____ rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of
4. I _____ long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low ly,

D Bm A/C# Em F# Bm/D D/F# G Asus A7

God; He _____ bears them all and frees us From the ac - curs - ed
him; He _____ heals all my dis - eas - es; My soul He _____ does re -
mine; His _____ right hand me em - brac - es; I on His _____ breast re -
mild; I _____ long to be like Je - sus, the Fa - ther's _____ ho - ly

D A A/G D#dim/F# Em Em/G Bm Em/B Bm Em/D E7

load. I bring my guilt to Je - sus To wash my crim - son
deem. I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my
cline. I love the name of Je - sus, Im - man - uel, Christ, the
Child. I long to be with Je - sus A - mid the heav'n - ly

A A7/C# D D/C G/B D7/A G D/F# G/B Gmaj7 Asus A7 D

stains Clean in His blood most pre - cious Till not a spot re - mains.
cares; He from them all re - leas - es; He all my sor - rows shares.
Lord; Like fra - grance on the breez - es His name a - broad is poured.
throng, To sing with saints His prais - es And learn the an - gels' song.

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I LOVE THE LORD, WHO HEARD MY CRY

words by
Isaac Watts, 1719

African-American Spiritual

D G/D D B/D A/C# A7 A7/C# D G/B D/A

1. I love the Lord, _____ who heard my cry _____ And pit - ied
2. I love the Lord, _____ who heard my cry _____ And chased my

G A/G D/F# A/C# D G B7 E E7/G#

ev - ery _____ a _____ groan. Long as _____ I _____ live _____ and _____ trou - bles
grief _____ a _____ way. O _____ let _____ my _____ heart _____ no _____ more _____ de -

A A/G F7 Bm Esus Em D/F# Em7/G G/A A7 D

rise, _____ I'll _____ has - ten _____ to _____ God's _____ throne.
spair _____ While _____ I _____ have _____ breath _____ to _____ pray.

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I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD

ST. THOMAS

music from

The Universal Psalmodist, 1763

adapt. by Aaron Williams, 1770

words by
Timothy Dwight, 1800

1. I love Thy king - dom, — Lord, The — house of — Thine a — bode, The
 2. I love Thy Church, O — God! Her — walls be — fore Thee stand, Dear
 3. For her my tears shall — fall; For — her my — prayers as — cend; To
 4. Be — yond my high — est — joy I — prize her — heav'n — ly ways, Her
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall — last, To — Zi — on — shall be giv'n The

Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own — pre - cious blood.
 as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en — on Thy hand.
 her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till her toils and — cares shall end.
 sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of — love shall and praise.
 bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er — bliss of heav'n.

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I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

HANKEY

music by

William G. Fischer (1835-1912)

words by
A. Catherine Hankey (1834-1911)

1. I love to tell the sto - ry of un - seen things — a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, more won - der - ful — it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'tis pleas - ant to — re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, for those who know — it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry, of — Je - sus and — His love; I
 all the gold en fan - cies of — all our gold - en dreams; I
 seems, each time I tell it, more — won - der - ful - ly sweet; I
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing to — hear it like — the rest; And

love to tell the sto - ry be - cause I know 'tis — true, It
 love to tell the sto - ry, it did so much for — me, And
 love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er — heard The
 when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new — song, 'Twill

sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else can do. }
 that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. } I
 mes - sage of sal - va - tion from that God's own ho - ly Word.
 be the old, old sto - ry I have loved so long. }

love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry To
 tell the old, — old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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I LOVE THEE

words by
Jeremiah Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805

music from
Jeremiah Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805

1. I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee,
2. O Je sus, my Sav ior, with Thee I love Thee, my Lord; I
3. O, who's like my Sav ior? He's Sa lem's bright King; He

love Thee, my Sav ior, I love Thee, my God; I
life and sal va tion, my joy and helps, and my my God; I
smiles and He loves me and helps me to sing; Thy
I'll

love Thee, I love Thee, and that Thou dost know; But
name be my theme, and Thy love notes be my song; Thy
praise Him, I'll praise Him with notes loud and clear, While

how much I love Thee my ac tions will show.
grace shall in of spire pleas ure both my heart and my tongue.
riv ers of of pleas ure both my heart and my shall cheer.

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I MUST TELL JESUS

words by
Elisha A. Hoffman, 1894

ORWIGSBURG
music by
Elisha A. Hoffman, 1894

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these bur - dens a - lone. In my dis -
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou - bles; He is a kind, com - pas - sion - ate Friend. If I but
3. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is tempt - ed to sin! I must tell

tress He kind - ly will help me; He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
ask Him, He will de - liv er, Make of my trou - bles quick - ly an end. } I must tell
Je - sus, and He will help me O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win. }

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

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I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

NEED
music by

Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

words by
Annie S. Hawks, 1872 (verses)
Refrain by Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour: Stay Thou near by; Temp
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O

ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
 ta - tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 quick ly and a bide, Or Thou life is vain. I
 make me Thine in deed, Thou bless ed Son!

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

bless me now, my Sav - ior: I come to Thee!

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I SHALL KNOW HIM

SAVIOR FIRST

music by

John R. Sweney (1837-1899)

words by
Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

1. When my life work is end - ed, and I cross the swell - ing tide, When the
 2. O the soul - thrill - ing rap - ture when I view His bless - ed face, And the
 3. Thru the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot - less white, He will

bright and glo - rious morn - ing I shall see; I shall know my Re - deem - er when I
 lus - ter of His kind - ly beam - ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 lead me where no tears shall ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me. I shall
 mer - cy, love, and grace, That pre - pares me for a man - sion in the sky.
 min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.

know Him, I shall know Him, As re - deemed by His side I shall stand; I shall
 know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.

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B \flat E \flat F B \flat E \flat F

sing the wis - dom that or - dained The sun to rule the day; The
 how Thy won - ders are dis - played, Wher - e'er I turn my eyes; If
 all that bor - rows life from Thee Is ev - er in Thy care, And

B \flat B \flat /D Gm F B \flat E \flat Gm Fsus F B \flat

moon shines full at God's com - mand, And all the stars o - bey.
 I sur - vey where the ground we can tread, Or gaze up - on the sky!
 ev - 'ry where that we can be, Thou, God, art pres - ent there.

I SING THE MIGHTY POWER OF GOD

FOREST GREEN

Traditional English melody

arr. by Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

words by
Isaac Watts, 1715

F B \flat F/A Gm F Dm C Dm Gm F/A B \flat C F C

1. I sing the might - y pow'r of God, that made the moun - tains rise, that
 2. I sing the good - ness of the Lord, who filled the earth with food, who
 3. There's not a plant or flower be - low, but makes Thy glo - ries known, and

F B \flat F/A Gm F Dm C Dm Gm F/A B \flat C F Dm

spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, and built the loft - y skies. I
 formed the crea - tures thru the Word, and then pro - nounced them good. Lord,
 clouds a - rise, and tem - pests blow, by or - der from Thy throne; while

Am B \flat C F Dm C F/A F Gm/B \flat Dm C

sing the wis - dom that or - dained the sun to rule the day; the
 how Thy won - ders are dis - played, the wher - e'er I turn my eye; if
 all that bor - rows life from Thee is ev - er in my care; and

F B \flat F/A Gm F Dm C Dm Gm F/A Dm Csus C7 F

moon shines full at God's com - mand, and all the stars o - bey.
 I sur - vey where the ground we can tread, or gaze up - on the sky.
 ev - 'ry where that we can be, Thou, God, art pres - ent there.

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I TO THE HILLS WILL LIFT MY EYES

DUNDEE

music from

Scottish Psalter, 1615

Author unknown
words based on Psalm 121

D G D/F# D C F#dim/A G D A Bm G A D

1. I to the hills will lift my eyes; From whence shall come my aid?
 2. He will not let your foot be moved, Thy guard - ian nev - er sleeps;
 3. Thy faith - ful keep - er is the Lord, Thy shel - ter and Thy shade;
 4. From e - vil He will keep thee safe, For thee He will pro - vide;

A Bm A/C# Bm7/D E A D Em/G Bm Asus A D

My help is from the Lord a lone, Who heaven and earth has made.
 With watch - ful and the un - Lord slum - b'ring care His own He safe - ly keeps.
 'Neath sun or moon, by day or night, Thou shalt not be a - fraid.
 Thy go - ing out, thy com - ing in, For ev - er He will guide.

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I SING THE MIGHTY POWER OF GOD

words by
Isaac Watts, 1715

MOZART (I)
music attr. to
Wolfgang A. Mozart (1756-1791)

1. I sing the mighty pow'r of God That made the moun - tains rise, That
 2. I sing the good - ness of the Lord, Who filled the earth with food, Who
 3. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low But makes Thy glo - ries known; And

spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies. I
 formed the crea - tures through the Word, And then pro - nounced them good. Lord,
 clouds, a - rise and tem - pests blow By or - der from Thy throne; While

sing the wis - dom that or - dained The sun to rule the day; The
 how Thy won - ders are dis - played Wher e'er I turn my eye; If
 all that bor - rows life from Thee Is ev - er in Thy care, And

moon shines full at God's com - mand And all the stars o - bey.
 I sur - vey the ground I tread And Or gaze up - on the sky.
 ev - 'ry - where that we can be, Thou, God, art pres - ent there.

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I SOUGHT THE LORD

Author unknown, c. 1890

PEACE
music by
George W. Chadwick, 1890

1. I sought the Lord, and af - ter - ward I knew _____ He moved my
 2. Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine en - fold; _____ I walked and
 3. I find, I walk, I love, but oh, the whole _____ of love is

soul to seek Him, seek - ing me. It was not so I that
 sank not on the storm - vexed sea. 'Twas not so much that
 but my an - swer, Lord, to Thee! For Thou wert long be

found, O Sav - ior true; _____ no, I was found of Thee.
 I on Thee took hold; _____ as Thou, dear Lord, on me.
 fore - hand with my soul; _____ al - ways Thou lov - edst me.

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I STAND AMAZED IN THE PRESENCE

(My Savior's Love)

MY SAVIOR'S LOVE

music by

Charles H. Gabriel, 1905

words by
Charles H. Gabriel, 1905

Ab Eb Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres- ence Of Je- sus the Naz- a- rene, And
 2. For me it was in the gar- den He prayed, "Not My will, but Thine." He
 3. In pit- y an- gels be- held Him, And came from the world of light To
 4. He took my sins and my sor- rows, He made them His ver- y own; He
 5. When with the ran- somed in glo- ry His face I at last shall see, 'Twill

Db Ab Ab/C Db6 Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

won- der how He could love me, A sin- ner, con- demned, un- clean.
 had no tears for His own sor- rows, But sweat- drops of blood for that mine.
 com- fort Him in the sor- rows He bore for my soul that night.
 bore the bur- den to Cal- v'ry, And suf- fered and died a lone.
 be my joy through the a- ges To sing of His love for me.

Bb

How mar- vel- ous! How won- der- ful! And my song shall ev- er be:

Ab Db6 Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

How mar- vel- ous! How won- der- ful is my Sav- ior's love for me!

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I SURRENDER ALL

SURRENDER

music by

Winfield S. Weeden (1847-1908)

words by
Judson W. Van De Venter (1855-1939)

D G/D D A7 D G/D D A7 D

1. All to Je- sus I sur- ren- der; All to Him I free- ly give;
 2. All to Je- sus I sur- ren- der; hum- bly at His feet I bow;
 3. All to Je- sus I sur- ren- der; make me, Sav- ior, whol- ly thine;
 4. All to Je- sus I sur- ren- der; Lord, I give my self to Thee;
 5. All to Je- sus I sur- ren- der; now I feel the sa- cred flame.

G/D D A7 D G/D D A7 D

I will ev- er love and trust Him, in His pres- ence dai- ly live.
 world- ly pleas- ures all for- sak- en; take me, Je- sus, take me now.
 let me feel the Ho- ly Spir- it, tru- ly know that Thou art mine.
 fill me with Thy love and pow- er; let Thy bless- ing fall on me.
 O the joy of full sal- va- tion! Glo- ry, glo- ry to His name!

Refrain A7 D

I sur- ren- der all, I sur- ren- der all,

G/D D G D/A A7 D

all to Thee, my bless- ed Sav- ior, I sur- ren- der all.

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I WANT A PRINCIPLE WITHIN

words by
Charles Wesley, 1749

GERALD
music by
Louis Spohr, 1834
adapted by James Stimpson (1820-1886)

1. I want a prin - ci - ple with - in of watch - ful, god - ly fear, _____ a
 2. From Thee that I no more may stray, no more Thy good - ness grieve, _____ grant
 3. Al - might - y God of truth and love, to me Thy power im - part; _____ the

sen - si - bil - i - ty of sin, a pain to feel it near. _____ I
 moun - tain from my soul re - move, the the hard - ness from my heart. _____ Quick
 O

want the first _____ ap - proach to feel of pride of _____ wrong de - sire, _____ to
 as the ap - ple of an eye, O God, my _____ con - science make; _____ a
 may the least _____ o - mis - sion pain my re - a - wak - ened soul, _____ and

catch the wan - dering of my will, and quench the kin - dling fire. _____
 wake my soul when sin is night, and keep it still a - wake. _____
 drive me to that blood a - gain, which makes the wound - ed whole. _____

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I WILL PRAISE HIM

words by
Margaret J. Harris, 1898

music by
Margaret J. Harris, 1898

1. When I saw the cleans - ing foun - tain, O - pen wide for all my sin,
 2. Though the way seems straight and nar - row, All I claimed was swept a - way;
 3. Bless - ed be the name of Je - sus! I'm so glad He took me in;
 4. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Fa - ther! Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Son!

I o - beyed the Spir - it's woo - ing When He said, "Wilt thou be clean?"
 My am - bi - tions, plans and wish - es At my feet in ash - es lay.
 He's for - giv - en my trans - gres - sions, He has cleansed my heart from sin.
 Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Spir - it! Glo - ry to the Three in One!

Refrain
 I will praise Him! I will praise Him! Praise the Lamb for sin - ners slain;
 Give Him glo - ry, all ye peo - ple, For His blood can wash - a - way each stain.

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I WANT JESUS TO WALK WITH ME

SOJOURNER

African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual

1. I want Je - sus to walk with me; I want
 2. In my tri - als, Lord, walk with me; In my
 3. When I'm in trou - ble, Lord, walk with me; When I'm in

Je - sus to walk with me; All a - long my pil - grim
 tri - als, Lord, walk with me; When my heart is al - most
 trou - ble, Lord, walk with me; When my head is bowed in

jour - ney, } Lord, I want Je - sus to walk with me.
 break - ing,
 sor - row,

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I WILL BLESS THEE, O LORD

I WILL BLESS THEE

music by

Esther Watanabe

words by
 Esther Watanabe

I will bless Thee, O Lord. I will bless Thee, O
 hands lift - ed up, And my mouth filled with

Lord, } With a heart of thanks - giv - ing, I will
 praise,

bless Thee, O Lord. With my Lord.

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I'LL BE SO GLAD WHEN JESUS COMES

GLAD

Traditional music

Traditional words

1. I'll be so glad when Je - sus comes, I'll be so glad when vic - t'ry's won; There'll be no
 2. I'm wait - ing for my Lord's re - turn, And for His com - ing soon I yearn; He'll show His

sor - row in God's to - mor - row; I'll be so glad when Je - sus comes.
 pow - er in that great ho - ur; I'm wait - ing for my Lord's re - turn.

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I WILL REMEMBER THEE

words by James Montgomery (1771-1854)

MANOAH
music from
Henry W. Greatorex's
Collection of Church Music, 1851

F C7 Dm Fmaj7/A Bb Gm/Bb D/A Gm D/A Gm/Bb Bdim7 F/C

1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
 2. Thy bod - y, bro - ken for sake, My bread from heav'n shall be;
 3. When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry,
 4. Re - mem - ber Thee and all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me;
 5. And when these fail - ing lips grow dumb, And mind and mem - r'y flee,

C C7 F Gm/F Bb/F F Bb D Gm Gm/Bb F/C C7 F

— This will I do, my dy - ing Lord: I will re - mem - ber Thee.
 — Thy tes - ta - men - tal cup I take, And thus re - mem - ber Thee.
 — O Lamb of God, my sac - ri - fice, I must re - mem - ber Thee.
 — Yea, while a breath, a pulse re - mains, Will I re - mem - ber Thee.
 — When Thou shalt in Thy king - dom come, Je - sus, re - mem - ber me!

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I WILL SING OF THE MERCIES OF THE LORD

words based on Psalm 89:1

I WILL SING
music by James H. Fillmore (1849-1936)

D Dsus D A/G D/F# A7/E D A7/C# D A A7/C#

I will sing of the mer - cies of the Lord for - ev - er, I will sing, I will

D Dsus D A/G D/F# A7/E D A7/C# D

sing. I will sing of the mer - cies of the Lord for - ev - er, I will

A D G A/G G D

sing of the mer - cies of the Lord. With my mouth will I make known Thy

A/G D/F# A7/E A7 G/D D G A/G G D

faith - ful - ness, Thy faith - ful - ness; With my mouth I will make known Thy

A/E E7 A/E E7 A D Dsus D A/G D/F# A7/E

faith - ful - ness to all gen - er - a - tions. I will sing of the mer - cies of the

D A7/C# D A A7/C# D Dsus D A/G D/F# A7/E

Lord for - ev - er, I will sing, I will sing. I will sing of the mer - cies of the

D A7/C# D A D

Lord for - ev - er, I will sing of the mer - cies of the Lord.

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I WILL SING OF MY REDEEMER

MY REDEEMER

music by

James McGranahan (1840-1907)

words by
Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

Ab Eb Eb7 Ab

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won-drous love to me; On the
 2. tell the won-drous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save, In His
 3. praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant pow'r I'll tell; How the
 4. sing of my Re-deem-er And His Heav'n-ly love to me; He from

Eb Eb7 Ab

cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free. }
 bound-less love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave. } Sing, O
 vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin and death and hell.
 death to life hath brought me, Son of God with Him to be.

Db Ab Eb7 Fm Eb/G Ab

sing of my Re-deem-er, With His blood He pur-chased me; On the

Db Ab Ab/Eb Eb7 1-3 Ab Db/Ab Ab 4 Ab Db/Ab Ab

cross He sealed my par-don, Paid the debt and made me free. (2-4.) I will free.

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I WILL SING THE WONDROUS STORY

WONDROUS STORY

music by

Peter P. Bilhorn, 1886

words by
Francis H. Rowley, 1886

D A7 D

1. I will sing the won-drous sto-ry Of the Christ who died for me; How He
 2. I was lost but Je-sus found me, Found the sheep that went a-stray, Threw His
 3. I was bruised but Je-sus healed me, Faint was I from man-ya fall; Sight was
 4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft-en tread; But the

A7 D A7

left His home in glo-ry For the cross of Cal-va-ry. }
 lov-ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in-to His way. } Yes, I'll
 gone, and fears pos-sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
 Sav-ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe-ly led.

D A7 D A7

sing the won-drous sto-ry Of the Christ who died for me. Sing it

D A7 D

with the saints in glo-ry Gath-ered by the crys-tal sea.

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I WOULD BE LIKE JESUS

SPRING HILL
music by
Bentley D. Ackley

words by
James Rowe

G Gdim G Am/G G G/B Am7 D7

1. Earth ly plea - sures vain ly call me, I would be like Je - sus;
 2. He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
 3. All the way from earth to glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
 4. That in heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

Ddim7 D7 D/C G/B D G A7/E D

Noth - ing world ly shall en - thrall me, I would be like Je - sus;
 That my soul may serve Him bet - er, I would be like Je - sus;
 Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
 That His words, "Well done," may greet me, I would be like Je - sus;

Refrain

G C/G G A7 D7 Bm/D D7 G

Be like Je - sus - this my song, In the home and in the throug;

G/B D G G7/B C G/D D7 G

Be like Je - sus all day long, I would be like Je - sus.

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I WOULD BE TRUE

PEEK
music by
Joseph Y. Peek (1843-1911)

words by
Howard A. Walter (1883-1918)

F C

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
 2. I would be friend of all, the foe, the friend - less;
 3. I would be pray'r ful through each bus - y mo - ment;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;
 I would be giv - ing, and ly for in - get the with gift;
 I would be con - stant, ly in touch the with God;

I would be strong, for there is much to suf - fer;
 I would be hum - ble, to hear His know slight - my weak - ness;
 I would be tuned to His slight - my whis - per;

Bdim7 F/C C7 F/A

I would be brave, for there is much to dare,
 I would look up, and laugh and love and lift,
 I would have faith to keep the path Christ trod,

Bb Bdim7 F/C C7 F

I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
 I would look up, and laugh and love and lift.
 I would have faith to keep the path Christ trod.

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I WOULD NOT BE DENIED

NOT DENIED

music by

Charles P. Jones, c. 1900

words by
Charles P. Jones, c. 1900

1. When pangs of fear seized on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried. Till
 2. As Ja - cob in the days of old, I wres - tled with the Lord; And
 3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone And would not hear my prayer. But

Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied. }
 in - stant - ly, with the cour - age is bold, I stood up - on His Word. }
 praise the Lord, the work is done, And Christ the Lord is here! } I

would not be de - nied. I would not be de - nied. Till

Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.

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I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO

I'LL GO

music by

Carrie E. Rounsefell, 1894

words by
Mary Brown (v.1), 1894
and Charles E. Prior (v.2,3), 1894

1. It may not be on the moun - tain's height Or o - ver the storm - y sea, _____ It
 2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak, _____ There
 3. There's sure - ly some - where a low - ly place In earth's har - vest fields so wide, _____ Where

may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me; _____ But
 may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand - 'rer whom I should seek; _____ O
 I may la - bor thru life's short day For Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied; _____ So,

if by a still, _____ small voice He calls To paths I do _____ not know, _____ I'll
 Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way, _____ My
 trust - ing my all _____ un - to Thy care I know Thou lov - est me _____ I'll

an - swer, dear Lord, with my hand _____ in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go. _____ }
 voice _____ shall ech - o the mes - sage sweet, I'll say what You want me to say. _____ } I'll
 do _____ Thy will with a heart _____ sin - cere, I'll be what You want me to be. _____ }

go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er moun - tain or plain _____ or sea, _____ I'll

say what you want me to say, _____ dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be. _____

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I'LL LIVE FOR HIM

DUNBAR

music by

C.R. Dunbar, 1882

words by
Ralph E. Hudson, 1882

F **C** **F/C** **C**

1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me. O
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live, And
 3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free, I'll

F **F7/A** **Bbsus** **Bb** **Gm/Bb** **F/C** **C7** **F** **Refrain**

may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God! }
 now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God! }
 con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God! } I'll

C **F/C** **C**

live for Him who died for me. How hap - py then my life shall be! I'll

F **F7/A** **Bbsus** **Bb** **Gm/Bb** **F/C** **C7** **F**

live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

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I'LL PRAISE MY MAKER WHILE I'VE BREATH

OLD 113TH

music atr. to

Mattaeus Greiter, 1525

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
alt. by John Wesley (1703-1791)
based on Psalm 146

D **Bm** **A** **D** **D/F#** **D** **G/B** **A** **D/F#** **G/B** **D** **A** **D/F#** **D** **E** **A** **G**

1. I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath; and when my voice is lost in death, praise
 2. Hap - py are all whose hopes re - ly on Is - rael's God; He made the sky and
 3. The Lord gives eye - sight to the blind; the Lord up - holds the faint - ing mind; He
 4. I'll praise him while He lends me breath; and when my voice is lost in death, praise

D/F# **Em/G** **D/A** **Bm** **G** **A** **D** **D/F#** **D** **A** **AC#** **D** **E** **A** **D/F#**

shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs. My days of praise shall nev - er pass, while
 and seas, with all their train. His truth for - ev - er stands se - cure, He
 sends the bur - dened con - science peace. He helps the stran - ger in dis - tress, He
 shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs. My days of praise shall nev - er pass, while

D **Bm** **C#** **F#m** **D** **E** **A** **D** **C** **D7/A** **Em** **D/F#** **G** **A** **D**

life and thought and be - ing last, or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.
 saves th'op - pressed, He feeds the poor, and none shall find his prom - ise vain.
 wid - ow and the fa - ther - less, and grants the pris - ner sweet re - lease.
 life and thought and be - ing last, or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

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I'M GONNA SING WHEN THE SPIRIT SAYS SING

I'M GONNA SING
African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual

B \flat Eb/B \flat B \flat

1. I'm gon - na sing when the Spir - it says sing, _____ I'm gon - na
 2. I'm gon - na pray when the Spir - it says pray, _____ I'm gon - na
 3. I'm gon - na moan when the Spir - it says moan, _____ I'm gon - na
 4. I'm gon - na shout when the Spir - it says shout, _____ I'm gon - na

E \flat /B \flat B \flat F7 B \flat E \flat /B \flat

sing when the Spir - it says sing, _____ I'm gon - na sing when the Spir - it says
 pray when the Spir - it says pray, _____ I'm gon - na pray when the Spir - it says
 moan when the Spir - it says moan, _____ I'm gon - na moan when the Spir - it says
 shout when the Spir - it says shout, _____ I'm gon - na shout when the Spir - it says

B \flat E \flat B \flat /F F7 B \flat E \flat /B \flat B \flat

sing _____
 pray _____
 moan _____
 shout _____

and o - bey the Spir - it of the Lord.

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I'VE ANCHORED IN JESUS

ANCHORED IN JESUS
music by
Lewis E. Jones, 1901

words by
Lewis E. Jones, 1901

B \flat E \flat B \flat

1. Up - on life's bound - less o - cean where might - y bil - lows roll, I've fixed my hope in Je - sus, blest
 2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me bless - ed peace; His voice hath stilled the wa - ters and
 3. He is my Friend and Sav - ior; in Him my an - chor's cast. He drives a - way my sor - rows and

C7 F F7 B \flat E \flat B \flat

An - chor of my soul. When tri - als fierce as - sail me, as storms are gath - 'ring o'er, I
 bid their tu - mult cease. My Pi - lot and De - liv - 'rer to Him I all con - fide, For
 shields me from the blast. By faith I'm look - ing up - ward be - yond life's trou - bled sea; There

B \flat /F F7 B \flat Refrain

rest up - on His mer - cy and trust Him more. } I've an - chored in Je - sus; the
 al - ways when I need Him He's at my side. }
 I be - hold a ha - ven pre - pared for me.

E \flat B \flat B \flat /F F Fdim F

storms of life I'll brave. I've an - chored in Je - sus; I fear no wind or wave. I've

B \flat E \flat B \flat B \flat /F F7 B \flat F7 B \flat

an - chored in Je - sus, for He hath pow'r to save. I've an - chored in the Rock of A - ges.

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I'VE FOUND A FRIEND, O SUCH A FRIEND!

words by
James G. Small (1817-1888)

CONSTANCE
music by
Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him; He
 2. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And
 3. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! So kind and true and ten der, So

drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him; And
 not a lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me. Naught
 wise a coun sel lor and guide, So might y a de fend er! From

round that my heart still close ly twine Those ties which naught can sev er, For
 Him I have mine own I call, I'll hold it for the giv er; My
 who loves me now so well, What power my soul shall sev er? Shall

I am His, and He is mine, For ev er and for ev er.
 heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for ev er.
 life or death, or shall earth or hell? No! I am His for ev er.

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I'VE FOUND A FRIEND, O SUCH A FRIEND!

words by
James G. Small (1817-1888)

FRIEND
music by
George C. Stebbins (1846-1945)

1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him; He
 2. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And
 3. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! So kind and true and ten der, So

drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him; And
 not a lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me. Naught
 wise a coun se lor and guide, So might y a de fend er! From

'round my heart still close ly twine Those ties which naught can sev er, For
 that I have my own I call, I'll hold it for the giv er; My
 Him who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev er? Shall

I am His, and He is mine, For ev er and for ev er.
 heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for ev er.
 life or death, or shall earth or hell? No! I am His for ev er.

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I'LL WALK WITH HIM ALWAYS

ALWAYS
Traditional music

Traditional words

The Lord is my Shep-herd, I'll walk with Him al-ways. He leads by still wa-ters; I'll walk with Him al-ways. Al-ways, al-ways, I'll walk with Him al-ways. Al-ways, al-ways, I'll walk with Him al-ways.

*May be sung as a round.

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IF GOD HIMSELF BE FOR ME

IST GOTT FÜR MICH
music by

words by
Paul Gerhardt, 1656
tr. based on Richard Massie, 1857

D. Spaiser, 24 Geystliche Lieder, Augsburg, 1609

1. If God Him-self be for me, I may a host de- fy; For
 2. This I be-lieve, you rath-er, Of this I make my boast. That
 3. I build on this foun-da-tion, That Je-sus and His blood A
 4. He can-cel-ed my of-fens-es, De-liv-ered me from death; He
 5. Naught, naught can now con-demn me, Nor set my hope a-side; Now
 6. My heart for joy is spring-ing And can no more be sad, 'Tis

when I pray, be-fore me My foes, con-found-ed, fly, If
 God is my dear Fa-ther, The Friend who loves me most, And
 lone are my sal-va-tion, The true, e-ter-nal good. With
 is the Lord who cleans-es me, My soul from sin through faith. In
 hell no more can claim me, Its fu-ry I de-ride. No
 full of mirth and sing-ing, Sees naught but sun-shine glad. The

Christ, my Head and Mas-ter, Be friend me from a-bove, What
 that, what e'er be that tide me, My Sav-ior is at hand Through
 out Him all that pleas-es Bold, Is val-ue- less on earth; The
 Him I can be-cheer-ful, No ill de- daunt-ed aye; In
 sen-tence e'er re-proves me, No ill de-stroys my peace; For
 Sun that cheers my Spir-it Is Je-sus Christ, my king; The

foe or what dis-as-ter Can drive me from His love? love?
 storm-y seas to guide me And bring me safe to land. land.
 gifts I owe to Je-sus A lone my love are worth. worth.
 Him I am not fear-ful Of God's great Judg-ment day. day.
 Christ, my Sav-ior, loves me And shields me with His grace. grace.
 heav'n I shall in-her-it Makes me re-joice and sing. sing.

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I'VE GOT PEACE LIKE A RIVER

PEACE LIKE A RIVER
Traditional music

Traditional words

1. I've got peace like a riv - er, I've got peace like a riv - er, I've got
 2. love like an o - cean, I've got love like an o - cean, I've got
 3. joy like a foun - tain, I've got joy like a foun - tain, I've got

peace love joy like like like a an a riv - er in in in my my my soul; soul; soul; I've got I've got I've got

peace love joy like like like a an a riv - er, I've got peace love joy like like like a riv - er, I've got
 I've got I've got I've got I've got I've got I've got I've got I've got I've got I've got

peace like a riv - er in my soul. (2.) I've got
 love like an o - cean in my soul. (3.) I've got
 joy like a foun - tain in my soul.

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IF THOU BUT SUFFER GOD TO GUIDE THEE

NEUMARK
music by
Georg Neumark, 1657

words by
Georg Neumark, 1657
tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

1. If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee And hope in Him through
 2. What can these anx - ious cares a - vail thee, These nev - er ceas - ing
 3. On - ly be still, and wait His lei - sure In cheer - ful hope, with
 4. Sing, pray, and keep His ways un - swerv - ing In all thy la - bor

all thy ways, He'll give thee strength what - e'er be - tide thee
 moans and sighs? What can take it help, if thou be - be - thee
 heart con - tent? To And trust His Word; though un - de - serv - ing,
 faith - ful be, And His love true for thee; God trusts in His un -

And bear thee through the e - vil days; Who trusts in God's un -
 O'er each dark mo - ment as it flies? Our cross and tri - als -
 And all de - serv - ing love hath sent; Nor doubt our in - in - most
 Thou yet shalt find it true for thee; God nev - er will for -

chang - ing love Builds on the rock that naught can move.
 do but press The heav - ier for our bit - ter - ness.
 wants are known To Him who chose us for His own.
 sake in need The soul that trusts in Him in deed.

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IF JESUS GOES WITH ME

IF JESUS GOES
music by
C. Arthur Miles, 1908

words by
C. Austin Miles, 1908

C G7 C F C

1. It may be in the val - ley, where count - less dan - gers hide; _____ It
 2. It may be I the must car - ry the bless - ed word of life _____ A -
 3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at my home, _____ While
 4. It is not mine to ques - tion the judg - ments of my Lord; _____ It

G7 C G/D D7 G

may be in the sun shine that I in peace a - bide. _____ But
 cross the burn ing des erts to be those in sin - ful strife; _____ And
 oth is ers but mine to fol - lows' low the lead - ings of His Word. _____ I'll
 But

G7 C F/C C

this one thing I know _____ if it be dark or fair, _____ If
 tho' it be my lot _____ to bear my col - ors there, _____ If
 prove my faith in Him, _____ con - fess His judg - ments fair; _____ And
 if to go or stay, _____ or wheth - er here or there, _____ I'll

F C G G7 C Refrain F/C C

Je - sus is with me, _____ I'll go an - y - where! _____
 Je - sus goes with me, _____ I'll go an - y - where! _____
 if He stays with me, _____ I'll stay an - y - where! _____
 be, with my Sav - ior, _____ con - tent an - y - where! _____ } If Je - sus goes with me, I'll

G7

go an - y - where! _____ 'Tis heav - en to me, wher - e'er I may be, if He is

C F/C C C/E

there! _____ I count it a priv - i - lege here _____ His cross to

F C G7 C

bear. _____ If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go _____ an - y - where! _____

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IN ALL MY VAST CONCERNS WITH THEE

DOWNES
music by
Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Eb Ab/Eb Eb Bb/D Bb7 Eb Eb/G Ab Eb/G Bb/F F7

1. In all my vast con - cerns with Thee, In vain my soul would
 2. My thoughts lie o - pen to the Lord, Be - fore they're formed with
 3. O won - drous know - ledge, deep and high, Where can a crea - ture
 4. So let Thy grace sur - round me still, And like a bul - wark

Bb Ab/Eb Eb Ab Eb Eb Ab Eb/G Bb7/F Eb Bb7 Cm Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

try To shun Thy pres - ence, Lord, or flee The no - tice of Thine eye.
 in; And ere my lips pro - nounce the word, He knows the sense I mean.
 hide? With in Thy cir - cling arms I lie, En - closed on ev - 'ry side.
 prove To guard my soul from ev - 'ry ill, Se - cured by Sov - 'reign love.

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IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE

words by
Walter Chalmers Smith (1824-1908)

ST. DENIO
Traditional Welsh melody
from John Roberts' *Canaidau y Cyssegr*, 1839

1. Im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise, In
2. Un - rest - ing, un - hast - ing, and si - lent as light, Nor
3. To all, life Thou giv - est, to both great and in small; In
4. Thou reign - est in glo - ry, Thou rul - est in light, In
Thine

light in ac ces si ble hid from our eyes. Most
want - ing, nor wast - ing, Thou rul - est in might; Thy
all - life, Thou liv - est, the true life in of all; all; We
an - gels a - dore Thee, all veil - ing their sight; All

bles - ed, most glo - rious, the An - cient of Days, Al
jus - tice like moun - tains, high like a soar - ing on the tree, Thy
blos - som and flour - ish like O leaves on the tree, Then
praise we would ren - der; O help us to see 'Tis

might - y, vic - to - rious, Thy great name we praise.
clouds, which are to - rious, Thy of good ness and love.
with - er and the splen - dor of naught chang - eth Thee.
on - ly the the splen - dor of light hid - eth Thee!

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IN CHRIST THERE IS NO EAST OR WEST

words by
John Oxenham, 1908

McKEE
African-American melody

1. In ___ Christ there is no ___ East or West, In him no South or North; But ___
2. In ___ him shall true hearts ev - 'ry where Their high com - mu - nion ___ find; His ___
3. Join ___ hands, then, broth - ers ___ of the faith, What - e'er your race ___ may ___ be! Who ___
4. In ___ Christ now meet both ___ East and West, In him meet South and North; All ___

one great fel - low - ship of love Through - out the whole - wide earth.
ser - vice my Fa - ther gold as en cord Close - bind - ing all man - kind.
Christ - ly souls are one in him Through - out the whole - wide earth.

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IN CHRIST THERE IS NO EAST OR WEST

ST. PETER
music by

words by
John Oxenham, 1908

Alexander Robert Reinagle, 1836

Chords: Eb, Ab, Eb/G, Bb7, Eb, Ab6, Eb/G, Bb7/F, Eb, Bb, Eb

1. In Christ there is no east or west, In Him no south or north; But
 2. In Him shall true hearts ev'ry where, Their high com-mu-nion find; His
 3. Join hands, then, broth-ers of the faith, What e'er your race may be; Who
 4. In Christ now meet both east and west, In Him meet south and north; All

Chords: Ab/C, Eb/Bb, Ab, Eb/G, Bb7, Cm, Eb/G, Ab6, Eb/Bb, Bb7, Eb

one great fel-low-ship of love Through-out the whole wide earth.
 ser-vice is low the-ship gold-on cord Close bind-ing hu-man kind.
 serves my Fa-ther as a son Is sure-ly kin-to wide me.
 Christ-ly souls are one in Him Through-out the whole wide earth.

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IN HEAVEN ABOVE

HAUGE

Norwegian Folk melody

words by
Laurentius L. Laurinus
rev. by John Astrom
tr. by William Maccall (1812-1888)

Chords: Ab, Eb/G, Eb, Fm, Db, Eb7, Ab, Bbm, Eb7

1. In heav'n a-bove, in heaven a-bove, Where God our Fa-ther
 2. In heav'n a-bove, in heaven a-bove, What glo-ry deep and
 3. In heav'n a-bove, in heaven a-bove, God hath a joy pre-

Chords: Ab, Eb7/Bb, Ab, Fm7, Eb/G, Ab6, Bb/Ab, Eb7/G, Ab, Fm7

dwells, how bound-less there the bless-ed-ness! No tongue its
 bright! The splen-dor of the noon-day sun Grows pale be-
 pared Which mor-tal car had nev-er heard Nor mor-tal

Chords: Bb, Eb7, Ab, Eb, Bb7/D, Eb

great-ness tells; There face to face, and full and free, For
 fore-its light: The heav'n-ly light that ne'er goes down, A
 vi-sion shared. Which nev-er en-tered mor-tal breast, By

Chords: Ab, Fm, Ab/Eb, Ab/C, Bbm7, Db, Eb, Eb7/G, Fm, Ab/C, Eb7, Ab

ev-er, ev-er more we see Our God, the Lord of hosts!
 round whose ra-diance clouds we ne'er frown, Is God, the Lord of hosts!
 mor-tal lips was ne'er ex-pressed: 'Tis God, the Lord of hosts!

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IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING

words by
Anna L. Waring, 1850

AURELIA
music by
Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

1. In heav'n - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And
 2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My
 3. Green pas - tures are be - fore me Which yet I have not seen. Bright

safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here. The
 'Shep - herd will soon be - side o'er me, And noth - ing can I lack. His
 skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been. My

storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid, But
 wis - dom I can - not meas - ure; My sight is nev - er dim, He
 hope I can - not meas - ure; My path to life is free. My

God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
 knows the way He tak - eth, And And I will walk with Him.
 Sav - ior has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

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IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY

words by
John Bowring, 1825

RATHBUN
music by
Ithamar Conkey, 1849

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r - ing
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hop - es
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing, Light de
 4. Bane and bless - ing, and pain - sure, By the

o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
 ceive, and fears of noy, Nev - er shall
 love up on my way, From the cross
 cross are sanc - ti - fied; Peace is there that

sa cred - sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 ra - diance - stream - ing Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 knows no mea - sure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

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IN THE GARDEN

GARDEN

music by

C. Austin Miles, 1912

words by
C. Austin Miles, 1912

1. I come to the gar - den a - lone while the dew is still on the ros - es. And the
 2. He speaks and the sound of His voice is so sweet the birds stop their sing - ing. And the
 3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him, though the night a - round me be fall - ing. But He

voice I hear fall - ing on my ear, the Son of God dis - clos - es. } And He
 bids - o - dy that He gave to me with - in His voice my to heart is ring - ing. }
 me go; thru the voice of woe, His voice to me is call - ing.

walks with me and He talks with me, and He tells me I am His own. And the

joy we share as we tar - ry there, none oth - er has ev - er known.

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IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL

PENITENCE

music by

Spencer Lane (1843-1903)

words by
James Montgomery (1771-1854)
alt. by Frances A. Hutton (1811-1877)

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;
 2. With for - bid - den plea - sures Would this vain world charm,
 3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe,
 4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain,

Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from Thee.
 Or its sor did at - trea - sures I spread to work me harm;
 Or should pain at - tend me On to my path be low;
 When my dust re - turn - eth To the dust a - gain,

When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a look re - call,
 Bring to my re - mem - brance my Sad Geth - sem - a - ne,
 Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see:
 On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Through that mor - tal strife:

Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
 Or in dark - er sem - blance, Cross - crowned Cal - va - ry.
 Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
 Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

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IN THE NEW JERUSALEM

words by
C.B. Widmeyer, 1911

music by
C.B. Widmeyer, 1911

Ab Db/Ab Ab

1. When the toils of life are o - ver and we lay our ar - mor down, And we
2. Tho' the way is some - times lone - ly, He will hold me with His hand. Thro' the
3. When the last good - bye is spo - ken and the tear - stains wiped a - way, And our
4. When we join the ran - somed ar - my in the sum - mer - land a - bove, And the

Fm Bb7 Eb7 C Fm

bid fare - well to earth with all its cares, We shall meet and greet our loved ones, and our
test - ings and the tri - als I must go. But I'll trust and glad - ly fol - low, for some -
eyes shall catch a glimpse of glo - ry fair, Then with bound - ing hearts we'll meet Him who hath
face of our dear Sav - ior we be - hold, We will sing and shout for - ev - er, and we'll

Db Ab Db Ab/Eb Eb Ab Refrain Ab/C

Christ we then shall crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.)
time I'll un - der - stand, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.)
washed our sins a - way, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.) There'll be
grow in per - fect love, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.)

Db Ab Abdim Ab Ab/Eb Db/Eb

sing - ing, there'll be shout - ing when the saints come march - ing home, In Je -

Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab Ab/C Db

ru - sa - lem, in Je - ru - sa - lem; Wav - ing palms with loud ho - san - nas as the

Ab Abdim Ab Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab Db/Ab Dbm/Ab Ab

King shall take His throne, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

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IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING

words by
Alfred H. Ackley, 1912

SERVICE OF THE KING
music by
Bentley D. Ackley, 1912

Ab Abdim Ab Abdim7 Ab Db/Ab Eb7

1. I am hap - py in the ser - vice of the King. I am hap - py, O so
2. I am hap - py in the ser - vice of the King. I am hap - py, O so
3. I am hap - py in the ser - vice of the King. I am hap - py, O so
4. I am hap - py in the ser - vice of the King. I am hap - py, O so

Ab Abdim Ab Abdim Ab

hap - py! I have peace and joy that noth - ing else can bring,)
hap - py! Tho' the sun - shine and the shad - ow I can sing,)
hap - py! To His guid - ing hand for - ev - er I will cling,) In the
hap - py! All that I pos - sess to Him I glad - ly bring,)

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Eb7 Ab Refrain Db/Ab Ab Bb7 Eb7 Ab/Eb Eb7 Eb/Db Ab/C Eb

ser - vice of the King. In the ser - vice of the King Ev - 'ry tal - ent I will

Ab Eb7sus Ab Db/Ab Ab Db Ddim7 Ab/Eb Cm/Eb Eb7 Ab

bring. I have peace and joy and bless - ing In the ser - vice of the King.

IN THEE IS GLADNESS

IN DIR IST FREUDE

words by
Johann Lindemann, 1598
tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1858

music by
Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi, 1593

F F/A Bb F F/A Bb F F/A Bb F/C C Dm

1. In Thee is glad - ness, a - mid all sad - ness, Je - sus, sun - shine
2. If God be ours, we fear no pow - ers, not of earth or

Gm/Bb C F F/A Bb F F/A Bb F F/A Bb

of sin my heart. death. By Thee are giv - en the gifts of heav - en, Thou can

F/C C Dm Gm/Bb C F Bb/D F/C Bb Bb/D Gm Cm F

true change Re - deem in a breath. Our souls Thou mak - est, our bonds Thou God's

Bb F Bb/D Cm Gm Gm/Bb D/A Gm F C Dm A

break - est; who trusts Thee sure - ly hath built se - cure - ly, and stands for - ev - er.
glo - ry with heart and voic - es; all heaven re - joic - es, sing - ing for - ev - er.

Dm Bb C F Bb/D F/C Bb Bb/D Gm Cm F Bb F Bb/D

Al - le - lu - ia! Our hearts are pin - ing to see Thy shin - ing: dy - ing or
Al - le - lu - ia! We shout for glad - ness, tri - umph o'er sad - ness, lov - ing and

Cm Gm Gm/Bb D/A Gm F C Dm A Dm Bb C F

liv - ing, to Thee are cleav - ing; naught ran us sev - er. Al - le - lu - ia!
prais - ing, voic - es still rais - ing glad hymns for - ev - er. Al - le - lu - ia!

IN THEE, LORD, HAVE I PUT MY TRUST

IN DICH HAB' ICH GEHOFFET

music from

Sunderreiter's *Himmliche Harfen*, 1573

words by
Adam Reusner, 1533
tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

F Dm C/E F Bb/F Edim/F F Bb Edim/G F F/Eb Gm/D Adim/C Bb C

1. In Thee, Lord, have I put my trust; Leave me not help - less
 2. Bow down Thy gra cious ear to me And hear my cries and
 3. Thou art my Strength, my Shield, my Rock, My For - tress that with -
 4. The world for me has false - ly set Full many a se - cret
 5. With Thee, Lord, have I cast my lot; O faith - ful God, for -
 6. All hon - or, praise, and maj - es - ty To Fa - ther, Son, and

F C/E Dm7 Bdim/D C F F/E Dm7 Bb Am/C Dm C G/E Dm Edim/G

in the dust, Let me not be con - found - ed. Let in Thy
 prayers to Thee, Haste Thee for my pro - tec - tion; For woes and
 stands each shock, My Help, my Life, my Trea - sure. What - e'er the
 snare and net me To tempt me and to harm me. Lord, make them
 sake me not, To Thee my soul com - mend - ing. Lord, be my
 Spir it be, Our God for - ev - er glo - rious, In whose rich

F F/A Gm/Bb Dm Edim/G F C/E Dm G/B A/C# Dm C F

Word My faith, O Lord. Be al - ways firm - ly ground - ed.
 fear Sur - round me here. Help me in mine af - flic - tion.
 rod, Thou art my God; Naught can re - sist Thy plea - sure.
 fail, Do Thou pre - vail, Let their dis - guise not charm me.
 stay Lead Thou the way race Now and when life is end - ing.
 grace We'll run our race Till we de - part vic - to - rious.

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IN THY CLEFT, O ROCK OF AGES

HIDE THOU ME

music by

Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

words by
Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

Ab Eb Ab Ab/C

1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me; When the
 2. From the snare of sin - ful pleas - ure, Hide Thou me; Thou my
 3. In the lone ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me; Thou me; Till in

Db Ab Eb7 Ab Db Ab

fit - ful tem - pest rag - es, Hide Thou me; Where no mor - tal arm can sev - er From my
 soul's e - ter - nal treas - ure, Hide Thou me; When the world its pow'r is wield - ing, And my
 glo - ry dawns the mor - row, Hide Thou me; In the sight of Jor - dan's bil - low, Let Thy

Eb Ab Ab/C Db Ab Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

heart Thy love for - ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
 heart is al - most yield - ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
 bos - om be my pil - low; Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.

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INFANT HOLY, INFANT LOWLY

W ZLOBIE LEZY
Traditional Polish melody

Traditional Polish carol
para. by Edith M.G. Reed

1. In - fant ho - ly, In - fant low - ly, For His bed till a cat - tle
2. Flocks were sleep - ing; Shep - herds keep - ing Vig - il till the morn - ing

stall; Ox - en low - ing, Lit - tle know - ing, Christ the Babe is Lord of
new Saw the glo - ry, Heard the sto - ry, Tid - ings of a gos - pel

all. Swift are wing - ing, An - gels sing - ing, No - els ring - ing, Tid - ings
true. Thus re - joic - ing, Free from sor - row, Prais - es voic - ing, Greet the

bring ing: Christ the Babe Babe is Lord born of all.
mor row: Christ the Babe was born for you.

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IS IT FOR ME?

O'KANE
music by
Tullius C. O'Kane, 1871

words by
Frances R. Havergal, 1871

1. Is it for me, dear Sav - ior, Thy glo - ry and Thy rest _____ For
2. Is it for me, Thy wel - come, Thy gra - cious "En - ter in," _____ For
3. O Sav - ior, pre - cious Sav - ior, My heart is at Thy feet; _____ I
4. I'll be with Thee for - ev - er, And nev - er grieve Thee more; _____ Dear

me, so weak and sin - ful! O shall I be so blest? }
me Thy "Come ye bless - ed," For me so full of sin? }
bless Thee, and I love Thee, And Thee I long to meet. }
Sav - ior, I must praise Thee, And love Thee ev - er - more. } O

Sav - ior, my Re - deem - er, What can I but a - dore, And

mag - ni - fy and praise Thee, And love Thee ev - er - more?

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IS IT THE CROWNING DAY

CROWNING DAY

words by
George Walker Whitcomb, 20th century

music by
Charles H. Marsh (1886-1956)

C F/C C Caus C G/D G/F C/E C F C/G G/F

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would see my
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem - eth I hear their
3. Faith - ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will free - ly

C/E F Fdim F C G/D D7

Friend; Dan - gers and trou - bles would end If Je - sus should come to -
song; Hail to the ra - di - ant thron! If I should go home to -
tell Why I should love Him so well, For He is my all to -

G G7/B C G7/D G7 G7/D Em G/F Em/G G/F

day. Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing

C/E G/D G7/B C G7/D G7 Gdim G7

day? I'll live for to - day, nor anx - ious be, Je - sus my Lord I

C C/E C+/E F C/G G7 C

soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?

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IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

IS THY HEART RIGHT?

words by
Elisha A. Hoffman (1839-1929)

music by
Elisha A. Hoffman (1839-1929)

Ab Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Cm/Eb Ab

1. Have thy af - fec - tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do - min - ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con - dem - na - tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un - der Je - sus' con - trol? Is thy heart right with God?

Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Cm/Eb Ab

Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with - out and with - in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem - ple with - in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each mo - ment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?

Refrain Db Ab Ab/C Eb

Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,

Ab Ab/C Db Ab Eb7 Ab Db Ab

Cleansed and made ho - ly, hum - ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?

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IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

CAROL

music by

Richard Storrs Willis (1819-1900)

words by
Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810-1876)

1. It came up on the mid night clear, That
 2. Still through the clo ven they come With
 3. Yet with the woos of sin and strife The
 4. And ye, be neath life's crush ing load, Whose
 5. For lo, the days are has t'ning on, By

glo rious song of old, From
 peace ful hath suf fered un furled, And
 world _____ bend ing fore long; Be
 forms _____ bards _____ fore low; Who
 proph _____ et _____ fore told, When

an gels bend ing near the earth To
 still their heav'n ly mu sic floats O'er
 neath the an gel strain have rolled Two
 toil with a long ev er climb cir cle way years Comes
 with the the er cir cle years

touch their harps of gold, "Peace
 all the wea ry world, A
 thou sand years of wrong; And
 pain ful steps and slow, Look
 round the age of of gold; When

on the earth, good will to men From
 bove its sad and low ly plains They
 man at war with man gold hears not The
 now, for glad and gold all en the hours Come
 peace shall o ver all the earth Its

heav'n's all gra cious King! The
 bend on song hov ring they wing, And
 love _____ ly splen dors the the wing; O
 swift an cient splen dors the the wing; O
 an _____ splen dors the the fling, And

world in sol emn still ness lay To
 ev er the o'er its Ba bel of sounds The
 hush the noise, ye the men strife, And
 rest be side the give wea back ry the road And
 the whole world _____ give back the song Which

hear the an gels sing.
 bless ed an gels sing.
 hear the an gels sing!
 hear the an gels sing.
 now the an gels sing.

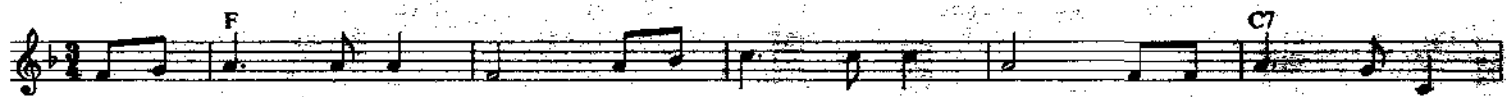
IS YOUR ALL ON THE ALTAR?

HOFFMAN

music by

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1905

words by
Elisha A. Hoffman, 1905



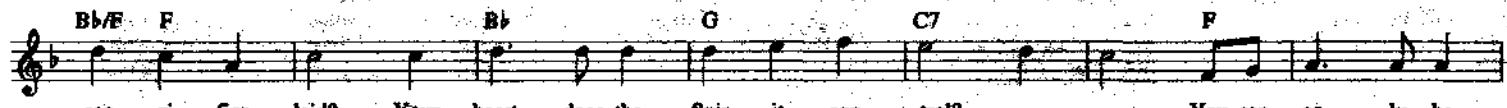
1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to in - crease, And have ear - nest - ly,
 2. Would you walk with the Lord in the light of His Word, And have peace and con -
 3. Oh, we nev - er can know what the Lord will be - stow Of the bless - ings for
 4. Who can tell all the love He will send from a - bove, And how hap - py our



fer - vent - ly prayed; But you can - not have rest or be per - fect - ly blest Un - til
 tent - ment al - way? You must do His sweet will to be free from all ill, On the
 which we have prayed, Till our bod - y and soul He doth ful - ly con - trol, And our
 hearts will be made, Of the fel - low - ship sweet we shall share at His feet, When our



all on the al - tar is laid. } Is your all on the al - tar of
 al - tar your all you must lay. }
 all on the al - tar is laid. }
 all on the al - tar is laid. }



sac - ri - fice laid? Your heart, does the Spir - it con - trol? You can on - ly be



blest and have peace and sweet rest, As you yield Him your bod - y and soul.

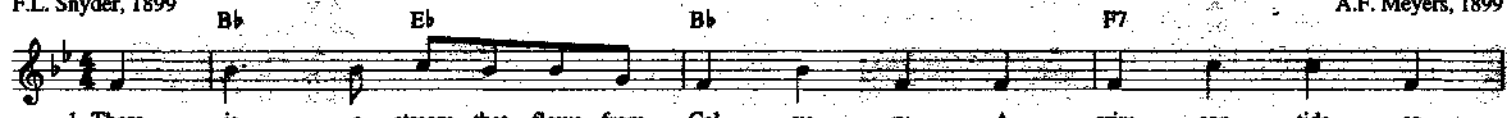
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IT CLEANSETH ME

music by

A.F. Meyers, 1899

words by
F.L. Snyder, 1899



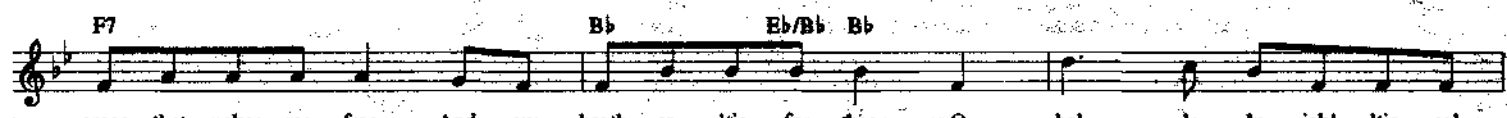
1. There is a stream that flows from Cal - va - ry, A crim - son tide so
 2. Its sav - ing vir - tues ev - er are the same. It cleans - eth still, and
 3. No oth - er foun - tain can for sin a - tone But Je - sus' blood - O



deep and wide. It wash es whit - er than the pur - est snow; It
 al - ways will. Poor sin - ners who will seek the Sav - ior's face Shall
 pre - cious flood! And who so - ev - er will may plunge there - in, And



cleans - eth me, I know. } Hal - le - lu - jah! 'tis His blood that cleans - eth me; 'Tis His
 know His won - drous grace. }
 be made free from sin. }



grace that makes me free. And, my broth - er, 'tis for thee. O hal - le - lu - jah! 'tis sal -



va - tion full and free; And it cleans - eth, yes, it cleans - eth me.

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IT IS GLORY JUST TO WALK WITH HIM

GLORY JUST TO WALK
music by
Haldor Lillenas, 1918

words by
Avis B. Christiansen, 1918

1. It is glo - ry just to walk with Him whose blood has ran - somed me; It is
 2. It is glo - ry when the shad - ows fall to know that He is near. O what
 3. 'Twill be glo - ry when I walk with Him on heav - en's gold - en shore, Nev - er

rap - ture for my soul each day. It is joy di - vine to feel Him near wher -
 joy to sim - ply trust and pray! It is glo - ry to a - bide in Him when
 from His side a - gain to stray. 'Twill be glo - ry, won - drous glo - ry with the

e'er my path may be. Bless the Lord, it's glo - ry all the way! } It is
 skies a - bove are clear. Yes, with Him, it's glo - ry all the way! }
 Sav - ior ev - er - more, Ev - er - last - ing glo - ry all the way! }

glo - ry just to walk with Him. It is glo - ry just to walk with Him. He will
 guide my steps a - right Thro' the vale and o'er the height. It is glo - ry just to walk with Him.

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IT IS GOOD TO SING THY PRAISES

ELLESDIE

music from Leavitt's *The Christian Lyre*, 1831
attr. to Wolfgang A. Mozart
arr. by Hubert P. Main, c. 1868

words from *The Psalter*, 1912
based on Psalm 92

1. It is good to sing Thy prais - es And to thank Thee, O Most High -
 2. Thou hast filled my heart with glad - ness Thro' the works Thy hands have wrought.
 3. But the good shall live be - fore Thee, Plant - ed in Thy dwell - ing place -

Show - ing forth Thy lov - ing - kind - ness When the morn - ing - lights the sky.
 Thou hast made my life vic - to - rious; Great Thy works - and - deep Thy thought.
 Fruit - ful trees and ev - er ver - dant, Nour - ished by Thy bound - less grace.

It is good, when night is fall - ing, Of Thy faith - ful - ness to tell,
 Thou, O Lord, on high ex - alt - ed, Reign - est ev - er - more in night,
 In His good - ness to the righ - teous, God His righ - teous - ness dis - plays.

While, with sweet me - lo - dious prais - es, Songs of ad - o - ra - tion swell.
 All Thy en - e - mies shall per - ish - Sin be ban - ished - from Thy sight.
 God, my Rock, my Strength, my Ref - uge - Just and true - are - all His ways.

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IT IS MINE

words by
Elisha A. Hoffman (1839-1929)

music by
William Edie Marks, 20th century

1. God's a - bid - ing peace is in my soul to - day. Yes, I feel it now; yes, I
 2. He has wrought in me a sweet and per - fect rest; In my rap - tured heart I can
 3. He has giv - en me a nev - er fail - ing joy. O, I have it now! O, I
 4. O, the love of God is com - fort - ing my soul, For His love is mine— yes, His

feel it now. He has tak - en all my doubts and fears a - way, Tho' I can - not tell you
 feel it now. He each pass - ing mo - ment keeps me saved and blest, Floods with light my heart and
 have it now! To His praise I will my ran - somed pow'rs em - ploy, And re - new my grate - ful di
 love is mine. Waves of joy and glad - ness o'er my spir - it roll, Thrill - ing me with life di -

Refrain
 how. } It is mine, mine; bless - ed be His name! He has giv - en peace, per - fect
 brow. }
 vow. }
 vine. }

peace to me. It is mine, mine; bless - ed be His name— Mine for all e - ter - ni - ty!

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IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL

words by
Barney E. Warren, 1897

TRULY WONDERFUL
 music by
Barney E. Warren, 1897

1. He par - doned my trans - gres - sions; He sanc - ti - fied my soul. He
 2. He keeps me ev - 'ry mo - ment. By trust - ing in His grace. 'Tis
 3. He brings me thro' af - flic - tion; He leaves me not a lone. He's
 4. He pros - pers and pro - tects me; His bless - ings ev - er flow. He
 5. There's not a sin - gle bless - ing Which we re - ceive on earth That

hon - ors my con - fes - sions Since by His blood I'm whole. }
 thro' His blest a - tone - ment That I may see His face. }
 with me in temp - ta - tion; He keeps me for His own. } It is
 fills me with His glo - ry; He makes me white as snow. }
 does not come from heav - en, The source of our new birth. }

tru - ly won - der - ful what the Lord has done! It is tru - ly won - der - ful! It is tru - ly won - der - ful! It is

tru - ly won - der - ful what the Lord has done! Glo - ry to His name!

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IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

VILLE DU HAVRE

music by

Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

words by
Horatio G. Spafford (1828-1888)

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

sor - rows like sea - bil - lows con - trol; What - ev - er my
 this blest as sur - part, ance but the whole, That Is Christ hath to re
 sin, not in rolled, back as a scroll; The The nailed to shall re
 clouds be rolled back as a scroll; The The nailed to shall re

lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is
 gard ed my help less es - tate, And hath shed His own
 cross and I bear the Lord shall no more. Praise the the Lord, so" praise the
 sound and the Lord shall no more. Praise the the Lord, so" praise the

well blood with my soul." It is well (It is well) with my
 Lord, for O my my soul! soul! soul!
 well with my my soul.

soul, (with my soul,) It is well, it is well with my soul.

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IVORY PALACES

music by

Henry Barraclough, 1915

words by
Henry Barraclough, 1915

1. My Lord has gar - ments so won - drous fine, And myrrh their tex - ture fills; Its
 2. His life had al - so its sor - rows sore, For al - oes had a part; And
 3. In gar - ments glo - ri - ous He will come, To o - pen wide the door; And

frag - rance reached to this heart of mine With joy my be - ing thrills.
 when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear drops start.
 I shall en - ter my heav'n - ly home to dwell for ev - er more.

Out of the i - vo - ry pal - a - ces, In - to a world of woe,
 On - ly His great e - ter - nal love Made my Sav - ior go.

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IT'S JUST LIKE HIS GREAT LOVE

words by
Edna R. Worrell, 1903

HIS GREAT LOVE
music by
Clarence B. Strouse, 1903

1. A Friend I have, called Je - sus, Whose love is strong and true And
 2. Some - times the clouds of trou - ble Be - dim the sky a - bove. I
 3. When sor - row's clouds o'er - take me And break up - on my head, When
 4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine - Of

nev - er fails, how e'er 'tis tried - No mat - ter what I do. I've
 can - not see my Sav - ior's face; I doubt His won - drous love. But
 life seems worse than ten - der - ness And earth - ly hopes are dead. I
 all His care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine. His

sinned a - gainst this love of His; But when I knelt to pray, Con
 He, from heav - en's mer - cy seat, Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In
 take my grief to Je - sus then; Nor do I go in vain, For
 love is in and o - ver all, And wind and waves o - bey When

fess - ing all my guilt to Him, The sin - clouds rolled a - way. } It's
 pit - y bursts the clouds be - tween And shows me He is there. }
 heav'n - ly hope He gives that cheers And sun - shine af - ter rain. }
 Je - sus whis - pers, "Peace, be still!" And rolls the clouds a - way. }

just like Je - sus to roll the clouds a - way. It's just like Je - sus to keep me day by day. It's
 just like Je - sus all a - long the way. It's just like His great love.

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JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME

words attr. to
Joseph Bromehead (1747-1826)

ST. PETER
music by
Alexander R. Reinagle, 1836

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to
 2. When shall these eyes thy heav'n - built walls And pear - ly gates be
 3. O when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as
 4. There hap - pier bow'rs then E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row
 5. A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, proph - ets, there A - round my Sav - ior
 6. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My soul still pants for

me! When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace, and Thee?
 hold, Thy bul - warks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?
 cend, Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?
 know: Blest seats! Through rude and storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you.
 stand; And soon my friends in Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band.
 thee; Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

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JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

EWING

music by

Alexander Ewing, 1853

words by
Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145
tr. by John Mason Neale, 1851

C F/C C G7 C E7 Am F

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be
 2. They stand, those halls of gold - Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased, The
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

C E Am G C Am C G Am G

neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed: I
 bright with man - y an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr that throng: The
 shout of them that tri - umph, The song of of them that ex - cept! And
 sweet and bless - ed coun - try That sea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je

F C F E Am G C F G

know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there, What
 Prince is ev - er their in Lead - er them, The day light is se - rene; The
 they, who in mer - cy bring us us To con - quered in the of fight, For
 sus, in mer - cy bring us us To con - quered in the of rest, Who

C E Am G C Am C/E G7 C

ra - dian - cy of the glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare!
 pas - tures of the blest ed - ed Are de - cked in glo - rious sheen.
 ev - er with God for the ev - er - er Are clad in robes of white.
 art, with God for the Fa - ther And Spir - it ev - er blest!

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JESUS BIDS US SHINE

music by

Edwin O. Excell (1851-1921)

words by
Anna B. Warner (1820-1915)

G G/D D7 G

1. Je - sus bids us shine, with a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle can - dle burn - ing in the night;
 2. Je - sus bids us shine, first of all for Him: Well He sees and knows it if our light is dim;
 3. Je - sus bids us shine, then, for all a - round Man - y kinds of dark - ness in this world a - bound:
 4. Je - sus bids us shine, as we work for Him, Bring - ing those that wan - der from the paths of sin;

C G G7/B C G/D D7 G

In this world of dark - ness we must shine, You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.
 He looks down from heav - en, sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.
 Sin and want and sor - row - we must shine, You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.
 He will ev - er help us, if we shine, You in your small cor - ner, and I in mine.

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JESUS CALLS US O'ER THE TUMULT

GALILEE

music by

William H. Jude, 1874

words by
Cecil Frances Alexander, 1852

1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult of our life's wild, rest - less sea; day by
 2. As of old the a - pos - tles heard it by the Gal - i - le - an lake, turned from
 3. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship of the vain world's gold - en store, from each
 4. In our joys and in our sor - rows, days of toil and hours of ease, still he
 5. Je - sus calls us! By thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear thy call, give our

Chords: Eb7, Ab, Ab/C, Db, C, F7

day home his and sweet voice sound - eth, say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low me!"
 home and dol - toil and would kin - dred, leav - ing, all for Je - sus' sake.
 i - in dol - that and keep - us, say - ing, "Chris - tian, for Je - sus' sake.
 calls, in in cares and plea - sures, "Chris - tian, for Je - sus' sake.
 hearts to to thine o - be - dience, serve and love me more than these!"

Chords: Bb, Eb7, Ab, Ab/Gb, Db/F, Eb7, Ab

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JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY

EASTER HYMN

music from

Lyra Davidica, 1708

words from
Lyra Davidica, 1708 (v. 1-3)
v. 4 by Charles Wesley, 1740

1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, _____ Al - le - lu - ia!
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, _____ Al - le - lu - ia!
 3. But the pains which He en - dured, _____ Al - le - lu - ia!
 4. Sing we to our God a - bove, _____ Al - le - lu - ia!

Chords: C, G/B, C, F/A, F, F/C, G, C, G7/D, C, F/A, C/G, G7, C

Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day, _____ Al - le - lu - ia!
 Un - to Christ, our heav'n - ly King, _____ Al - le - lu - ia!
 Our sal - va - tion have pro - cured; _____ Al - le - lu - ia!
 Praise e - ter - nal as God's love; _____ Al - le - lu - ia!

Chords: F/A, C, F, C/E, Dm7, C/E, C/G, G, C, G7/D, C, F/A, C/G, G7, C

Who did once up - on the cross, _____ Al - le - lu - ia!
 Who en - dured the cross and grave, _____ Al - le - lu - ia!
 Now a - bove the sky, He's King, _____ Al - le - lu - ia!
 Praise our God, ye heav'n - ly host, _____ Al - le - lu - ia!

Chords: G, D7/A, G/B, G, C/E, G7/D, C, G, D7/A, G, C/E, G/D, D7, G

Suf - fer _____ to re - deem our loss, _____ Al - le - lu - ia!
 Sin - ners _____ to re - deem and save, _____ Al - le - lu - ia!
 Where _____ the _____ an - gels _____ ev - er sing, _____ Al - le - lu - ia!
 Fa - ther, _____ Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, _____ Al - le - lu - ia!

Chords: G/F, C/E, C, F/A, F, F/C, C, F, C/G, G7, C

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JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY

LLANFAIR

music by

Robert Williams (1781-1821)

words by

Lyra Davidica, 1708 (v. 1-3)

v. 4 by Charles Wesley, 1740

F Dm F/A Bb C F/A C7/G F Bb/D F/C Bb6 C F Dm

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia! Our tri - um - phant
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia! Un - to Christ, our
 3. But the pains which He en - dured, Al - le - lu - ia! Our sal - va - tion
 4. Sing we to our God a - bove, Al - le - lu - ia! Praise e - ter - nal

F/A Bb C F/A C7/G F Bb/D F/C Bb6 C F Dm C/E F Bb C7/G F C

ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia! Who did once, up - on the cross,
 heav'n - ly King, Al - le - lu - ia! Who en - dured the cross and grave,
 have pro - cured; Al - le - lu - ia! Now a - bove the sky - He's King,
 as God's love. Al - le - lu - ia! Praise our God, ye heav'n - ly host.

F C/E F G7/D C F Dm F/A Bb C F/A C7/G F Bb/D F/C Bb6 C F

Al - le - lu - ia! Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Where the an - gels ev - er sing. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost. Al - le - lu - ia!

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JESUS CHRIST, MY SURE DEFENSE

JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT

music by

Johann Crüger, 1653

Author unknown, 1653

tr. based on Catherine Winkworth, 1863

C F G7/D C D7/A G Dm C F G F/A C

1. Je - sus Christ, my sure De - fense And my Sav - ior, ev - er
 2. Je - sus, my Re - deem - er, lives; I, too, un - to life shall
 3. Nay, too close - ly am I bound Un - to Him by hope for
 4. I am flesh and must re - turn Un - to dust, where I am

Gsus G C F G7/D C D7/A G Dm C F G F/A C

liv - eth; Know - ing this, my con - fi - dence Rests up - on the hope it
 wak - en. End - less joy my Sav - ior gives; Shall my cour - age, then, be
 ev - er; Faith's strong hand the Rock hath found, Grasped it, and will leave it
 tak - en; But by faith I now dis - cern That from death I shall a -

Gsus G C D7/A G/B A/C# Dm E A E Am G C F G C

giv - eth Though the night of death be fraught Still with man - y an - x - ious thought.
 shak - en? Shall I fear, or could the Head Rise and leave His mem - bers dead?
 nev - er; E - ven death now can - not part From its Lord the trust - ing heart?
 wak - en With my Sav - ior to a - bide In His glo - ry, at His side.

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JESUS, I AM RESTING, RESTING

TRANQUILITY

music by

James Mountain (1844-1933)

words by
Jean S. Pigott (1845-1882)

G C/G G C F#dim/A D7/A G G/B C G/B D7/A G D

1. Je - sus, I am rest - ing, rest - ing In the joy of what Thou art;
 2. O how great Thy lov - ing kind - ness, Vast - er, broad - er than the sea!
 3. Sim - ply trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I be - hold Thee as Thou art;
 4. Ev - er life Thy face up - on me As I work and wait for Thee;

G D/F# C/B G/D D#dim7 Em C G/B G D7sus D7 G

I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
 O how mar - vel - ous Thy good - ness, Lav - ished all on me!
 And Thy love, so pure, so change - less, Sat - is - fies my heart;
 Rest - ing 'neath Thy smile, Lord Je - sus, Earth's dark shad - ows flee.

D7 Ddim7 D7 Gsus G B7 C Ana E/B Am/C G/D D

Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau - ty fills my soul,
 Yes, I rest in Thee, Be - lov - ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
 Sat - is - fies its deep - est long - ings, Meets, sup - plies its ev - 'ry need,
 Bright - ness of my Fa - ther's glo - ry, Sun - shine of my Fa - ther's face,

D/C G/B D/A G D7/A G/B G G/D D7sus D7 G

For by Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.
 Know Thy cer - tain - ty of prom - ise, And have made it mine.
 Com - pass - eth me round with bless - ings: Thine is love in deed!
 Keep me ev - er trust - ing, rest - ing, Fill me with Thy grace.

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JESUS, I COME

music by

George C. Stebbins, 1887

words by
William T. Sleeper, 1887

G Gdim G G/B C G G/D D G/D D7 G/D D7 G

1. Out of my bond - age, sor - row and night, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
 2. Out of my shame - ful fail - ure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
 3. Out of un - rest and ar - ro - gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
 4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;

Gdim G G/B C G G/D D G/D D7 G

In - to Thy free - dom, glad - ness and light, Je - sus I come to Thee.
 In - to the glo - rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 In - to Thy bless - ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

C Cdim7 C G Gdim G D Ddim D A7 D D7

Out of my sick - ness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,
 Out of earth's sor - rows in - to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,
 Out of my - self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de - spair in - to rap - tures a - bove,
 Out of the depths of ru - in un - told, In - to the peace of Thy shel - ter - ing fold,

G Gdim G G/B C G G/D D G/D D7 G

Out of my sin and in - to Thy - self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Out of dis - tress to ju - bi - lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Up - ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Ev - er Thy glo - rious face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

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JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN

ELLESDIE
music from

Leavitt's *The Christian Lyre*, 1831
attr. to Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
arr. by Hubert P. Main, c. 1868

words by
Henry F. Lyte, 1824

G G/B G/D G D7 G D D7/F# G D D7 G C/G G G/B

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - ow Thee; Des - ti - tute, de -
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me; They have left my Sav - ior, too. Hu - man hearts and
 3. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast; Life with tri - als
 4. Has - ten on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith and winged by prayer; Heav'n's e - ter - nal

G/D D7 G D A7/E D7/F# G Am/C G/D D7 G D D7 G/D D7

spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be. Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion,
 looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un - true. And while Thou shalt smile up - on me,
 hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest. O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 days be - fore me, God's own hand shall guide me there. Soon shall close my earth - ly mis - sion,

G D7/F# G D D7 G C/G G G/B G/D D7 G D A7/E D7/F# G Am/C G/D D7 G

All I've sought, and hoped and known; Yet how rich is my con - di - tion. God and heav'n are still my own!
 God of wis - dom, love and might, Foes may hate and friends may shun me. Show Thy face and all is bright.
 While Thy love is left to me; O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.
 Swift shall pass my pil - grim days; Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion; Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

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JESUS, IN THY DYING WOES

ACK, VAD ÄR DOCK LIVET HÄR
music from
Koralpsalmboken, Stockholm, 1697

words by
Thomas B. Pollock (1836-1896)

Em B C Am6 B Em G/B G D Em C6 D G

1. Je - sus, in Thy dy - ing woes, E - ven while Thy life - blood flows,
 2. Je - sus, pit - y ing the sighs, Of the thief who near Thee dies,
 3. Je - sus, lov - ing to the end Her whose heart Thy sor - rows rend,
 4. Je - sus, whelmed in fears un - known, With our e vil left a lone,
 5. Je - sus, in Thy thirst and pain, While Thy wounds Thy life - blood drain,
 6. Je - sus, all our ran - som paid, All Thy Fa - ther's will o - beyed,
 7. Je - sus, all Thy la - bor vast, All Thy woe and con - flict past,

D/F# G D G#dim/B Am Am/C B C Em/G Am/C Em Bsus B Em

Crav - ing par - don for Thy foes: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.
 Prom - is - ing dear - est hu - man friend: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.
 And Thy dear - est hu - man friend: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.
 While no light from heav'n is shown: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.
 Thirst - ing more our love to gain: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.
 By Thy suf - f' rings per - fect made: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.
 Yield - ing up Thy soul at last: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.

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JESUS, I WILL PONDER NOW

JESU KREUZ, LEIDEN UND PEIN

music by

Melchior Vulpius (c. 1560-1615)

words by
Sigismund von Birken (1626-1681)
tr. by August Crull (1846-1923)

E♭ B♭ Cm Fm E♭ A♭/C B♭ A♭ E♭/G A♭ E♭ B♭ E♭

1. Je - sus, I will pon - der now On Thy ho - ly Pas - sion;
 2. Make me see Thy great dis - tress, An - guish, and af - flic - tion;
 3. Yet, O Lord, not thus a - lone Make me see Thy Pas - sion,
 4. Grant that I Thy Pas - sion view With re - pent - ant griev - ing,
 5. If my sins give me a - larm And my con - science grieve me,
 6. Grant that I may will - ing - ly Bear with Thee my cross - es,

B♭/D A♭/C E♭ B♭ Cm G Cm B♭ E♭ Cm Fm C

With Thy Spir - it me en - dow For such med - i - ta - tion.
 Bonds and its cause to me make known And Thy cru - ci - fix - tion;
 But Thee cru - ci - fy a - new By un - ho - ly liv - ing.
 Nor Thy cross my fear dis - arm; Peace of con - science give me.
 Let Thy hum - ble - ness of Thee, Peace 'mid pain and loss es.

E♭/G Fm E♭ Fm Cm/G Fm/A♭ G E♭ A♭/C E♭ B♭/D F B♭

Grant that I - in love and faith May the im - age cher - ish
 Make me see al - how so scourge and rod, Thy and deep did wound Thee,
 Ah! I could I re - fuse to shun Ev - 'ry sin - ful pleas - ure
 Grant that I give Thee love for love! Hear Thy ho - ly pas - sion.
 May I give Thee love for love! Hear Thy ho - ly Sav - ior,

E♭ Gm/B♭ A♭ E♭/G A♭ E♭ B♭ E♭ A♭ D♭ E♭ B♭ E♭

Of Thy suf - fring, pain, and death, That I may not per - ish.
 How for men deed, Thou diedst, O God, Who with thorns had crowned Thee.
 This in - deed the cause hath been Of Thy cru - ci - fix - ion.
 Since for me God's on - ly Son so lov - eth me, God suf - fered with - out meas - ure?
 If His Son so lov - eth me, God must have com - pas - sion.
 That I may in heav'n a - bove Sing Thy praise for - ev - er.

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JESUS IS ALL THE WORLD TO ME

ELIZABETH

music by

Will L. Thompson (1847-1909)

words by
Will L. Thompson (1847-1909)

G C/G G G/D D7 G G/B D

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my
 2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als
 3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll
 4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter

G D G

all; _____ He is my strength from day to day, With
 sore; _____ I go to Him for this bless - ings, and He
 be; _____ O how could I now, Friend trust Him ny When
 friend; _____ I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's

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D/A A7 D7 G

out gives Him I would fall. When I am sad, to
 He's them o'er and o'er. He sends the sun shine
 fleet so true to me? Fol low ing Him, I
 ing days shall end. Beau ti ful life with

Him and I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
 know the I'm rain, He sends the har vest's gold en grain;
 such a Friend; Beau ti ful life that has day and night;
 end;

Em Eb7 G/D G/B G/D D7 G

When I am sad, He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
 Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
 Fol - low - ing Him by day and night, He's my Friend.
 E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

JESUS IS THE SWEETEST NAME I KNOW

words by
Lela Long, 20th century

SWEETEST NAME
music by
Lela Long, 20th century

Db Dbdim7 Db Gb/Db Db Ab7/Gb Db/F Db

1. There have been names that I have loved to hear, But
 2. There is no day name in earth of heav'n a - bove That
 3. And some day I shall see Him face to face To

Dbdim7 Db Gb/Db Ab7 Db Ab7 Fm/Ab Ab7 Fm/Ab Ab7

nev - er has there been a name so dear To this heart of mine
 we should give such hon - or and such love As the bless - ed name;
 thank and praise Him for His won - drous grace, Which He gave to me

Db Gb/Db Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab7

As the name di - vine, The pre - cious, pre - cious name of Je - sus.
 Let us all ac - claim That won - drous, glo - rious name of Je - sus.
 When He made me free, The bless - ed Son of God called Je - sus.

Refrain
 Db Dbdim7 Db Gb/Db Db Fm/Ab Ab7 Ab7sus Ab7

Je - sus is the sweet - est name I know, And He's just the same as His

Gb/Db Db Dbdim7 Db Gb/Db

love - ly name; And that's the rea - son why I love Him

Db Db7/Ab Gb6 Bb7/F Ebm Ebm7 Ab Ab7 Db

so. O Je - sus is the sweet - est name I know.

JESUS IS TENDERLY CALLING

CALLING TODAY
music by
George C. Stebbins, 1883

words by
Fanny J. Crosby, 1883

Bb **F7** **Bb**

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home — Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest — Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing, O come to Him now — Wait - ing to - day, wait - ing to - day;
 4. Je - sus is plead - ing, O list to His voice — Hear Him to - day, hear Him to - day;

Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
 Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest — He will not turn thee a - way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow — Come, and no long - er de - lay.
 Those who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice — Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.

Bb **F7** **Bb**

Call - ing to - day, Call - ing to - day,

Bb7 **Eb** **Bb/F** **F7** **Bb**

Je - sus is call - ing, Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.

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JESUS, KEEP ME NEAR THE CROSS

NEAR THE CROSS
music by
William H. Doane (1832-1915)

words by
Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

F **Bb/F** **F** **C7** **Dm** **Bb** **F**

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious
 2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing

F/C **C** **F** **Bb/F** **F** **C7** **Dm** **Bb**

found tain, Free to all, a heal - ing stream,
 found me; There the Bright and Morn - ing Star
 fore me; Help me I reach from the day to day
 ev - er, Till I reach the gold - en strand

F/C **C7** **F**

Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 Sheds its beams a - round me.
 With its shad - ows the riv - er.
 Just be - yond the riv - er.

Bb **F** **Bb/F** **F** **F/C** **C**

in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,

F **Bb/F** **F** **A7/E** **Dm** **Bb** **F/C** **C7** **F**

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

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JESUS LIVES! THE VICTORY'S WON!

JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT

music by

Johann Crüger (1598-1662)

words by
Christian F. Gellert (1715-1769)
tr. by Frances E. Cox (1812-1897)

C Am Bdim/D C D7/A G Dm C/E F C Dm C/E Gsus G C

1. Je - sus lives! The vic - t'ry's won! Death no long er can ap - pall me.
 2. Je - sus lives! To him the throne High o'er heav'n and earth is giv - ing.
 3. Je - sus lives! For me he died, Hence will I, to Je - sus liv - ing.
 4. Je - sus lives! I know full well Naught from me, His love shall sev - er;
 5. Je - sus lives! And now is death But the gate of life im - mor - tal;

Je - sus shall lives! Death's reign is done! From the grave Christ will re - call me.
 I shall go where He is gone, Live and reign with Him in heav - en.
 Pure in heart and act a - bide, Praise to Him and glo - ry giv - ing.
 Life nor death nor pow'rs of hell Part me now from Christ for - ev - er.
 This shall calm my trem - b'ling breath When I pass its gloom - y por - tal.

Am D G#dim/B Am/C Esus E Am E Am/C G C/E Dm/F G C

Bright er scenes will then com - mence; This shall be my con - fi - dence.
 God is faith - ful; doubt - ings, hence! This shall be my con - fi - dence.
 Free ly God doth aid dis - pense; This shall be my con - fi - dence.
 God will be a sure de - fense; This shall be my con - fi - dence.
 Faith shall cry, as fails each sense, Je - sus is my con - fi - dence!

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JESUS, LORD, WE LOOK TO THEE

SAVANNAH

music from

Foundry Collection, 1742

words by
Charles Wesley, 1749

D A/C# D A/G D/F# D A D/F# A/E D A7 Bm Bm/G# A A/G

1. Je - sus, Lord, we look to Thee; let us in Thy name a - gree;
 2. By Thy rec - on - cil - ing love ev - ery - stum - bling block - re - move;
 3. Make us of one heart and mind, gen - tle, cour - te - ous, and kind;
 4. Let us for each oth - er care, each the oth - er's bur - dens bear;
 5. Free from an - ger and from pride, let us thus in God a - bide;
 6. Let us then with joy re - move to the fam - i - ly a - bove;

D/F# G C D E7/B A G F#7 Bm G D/A A7 D

show Thy self the Prince of Peace, bid our strife for - ev - er cease.
 each to each u - nite, en - dear; come, and spread Thy ban - ner here.
 low ly, meek, in thought and word, al - to - geth - er like our Lord.
 to Thy church the pat - tern give, show how true be - liev - ers live.
 all the depths of love ex - press, all the heights of ho - li - ness.
 on the wings of an - gels fly, show how true be - liev - ers die.

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JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

ABERYSTWYTH

music by

Joseph Parry (1841-1903)

 words by
 Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Em Em/B B7 Em B/F# Em/G B7/A Em/G Em B
 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 - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin.

Em/B B7 Em B Em D G F#dim/A Em/B B7 Em
 While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
 Leave, ah, leave me not a lone; Still sup - port and com - fort
 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.

C G C D7/A G D7 G Em B Em D G F#7 Bm
 Hide me, O my Sav - ior, 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.

C G/B G Em Am/C B Em Em/B B7 Em
 Safe in - to the ha - ven guide. Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fence - 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.

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JESUS LOVES EVEN ME

GLADNESS

music by

Philip P. Bliss, 1870

 words by
 Philip P. Bliss, 1870

G D7 G/D D7 G/D D7 G
 1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n.
 2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher - ev - er I stray.
 3. O if there's on - ly one song I can sing When in His beau - ty I see the great King.

D7 G/D D7 G/D D7 G
 Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
 Back to His dear, lov - ing arms would I flee When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
 This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be; "O what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"

Refrain C D7 G
 I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me!

C D7 G
 I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me!

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JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

MARTYN
music by

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Simeon B. Marsh (1798-1875)

F C F Gm/Bb F/C C7 F

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 - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; _____

C F Gm/Bb F/C C7 F

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: _____

Bb F Bb F

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, 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 - ty let me take of Thee; _____

C F Gm/Bb F/C C7 F

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 in e - ter - ni - ty. _____

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JESUS LOVES ME

CHINA
music by

words by
Anna B. Warner (1820-1915)

William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

Eb Bb Eb Ab Ab/C Ab/Bb Eb

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know; For the Bi - ble tells me so;
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and wide!
 3. Je - sus loves me! He loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and wide!
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

Bb Eb Ab Ab/C Eb Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

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.
 From His shin - ing throne on high, Comes His to watch me where I lie.
 If I love Him, when I die He will take me home on high.

Refrain Ab Eb Eb/Bb Bb

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

Eb Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

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

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JESUS LOVES THE LITTLE CHILDREN

CHILDREN

music by

George F. Root (1820-1895)

words by
Rev. C.H. Woolston (1856-1927)

Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren, All the chil - dren of the
world. Red and yel - low, black and white, They are pre - cious in His sight. Je - sus
loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world.

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JESUS, MY STRENGTH, MY HOPE

DIADEMATA

music by

George J. Elvey, 1868

words by
Charles Wesley, 1742

1. Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care, With
2. I want a god - ly fear, A quick - discern - ing eye That
3. I want a true re - gard, A sin - gle, stead - y aim Un
4. I rest up - on Thy Word; The prom - ise is for me: My

hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know Thou bear'st my prayer. Give
looks to Thee when sin is near, And sees the and tempt - er fly; A
moved by threat - ning or re - ward, To Thee and Thy great name; A
com - fort and sal - va - tion, Lord, Shall surely come from Thee. But

me on Thee to wait Till I can all things do' On
spir - it still pre - pared And armed with jeal - ous care, For
jeal - ous, just con - cern For Thine im - mor - tal praise; A
let me still a - bide, Nor from my hope re - move, Till

Thee, al - might - y to cre - ate, Al - might - y to re - new.
ev - er stand - ing on its guard And watch - ing un - to prayer.
pure de - sire that all may learn And glo - ri - fy Thy grace.
Thou my pa - tient spir - it guide In - to Thy per - fect love.

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JESUS! NAME OF WONDROUS LOVE

GOTT SEI DANK

music by

J.A. Freylinghausen,

Geistreiches Gesang-Buch, Halle, 1704

words by
William W. How (1823-1897)

C Am G/B C F G7/D C G D/F# Em G/B C6 D G

1. Je - sus! Name of won - drous love, Name all oth - er names a - bove,
 2. Je - sus! Name de - creed of old, To the maid - en moth - er told
 3. Je - sus! Name of price - less worth To the fall - en sons of earth
 4. Je - sus! Name of mer - cy mild, Giv - en to the ho - ly Child
 5. Je - sus! On - ly name that's giv'n Un - der all the might - y heav'n
 6. Je - sus! Name of won - drous love, Hu - man name of God a - bove;

C F C/E Dm C/E G C/E F Dm C F6 G C

Un - to which must ev - 'ry knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty.
 Kneel - ing in her low - ly cell, By the an - gel Ga - bri - el.
 For the prom - ise that it gave, "Je - sus shall His peo - ple save."
 When the cup of hu - man woe First He tast - ed here be - low.
 Where - by man, to sin - en - slaved, Bursts his fet - ters and is saved.
 Plead - ing on - ly this we flee, Help - less, O our God, to Thee.

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JESUS, PRICELESS TREASURE

JESU, MEINE FREUDE

music by

Johann Crüger, 1653

words by
Johann Franck, 1650
tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

Cm G Cm Eb Gm Ab G

1. Je - sus, price - less treas - ure, Source of pur - est pleas - ure,
 2. In Thy strength I rest me; Foes who would est mo - lest me
 3. Ban - ished is our sad - ness! For the Lord of glad - ness,

Cm Fm G Cm G Cm

Tru - est Friend to me: me: Long my heart hath be pant - ed,
 Can not reach to here. here. Tho the earth be the shak - ing,
 Je - sus, en - ters in. Those who love the Fa - ther,

Ab Gm Ab G Cm Fm G Cm

'Til it well - nigh faint - ed, Thirst - ing af - ter Thee.
 Ev - 'ry heart be quak - ing, God dis - pels our fear.
 Tho the storms may gath - er, Still have peace with in.

Ab Bb Eb Eb Cm Gm

Thine I am, O spot - less Lamb, I will suf - fer nought to
 Sin and hell in con - flict, fell With their heav - iest storms as
 Yea, what e'er we here must bear, Still in Thee lies pur - est

D7 G Cm G Cm

hide Thee, Ask for naught be side Thee.
 sail us: Je - sus, Je - sus, will not fail us.
 pleas - ure, Je - sus, price - less treas - ure!

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JESUS PAID IT ALL

ALL TO CHRIST
music by
John T. Grape (1835-1915)

words by
Elvina M. Hall (1820-1889)

1. I hear the Sav-ior say, "Thy strength in-deed is small. Child of weak-ness, watch and
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone Can change the lep-er's
 3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim; I'll wash my gar-ments
 4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, "Je-sus died my soul to

pray; spots white save," Find in Me thine all in all." } Je-sus paid it all;
 And melt the heart of stone.
 In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
 My lips shall still re-peat.

All to Him I owe. Sin had left a crim-son stain; He washed it white as snow.

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JESUS, REFUGE OF THE WEARY

O DU LIEBE MEINER LIEBE
music from

Erbaulicher Musikalischer Christenschatz, Basel, 1745

words by
Girolamo Savonarola (1452-1498)
tr. by J.F. Wilde (1826-1896)

1. Je-sus, Ref-uge that of the wea-ry, Blest Re-deem-er, whom we love,
 2. Do we pass that cross un-heed-ing, Breath-ing no re-pen-tant vow,
 3. Je-sus, may our hearts be burn-ing With more fer-vent love for Thee!

Foun-tain in life's des-ert drea-ry, Sav-ior from the world a-bove,
 Though we see Thee wound-ed, bleed-ing, See Thy thorn-en cir-cled brow?
 May our eyes be ev-er turn-ing To Thy cross of ag-o ny.

O how oft Thine eyes, of fend-ed, Gaze up-on the sin-ner's fall!
 Yet Thy sin-less death hath brought nev-er Life e-ter-nal, peace, and rest,
 Till in glo-ry, part-ed brought nev-er From the bless-ed, Sav-ior's side,

Yet, up-on the cross ex-tend-ed, Thou didst bear the pain of all.
 On-ly what Thy grace hath taught us Calms the sin-ner's storm-y breast.
 Grav-en in our hearts for-ev-er, Dwell the the cross, the Cru-ci-fied!

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JESUS, REFUGE OF THE WEARY

WETTERLING

music by

Hampus Wetterling (1830-1870)

words by

Girolamo Savonarola (1454-1498)

tr. by Jane Francesca Wilde (1826-1896)

1. Je - sus, Ref - uge of the wea - ry, Blest Re - deem - er, whom we love, Foun - tain
 2. Do we pass that cross un - heed - ing, Breath - ing no re - pent - ant vow, Though we
 3. Je - sus, may our hearts be burn - ing With more fer - vent love for Thee! May our

in life's des - ert drear - y, Sav - ior from the world a - bove: O how
 eyes Thee wound - ed, bleed - ing, See Thy thorn - en - cir - cled brow? Yet Thy
 be ev - er turn - ing To Thy cross of ag - o - ny, Till in

oft Thine eyes, of fend - ed, Gaze up - on the sin - ner's fall! Yet, up
 sin less death hath brought us Life e - ter - nal, peace, and rest; On - ly
 glo - ry, part - ed nev - er From the bless - ed Sav - ior's side, Grav - en

on the cross ex - tend - ed, Thou didst bear the pain of all.
 what Thy grace hath taught us Calms the sin - ner's storm - y breast.
 in our hearts for - ev - er, Dwell the cross, the Cru - ci - fixed!

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JESUS SAVES

words by

Priscilla J. Owens (1829-1907)

music by

William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

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

ti - dings all a - round — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Bear the
 sin - ners far and wide — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Sing, ye
 death and end - less life — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Sing it
 na - tions now re - joice — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Shout sal -

news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steep and cross the waves; On - ward!
 is - lands of the sea! Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves! Earth shall
 soft - ly thru the gloom, When the heart hills for mer - cy craves; Sing in
 va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves; This our

'tis our Lord's com - mand — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 keep her ju - bi - lee — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 tri - umph o'er the tomb — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 song of vic - to - ry — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

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JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME

words by Edward Hopper (1816-1888)

PILOT music by John E. Gould (1822-1875)

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me o - ver life's tem - pos - tuous
 2. As a moth - er, stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean
 3. When at last I near the shore, and the fear - ful break - ers

sea; un - known waves be - fore me roll, hid - ing rock and treach - rous shoal. Chart and
 wild; boi - terous waves o - bey Thy will, when Thou sayest to them, "Be still!" Won - drous
 roar 'twixt me and the peace - ful rest, then, while lean - ing on Thy breast, may I

com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 sov - reign of the sea; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

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JESUS SHALL REIGN

words by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

DUKE STREET music attr. to John Hatton (c. 1710-1793)

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun
 2. To Him shall end less praise be made,
 3. Peo - ple and realms of crea - ture ev - 'ry tongue
 4. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring

Does its suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
 And end on less His praise His est - ab - lish - ment;
 Dwell with His love cu - liar sweet to our King;

His king - dom spread from shore to shore,
 His name like sweet per - fume shall rise,
 And in fan - tastic voic - es shall pro - claim
 An - gels de - scend with songs a gain.

Till moons shall wax and wane no more,
 With ev - 'ry ry - morn - ing sac - ri - fice,
 Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name,
 And earth re - peat the loud a - men.

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JESUS, STILL LEAD ON

SEELENBRÄUTIGAM
music by
Adam Drese (1620-1701)

words by
Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf (1700-1760)
tr. by Jane L. Borthwick (1813-1897)

G G/D D Em D G/B D7/A G D G C/E D Am G/B D G D

1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest is won: And al-though the way be cheer - less,
 2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faith - less fears o'er - take us;
 3. When we seek re - lief From a long - felt grief; When temp - ta - tions come al - lur - ing,
 4. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; Heav'n - ly Lead - er, still di - rect us,

Em D G Am Em B Em B Em C D G D Em Am/C G/B D G

We will fol - low, calm and fear - less; Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa - ther - land!
 Let not faith and hope for - sake us; For, through man - y a foe, To our home we go!
 Make us pa - tient and en - dur - ing; Show us that bright shore Where we weep no more!
 Still sup - port, con - sole, pro - tect us, Till we safe - ly stand In our Fa - ther - land!

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JESUS! THE NAME HIGH OVER ALL

GRÄFENBERG
music by
Johann Crüger, 1647

words by
Charles Wesley, 1749

F C7/G F/A Bb C7/G F C F Gm/Bb F/C C7 F

1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, in hell or earth or sky;
 2. Je - sus! the name to sin - ners dear, the name to sin - ners given;
 3. O that the world might taste and see the rich - es of His grace!
 4. Thee I shall con - stant - ly pro - claim, though earth and hell op - pose;
 5. His on - ly high - teous - ness I show, His sav - ing truth pro - claim;
 6. Hap - py, if with my lat - est breath I may but gasp His name,

F/A Bb F/A C7/G F C Am Dm Gm F/A C7 F

an - gels and mor - tals pros - trate fall, and dev - ils fear and fly.
 it scat - ters all their guilt - y fear, it turns their hell to heaven.
 The arms of love that com - pass me would all the world to em - brace.
 bold to con - fess Thy glo - rious name be - fore a world of foes.
 'tis all my busi - ness and here be - low to cry, "Be - hold the Lamb!"
 preach him to all and cry in death, "Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb!"

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JESUS, THINE ALL-VICTORIOUS LOVE

AZMON
music by
Carl G. Gläser (1784-1829)
arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839

words by
Charles Wesley, 1740

G/B G D G D7 Em D G D7/F# G D

1. Je - sus, thine all - vic - to - rious love shed in my heart a - broad; then
 2. O that in me the sa - cred fire might now be - gin to glow; burn
 3. O that it now from heaven might fall and all my sins con - sume! Come,
 4. Re - fin - ing fire, go through my heart, il - lu - mi - nate my soul; scat

G G/B C G/D D7 G

shall my feet no long - er rove, root - ed and fixed in God.
 up the dross of base de - sire and make the moun - tains flow!
 Ho - ly Ghost, for Thee I call, Spir - it of burn - ing, come!
 ter Thy life through ev - ery part and sanc - ti - fy the whole.

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JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE

ST. AGNES

music by

John Bacchus Dykes, 1866

words attr. to
Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153)
tr. by Edward Caswall, 1849

G C6 G/B Am D G

1. Je sus, the can ver y thought of Thee
 2. No voice the can sing, no heart can frame,
 3. O hope of ev ry one, find? Ah, heart, this
 4. But what to those on ly joy be Thou,
 5. Je sus, our on ly joy be Thou,

D/F# G A7/E D Am A7

With sweet ness fills my breast; But sweet er far Thy
 Nor can the mem 'ry find A sweet er sound than
 O joy of all mem the the meek, To sweet er who fall, how
 Nor tongue nor prize the can wilt show; The love of be Je Thou sus,
 As Thou our prize the can wilt show; The love of be Je Thou sus, our

D A7/D D G/B C G/D D7 G

face to see, And in Thy pres ence rest.
 Thy blest Thou name, O Sav good ior of those man kind.
 kind Thou art! art! good but His to loved ones who seek!
 what it is now, And through e ter ni ty know
 glo ry now, And through e ter ni ty know

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JESUS, THOU EVERLASTING KING

TRURO

music by

Charles Burney

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

N.C. D/F# G A7/E D N.C. D/F# D

1. Je sus, thou ev er last ing King, Ac cept the
 2. Let ev 'ry act of wor ship be Like our es
 3. The glad ness of that hap py day, O may it
 4. Let ev 'ry mo ment, as it flies, In crease Thy

G/B D/A A/G D/F# A7/E D A N.C. A/C# E A A/C#

trib ute which we bring; Ac cept Thy well de
 pous als, Lord, to Thee; Like the blest hour, when
 ev er, ev er, stay! Nor let us are our faith raised for
 praise im prove our joys, Till we are raised for to

D A/E E7 A A/G D/F# D Em/G Em D/F# Em/G D/A A A7 D

served re nown, And wear our prais es as Thy crown.
 from a bove And We first re ceived the pledge of love.
 sake its hold, Nor At hope the de cline nor love of grow cold.
 sing Thy name, At the great sup per of the Lamb.

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JESUS, THOU JOY OF LOVING HEARTS

QUEBEC

music by

Henry Baker, 1854

words attr. to
Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153)
tr. by Ray Palmer, 1858



1. Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou fount of life, Thou light of all,
 2. Thy truth un - changed hath ev - er stood; Thou sav - est those that on Thee call;
 3. We taste Thee, O Thou liv - ing bread, And long to feast up - on Thee still;
 4. Our rest - less spir - its yearn for Thee, Wher - e'er our change - ful lot is cast,
 5. O Je - sus ev - er with us stay, Make all our mo - ments calm and bright;



From the best bliss that earth im - parts We turn, un - filled, — to heed Thy call.
 To them that seek Thee Thou art good, To them that find — Thee, all in fill.
 We drink of Thee, the foun - tain - head, And thirst our souls — from Thee to all.
 Glad when Thy gra - cious smile we see, Blest when our faith — can hold Thee fast.
 O chase the night of sin a - way, Shed o'er the world — Thy ho - ly light.

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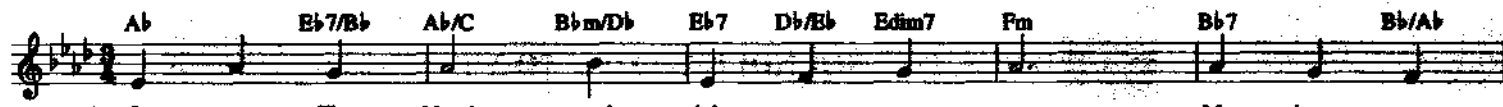
JESUS, THY BLOOD AND RIGHTEOUSNESS

GERMANY

music from

William Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815

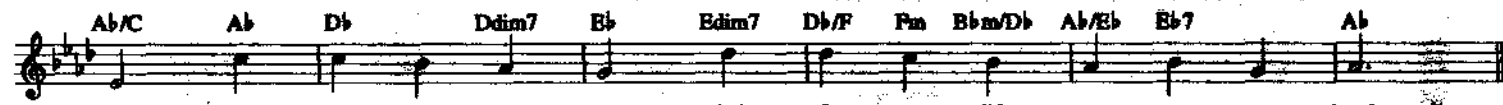
words by
Ludwig von Zinzendorf (1700-1760)
tr. by John Wesley (1703-1791)



1. Je - sus, Thy blood and right - eous - ness My beau - ty
 2. Bold shall I stand in Thy great - ness For who - aught
 3. The ho - ly, meek un - spot - ted Lamb, Who from the
 4. Lord, I be - lieve Thy pre - cious blood, Which at the
 5. Lord, I be - lieve, were sin - ners more Than sands up
 6. When from the dust of death I rise To claim my



are, my glor - ious dress; 'Midst flam - ing worlds, — in
 to my charge — shall lay? Ful - ly ab - solved — through
 Fa - ther's bos - om came, Who died for me, — e'en
 mer - cy seat — of God For - ev - er doth — for
 on the o - cean shore, Thou hast for all — a
 man - sion in — the skies, E'en then for this shall — be



these ar - rayed, — With joy shall I — lift up — my head.
 these I am, — From sin and fear, — from guilt — and shame.
 me to a — tone, — Now for my Lord, — and God — I own.
 sin - ners plead, — For me, e'en for — my soul, — was shed.
 ran - som paid, — For all a full — a — tone - ment made.
 all my plea: — Je - sus hath lived — and died — for me.

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JESUS, THY BLOOD AND RIGHTEOUSNESS

words by
Ludwig von Zinzendorf, 1739
tr. by John Wesley, 1740

ST. CRISPIN
music by
George Job Elvey, 1862

1. Je - sus, Thy blood and right - eous - ness My beau - ty
 2. Bold shall I stand in that great - ness Day, For who - aught
 3. The ho - ly, meek, un - spot - ted Lamb, Who from the
 4. Lord, I be - lieve Thy pre - cious blood, Which at the
 5. Lord, I be - lieve were of sin - ners more Than sands up
 6. When from the dust of death I rise To claim my

... my glo - rious dress; Midst flam - ing worlds, in these ar
 ... my charge bos - om lay? Ful - ly thro' these ab - solved I
 ... ther's seat of God came, Who died for me, e'en me to a
 ... cy on the o - cean shore, Thou hast then for doth for sin - ners
 ... sion in the skies, E'en then this shall be all ran - som

... rayed, am tone, plead, paid, plea:
 ... With joy shall I lift up my head.
 ... From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
 ... Now for me - e'en for my soul - I and I own.
 ... For all a full a - tone was shed.
 ... Je - sus hath lived and died for me.

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JESUS, THY BOUNDLESS LOVE TO ME

words by
Paul Gerhardt, 1653
tr. by John Wesley, 1739

ST. CATHERINE
music by
Henri F. Hemy, 1864
arr. by James G. Walton, 1874

1. Je - sus, Thy bound - less love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare;
 2. O grant that noth - ing in my soul May dwell, but Thy pure love a - lone;
 3. O Love, how gra - cious is Thy ray! All fear be - fore Thy pres - ence flies.
 4. In suf - f'ring be Thy love my peace; In weak - ness be Thy love my pow'r.

O knit my thank - ful heart to Thee And reign with - out a ri - val there.
 O may Thy love pos - sess me whole My joy, my treas - ure, and my crown.
 Care, an - guish, sor - row melt a - way Wher - e'er Thy heal - ing beams a - rise.
 And when the storms of life shall cease, Je - sus, in that im - por - tant hour,

Thine whol - ly, Thine a - lone I am; Be Thou a - lone my con - stant flame.
 All cold - ness from my heart re - move; My ev - 'ry act, word, thought, be love.
 O Je - sus, noth - ing may I see, Noth - ing de - sire or seek, but Thee!
 In death as life, be Thou my Guide, And save me, who for me hast died!

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JESUS, UNITED BY THY GRACE

ST. AGNES

music by

John Dykes, 1866

words by
Charles Wesley, 1742

G G/B Am/C G/B Am D G D7/A G D/F# G A7/E D

1. Je - sus, u - nit - ed by Thy grace and each to each en - deared,
 2. Help us to help each oth - er, Thy Lord, each oth - er's cross bear;
 3. Up un - to thee, our liv - ing Head, let us in all things grow;
 4. Touched by the lode - stone of Thy love, let all our hearts a - gree,
 5. To Thee, in - sep - a - rably joined, let all our spir - its cleave;
 6. This is the bond of per - fect - ness, Thy spot - less char - i - ty;

Am A7 D A7/D D D/C G/B C C/E G/D D7 G

with con - fi - dence we seek Thy face and know our prayer is heard,
 let all their friend - ly aid af - ford, and feel each oth - er's care.
 till thou hast made us free in deed and spot - less here be - low.
 and ev - er toward each oth - er move toward Thee.
 O may we all the lov - ing mind that was in Thee re - ceive.
 O let us, still we pray, pos - sess the mind that was in Thee.

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JESUS! WHAT A FRIEND TO SINNERS

HYFRYDOL

music by

Rowland H. Prichard, 1830

words by
J. Wilbur Chapman, 1910

G D7/F# G D7/A G D G/B D7/A G G/B C G/D D7 G

1. Je - sus! what a friend for sin - ners! Je - sus! lov - er of my soul!
 2. Je - sus! what a strength in weak - ness! Let me hide my self in Him;
 3. Je - sus! what a help in sor - row! While the bil - lows o'er me roll;
 4. Je - sus! what a guide and keep - er! While the temp - est still is high;
 5. Je - sus! I do now re - ceive Him, More than all in Him I find;

D/F# G D7/A G D G/B D7/A G G/B C G/D D7 G

Friends may fail me, foes as sail me, He, my Sav - ior, makes me whole.
 Tempt - ed, tried, and some times fail - ing, He, my strength, my vic - t'ry wins.
 E - ven when my heart is break - ing, He, my com - fort, helps my soul.
 Storms a - bout me, night o'er takes me, He, my pi - lot, hears my cry.
 He hath grant - ed me for - give - ness, I am His, and He is mine.

Refrain D7/F# G D7 G D7/A G/B D7/F# G D

Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a friend!

G/B D7/A G D7 D7/C G/B D7/A G C G/B C G/D D7 G

Sav - ing, help - ing, keep - ing, lov - ing, He is with me to the end.

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JESUS WALKED THIS LONESOME VALLEY

LONESOME VALLEY
Traditional Spiritual

Traditional Spiritual

F Bb F C C7

1. Je - sus walked this lone - some val - ley. He had to walk it by Him - self. O,
 2. We must walk this lone - some val - ley. We have to walk it by our - selves. O,
 3. You must go and stand your tri - al. You have to stand it by your - self. O,

F7 Bb Gm7 F/C Gm7/C F

no - bod - y else could walk it for Him. He had to walk it by Him - self.
 no - bod - y else can walk it for us. We have to walk it by our - selves.
 no - bod - y else can stand it for you. You have to stand it by your - self.

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JESUS, WHERE'ER THY PEOPLE MEET

MALVERN
music by
Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

words by
William Cowper (1731-1800)

D G/D

1. Je - sus, wher - e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be
 2. For Thou, with in no walls con - fined, Dost dwell with
 3. Great Shep - herd of Thy cho - sen few, Thy for - mer
 4. Here may we prove the pow - er of prayer To strength - en

D A7 D

hold Thy mer - cy seat; Wher - e'er they seek Thee Thou art
 those of hum - ble mind; Such ev - er bring Thee where they
 mer - cies here re - new; Here, to our wait - ing hearts, pro -
 faith and sweet en - care; To teach our faint de - sires to

G D A D

found, And ev - 'ry place is hal - lowed ground.
 come, And go - ing, take Thee to their home.
 claim The sweet - ness of, Thy sav - ing name.
 rise, And bring all heav'n be - fore our eyes.

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JOYFUL, JOYFUL, WE ADORE THEE

HYMN TO JOY
music by
Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
from *Ninth Symphony*
adapt. by Edward Hodges (1796-1867)

words by
Henry van Dyke, 1907

G G/D D7/C G/B D/A G G/D D

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 - en 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 hap - py cho - rus Which the morn - ing stars be - gan;

G G7 G7/C C G/D D7 G/D D7 G

Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore Thee, O - p'ning 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.

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D G/D D G/D D B/D4 B Em A D

Melt the clouds of sin and sadness, 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,

G G7 G7/C C G/D D7 G/D D7 G

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.

JOY UNSPEAKABLE

words by
Barney E. Warren

music by
Barney E. Warren

Ab Ab/C Db Ab Eb7 Db/Eb Eb7 Ab/Eb Eb Eb7

1. I have found His grace is all com - plete; He sup - pli - eth ev - 'ry need. While I
 2. I have found the plea - sure I once craved; It is joy and peace with in. What a
 3. I have found that hope so bright and clear, Liv - ing in the realm of grace. O the
 4. I have found the joy no tongue can tell, How its waves of glo - ry roll! It is

Ab Ab/C Db Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb/Bb Bb7 Bb Eb7 Refrain

sit and learn at Je - sus' feet, I am free, yes, free in - deed. }
 won - drous bless - ing! I am saved, From the aw - ful gulf of sin. } It is
 Sav - ior's pres - ence is so near; I can see His smil - ing face. }
 like a great o'er - flow - ing well Spring - ing up with in my soul. }

Ab Db/Ab Ab Eb7 Ab

joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry, Full of glo - ry, full of glo - ry. It is

Db/Ab Ab Ab/C Db Bbm Ab/Eb Eb7 Db/Eb Eb7 Ab

joy un - speak - a - ble and full of glo - ry; O the half has nev - er yet been told!

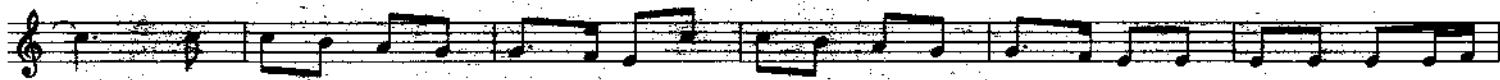
JOY TO THE WORLD

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

ANTIOCH
music by
George Frederick Handel (1685-1759)
arr. by Lowell Mason (1792-1872)



1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; _____
2. Joy to the earth! The Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; _____
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow; Nor thorns in-fest the ground; _____
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove _____



Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room. And heav'n and na-ture sing
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sound- ing
He comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is
The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His _____



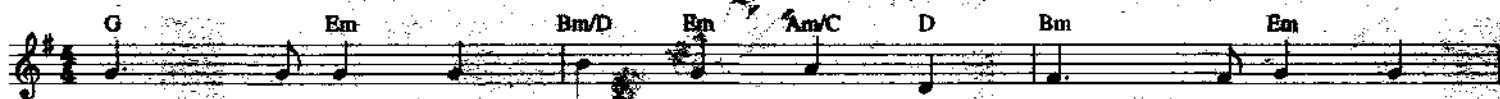
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and heav'n and na-ture sing.
joy, Re-peat the sound- ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound- ing joy.
found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
love, And won-ders of His love, And won-ders, won-ders of His love.

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JUDGE ETERNAL, THRONED IN SPLENDOR

words by
Henry S. Holland (1847-1918)

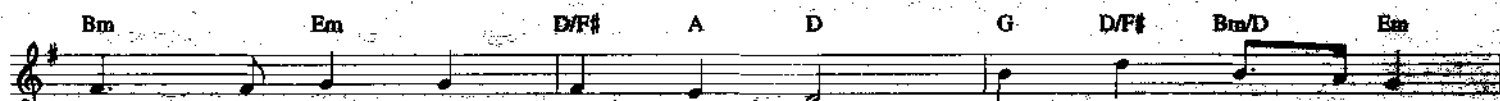
RHUDDLAN
Traditional Welsh Tune, 18th century



1. Judge e-ter-nal, throned in splen-dor, Lord of lords and
2. Still the wea-ry folk are en-pin-ning or; For the hour that
3. Crown, O God, Your own en-deav-or; Cleave our dark-ness



King of kings, With Your liv-ing fire of judg-ment
brings re-lease; And Feed the cit-y's and crowd-ed clan-gor
with Your sword; With the faint and hun-gry peo-ple



Purge this land of bit-ter things; So-lace all its
Cries a-loud for sin to cease; And the home-steads
With the rich-ness of Your Word; Cleanse the bod-y



wide do-minion With the heal-ing of Your wings.
and of the this wood-lands Plead in the si-lence for for their peace.
of this na-tion Through the glo-ry of of the the Lord.

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JUST A CLOSER WALK WITH THEE

CLOSER WALK
Traditional music

Traditional words



1. I am weak but Thou art strong. Je - sus, keep me from all wrong. I'll be sat - is - fied as
 2. Thro' this world of toil and snares, If I fal - ter, Lord, who cares? Who with me my bur - den
 3. When my fee - ble life is o'er, Time for me will be no more. Guide me gen - tly, safe - ly



long as I walk, let me walk close to Thee. } Just a clos - er walk with Thee,
 shares? None but Thee, dear Lord, none but Thee. }
 o'er to Thy king - dom shore, to Thy shore. }



Grant it, Je - sus, is my plea. Dai - ly walk - ing close to Thee, Let it be, dear Lord, let it be.

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JUST AS I AM

DUNSTAN
music by
Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

words by
Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark
 3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With man - y a con - flict, man - y a
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re -
 6. Just as I am, Thy love un - known Hath bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier



me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, }
 blot, To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, }
 doubt, Fight - ing with - in and fears with - out, }
 mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, }
 lieve; Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, }
 down; Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, }

O Lamb of God, I come!

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JUST AS I AM

WOODWORTH

words by
Charlotte Elliott, 1834

music by
William B. Bradbury, 1849

C G C G C/G G7 FC C

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With man - y a con - flict, man - y a doubt, Fight -
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind, Yea,
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve; Be -
 6. Just as I am, Thy love un - known Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down; Now

F C G C

that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 ings and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 to be Thine, yes, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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JUST OVER IN THE GLORYLAND

GLORYLAND

words by
James W. Acuff

music by
Emmett S. Dean

A♭ D♭/A♭ A♭ D♭ D♭/F A♭ Fm B♭7 E♭7

1. I've a home pre - pared where the saints a - bide, } Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land; } And I
 2. I am on my way to those man - sions fair, } There to
 3. What a joy - ful thought that my Lord I'll see, } And with
 4. With the blood - washed throng I will shout and sing, } Glad ho -

A♭ D♭/A♭ A♭ D♭ D♭/F A♭ Fm A♭/E♭ E♭7 A♭

long to be by my Sav - ior's side, } Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land. } Just
 sing God's praise and His glo - ry share, }
 kin - dred saved, there for - ev - er be, }
 san - nas to Christ, the Lord and King, }

A♭ A♭/E♭ E♭7 A♭ A♭/C D♭ D♭/F A♭

o - ver in the glo - ry - land I'll join the hap - py an - gel band, just

Fm B♭7 E♭ B♭7/F E♭ A♭ A♭/E♭ E♭7 A♭ A♭/C

o - ver in the glo - ry - land; Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land, There

D♭ A♭ Fm A♭/E♭ E♭7 A♭ D♭/A♭ A♭

with the might - y host I'll stand Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land.

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THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS

DOMINUS REGIT ME
music by
John Bacchus Dykes, 1868

words by
Henry Williams Baker, 1868

Chords: D G D7 Em D/F# G A7/E G/D D G/B

1. The King of love my shep - herd is, whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, my ran - somed soul He lead - eth, and
 3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, but yet in love He sought me, and
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill with Thee, dear Lord, be - side me; Thy
 5. Thou spreadst a ta - ble in my sight; Thy unc - tion grace be - stow - eth; and
 6. And so through all the length of days Thy good - ness fail - eth nev - er; Good

Chords: D7 G B7 Em D7 G/D D7 G

noth - ing lack if I am His and He is mine for ev - er.
 where the ver - dant pas - tures grow, with food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 on His shoul - der gent - ly laid, and home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
 rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
 oh, what trans - port of de - light from Thy pure chal - ice flow - eth!
 Shep - herd may I sing Thy praise with in Thy house for ev - er.

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THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS

ST. COLUMBA
Traditional Irish melody

words by
Henry W. Baker (1821-1877)

Chords: Eb Ab/C Bb Bb7/D Eb Bb Cm Eb/Bb Ab

1. The King of love my shep - herd is, Whose good - ness
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, My ran - somed
 3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But yet in
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill, With Thee, dear
 5. Thou spreadst a ta - ble in my sight; Thine unc - tion
 6. And so, through all the length of days, Thy good - ness

Chords: Eb/G Ab Eb Cm Ddim Eb Fm

fail soul eth He nev lead er; I noth ing lack if
 soul eth He nev lead er; I noth ing lack if
 love He He sought me, me, And where the ver - dant
 Lord, be be side me, me, Thy on His shoul - der
 grace be be stow - eth; And Thy rod oh, and what staff my
 fail eth nev er. Good Shep - herd, may sport I

Chords: Eb/G Ab Bb Cm Gm/Bb Eb/G Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb Ab/Eb Eb

I am His And He is mine for ev er.
 pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 gen - tly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
 com - fort still; Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
 of de - light From Thy pure chal - ice flow - eth!
 sing Thy praise With in Thy house for ev - er.

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KUM BA YAH

Traditional Spiritual

Traditional Spiritual

Chords: E, A, E, A/E, E, B7, E, A, E, A, E/B, B7, E, A, E, A/E, E, B7

Lyrics:
 Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah! Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba
 sing - ing, Lord, Kum ba yah! Some - one's sing - ing, Lord, Kum ba
 yah! yah! Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah! O Lord, — Kum ba
 Some - one's sing - ing, Lord, Kum ba yah! O Lord, — Kum ba
 yah! Some - one's pray - ing, Lord, Kum ba yah! Some - one's pray - ing, Lord, Kum ba yah! Some - one's
 Some - one needs the Lord, Je - sus Christ! Some - one needs the Lord, Je - sus Christ! Some - one
 pray - ing, Lord, Kum ba yah! O Lord, — Kum ba yah! Some - one's
 needs the Lord, Je - sus Christ! O Lord, — Kum ba yah! Some - one's
 yah!

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LAMP OF OUR FEET, WHEREBY WE TRACE

NUN DANKET ALL' UND BRINGET EHR'
music attributed to
Johann Crüger (1598-1662)

words by
Bernard Barton (1784-1849)

Chords: F, Bb, F/A, Dm, C, F, F/A, C, F, F/A, Gm/Bb, F/C, C, C7, F, C/E, F, F/A, Bb, C, Bb/D, F, C, F/A, Bb, Gm, F/A, Csus, C, F

Lyrics:
 1. Lamp of our feet, where - by we trace Our path when wont to stray;
 2. Bread of our souls, where - on we feed, True man - na from on high;
 3. Pil - lar of fire, through watch - es dark, And ra - dian cloud by day;
 4. Word of the ev - er liv - ing God, Will of his glo - rious Son;
 5. Lord, grant us all a - right to learn The wis - dom it im - parts;

Stream from the fount of heaven - ly grace, Brook by the trav - 'ler's way;
 Our guide and chart, where - in we read, Of realms be - yond the sky;
 When waves would overwhelm our toss - ing bark, Our an - chor and our stay;
 With - out thee how could earth be trod, Or heaven it - self be won?
 And to its heaven - ly teach - ing turn, With sim - ple, child - like hearts.

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LEAD ME, LORD

LEAD ME, LORD

music by

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1861

words based on
Psalm 5:8, 4:8

Eb Bdim7 Cm Eb7/Db Ab/C Eb/Bb Ab F7/C Eb/Bb
Bb Bb/Ab Gm Gm/Bb Bb7 Cm Ab6 Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

Lead me, Lord, lead me in Thy right-cous-ness; make Thy way plain be-fore my face.

Eb/G Bb7/F Eb Ab Eb/G
Ab/C Eb/Bb Bb Bb/Ab Gm Cm/Eb G/D Cm Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

For it is Thou, Lord, Thou, Lord on-ly, that mak-est me dwell in safe-ty.

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LEAD ME TO CALVARY

DUNCANNON

music by

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1921

words by
Jennie Evelyn Hussey, 1921

D
G
D
A
D
A/E D/F#
D

1. King of my life I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glo-ry be; Lest I for-get Thy
 2. Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Ten-der-ly mourned and wept; An-gels in robes of
 3. Let me, like Mar-y, through the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee; Show to me now the
 4. May I be will-ing, Lord, to bear Dai-ly my cross for Thee; E-ven Thy cup of

G
D
D/F#
G6 D/A
A7
D

thorn-crowned brow; Lead me to Cal-va-ry.
 light ar-rayed Guard-ed Thee whilst Thou slept.
 emp-ty tomb, Lead me to Cal-va-ry.
 grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.

Refrain

A
D/A A7
D

Lest I for-get Geth-sem-a-ne;

A
D/A A7
D
Bm
F#7
G G7
D
D/F#
G6 D/A
A7
D

Lest I for-get Thine ag-o-ny; Lest I for-get Thy love for me, Lead me to Cal-va-ry.

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LEAD ON, O KING ETERNAL

LANCASHIRE

music by

Henry T. Smart, c. 1835

words by
Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1888

D
G/D
D
D7/C
G/B
D/A
G
A
A7
D
G/D

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

D
A/E
E7
A
A7
D7
G
B7/F#

con-quest Thy tents shall be our home. Through days of prep-a-ra-tion Thy
 whis-per The sweet A-men of peace; For not with swords loud crash-ing, Thy
 morn-ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap-pears; Thy cross is lift-ed o'er us; We

E7
A
A7/G
D/F#
G6 D7/A
G/B
G
D/A
A7
D

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'n-ly king-dom comes.
 jour-ney in its light; The crown a-waits the con-quest; Lead on, O God of might.

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LEAD ON, O KING ETERNAL

LLANGLOFFAN

Welsh folk melody

from Evans' *Hymnau a Thonau*, 1865

words by
Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1888

1. Lead on, O King e - ter - nal, The day of march has come; Hence -
 2. Lead on, O King e - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease; And
 3. Lead on, O King e - ter - nal; We fol - low, not with fears; For

forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home: Through
 ho - li - ness shall like whis - per ing The sweet a - men of ap - peace; For
 glad - ness breaks like morn - ing Wher - e'er Thy face ap - pears; Thy

days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong, And
 not with is swords' loud clash - ing, Nor We roll jour - ney in its drums; With
 cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light: The

now, O King e - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song -
 deeds of love and the mer - cy quest; The Lead heaven on, O God king - dom comes.
 crown a - waits the con - quest; The Lead heaven on, O God king - dom of might.

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LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER, LEAD US

DULCE CARMEN

music from

An Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782

words by
James Edmeston (1791-1867)

1. Lead us heav'n - ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pes - tuous sea
 2. Sav - ior, heav'n - ly for give us; All our weak - ness Thou dost know;
 3. Spir - it of our God de - scend - ing, Fill our hearts with heav'n - ly joy;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee,
 Thou didst tread us, this earth be - fore us; Thou didst feel its keen - est woe;
 Love with ev - 'ry pas - sion blend - ing Pleas - ure that can nev - er cloy:

Yet pos - sess - ing ev - 'ry bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.
 Lone and drear - y, faint and wea - ry, Through the des - ert Thou didst go.
 Thus pro - vid - ed, par - doned, guid - ed, noth - ing can our peace de - stroy.

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LEAD US, O FATHER, IN THE PATHS OF PEACE

BURLEIGH

music by

Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

words by

William H. Burleigh (1812-1871)

D Fm/A C#dim/B Bm Em Em/D A/C# A7 D E/D

1. Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace; With - out thy
 2. Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of truth; Un - helped by
 3. Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of right; Blind - ly we
 4. Lead us, O Fa - ther, to Thy heav - en - ly rest, How - ev - er

A/C# D A/E E7 A F#m7b5 B B/D#

guid - ing hand we go a - stray, And doubts ap - pail, and
 Thee, in er - ror's maze we grope, While pas - sion strains, and
 stum - ble when we walk path a - lone, In - volved in shad - ows
 rough and steep the path may be, Through joy and sor - row,

Em A D G/B D7 G F#7 Bm E7/B D/A A7 D

sor - rows still in - crease; lead us through Christ, the true and liv - ing Way.
 fol - ly dims our youth, And age comes on, un - cheered by faith and hope.
 of a dark - some night, On - ly with Thee we jour - ney safe - ly on.
 as Thou deem - est best, Un - til our lives are per - fect - ed in Thee.

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LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS

SHOWALTER

music by

Anthony J. Showalter, 1887

words by

Elisha A. Hoffman, 1887

A D6 A B9 E7 A

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

D6 A/E E7 A D

what a peace is mine, } Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing, Lean - ing
 grows from day to day, }
 with my Lord so near, }

A B9 E7 A D A/E E7 A

Safe and se - cure from all a - larms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.

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LEAVE IT THERE

words by
Charles Albert Tindley, c. 1906

music by
Charles Albert Tindley, c. 1906
arr. by Charles A. Tindley, Jr., 1916

G G7 C G D7 G G/F# A7/E

1. If the world from you with-hold of its sil-ver and its gold, and you have to get a-long with mea-ger.
 2. If your bod-y suf-fers pain and your health you can't re-gain, and your soul is al-most sink-ing in de-
 3. When your en-e-mies as-sail, and your heart be-gins to fail, don't for-get that God in heav-en an-swers
 4. When your youth-ful days are done, and old age is steal-ing on, and your bod-y bends be-neath the weight of

D7 G/D D7 G G7 C A/C#

fare, Just re-mem-ber in His Word how He feeds the lit-tle bird,
 spair, Je-sus knows the pain you feel, He can save and He can heal,
 prayer, He will make a way for you, and will lead you safe-ly through, take your
 care, He will nev-er leave you then, He'll go with you to the end,

G/D A/B D7 G Refrain D7 G G7

bur-den to the Lord and leave it there. Leave it there, leave it there, take your

C D7 G D7/A G7/B

bur-den to the Lord and leave it there. If you trust and nev-er doubt, He will

C A/C# G/D D7 G

sure-ly bring you out; take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.

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LET ALL MORTAL FLESH KEEP SILENCE

words from
The Liturgy of St. James, 4th century
tr. by Gerard Moultrie, 1864

PICARDY
Traditional French melody, 17th century

Dm Bb F Dm Bb A

1. Let all mor-tal flesh keep si-lence And with fear and trem-bling stand;
 2. King of kings, yet born of Mar-y, As of old on earth he stood,
 3. Rank on rank the host of heav-en; Spreads its van-guard on the way,
 4. At his feet the six-winged ser-aph; Cher-u-bim, with sleep-less eye,

Bb F Gm6 Dm Cm F Bb F

Pon-der noth-ing earth-ly mind-ed, For with bless-ing in his hand
 Lord of lords, in hu-man ves-ture In the bod-y and the blood;
 As the Light of light de-scend-eth From the realms of end-less day,
 Veil their fac-es to the pres-ence, As with cease-less voice they cry,

D/F# Gm Dm C Dm/F Gm C Dm

Christ our God to earth de-scend eth, Our full hom-age to de-mand.
 He will give to all the faith-ful His own self for heav'nly food.
 That the powers of hell may van-ish As the dark-ness clears a-way.
 "Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Lord Most High!"

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LET ALL THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE

PEOPLE PRAISE
music by
Lelia N. Morris, 1906

words by
Lelia N. Morris, 1906

1. O mag ni fy the Lord with me, Ye peo ple of His choice. Let
 2. O praise Him for His ho li ness, His wis dom, and His grace; Sing
 3. Had I a thou sand tongues to sing, The half could ne'er be told Of

all to whom He lead eth breath Now in His name re joice. For
 prais es for His pre cious blood Which ran somed all our race. In
 love so rich, so full and free, Of bless ings man i fold; Of

love's blest rev e c la tion, For rest from con dem na tion, For
 ten der ness He sought us; From depths of sin as He bro't us; The
 grace that fail eth nev er, peace flow ing as a riv er From

ut ter most sal va tion, } To Him give thanks. Let
 way of life then taught us. }
 God, the glo rious Giv er.

all the peo ple praise Thee. Let all the peo ple praise Thee. Let

all the peo ple praise Thy name for ev er and for ev er more.

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LET ALL TOGETHER PRAISE OUR GOD

LOBT GOTT, IHR CHRISTEN
music by
Nikolaus Herman (c. 1480-1561)

words by
Nikolaus Herman (c. 1480-1561)
tr. by Arthur Tozer Russell (1806-1874)

1. Let all to geth er praise our God Up on His loft y throne, For He un clos es
 2. He lays a side his maj es ty And seems as noth ing worth, And takes on Him a
 3. Be hold the won der ful ex change Our Lord with us doth make! Lo, He as sumes our
 4. The glo rious gates of par a dise The an gel guards no more; This day a gain those

heav'n to day And gives to us His Son, And gives to us His Son.
 serv ant's form, Who made the heav'n and earth, Who made the heav'n and earth.
 flesh and blood, And we of heav'n par take, And we of heav'n par take.
 gates un fold. With praise our God a dore, With praise our God a dore!

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LET ALL ON EARTH THEIR VOICES RAISE

ARIEL

music arr. by

Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Chord progression: Eb Bb7/F Eb Eb/Bb Bb Eb Eb/G Ab Bb7/F

1. Let all on earth their voices raise, To sing the great Je-ho-vah's
 2. He framed the globe, He built the sky; He made the shin-ing worlds on
 3. Come the great day, the glo-ri-ous hour, When earth shall feel His sav-ing

Chord progression: Eb Bb Bb/F F7 Bb/F F7 Bb Eb Ab Eb

praise, And bless his ho-ly name: His glo-ry let the hea-then know, His
 high, And reigns in glo-ry there: His beams are maj-es-ty and light; His
 pow'r, All na-tions fear His name: Then shall the race of man con-fess The

Chord progression: Ab Eb Bb7 Eb Bb Eb Bb7 Eb

won-ders to the na-tions show, His sav-ing grace pro-claim, His sav-ing grace pro-claim.
 beau-ties, how di-vine-ly bright! His dwell-ing place how fair, His dwell-ing place how fair!
 beau-ty of His ho-li-ness, His sav-ing grace pro-claim, His sav-ing grace pro-claim.

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LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART

McCONNELSVILLE

music by

Lelia N. Morris (1862-1929)

words by
Lelia N. Morris (1862-1929)

Chord progression: Ab Absus Ab Ab/C Eb7 Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin,
 2. If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still,
 3. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, } Let Je-sus come in-to your heart;

Chord progression: Absus Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb Eb7

{ If you de-sire a new life to be-gin,
 { If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
 { If you would en-ter the man-sions of rest, } Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.

Chord progression: Ab Db/Ab Ab Db/Ab Ab Db/Ab Ab Bb7 Eb

Just now, your doubt-ings give o'er, Just now, re-ject Him no more;

Chord progression: Ab Ab7 Db C Bbm Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab/Eb Eb Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

Just now, throw o-pen the door, Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.

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LET ME BE THINE FOREVER

LOB GOTT GETROST MIT SINGEN

music from

Musika Deutsch, Nürnberg, 1532

words by

Nikolaus Selnecker (1532-1592), v.1
v.2,3 from *Gesangbuch*, Rudolstadt, 1688
tr. by Matthias Loy (1828-1915)

1. Let me be Thine for - ev - er, Thou faith - ful? God and Lord;
 2. Lord Je - sus, my Sal - va - tion, My Light, my Life and di - vine;
 3. And Thou, O Ho - ly Spir - it, My Com - fort - er, and Guide,

Let me for - sake Thee nev - er Nor wan - der from Thy Word.
 My on - ly Con - so - la - tion, O make me whol - ly Thine,
 Grant that in Je - sus' mer - it I al - ways may con - fide,

Lord, do not let me wa - ver But give me stead - fast - ness,
 For Thou hast dear - ly bought me With blood and bit - ter pain.
 Him to the end con - fess - ing Whom I have known by faith.

And for such grace for - ev - er Thy ho - ly name I'll bless.
 Let me since Thou hast sought me, E - ter - nal life I ob - tain.
 Give me Thy con - stant bless - ing And grant a Chris - tian death.

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LET SAINTS ON EARTH IN CONCERT SING

DUNDEE

music from

Scottish Psalter, 1615

words by

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

1. Let saints on earth in con - cert sing With those whose work is done;
 2. One fam - i - ly we dwell in Him, One Church, a - bove, be - neath,
 3. One ar - my of the liv - ing God, To his com - mand we bow;
 4. E'en now by faith we join our hands With those that went be - fore,
 5. Je - sus, be now our con - stant guide; Then, when the word is giv'n,

For all the ser - vants of our King In heav'n and earth are one.
 Though now the di - vid - ed by the stream, The nar - row stream of death.
 Part of the host have crossed the flood, And nar - row are cross - ing now.
 And greet the ev - er - liv - ing bands On the e - ter - nal shore.
 Bid Jor - dan's nar - row stream di - vide, And bring us safe to heav'n.

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LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

LOWER LIGHTS
music by
Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

words by
Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

Bb Eb/Bb Bb Eb C F Bb Eb/Bb

1. Bright - ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er - more, But to
 2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar; Ea - ger
 3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er; Some poor sail - or tem - pest tossed, Try - ing

Bb Eb Bb/F F7 Bb Refrain

us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore. }
 eyes are watch - ing, long - ing For the lights a - long the shore. } Let the
 now to make the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.

Eb Eb/Bb Bb C7/G F Bb Eb/Bb

low er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave! Some poor,

Bb Eb Bb/F F7 Bb

faint - ing, strug - gling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

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LET THE WHOLE CREATION CRY

LLANFAIR
music by
Robert Williams, 1817

words by
Stopford A. Brooke, 1881
based on Psalm 148

F Dm F/A Bb C F/A C7/G F Bb/D F/C Bb C7 F

1. Let the whole cre - a - tion cry: Al - le - lu - ia!
 2. Praise Him, all ye hosts a - bove, Al - le - lu - ia!
 3. War - riors fight - ing for the Lord, Al - le - lu - ia!
 4. Men and wom - en, young and old, Al - le - lu - ia!

Dm F/A Bb C F/A C7/G F Bb/D F/C Bb C7 F

Glo - ry to the Lord on high! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Ev - er bright and fair in love, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Proph - ets burn - ing with His Word, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Raise the an - them man - i - fold, Al - le - lu - ia!

Dm C/E F Bb C7/G F C F C/E F G7/D C F/C C

Heav'n and earth, a - wake and sing: Al - le - lu - ia!
 Sun and moon, lift up your voice, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Those to whom the arts be - long, Al - le - lu - ia!
 And let chil - dren's hap - py hearts, Al - le - lu - ia!

F F/A F Dm F/A Bb C F/A C7/G F Bb/D F/C Bb C7 F

God is God and there - fore King! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Night and stars in God re - joice, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Add their voices to the song, Al - le - lu - ia!
 In this wor - ship bear their parts, Al - le - lu - ia!

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LET THE WHOLE CREATION CRY

SALZBURG

music by

Jacob Hintze, 1678

As in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861

words by
Stopford A. Brooke, 1881

1. Let the whole cre - a - tion cry, "Glo - ry to the Lord on high."
 2. Men and wom - en, young and old, Raise the an - them man - i - fold;

Heaven and with earth, a - wake songs and sing, "God is our God e - ter - nal of King."
 Join with chil - dren's songs of praise, Wor - ship God through length of days.

Praise God, all ye hosts a - bove, Ev - er shin - ing forth in love;
 From the north - to south - ern pole Let the might - y cho - rus roll:

Sun and moon, up - lift your voice; Night and stars, in God re - joice!
 "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly One, Glo - ry be to God a - lone!"

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LET THY BLOOD IN MERCY POURED

JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT

music by

Johann Crüger (1598-1662)

words by
John Brownlie (1859-1925)

1. Let Thy Blood in mer - cy poured, let Thy gra - cious Bo - dy bro - ken,
 2. Thou didst die that I might live; bless - ed Lord, Thou cam'st to save - me;
 3. By the thorns that crowned Thy brow, by the spear wound and the nail - ing,
 4. Wilt Thou own the gift I bring? All my pen - i - tence I give Thee;

be to me, O gra - cious Lord, of Thy bound - less love the to - ken.
 all that love of God could give that Je - sus by His sor - rows gave me.
 by the pain and death, I now claim, O Christ, Thy love un - fail - ing.
 Thou art my ex - alt - ed King, of Thy match - less love for - give me.

Refrain
 Thou didst give Thy - self for me, now I give my - self to Thee.

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LET US BREAK BREAD TOGETHER

LET US BREAK BREAD
Traditional Spiritual

Traditional Spiritual

1. Let us break bread to - geth - er on our knees; _____ Let us
 2. Let us drink wine to - geth - er on our knees; _____ Let us
 3. Let us praise God to - geth - er on our knees; _____ Let us

break bread to - geth - er on our knees; _____
 drink wine to - geth - er on our knees; _____ } When I
 praise God to - geth - er on our knees; _____

fall on my knees with my face to the ris - ing sun, O

Lord, have mer - cy on me.

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LET US NOW OUR VOICES RAISE

GAUDEAMUS PARITER
music from

words by
Joseph the Hymnographer, 9th century
tr. by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

Medieval [German or] Bohemian Carol Melody, 1544

1. Let us now our voices raise, Wake the day with glad - ness;
 2. Nev - er flinched they from the flame, From the tor - ment and nev - er;
 3. Up and fol - low, Chris - tian men! Press through toil and sor - row;

God Him - self to joy and praise Turns our hu - man sad - ness;
 Vain Him the ty - rant's of sharp - est aim, then, Vain O each the fierce en - deav - or;
 Spurn the night of fear, and then, O the glo - rious mor - row!

Joy that mar - tyrs won their crown O - pened heavn's bright por - tal,
 For by will faith - ty they saw on the the land strife; Who in will first its be gin - ry,
 Who will grasp the mor - tal they down stand Life? For With the vic - tor's sto - ry,
 Who will grasp the mor - tal they down stand Life? For With the vic - tor's sto - ry,
 Who will grasp the mor - tal they down stand Life? For With the vic - tor's sto - ry,
 Who will grasp the mor - tal they down stand Life? For With the vic - tor's sto - ry,

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LET US PLEAD FOR FAITH ALONE

SAVANNAH
music from

Foundery Collection, 1742

words by
Charles Wesley, 1740

D A/C# D A/G D/F# D A D/F# A/E D A7 Bm Bm/G# A A/G

1. Let us plead for faith a lone, faith which by our works is shown;
 2. Active faith that lives with in, conquers hell and death and sin,
 3. Let us for this faith con tend, sure sal va tion is the end;
 4. On ly let us per se vere till we see our Lord ap pear,

D/F# G A/C# D E7/B A G F#7 Bm G D/A A7 D

God it is who jus ti fies, on ly faith the grace ap plies.
 hal lows whom it first made whole, forms the Sav ior in the soul.
 heaven al read y is be gun, ev er last ing life is won.
 nev er from the Rock re move, saved by faith which works by love.

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LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND

MONKLAND
music from

Freylinghausen's *Geistreiches Gesangbuch*, 1704

words by
John Milton (1608-1674)

Bb Gm F Bb Bb Cm Bb F Bb F/C C7 F

1. Let us with a glad some mind Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
 2. Let us sound his name a broad, For of gods he is the God;
 3. He, with all com mand ing might, Filled the new made world with light;
 4. All things liv ing he doth feed; His full hand sup plies their need;
 5. Let us then with glad some mind Praise the Lord, for he is kind;

C/E F Bb F Bb F7/Eb Bb/D Cm7 F7 Bb

For his mer cies aye en dure, Ev er faith ful, ev er sure.

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LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, YE MIGHTY GATES

TRURO
music by

Thomas Williams, 1789

words by
Georg Weissel, 1642
tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1855

C F G7/D C

1. Lift up your heads, ye might y gates; Be hold, the the
 2. O blest the land, the cit y y blest; Where Christ the
 3. Fling wide the por tals of wide heart; Make it the
 4. Re deem er, come! We o pen wide Our hearts a to

G7/D C G D G

King of glo ry waits; The King of kings is
 ral er is con fessed! O hap py hearts and
 tem ple set a part bid e From self ish use for
 you; here, Lord, a bide. Let us your in ner

C D7 G C F#6 C/G G7 C

draw ing near; The Sav ior of the world is here!
 hap py homes To whom this King in tri umph comes!
 his em ploy, A dorned with prayer, and love, and joy.
 pres ence feel; Your grace and love, in us re veal.

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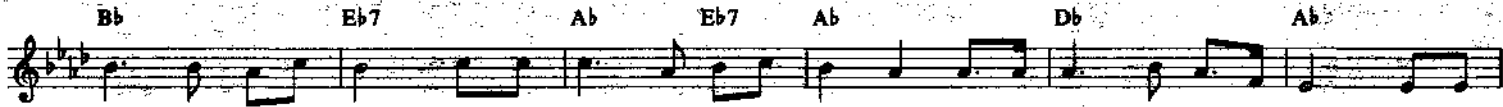
LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN

words by
M.E. Abbey

music by
Charles D. Tillman



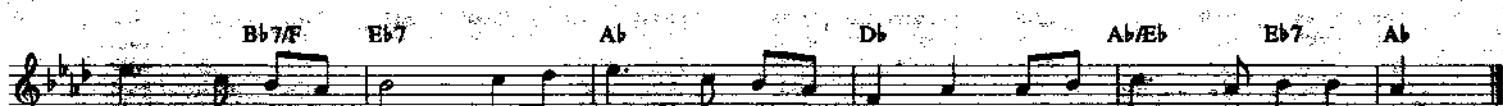
1. Life is like a moun-tain rail-road, With an en-gi-neer that's brave; We must make the run suc-cess-ful From the
 2. You will roll up grades of tri-al; You will cross the bridge of strife; See that Christ is your con-duc-tor On this
 3. You will of-ten find ob-struc-tions, Look for storms of wind and rain; On a fill, or curve, or tres-tle, They will
 4. As you roll a-cross the tres-tle Span-ning Jor-dan's swell-ing tide, You be-hold the Un-ion De-pot In-to



cra-dle to the grave; Watch the curves, the fills, the tun-nels, Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er quail; Keep your
 light-ning train of life; Al-ways mind-ful of ob-struc-tion, Do your du-ty, nev-er fail; Keep your
 al-most ditch your train; Put your trust a-lone in Je-sus, Nev-er fal-ter nev-er fail; Keep your
 which your train will glide; There you'll meet the Su-p'rin-ten-dent, God the Fa-ther, God the Son; With the



hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail. } Bless-ed Sav-ior, Thou wilt guide us, Till we
 hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail.
 hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail.
 heart-y, joy-ous plau-dit, "Wea-ry pil-grim, wel-come home!"



reach that bliss-ful shore; Where the an-gels wait to join us in Thy praise for-ev-er-more.

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LIGHT'S ABODE, CELESTIAL SALEM

RHUDDLAN
Traditional Welsh melody

Latin text by
Thomas a Kempis (d. 1471)
tr. by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)



1. Light's a-bode, ce-les-tial Sa-lem, Vi-sion dear whence peace doth spring,
 2. There for ev-er and for ev-er Al-le-lu-ya is out-poured;
 3. There no cloud nor pass-ing va-pour Dims the bright-ness of the air;
 4. O how glo-rious and re-splen-dent, Fra-gile bod-y, shalt thou be,
 5. Now with glad-ness, now with cour-age, Bear the bur-den on thee laid,
 6. Laud and hon-our to the Fa-ther, Laud and hon-our to the Son,



Bright-er than the heart can fan-cy, Man-sion of the high-est King;
 For un-end-ing, for un-bro-ken Is the feast-day of the Lord;
 End-less noon-day, glo-ri-ous noon-day, From the Sun of suns the is there;
 When en-dued with so much beau-ty, Full of health, and strong, and free;
 That here-after these thy la-bours May with end-less gifts be paid,
 Laud and hon-our to the Spir-it, Ev-er Three and ev-er the Son.



O, how glo-ri-ous are the prais-es Which of thee the proph-ets sing!
 All is pure and all is ho-ly That with-in thy walls is stored.
 There no night brings rest from la-bour, There un-known are toil and care.
 Full of vig-our, full of pleas-ure That shall last e-ter-nal-ly!
 And in ev-er-last-ing glo-ry Thou with joy may'st be ar-rayed.
 Con-sub-stan-tial, co-e-ter-nal, While un-end-ing ag-es run.

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS

LIGHT OF THE WORLD
music by
Philip P. Bliss, 1875

words by
Philip P. Bliss, 1875

F C F

1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the world is
 2. No dark-ness have we who in Je-sus a-bide; The Light of the world is
 3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness with sin-blind-ed eyes— The Light of the world is
 4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told; The Light of the world is

F/C C C7 F C F

Je sus. Like sun-shine at noon-day His glo-ry shone in;
 Je sus. We walk in the light when we fol-low our Guide;
 Je sus. Go, wash at His bid-ding, and the light will a-rise.
 Je sus. The Lamb is the Light in the cit-y of gold;

Refrain C7 F C F/C C

Light of the world is Je-sus. Come to the Light, 'tis

G7 C F/C G7 C

shin-ing for thee. Sweet-ly the Light has dawned up-on me.

F F7 Bb F C7 F

Once I was blind, but now I can see. The Light of the world is Je-sus.

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LIKE A RIVER GLORIOUS

WYE VALLEY
music by
James Mountain, 1876

words by
Frances R. Havergal, 1874

F C/E F F7/A Bb C F C/B F F/A

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

C/G G7 C F C7/G F/A Bb F/A Gm7 C7/G F C

In its bright in-crease. Per-fect, yet it flow-er-eth Full-er ev-'ry day;
 Nev-er trai-tor stand. Not a surge of wor-ry, Not a shade of care,
 By the Sun of Love. We may trust Him ful-ly All for us to care, do;

F C#dim7 Dm G7/B F/C Gm/C C7 F Refrain C7/G F/A Bb F/A

Per-fect, yet it grow-eth Deep-er all the way. Stayed up-on Je-ho-vah,
 Not a blast of hur-ry Touch the Spir-it there.
 They who trust Him whol-ly Find Him whol-ly true.

Gm7 C7/G F C F C#dim7 Dm G7/B F/C Gm/C C7 F

Hearts are ful-ly blest. Find-ing, as He prom-ised, Per-fect peace and rest.

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THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

words by
Charles W. Fry (1838-1882)

SALVATIONIST
music by
William S. Hays (1837-1907)

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has tak - en and all my sor - rows borne, In the temp -
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul. The Lil - y of the Val - ley, in
ta - tion He's my strong and might - y tow'r. I have all for Him for - sak - en and
live by faith and do His bless - ed will. A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole. In
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Though
noth - ing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill. Then

sor - row He's my com - fort, in trou - ble He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to
all the world for - sake me and Sa - tan tempt me sore, Through - Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the
sweep - ing up to glo - ry I'll see His bless - ed face Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er

roll. } He's the Lil - y of the Val - ley, the Bright and Morn - ing Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul.
goal. }
roll. }

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LITTLE IS MUCH WHEN GOD IS IN IT

words by Mrs. F.W. Suffield
and Dwight Brock

LITTLE IS MUCH
music by
Mrs. F.W. Suffield

1. In the har - vest field now rip - ened, There is work for all to do; Hark, the voice of God is
2. Does the place you're called to la - bor Seem so small and lit - tle known? It is great if God is
3. Are you laid a - side from ser - vice, Bod - y worn from toil and care? You can still be in the
4. When the con - flict here is end - ed And our race on earth is run; He will say, if we are

call - ing, To the har - vest call - ing you. } Lit - tle is much when God is in it; La - bor not for wealth or
in it, And He'll not for - get His own. }
bat - tle In the sa - cred place of prayer. }
faith - ful, "Wel - come home, my child, well done." }

fame. There's a crown, and you can win it If you go in Je - sus' name.

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LIVING FOR JESUS

LIVING
music by

C. Harold Lowden, 1917

words by
Thomas O. Chisholm, 1917

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LIVING FOR JESUS

music by
Charles F. Weigle, 1903

words by
Charles F. Weigle, 1903

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LO, HE COMES WITH CLOUDS DESCENDING

HELMSLEY

words by
Charles Wesley, 1758

Traditional English melody, 18th century

G G/F# Em Bm C G C D G D D/C G/B Am

1. Lo, He comes with clouds descend- ing, once for fa- vored
2. Ev- ery eye shall now be- hold Him, robed in dread- ful
3. The dear to kens of His pas- sion still His daz- zling
4. Yea, A men! Let all a- dore Thee, high on Thy e

G Am/C Em/C G/D D G G/F# Em Bm C G C D G

sin- ners alain; thou sand, thou sand saints at- tend- ing
maj- es- ty; those who set at naught and sold Him,
bod- y bears cause of end- less ex- ul- ta- tion
ter- nal throne; Sav- ior, take the power and glo- ry,

D D/C G/B Am G Am/C Em/C G/D D G/B Am G Em Am

swell the tri- umph of His train. Hal- le- lu- jah! Hal- le-
pierced and nailed Him to the tree, deep- ly wail- ing, deep- ly
to His ran- somed wor- ship- ers; with what rap- ture, with what
claim the king- dom for Thine own. Hal- le- lu- jah! Hal- le-

G/B D Em G/B D7/A G Dsus D G/B G D/F# C/E G/D D7 G

lu- jah! Hal- le- lu- jah! God ap- pears on earth to reign.
wail- ing, deep- ly wail- ing, shall the true Mes- si- ah see.
rap- ture, with what rap- ture, gaze we on those glo- rious scars!
lu- jah! Hal- le- lu- jah! Ev- er- last- ing God, come down!

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LO, WHAT A CLOUD OF WITNESSES

ST. FULBERT

words from
Translations and Paraphrases, 1745
para. of Hebrews 12:1-3music by
Henry John Gauntlett (1805-1876)

D D/F# G6 Em6/G D/F# A7/C# D A/C# D D/F# Esus E7 A D

1. Lo, what a cloud of wit- ness- es En- com- pass us a- round! Men
2. Let us, with zeal like theirs in- spired, Strive in the Chris- tian race; And,
3. Be- hold a Wit- ness no- bler still, Who trod af- fic- tion's path: Je-
4. He, for the joy be- fore him set, And moved by pit- ying love, En-

D/F# G D/F# Em7 A7 D Bm G6 D/F# Em7 A7 D

once freed like us with suf- f'ring tried, But now with glo- ry crowned.
sus, from the au- thor, weight of fin- ish- er, Re- ho- ly foot- steps trace.
dured the cross, de- spised the shame, And now He reigns a- bove.
of our faith.

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LO, HOW A ROSE E'RE BLOOMING

ES IST EIN' ROS'

music from

Alte Catholische Geistliche Kirchengesäng, Cologne, 1599

15th century German carol
tr. by Theodore Baker, 1894

1. Lo, how a rose e'er bloom - ing it, From the ten - der stem hath in
 2. I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, The Rose I have in
 sprung! Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing it, As men of
 mind, With Ma - ry we be - hold it, The Vir - gin
 old have sung, It came, a flow'r - et - bright, A
 Moth - er kind, To show God's love a - right, She
 mid the cold men of win - ter, When half spent was the night,
 bore to men a Sav - ior, When half spent was the night.

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LOOK AND LIVE

words by
William A. Ogden (1841-1897)

music by
William A. Ogden (1841-1897)

1. I've a mes - sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The mes - sage un - to you I
 2. I've a mes - sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A mes - sage from the Lord for
 3. Life is of - fered un - to you, Hal - le - lu - jah! E - ter - nal life your soul shall
 give; 'Tis re - cord - ed in His Word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you look and
 you; 'Tis a mes - sage from a - bove, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it and I know it's
 have, If you'll on - ly look to Him, Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus, who a - lone can
 live. } Look and live, O will you live, Look to Je - sus now and
 true. }
 save. }

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LOOK, YE SAINTS, THE SIGHT IS GLORIOUS

BRYN CALFARIA

music by

William Owen (1814-1893)

words by
Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)

Gm Gm/Bb D Gm D Gm Gm/Bb Cm Dsus D Gm

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the man of sor - rows now;
 2. Crown the Sav - ior! An - gels crown Him! Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings;
 3. Sin - ners in de - ri - sion crowned Him, Mock - ing thus the Sav - ior's claim;
 4. Hark! Those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark! Those loud tri - um - phant chords!

Gm/Bb D Gm D Gm Gm/Bb Cm Dsus D Gm

From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
 On the seat of pow'r en - throne Him While the vault of heav - en rings.
 Saints and an - gels the crowd a - round him, Own his ti - tle, praise His name.
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion; Oh, what joy the sight af - fords!

D/F# Gm Cm D Gm F Bb

Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!

Cm7 F Bb Eb Adim Adim/C D Gm Gm/Bb Cm Dsus D Gm

Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow. Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow.
 Crown the Sav - ior, King of kings. Crown the Sav - ior, King of kings.
 Spread a - broad the vic - tor's fame! Spread a - board the vic - tor's fame!
 King of kings and Lord of lords! King of kings and Lord of lords!

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LOOK, YE SAINTS, THE SIGHT IS GLORIOUS

CORONAE

music by

William H. Monk (1823-1889)

words by
Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)

F C/E Dm Am/C Bb C/Bb F/A C F F/A C

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious; See the Man of Sor - rows now;
 2. Crown the Sav - ior! an - gels, crown Him! Rich the the tro - phies Je - sus brings;
 3. Sin - ners in de - ri - sion crowned Him, Mock - ing thus the Sav - ior's claim;
 4. Hark! those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark! those loud tri - um - phant chords!

F C/E Dm Am/C Bb C/Bb F/A Gm7 Csus C F

From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow:
 In the seat of pow'r en - throne Him, While the vault of heav - en rings.
 Saints and an - gels the crowd a - round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name:
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion - O what joy the sight af - fords.

F/A Bb F/A F C/E Dm Gm7 F/A F/C C7 F

Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.
 Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown the Sav - ior King of kings.
 Crown Him! Crown Him! Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame!
 Crown Him! Crown Him! King of kings and Lord of lords.

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THE LORD ASCENDETH UP ON HIGH

ACH HERR, DU ALLERHÖCHSTER GOTT

music by

Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)

words by
Arthur T. Russell (1806-1874)

1. The Lord a - scend eth up on high, the Lord hath tri - umphed
 2. The heav'ns with joy re - ceive on their Lord, the by saints, hath by an - gel
 3. Our great High Priest hath gone be - fore, now on His Church His

glo - rious - ly, in pow'r and might ex - cel - ling; the
 hosts a - dored; O day of ex - ul - ta - tion! O
 grace to pour; and still His love he giv eth. O

grave and hell are cap - tive led. Lo! He re - turns, our
 earth, a - dore thy glo - rious King! His ris - ing, his as -
 may our hearts to Him a - scend; may all with - in us

glo - rious Head, to with His e - ter - nal dwell - ing.
 cen - sion ward sing tend to Him who ev er liv - ing.
 up ward tend to Him who ev er liv - eth!

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THE LORD JEHOVAH REIGNS

DARWALL'S 148TH

music by

John Darwall, 1770

words by
Isaac Watts, 1709

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns; His throne is built on high, The
 2. The thun - ders of His hand Keep the wide world in awe; His
 3. Thro' all His might - y works A - maz - ing wis - dom shines - Sub
 4. And will this sov - 'reign King Of glo - ry con - de - scend, And

gar - ments He as - sumes Are light and maj - es - ty. His
 wrath and the pow'rs of His name; To Con - found their dark and de - signs. Friend? And
 will He write His name; My Fa - ther and my Friend? Strong I

glo - ries shine with beams so bright No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.
 where His love re - solves shall be - bless, His truth con - firms de - crees and seals the will.
 is His arm, and I love His Word. Join, all my pow'rs, to praise sov - 'reign the Lord!

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THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE

words based on
Habakkuk 2:20

QUAM DILECTA
music by
George F. Root (1820-1895)

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, The Lord is in His ho - ly
tem - ple; Let all the earth keep si - lence, Let all the earth keep si - lence be -
fore Him, keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore Him.

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LORD JESUS CHRIST, BE PRESENT NOW

words from
Lutherische Hand-Büchlein, 2nd Ed., Altenburg, 1648
tr. by C. Winkworth (1827-1878)

HERR JESU CHRIST, DICH ZU UNS WEND
music from
Cantionale Germanicum, Gochsheim, 1628

1. Lord Je - sus Christ, be pres - ent now, And let Thy Ho - ly Spir - it bow All
2. Un - seal our lips to sing Thy praise, Our hearts in true de - vo - tion raise, Our
3. Un - til we join the host that cry, "Ho - ly art Thou, O Lord most high!" And
4. Glo - ry to God, the Fa - ther, Son, And Ho - ly Spir - it, Three in One! To

hearts in love and fear to - day To hear the truth and keep Thy way.
faith in - crease, our minds en - light That we may know Thy name a - right.
'mid the light of that blest place Shall gaze up - on Thee face to face.
Thee, O bless - ed Trin - i - ty, Be praise through - out e - ter - ni - ty!

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LORD JESUS CHRIST, OUR LORD MOST DEAR

words by
Heinrich von Laufenberg, 1429
tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1869

VOM HIMMEL HOCH
music from
Schumann's *Geistliche Lieder*, 1539

1. Lord Je - sus Christ, our Lord most dear, As thou wast once an in - fant here, So
2. As in Thy heav'n - ly king - dom, Lord, All things o - bey Thy sa - cred word, Do
3. Their watch let an - gels round him keep Wher - e'er he be, a - wake, a - sleep; Thy

give this child of thine, we pray, Thy grace and bless - ing day by day.
Thou Thy might - y suc - cour, give, And shield this child by morn - and eve.
ho - ly Cross - not let him bear, That he Thy crown with - Saints - may wear.

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LORD JESUS CHRIST, WE HUMBLY PRAY

GRACE CHURCH

music by

Ignaz J. Pleyel (1757-1831)

words by
Henry E. Jacobs (1844-1932)

Chord progression: F, Gm/Bb, F/C, C, Dm7, C, F, F/A, C7/G

1. Lord Je - sus Christ, we hum - bly pray That we may
 2. The chas - tened peace of sin for giv'n, The fil - ial
 3. Our trem - bling hearts cleave to Thy Word, All Thou hast
 4. One bread, one cup, one bod - y, we, U - nit - ed
 5. Lord Je - sus Christ, we hum - bly pray: Oh, keep us

Chord progression: F, Gm/Bb, F/C, C, F, C, Gm/Bb, D/A, Gm, Adim/Eb, Gm/D, D

feast on Thee to - day; Be neath these forms of bread and
 joy of heirs of af - heav'n, Grant as we share this won - drous
 said Thou dost life in ford; All that Thou art claim we till here re
 by steady fast to that day, Thy That love each may be Thy wel - shalt
 come

Chord progression: Gm, C7/E, F, Bb, F/A, Bb, F/C, C, F

wine rich us with Thy grace di vine.
 food, bod y bro ken and Thy we blood.
 ceive, all we are to Thee loved ones ly give.
 come bring Thou shalt spread Thy heav'n home.
 guest When Thou shalt spread Thy heav'n ly feast.

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LORD JESUS, THINK ON ME

SOUTHWELL

music from

William Damon's Psalms, 1579

words by
Synesius of Cyrene (c. 375-430)
tr. by Allen W. Chatfield (1808-1896)

Chord progression: Em, Bsus, B, Em, G/B, C, D, G

1. Lord Je - sus, think on me, and purge a - way my sin; from
 2. Lord Je - sus, think on me, with care and woe op - pressed; let
 3. Lord Je - sus, think on me, a - mid the bat - tle's strife; in
 4. Lord Je - sus, think on me, nor let me go a - stray; through
 5. Lord Je - sus, think on me, that when this life is past I

Chord progression: Dsus, D, C/E, D7/F#, G, G/B, D, G, D, Em, Bsus, B, Em

earth - born pas - sions set - me free, and make pure with in -
 me Your lov - ing ser - vant be, and taste Your prom - ised rest.
 all my pain and mis - er - y, O be my health and life.
 dark - ness and per - plex - i - ty point to the heav'n - ly way.
 may th'e - ter - nal bright - ness see and share Your joy at last.

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LORD, BE THY WORD MY RULE

QUAM DILECTA

music by

Henry Lascelles Jenner (1820-1898)

words by
Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885)

A/E E G#m/B B7 C#m E/G# A E F#m/A C#m B

1. Lord, be Thy word my rule; in it may I re-joice; Thy
 2. Thy prom- is- es my hope; Thy prov- i- dence my guard; Thine

E E/G# B/D# F#7 B B/D# E A/C# E/B B7 E

glo- ry be my sup- aim, Thy ho- ly will my great my choice;
 arm my strong sup- port; Thy self my great re- ward.

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LORD, ENTHRONED IN HEAVENLY SPLENDOR

BRYN CALFARIA

music by

William Owen (1814-1893)

words by
George H. Bourne (1840-1925)

Gm D Gm/Bb Gm/D D Gm

1. Lord, en- throned in heav'n - ly splen- dor, First - be
 2. Though the low - liest form now veil you, As of
 3. Pas- chal Lamb, Your of f'ring, fin - ished na, Once for
 4. Life - im part - ing heav'n - ly man - na, Strick - en

Gm/Bb Cm D7sus D7 Gm Dm/F Eb F7/C Bb

got - ten from the dead, You a - lone, our strong de -
 old in Beth - le - hem, Here as there, Your an - gels
 all when You were slain, In its full - ness un - di -
 rock with stream - ing side, Heav'n and earth with loud ho -

Gm C7 F Bb/D Cm7 Bb Cm D7 Gm

fend er, Lift - ing up Your peo - ple's head. Al - le -
 hail You, Branch and flow'r of Jes - se's stem. Al - le -
 min - ished Shall for - ev - er more re - main. Al - le -
 san - na Wor - ship You, the Lamb who died. Al - le -

D/F# Gm Cm D Gm F Bb Cm F Bb Eb Adim Adim/C

hu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Je - sus, true and liv - ing
 hu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! We in wor - ship join with
 hu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Cleans - ing souls from ev - 'ry
 lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en, as - cend - ed, glo - ri -

D Gm Gm/Bb Cm D7sus D7 Gm

bread! Je - sus, true and liv - ing bread!
 them; We in wor - ship and ship with them.
 stain; Cleans - ing souls from ev - 'ry stain.
 fied! Ris'n, as - cend - ed, glo - ri - fied!

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LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING

SICILIAN MARINERS

Sicilian melody

as in *The European Magazine and London Review*, 1792

words attributed to
John Fawcett, 1773

D G D Bm A/C# D A/C# E A D/F# A E7 A

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 2. Thanks we give and a dor - a - tion for Thy Gos - pel's joy - ful sound;
 3. So that when Thy love shall call us, Sa - vior, from the world a - way,

D G D Bm A/C# D A/C# E A D/F# A/E E7 A

let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace:
 may the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion in our hearts and lives a - bound:
 fear of death shall not ap - pall us, glad Thy sum - mons to o - bey.

A D/A A/G D/F# Em7 A7sus A7 D D/A A/G D/F# A/E D Em7 D/F# Em7 Esus Em D/A A A7 D

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, trav - 'ling through this wil - der - ness.
 ev - er faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful, to Thy truth may we be found;
 May we ev - er, may we ev - er reign with Thee in end - less day.

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LORD, FOR TOMORROW AND ITS NEEDS

VINCENT

music by

Horatio R. Palmer (1834-1917)

words by
Sybil F. Partridge

Eb Ab/Eb Eb Bb Bb7 Cm Ab G

Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray;
 Let me no wrong or i - die word Un - think - ing say;
 In pain and sor - row's cleans - ing fires, Brief be my stay;

Bb/F Bb/Ab Eb/G Bb7/F Eb Fm/Ab F/A Bb

Keep me, my God, from stain of sin Just for to - day;
 Set Thou a seal up - on my lips die, Through all to - day;
 O bid me, if to - day I die, Come home to - day;

F7/C Bb/D Eb Bb7/F Eb/G Bb/F F7 Bb Bb/Ab

Help me to la - bor ear - nest - ly, And du - ly pray;
 Let me in sea - son, Lord, be grave, In sea - son, gray;
 So for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray;

Eb/G Eb Ab/Eb Eb Bb Bdim7 Cm Ab Ab/C Bb7/D Eb

Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa - ther, to - day,
 Let me be faith - ful Thy grace, Dear Lord, to - day,
 But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Just for to - day.

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LORD, I WANT TO BE A CHRISTIAN

I WANT TO BE A CHRISTIAN
Traditional Spiritual

Traditional Spiritual

1. Lord, I want to be a Chris - tian in my heart, in my heart; — Lord, I
 2. Lord, I want to be more lov - ing in my heart, in my heart; — Lord, I
 3. Lord, I want to be more ho - ly in my heart, in my heart; — Lord, I
 4. Lord, I want to be like Je - sus in my heart, in my heart; — Lord, I

want to be a Chris - tian in my heart. — In my heart, — in my
 want to be more lov - ing in my heart. — In my heart, — in my
 want to be more ho - ly in my heart. — In my heart, — in my
 want to be like Je - sus in my heart. — In my heart, — in my

heart, — Lord, I want to be a Chris - tian in my heart. —
 heart, — Lord, I want to be more lov - ing in my heart. —
 heart, — Lord, I want to be more ho - ly in my heart. —
 heart, — Lord, I want to be like Je - sus in my heart. —

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LORD, I'M COMING HOME

COMING HOME
music by

words by
William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

1. I've wan - dered far a - way — from God; Now I'm com - ing home. The
 2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years; Now I'm com - ing home. I
 3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord; Now I'm com - ing home. I'll
 4. My soul is sick, my heart — is sore; Now I'm com - ing home. My

paths of sin too long — I've trod; sin Lord, I'm com - ing home. }
 now re - pent with bit - ter tears; Lord, I'm com - ing home. }
 trust Thy love, be - lieve — Thy Word; Lord, I'm com - ing home. }
 strength re - new, my hope — re - store; Lord, I'm com - ing home. }

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam.

O - pen wide Thine arms — of love; Lord, I'm com - ing home.

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LORD, FROM THE DEPTHS TO THEE I CRY

SONG 67

music by

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

words from
Scottish Psalter, 1650
based on Psalm 130

D G D Bm F#7 Bm

1. Lord, from the depths to Thee I cry; My voice, Lord, do Thou hear: Un-
 2. Lord, who shall stand, if Thee, O Lord, Should'st mark in iq ui ty? But
 3. I wait for God, my soul doth wait; My hope is in His word. More
 4. I say, more than all they who watch The morn - ing light to see. Let
 5. Re - demp - tion al - so plen - te - ous Is ev - er found with him: And

F#m/A G D A7/E D A D D/A A7 D

to my sup - pli - ca - tion's voice Give an at - ten - tive ear.
 yet with Thee for - give - ness is, That feared Thou may - est be.
 than they who for morn - ing watch, My soul waits for the Lord.
 Is - ra - el hope in the Lord, For with Him mer - cies be.
 from all his in - iq - ui - ties He Is - rael shall re - deem.

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LORD, IF AT THY COMMAND

SWABIA

music by

Johann M. Spiess (1715-1772)

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

D G Asus A7 Bm A D F#m Esus E A D

1. Lord, if at Thy com - mand The word of life we sow, Wa -
 2. The vir - tue of Thy grace in - crease shall give, And
 3. Now then the cease - less show'r Of gos - pel bless - ings send, And
 4. On mul - ti - tudes con - fer The heart - re - new - ing love, And

G D G C#dim/E Bm G D Em D/F# Asus A7 D

tered by Thy al - might - y hand, The seed shall sure - ly grow.
 mul - ti - ply the con - faith - ful race Who to Thy glo - ry live.
 let the soul - vert - ing pow'r Thy min - is - ters at - tend.
 by the joy of grace pre - pare For full - er joys a - bove.

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LORD, KEEP US STEADFAST IN THY WORD

ERHALT UNS, HERR

music by

J. Klug, *Geistliche Lieder*, Wittenberg, 1543

words by
Martin Luther (1483-1546)
tr. by C. Winkworth (1827-1878)

Em Am/C Bm Am Em/G B Em Am7/C D G Bm D Am/C B

1. Lord, keep us stead - fast in Thy Word; Curb those who fain by craft and sword
 2. Lord Je - sus Christ, Thy pow'r make known, For Thou art Lord of lords a lone;
 3. O Com - fort - er of price - less worth, Send peace and u - ni - ty on earth.

G C G D/F# G Am7/C D G C Am/C G/B D Em B E

Would wrest the King - dom from Thy Son And set at naught all He hath done.
 De - fend Thy Chris - ten - dom that we And May ev - er more sing praise to Thee.
 Sup - port us in our fi - nal strife And lead us out of death to life.

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LORD, LAY SOME SOUL UPON MY HEART

words by
Leon Tucker, 19th century

IRA
music by
Ira D. Sankey (1840-1908)

D F#m/A A7 D A A7 D

Lord, lay some soul up - on my heart And love that soul through me; _____ And

G G#dim7 D/A Bm Gm/Bb D/A G/A F#m/A A7 G/D D

may I al - ways do my part To win that soul for Thee. _____

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LORD, MAKE US MORE HOLY

African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual

Eb Bb Eb Ab Eb/G Bb7/F Eb7 Eb7/G Ab Abm6

1. Lord, make us more ho - ly, Lord, make us more ho - ly, Lord, make us more ho - ly, } Un -
 2. Lord, make us more lov - ing, Lord, make us more lov - ing, Lord, make us more lov - ing, }
 3. Lord, make us more pa - tient, Lord, make us more pa - tient, Lord, make us more pa - tient, }
 4. Lord, make us more faith - ful, Lord, make us more faith - ful, Lord, make us more faith - ful, }

Eb/Bb Bb7 Cm/Bb Bb7 Eb N.C. Eb Eb7 Fm/A Eb/Bb Bb7 Cm/Bb Bb7 Eb

til we meet _____ a - gain. { Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, } Un - til we meet _____ a - gain.
 { Lov - ing, lov - ing, lov - ing, }
 { Pa - tient, pa - tient, pa - tient, }
 { Faith - ful, faith - ful, faith - ful, }

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LORD OF ALL BEING, THRONED AFAR

words by
Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894)

MENDON
music from
Methodist Harmonist, 1821

A G#dim/B A/C# E E/D A/C# E7/B A E A A/C#

1. Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, thy glo - ry
 2. Sun of our life, thy quick - ning - ray, shed on our
 3. Lord of all life, be - low, whose light is
 4. Grant us thy truth to make us free, and kin - dling

D Bm A/E E A E E/G# E A A/C#

flames from the sun _____ and star; cen - ter and soul of
 path from the glow _____ of day; star of our hope, thy
 truth, whose life, is _____ love; be - fore our thy ev - thy
 hearts that burn _____ for thee, till fore all thy liv - ing

Bm E7/B A E A A/C# D Bm A/E E7 A

ev - 'ry sphere, yet to each lov - ing heart _____ how near!
 soft - ened light cheers the long watch - es of _____ the night.
 blaz - ing throne we ask no lus - ter of _____ our own.
 al - tars claim one ho - ly light, one heaven ly flame.

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LORD OF GLORY, WHO HAST BOUGHT US

HYFRYDOL

music by

R.H. Prichard (1811-1887)

words by
E.S. Alderson (1818-1889)

F C F Gm/F C7/E F C Dm C F/A C7/G F F/A Gm/Bb D C

1. Lord of Glo - ry, who hast bought us With Thy life - blood as the
 2. Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee Glad - ly, free - ly, of Thine
 3. Won - drous hon - or hast Thou giv - en To our hum - blest char - i -
 4. Yes, the sor - row and the suf - f'ring Which on ev - 'ry hand we
 5. Lord of Glo - ry, who hast bought us With Thy life - blood as the

F C F Gm/F C7/E F C Dm C F/A C7/G F F/A

price, Nev - er grudg - ing shine for the lost ones That tre - men - dous
 own. With the sun shine of Thy good ness Melt our thank - less
 ty In the own are mys - te gifts rious and of tence, "Ye have done it
 see Chan - nels are are for gifts and of f'ring Due by sol - emn
 price, Nev - er grudg - ing for the lost ones That tre - men - dous

Gm/Bb Dm C F F/A F Dm7 Gm7/D Dm Gm Gm7 C7 C7/E

sac - ri - fice; And with that has and free - ly giv - en
 hearts of stone Till our cold be, O gra - cious Mas - t'ers,
 un - to Me." Can - it be, O gra - cious Mas - t'ers,
 right to Thee; Right of which we may not rob Thee,
 sac - ri - fice; Give us faith to trust Thee bold - ly,

F Dm Bb/D F/A Gm7 F/A C F/A F Gm C7/E

Bless - ings count - less as the sand To th' un - thank - ful
 Warm'd by Thee, at length be - lieve That more hap - py
 Thou dost deign for alms to sue, Say - ing by Thy
 Debt we may not choose but pay Thee; Lest that face
 Hope, to stay our souls on Thee; But, O best of

F F/A C C/E F F/A Bb F/A Gm7 F/C C7 F

and the e vil With Thine own un - spar - ing hand;
 and more bless ed "Tis Thine to give than to spar - ing hand;
 poor and need y, "Give as I have have giv'n re - ceive.
 love and pit y Turn from us an oth - er day.
 all Thy grac - es, Give us Thine own char - i - ty.

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LORD, OUR LORD, THY GLORIOUS NAME

GOTT SEI DANK

music from

Freylinghausen's *Geistreiches Gesangbuch*, 1704

Author unknown
words based on Psalm 8

C Am G/B C F G7/D C G D/F# Em G/B C6 D7 G

1. Lord, our Lord, Thy glo - rious name All Thy won - drous works pro - claim;
 2. Moon and stars, in shin - ing height Night - ly tell their Mak - er's might;
 3. What is man that he should be Loved and vis - it - ed by Thee,
 4. Lord, our Lord, Thy glo - rious name All Thy won - drous works pro - claim;

C C/E F C Dm C/E G C/E F G7/D C F6 G7 C

In the heav'ns with ra - diant signs Ev - er more Thy glo - ry shines.
 When Thy won - drous heav'ns I scan, Then I know how weak is man.
 Raised to an ex - alt - ed height, Crowned with hon - or in Thy sight?
 Thine the name of match - less worth, Ex - cel - lent in all the earth.

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LORD, SPEAK TO ME

CANONBURY
music adapt. from
Robert Schumann, 1839

words by
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872

G Em Am D7 G C G/B A/C# D A7 D

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak in liv - ing ech - oes of thy tone; as
2. O strength - en me, that while I stand firm on the rock, and strong in Thee, I
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach the pre - cious things Thou dost im - part; and
4. O fill me with thy full - ness, Lord, un - til my ver - y heart o'er - flow in
5. O use me, Lord, use e - ven me, just as Thou wilt, and when, and where, un -

G E Am D7 G C G/B G/D D7 G

Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thine err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.
may stretch out a lov - ing hand to wres - tlers with the trou - bled sea.
wing my words, that they may reach the hid - den depths of man - y a heart.
kin - dling thought and glow - ing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
til Thy bless - ed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glo - ry share.

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LORD, TEACH US HOW TO PRAY ARIGHT

DOMINE, CLAMAVI
music by
J.H. Knecht (1752-1817)

words by
James Montgomery (1771-1854)

C C/E Fm Gdim/Bb Fm/C C Fm C Fm Bbm/Db C Fm

1. Lord, teach us how to pray a - right, With rev - 'rence and with fear. Though -
2. Give deep hu - mil - i - ty; the sense Of god - ly sor - row give; A
3. Pa - tience, to watch, and wait, and weep, Though mer - cy long de - lay! Cour -
4. Give these, and then Thy will be done; Thus strength - ened with all might, We, -

Eb/G Ab Db6 Bbm6 Ab/C Eb Fm C7 Db Bbm Fm/C C7 Fm

dust and ash - es in Thy sight, We may, we must draw near.
strong de - sir - ing con - fi - dence, To hear Thy voice and live;
age, our faint - ing souls to keep, And trust thee though thou slay.
by Thy Spir - it and Thy Son, shall pray, and pray a - right.

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LORD, TEACH US HOW TO PRAY ARIGHT

SONG 67
music by
Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

words by
James Montgomery (1771-1854)

A/C# D G/B F#m/A Bm/G Em6/G D Bm Bm/D F#sus F#7

1. Lord, teach us how to pray a - right, With rev - 'rence and with
2. Give deep hu - mil - i - ty, the sense Of god - ly sor - row
3. Pa - tience, to watch and wait, and weep, Though mer - cy long de
4. Give these, and then Thy will be done; Thus, strength - ened with all

Bm F#m/A G D D/F# Em D A A/C# D D/A A7 D

fear; Though dust and ash - es in sight, We may, we must draw near.
give; A strong de - sire with con - fi - dence, To hear Thy voice and live;
lay; Cour - age, our faint - ing souls to keep, And trust thee though Thou slay.
might, We, by Thy Spir - it and Thy Son, Shall pray, and pray a - right.

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LORD, THEE I LOVE WITH ALL MY HEART

HERZLICH LIEB HAB ICH DICH, O HERR
music from
Zwey Bücher... Tabulatur, Strassburg, 1577

words by
Martin M. Schalling (1532-1608)
tr. by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

1. Lord, Thee I love with all my heart; I pray Thee, ne'er from me de-part;
 2. Yea, Lord, 'twas Thy rich boun-ty gave My bod-y, soul, and all I have
 3. Lord, let at last Thine an-gels come, To A-bram's bos-om bear me home,

With ten-der mer-cies cheer me. Earth has no plea-sure I would share,
 In this poor life of la-bor-ing; Lord, grant that I in ev-ry place
 That I may die un-fear-ing; And in its nar-row cham-ber keep

Yea, heav'n it-self were void and bare If Thou, Lord, wert not near
 May glo-ri-fy Thy lav-ish grace And serve and help my neigh-
 My bod-y safe in peace-ful sleep Un-til Thy re-ap-pear

me. And should my heart for sor-row break; My trust in Thee no one could shake.
 bor. Let no false doc-trine me be-guile; Let Sa-tan not my soul de-file.
 ing. And then from death a-wak-en me That these mine eyes with joy may see,

Thou art the Por-tion I have sought; Thy pre-cious blood my soul has bought. Lord
 Give strength and pa-tience un-to me To bear my cross and fol-low Thee. Lord
 O Son of God, Thy glo-rious face, My Sav-ior and my Fount of grace. Lord

Je-sus Christ, My God and Lord, my God and Lord, For-sake me not! I trust Thy Word.
 Je-sus Christ, My God and Lord, my God and Lord, In death Thy com-fort still af-ford.
 Je-sus Christ, My prayer at-tend, my prayer at-tend, And I will praise Thee with-out end.

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LORD, WHO THROUGHOUT THESE FORTY DAYS

ST. FLAVIAN
music from
Day's Psalter, 1562

words by
Claudia Frances Hernaman (1838-1898)

1. Lord, who through-out these for-ty days for-us didst fast and
 2. As Thou with Sa-tan didst con-tend the vic-tory
 3. As Thou didst hun-ger and thirst, and so teach us, gra-cious
 4. And through these days of pen-i-tence, and through Thy Pas-sion
 5. A-bide with us, that so, this life of suf-fering o-ver

pray, teach us with Thee to mourn our sins, and close by Thee to stay.
 win, O give us strength in Thee to fight, in Thee to con-quer sin.
 Lord, to die to self, and chief-ly live by Thy most ho-ly word.
 tide, yea, ev-er-more, in life and death, Je-sus! with us a-bide.
 past, an Eas-ter of un-end-ing joy we may at-tain at last!

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THE LORD WILL COME AND NOT BE SLOW

ST. STEPHEN

music by

William Jones (1726-1800)

words by
John Milton (1608-1674)

E♭/G A Fm B♭m/D♭ E♭ Ddim/F E♭ A♭ A♭/C Fm A♭/E♭ E♭7

1. The Lord will come and not be slow, His foot - steps can - not
 2. Truth from the earth, like to a flower, Shall bud and blos - som
 3. Rise, God, judge Thou the earth in might, This wick - ed earth re
 4. The na - tions all whom Thou hast made Shall come, and all shall
 5. For great Thou art, and won - ders great By Thy strong - hand are

A♭ D♭ E♭ A♭ E♭7/B♭ A♭/C B♭m/D♭ E♭ Gdim A♭/C Fm A♭/E♭ E♭7 A♭

err; Be - fore Him right - eous - ness shall go, His roy - al har - bin - ger.
 then; And jus - tice, from her heav - en ly bower, Look down on mor - tal men.
 dress; For Thou art He who shalt by right The na - tions all pos - sess.
 frame To bow them low be - fore Thee, - Lord, And glo - ri - fy Thy Name.
 done: Thou in Thy ev - er - last - ing seat Re - main - est God a - lone.

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LORD, WITH GLOWING HEART I'D PRAISE THEE

PLEADING SAVIOR

music by

J. Leavitt, Christian Lyre, 1831

words by
Francis Scott Key (1779-1843)

F Am7 B♭ Gm7 F B♭ C F Am7 B♭ Gm7

1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy
 2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretch - ed wan - d' rer,
 3. Lord, my spir - it's ar - dent feel - ings Vain - ly would my

F/A C F Am7 B♭ Gm7 F B♭ C F Am7 B♭ Gm7

love be - stows, For the par - d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that
 far a - stray; Found thee lost, and kind - ly brought thee From the paths of
 lips ex - press. Low be - fore Thy foot - stool kneel - ing, Deign Thy sup - pli - ant's

F/A C F C/E Dm7/F Am Dm7 B♭ Am Dm7/F C

from death it flows. Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or,
 prayer a way; to bless; Praise, Let Thy love's grace, my de - vout - est - deav - or,
 chief - est - chief - est - feel - ing,

C/E Dm7 Am/C F/A B♭ Am/C Dm C F Am7 B♭ Gm7

This dull soul to rap - ture raise; Thou must light the
 Him who saw thy with - in - born - fear; And, the light of
 Love's pure flame with - in me raise; And, since words can

F F7 B♭ A Dm7 G C9 C7 F

flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.
 hope re - veal - ing, Bade the blood stained cross ap - pear.
 nev - er meas - ure, Let my life show forth Thy praise!

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THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD, I'LL NOT WANT

BELMONT

music by

William Gardiner (1770-1853)

words from
Scottish Psalter, 1650
based on Psalm 23

G D Em Bm C G G/B

1. The Lord's my shep - herd, I'll not want. He makes me down to
 2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain; And me to
 3. Yea, tho' I walk thru' death's dark vale, Yet will I fear of my foes; My
 4. My ta - ble Thou hast fur - nish - ed In pres - ence
 5. Good - ness and mer - cy, all my life, Shall sure - ly

Am/C A7/C# G/D D G D Em Bm C

down to lie In pas - tures green; He lead - eth
 walk doth make With - in the art paths with of me, right - eous
 fear no ill; For Thou head Thou dost with oil and Thy
 of my foes; My head Thou dost with oil and Thy
 fol - low me, And in God's house for - ev - er

G G/B C Am/C G/D D7 G

me - ness The qui - et wa - ters by
 ness, E'en for His own name's sake
 rod And staff me com - fort still
 noint, And my cup o - ver - flows
 more My dwell - ing place shall be

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THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD, I'LL NOT WANT

CRIMOND

music by

Jessie S. Irvine (1836-1887)

words from
Scottish Psalter, 1650
based on Psalm 23

F Edim/F F Gm/Bb F/C C F G7/D G7 C F

1. The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie In
 2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make With
 3. Yea, tho' I walk thru' death's dark vale, Yet will I fear of my foes; My
 4. My ta - ble Thou hast fur - nish - ed In pres - ence
 5. Good - ness and mer - cy, all my life, Shall sure - ly

F/C C7 F/C C C/Bb F/A C7/G F/C C7/E F Gm/Bb F/C C F

pas - tures green; He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by
 in the paths with of me, right - eous - ness, E'en for His own name's sake
 Thou art with me, and Thy a - noint, And staff me com - fort still
 head Thou dost with oil - er - more My dwell - ing place shall be
 in God's house for - ev - er

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LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVES EXCELLING

BEECHER

music by

John Zundel, 1870

words by
Charles Wesley, 1747

Ab Db/Ab Ab Eb7 Ab Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down;
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast!
 3. Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
 4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less let us be;

Db/Ab Ab Eb7 Edim7 Fm Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that prom - ised rest.
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave.
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee:

Fm Fm/C C Fm/C C7 C Ab Db/Ab Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb7

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
 Take a way our bent to sin - ning, Al - pha and O - me ga - be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
 Changed from glo - ry in to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

Ab Db/Ab Ab Eb7 Edim7 Fm Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Pray and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise!

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LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVES EXCELLING

HYFRYDOL

music by

Rowland Hugh Prichard, 1831

words by
Charles Wesley, 1747

F C F Fsus F Bb/D C7/E F C Dm C F/A C7/G F F/A

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven, to
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In to ev - 'ry
 3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy
 4. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less

Gm/Bb Dm C F C F Fsus F Bb/D C7/E F C Dm C

earth come down, Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing,
 trou - bled breast! Let us all in Thee in - her - it,
 life re - ceive; Sun - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er,
 let us be; Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion

F/A C7/G F F/A Gm/Bb Dm C Am Dm7 Gm/D Dm Gm

All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown! Je - sus, Thou art all com -
 Let us find the prom - ised rest; Take a way the love of
 Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave. Thee; Changed from glo - ry in to
 Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee;

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C7 Dm C7/E F Dm Gm/Bb Am Gsus Gm Bb Csus C F/A F Am Gm C7/E

pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love — Thou art; Vis - it us — with
 sin - ning; Al - pha and — O - me — ga be; End — of faith, — as
 bless - ing, Serve Thee as — Thy hosts — a - bove; Pray, — and praise — Thee
 glo - ry, Till in heaven — we take — our place, Till — we cast — our

F F/A C C/Bb F/A Am Bb F/A Bb F/C C7 F

Thy — sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
 its — be - gin - ning; Set - ter our hearts — at lib - er - ty.
 with — out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in — Thy der, per - fect - ty.
 crowns — be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

LOVE LIFTED ME

words by James Rowe, 1912

SAFETY music by Howard E. Smith, 1912

Bb F7

1. I was sink - ing deep in sin, far from the peace - ful shore, Ver - y deep - ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless - ed
 3. Souls in dan - ger, look a - bove; Je - sus com - plete - ly saves. He will lift you

Bb

stained with - in, sink - ing to rise no more. But the Mas - ter of the sea
 pres - ence live, ev - er His prais - es sing. Love so might - y and so true
 by His love out of the an - gry waves; He's the Mas - ter of the sea,

Eb Ebm6 Bb Eb Bb/F F7 Bb

heard my de - spair - ing cry, From the wa - ters lift - ed me; now safe am I
 mer - its my soul's best songs; Faith - ful lov - ing serv - ice, too, to Him be - longs.
 bil - lows His will o - bey. He your Sav - ior wants to be; be saved to - day.

F7 Bb Eb/Bb Bb Eb G7/D Cm Eb

Love lift - ed me! Love lift - ed me! When noth - ing

Bb C7 F F7 Bb F7 Bb Eb/Bb Bb

else could help, love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me!

Eb G7/D Cm Eb Bb Bb/F F7 Bb

Love lift - ed me! When noth - ing else could help, Love lift - ed me.

THE LOVE OF GOD

LOVE OF GOD

words by Frederick M. Lehman, 1917 (v. 1,2)
and Meir Ben Isaac Nehorai, 1050 (v. 3)

music by
Frederick M. Lehman, 1917

E_b **B_b** **E_b**

1. The love of God is great - er far Than tongue or pen can ev - er tell; It goes be -
 2. When years of time shall pass a - way And earth - ly thrones and king - doms fall, When men, who
 3. Could we with ink the o - cean fill, And were the skies of parch - ment made, Were ev - 'ry

B_b7 **E_b** **A_b**

yond the high - est star And reach - es to the low - est hell. The guilt - y pair, bowed down with
 here re - fuse to pray, On rocks and hills and moun - tains call; God's love so sure shall still en -
 stalk on earth a quill, And ev - 'ry man a scribe by trade; To write the love of God a -

E_b **B_b** **B_b7/D** **E_b** **A_b** **E_b**

care, God gave His Son to win; His err - ing child He rec - on - ciled And par - doned
 dure, All mea - sure - less and strong. Re - deem - ing grace to Ad - am's race, The saints' and
 bove Would drain the o - cean dry; Nor could the scroll con - tain the whole, Though stretched from

B_b7 **E_b** **A_b** **E_b** **B_b**

from his sin. } O love of God, how rich and pure! How mea - sure - less and
 an - gels' song. }
 sky to sky.

E_b **A_b** **E_b** **B_b7** **E_b**

strong! It shall for - ev - er - more en - dure, The saints' and an - gels' song.

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MAJESTIC SWEETNESS SITS ENTHRONED

ORTONVILLE

words by
Samuel Stennett (1727-1795)

music by
Thomas Hastings (1784-1872)

A_b **A_b/C** **E_b** **E_b/G** **A_b** **E_b** **A_b/C** **A_b** **D_b** **D_b/F** **D_b**

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the Sav - ior's
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare A - mong the sons of
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress And flew to my re -
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath And all the joys I
 5. Since from His boun - ty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di -

A_b **A_b/C** **E_b** **E_b/G** **A_b** **E_b/B_b** **A_b/C** **D_b**

brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His
 men; Fair - er is He than all the fair Who
 lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross And
 have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death And
 vine, Had I a thou - sand hearts to give, Lord,

A_b/E_b **B_bm/E_b** **E_b7** **A_b** **Ddim/F** **A_b/E_b** **E_b** **E_b7** **A_b**

lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow,
 fill the heav'n - ly train, Who fill the heav'n - ly train,
 car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief,
 saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave,
 they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.

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MAKE ME A CAPTIVE, LORD

DIADEMATA

music by

George J. Elvey, 1868

words by
George Matheson, 1890

E \flat Cm A \flat E \flat /G A \flat B \flat 7/F E \flat B \flat

1. Make me a cap - tive, Lord, and then I shall be free. Force
 2. My heart is weak and poor un - til it Mas - ter find; it
 3. My power is faint and my low till I have learned to serve; it
 4. My will is not my own till Thou hast made it thine; if

E \flat B \flat /D Cm E \flat F F/E \flat B \flat /D F7/C B \flat E \flat Fsus F B \flat B \flat /A \flat

me to ren - der up my sword, and I shall con - queror be. I
 has no spring of ac - tion — sure, it va - ries with the wind. It
 lacks the need - ed fire to — glow, it lacks the breeze to nerve. It
 it would reach a mon - arch's — throne, it must its crown re - sign. It

E \flat /G E \flat B \flat 7/F E \flat /G A \flat C7/G F E \flat /G F/A B \flat B \flat /A \flat

sink in life's a - larms when by my self I stand; im
 can - not free - ly move till Thou hast wrought its chain; en
 can - not drive the world un - til it self be driven; its
 on - ly stands un - bent a - mid the clash - ing strife, when

E \flat /G A \flat E \flat /G A \flat /F B \flat E \flat E \flat /G A \flat E \flat B \flat B \flat sus B \flat 7 E \flat

pris - on me with - in Thine arms, and strong shall be my hand.
 slave it with Thy match - less love, and death less it shall reign.
 flag can on - ly be un - furled when Thou shalt breathe from heaven.
 on Thy bos - om it has leant, and found in Thee its life.

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MAKER, IN WHOM WE LIVE

DIADEMATA

music by

George J. Elvey, 1868

words by
Charles Wesley, 1747

E \flat Cm A \flat E \flat /G A \flat B \flat 7/F E \flat B \flat E \flat B \flat /D Cm E \flat

1. Mak - er, in whom we live, in whom we are and move, the glo - ry, power, and
 2. In - car - nate De - i - ty, let all the ran - somed race ren - der in thanks their
 3. Spir - it of Ho - li - ness, let all Thy saints a - dore Thy sa - cred en - er -
 4. E - ter - nal, Tri - une God, let all the hosts a - bove, let all on earth be -

F F/E \flat B \flat /D F7/C B \flat E \flat Fsus F B \flat B \flat /A \flat E \flat /G E \flat B \flat 7/F E \flat /G A \flat C7/G

praise re - ceive for Thy cre - at - ing love. Let all the an - gel throng give
 lives to — Thee for Thy re - deem - ing grace. The grace to sin - ners showed
 gy, and — bless Thine heart - re - new - ing power. Not an - gel tongues can tell
 low re - cord and dwell up - on Thy love. When heaven and earth are fled Thy be -

F E \flat /G F B \flat B \flat /A \flat E \flat /G A \flat E \flat /G A \flat /F B \flat E \flat E \flat /G A \flat E \flat B \flat B \flat sus B \flat 7 E \flat

thanks to God on high, while earth re - peats the joy - ful song and ech - oes to the sky.
 heav - en - ly choirs pro - claim, and cry, "Sal - va - tion to our God, sal - va - tion to the Lamb!"
 love's ec - stat - ic height, the sing all - glo - rious joy un - speak - a - ble, the be - a - tif - ic sight.
 fore Thy glo - rious face, sing all the saints Thy love hath made Thine ev - er - last - ing praise.

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MAKE ME A CHANNEL OF BLESSING

EUCLID

words by
Harper G. Smyth (1873-1945)

music by
Harper G. Smyth (1873-1945)

B \flat **F7/C** **B \flat /D** **E \flat** **Cm7** **F7**

1. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God flow - ing through
 2. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for those who are
 3. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly tell - ing for
 4. We can - not be chan - nels of bless - ing If our lives are not free from known

B \flat **F7/C** **B \flat /D** **F7/C** **B \flat** **E \flat** **C** **F7**

you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you read - y His ser - vice to
 lost? Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing The Sav - ior who died on the
 Him? Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To those who are dy - ing in
 sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To those we are try - ing to

B \flat **Refrain** **F7/C** **F7** **B \flat /D** **B \flat**

do? }
 cross? }
 sin? }
 win. }

Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing to - day, Make me a chan - nel of

C7 **F7** **B \flat** **F7/C** **B \flat /D** **E \flat 6** **F7** **B \flat** **E \flat** **F/E \flat** **B \flat /D** **F/C** **B \flat /D** **E \flat** **C** **F7** **B \flat**

bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess - ing, my ser - vice bless - ing, Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing to - day.

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MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING

PEACE BE STILL

words by
Mary A. Baker (1831-1921)

music by
Horatio R. Palmer (1834-1907)

C **F/C** **Dm/F** **G** **G7** **C**

1. Mas - ter, the tem - pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high! The
 2. Mas - ter, with an - guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day; The
 3. Mas - ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest; Earth's

F/C **Dm/F** **G** **G7** **C**

sky is o'er - shad - owed with black - ness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
 depths of my sad heart are trou - bled; O wak - en and save, I pray!
 sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav - en's with - in my breast.

E7/B **Am** **G7** **Am** **E7/B** **Am/C** **G/D** **D** **G** **C**

Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep, When each
 Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul! And I
 Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more; And with

F/C **Dm/F** **G** **G7** **C**

mo - ment so mad - ly is threat - ning A grave in the an - gry deep? }
 per - ish! I per - ish, dear Mas - ter; O has - ten, and take con - trol! } The
 joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore. }

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winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace be still!

Wheth - er the wrath of the storm - tossed sea, Or de - mons, or men, or what - ev - er it be. No

wa - ter can swal - low the ship where lies The Mas - ter of o - cean and earth and skies; They

all shall sweet - ly o - bey Thy will; Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They

all shall sweet - ly o - bey Thy will; Peace, peace, be still!

MAY GOD BESTOW ON US HIS GRACE

ES WOLLE UNS GOTT GENÄDIG SEIN
music from
Deutsch Kirchenamt, Strassburg, 1525

words by
Martin Luther (1483-1546)
tr. by R. Massie (1800-1887)

1. May God be - stow on us His grace, With bless - ings rich pro -
2. Thine o - ver all shall be the praise Thy worth, And thanks of ev - 'ry -
3. O let the peo - ple praise Thy worth, In thank all good works in -

vide us, And may the bright - ness of His
na tion, And all the world with joy shall
creas ing; The land shall plen - teous fruit bring

face To life e - ter - nal guide us That we His sav - ing health may
raise The voice of ex - ul - ta tion; For Thou shalt judge the earth, O
forth, Thy Word is rich in bless - ing. May God the Fa - ther, God the

know, His gra - cious will and pleas - ure, And al - so to the hea - then
Lord, Nor suf - fer sin to flour - ish. Thy Let peo - ple's pas - ture is Thy
Son, And God the Spir - it bless us! Let all the world praise Him a -

show Christ's rich - es with - out meas - ure And un - to God con - vert them.
Word, Their souls to feed and nour - ish, In right - eous paths to keep them.
lone; Let sol - emn awe pos - sess us. Now let our hearts say A - men.

MAY THE GRACE OF CHRIST OUR SAVIOR

words by
John Newton (1725-1807)

SARDIS
music by
Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

F C7/G F/A C/G F Gm/Bb F/C C F A7/E Dm C/G G C

1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - ior, And the Fa - ther's bound - less love,
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,

G7/D C7/E F Gm/Bb Bm7b5 F/C C/Bb F/A F#dim/A Gm/Bb Gm F/C C7 F

With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.
And pos - sess, in sweet com - mun - ion, Joys which earth can - not af - ford.

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MAY THE GRACE OF CHRIST OUR SAVIOR

words by
John Newton (1725-1807)

STUTT GART
music by
Christian F. Witt (1660-1716)

F C/E Dm F/A Bb6 C F C/E F Bb Bb/D Csus C F

1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - ior And the Fa - ther's bound - less love
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,

Dm Edim/D A/C# Dm G/B Csus C F/A Bb F F/A Csus C F

With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.
And pos - sess, in sweet com - mun - ion, Joys which earth can - not af - ford.

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MAY WE THY PRECEPTS, LORD, FULFILL

words by
Edward Osler (1798-1863)

MERIBAH
music by
Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

D D/F# A D A7sus/E D/F# D G G/B D A7/C# D A

1. May we Thy pre - cepts, Lord, ful - fill And do on earth our Fa - ther's will As
2. So may we join Thy name to bless, Thy grace a - dore, Thy pow'r con - fess, From
3. Spir - it of life, of love, and peace, U - nite our hearts, our joy in - crease, Thy

Bm/D A/E E A D A/C# D G/B G D

an - gels do a - bove, Still walk in Christ, the Liv - ing Way, With
sin and strife to flee, One is our call - ing, one - our name, The
gra - cious help sup - ply. To each of us, the bless - ing give In

A/C# D G/B G D D/F# G6 Em7 E/A A7 D

all Thy chil - dren, and o - bey same: The law of Chris - tian love.
end of all our hopes to the same: A crown of life - tian love.
Chris - tian fel - low - ship to live, In joy - ful hope with Thee die.

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A MIGHTY Fortress IS OUR GOD

EIN' FESTE BURG
music by
Martin Luther, 1529

words by
Martin Luther, 1529
tr. by Frederick H. Hedge, 1852
based on Psalm 46

C G Em Am D7 G Am Em F C Am Dm G7

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

C G Em Am D7 G Am Em F C Am Dm G7 C

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

Am G/B D7 G C G/B C F G7/D Am E/G# Am E/G# Am/C D7

still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe. His craft and pow'r are
ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He. Lord Sab - a - oth His
prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him. His rage we can en -
goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so. The bod - y they may

G F C7 A/C# Dm E Am Em F C Am Dm G7 C

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

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MORE ABOUT JESUS

SWENEY
music by
John R. Sweney, 1887

words by
Eliza E. Hewitt, 1887

G C/G G D G

1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show,
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus in His Word, Hold - ing com - mun - ion with my Lord,
4. More a - bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own,

Am/C G/B D7/A G/B Am/C G/D D7 G

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show - ing each things of Christ to me.
Hear - ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.
More of His king - dom's sure in - crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

Refrain C/G G D G/D D7 G

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

Am/C G/B D7/A G/B Am/C G/D D7 G

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me!

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MOMENT BY MOMENT

words by
Daniel W. Whittle, 1893

WHITTLE
music by
Mary Whittle Moody, 1893

F F+ Bb/F Bbm6/F F C7 Cdim7 C7

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reck - oned mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus a
2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there; Nev - er a bur - den that
3. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sick - ness that

F Fdim7 C/E C7/E F F7/Eb Bb/D Db7 F/C

new life di - vine. Look - ing to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine;
He doth not bear; Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share;
He can not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in woe or in weal,

F7 Gm/Bb G7/B C C7 F Refrain

Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine. } Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm
Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm un - der His care. }
Je - sus my Sav - ior a - bides with me still.

C F C7 Dm G7 C C7 F

kept in His love; Mo - ment by mo - ment I've life from a - bove. Look - ing to

Cm6/Eb D Gm Gm/Bb G7/B C C7 F

Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine; Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

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MORE LOVE TO THEE

words by
Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, 1856

music by
William H. Doane, 1870

Ab Bb7/F Eb Ab

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the

Db6 Eb Ab Db Ab

prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still my prayer shall be:

Eb7 Ab Db Ab/C Bbm Eb Ab

More love, O Christ to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

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MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE

MAITLAND

music by

George N. Allen (1812-1877)

words by
Thomas Shepherd (1665-1739)

Ab Db Ab/C Ab Bb Ab

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No,
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor - r'wing here! But
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free; And

Db Ab/C Ab Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

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MY ANCHOR HOLDS

music by

Daniel B. Towner, 1902

words by
W.C. Martin, 1902

N.C. Bb Bb Bb

1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul, I am
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep; Per - ils lurk with - in the deep; An - gry
3. I can feel the an - chor fast; As I meet each sud - den blast, And the
4. Trou - bles al - most 'whelm the soul; Grievs like bil - lows o'er me roll; Tempt - ers

F7 Bb Bb/D C7 F F7

peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow, I've an
clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high, Still I
ca - ble, tho' un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween, Thro' the
seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day, But in

Bb F Bb Cm/Eb Bb/F F7 Bb/F F Bb Refrain F7

an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure, } And it
stand the tem - pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock, }
storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide, }
Christ I can be bold; I've an an - chor that shall hold. }

Bb Cm7 Bb/D Eb Bb/D F7sus/C Bb Bb/D F F7/A

holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O gale, On my

Bb F7sus/C Bb/D Bb7/D Eb C7 F F7

bark so small and frail. By His grace I shall not fail, For my

Bb Cm7 Bb/D Cm7 Bb Ebm/Gb Bb/F F7 Bb

an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.

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MY BURDENS ROLLED AWAY

words by
Minnie A. Steele, 1908

music by
Minnie A. Steele, 1908

F C7/G C7 F C7/E F

1. I re - mem - ber when my bur - dens rolled a - way; I had car - ried them for years, night and
 2. I re - mem - ber when my bur - dens rolled a - way; That I feared would nev - er leave night or
 3. I re - mem - ber when my bur - dens rolled a - way; That had hin - dered me for years, night and
 4. I am sing - ing since my bur - dens rolled a - way; There's a song with - in my heart night and

C C7/G F C F Fsus F

day. When I sought the bless - ed Lord, And I took Him at His word, Then at
 day. Je - sus showed to me the loss, So I left them at the cross: I was
 day— As I sought the throne of grace, Just a glimpse of Je - sus' face, And I
 day. I am liv - ing for my King, And with joy I shout and sing: "Hal - le

Gm/Bb C C7 F Refrain

once all my bur - dens rolled a - way. } Rolled a - way, rolled a - way— I am
 glad when my bur - dens rolled a - way. }
 knew that my bur - dens could not stay. }
 lu - jah, all my bur - dens rolled a - way!" }

C/G G7 C7 F

hap - py since my bur - dens rolled a - way. Rolled a - way, rolled a - way.

Gm/Bb F/C C7 F

way— I am hap - py since my bur - dens rolled a - way.

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MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

words by
Samuel F. Smith (1808-1895)

AMERICA
music from
Thesaurus Musicus, 1744

F Gm/Bb C F Dm Gm/Bb F/C C7 Dm

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Gm/Bb F/C C F C7

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love. Land where my rocks and rills, Thy woods the
 Sweet free - dom's song, Let mor - tal tongues and a - wake, Let all that
 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

F/C C F Bb/F F C7/G F/A Bb F/C C7 F

pil - grim's pride; From ev - 'ry moun - tain - side Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

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MY FAITH HAS FOUND A RESTING PLACE

words by
Lidie H. Edmunds, c. 1891

LANDAS
music by
André Grétry (1741-1831)
arr. by William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

G G/B C E7/B Am G/D D G

1. My faith has found a rest - ing place Not in de - vice or creed: I
 2. E - nough for me that Je - sus saves This ends my fear and doubt; A
 3. My heart is lean - ing on the Word The writ - ten Word of God: Sal
 4. My great Phy - si - cian heals the sick The lost He came to save; For

G/B C E7/B Am G/D D G Refrain

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

G/D D G G/B C Am G/D D D7

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

G G/B C E7/B Am G/D D7 G

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

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MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

words by
Ray Palmer, 1830

OLIVET
music by
Lowell Mason, 1831

D A D A A7 A7/C# D A

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

D A/E E7 A7 D A7/E

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may sor - row's
 Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe my
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -

D Bm A/G G D/F# A7/E D D/F# G6 A7 D

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - fy Thine!
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be, A liv - ing fire!
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a side,
 trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul!

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MY GOD, AND IS THY TABLE SPREAD

ROCKINGHAM

music from

Second Supplement to Psalms in Miniature, c. 1788

adapt. by Edward Miller (1731-1807)

words by
Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)

D G A7 D D/F# G D/F# D A/C# G/B F#m/A

1. My God, and cred is, Thy Ta - ble sus spread, And does Thy
2. Hail, sa cred is, Feast, which Je - sus makes! Rich Ban - Thy
3. O let Thy Ta - ble hon - oured be, And fur - nish

Gmaj7 C#dim/G D/F# A/E A7/E D D/A A A/C# E7 A A7

Cup with Love o'er - flow? Thith er be all Thy
of His Flesh and Blood! Thrice hap - py he, who
well with joy ful guests: And may each soul sal

Bm E7 A Bm Em D/F# Em/G E7/G# D/A A7 D

chil dren led, And That let them all Thy sweet ness know.
here par - tion sees, That here cred its Stream, that heaven - ly Food.
va tion see, That here cred its sa - cred Pledg es tastes.

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MY GOD, HOW WONDERFUL THOU ART

DUNDEE

music from

Psalter, Edinburgh, 1615

words by
Frederick W. Faber (1814-1863)

Eb Ab/C Bb/D Eb D Eb7/Bb Ab Eb Bb Cm Ab Bb Eb

1. My God, how won - der - ful Thou art, Thy maj - es - ty how bright! How
2. How won - der - ful, how beau - ti - ful The sight of Thee must be
3. No earth - ly fa - ther loves like Thee; No moth - er, e'er so mild,
4. Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord, Al - might - y as Thou art, For
5. My God, how won - der - ful Thou art, Thou ev - er - last - ing friend! On

Bb Cm Bb/D C7/E F Bb Eb Fm/Ab Cm Bb sus Bb Eb

beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy seat In depths of burn - ing light!
end - less wis - dom, bound - less pow'r, And awe - some pu - ri - ty!
and for - bears as Thou hast done With me, Thy sin - ful child.
Thou hast stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart.
Thee I stay my trust - ing heart Till faith in vi - sion end.

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MY HOPE IS BUILT ON NOTHING LESS

MELITA
music by

John B. Dykes (1823-1876)

words by
Edward Mote (1797-1874)

C F C G/B Am7 D G G/B Dsus D G

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness; I
 2. When dark - ness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un - chang - ing grace; In
 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood sup - port me in the whelm - ing flood; When
 4. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, O may I then in Him be found, Dressed

G7/B C A7/C# D B/D# Em B7/F# Em/G F#dim/A Em/B B Em Refrain

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

C7 F B7 G G7/B C D7/F# C/G G7 C

Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

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MY HOPE IS BUILT ON NOTHING LESS

SOLID ROCK
music by

William B. Bradbury, 1863

words by
Edward Mote, c. 1834

F F/C C F Bb Bb6 F/C C F

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness. I
 2. When dark - ness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un - chang - ing grace. In
 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood sup - port me in the whelm - ing flood. When
 4. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, O may I then in Him be found! Dressed

F F/C C F Bb Bb6 F/C C F Refrain C7/G F/A F

dare not trust the sweet - est frame, but whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, my an - chor holds with - in the veil. } On
 all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 in His right - teous - ness a - lone, fault - less to stand be - fore the throne!

Bb F C F Bb F C7 F

rock, I stand; all oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, all oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

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MY GOD, I LOVE THEE

WINCHESTER OLD

music from

Est's *The Whole Booke of Psalmes*, 1592

Latin text, 17th century
tr. by Edward Caswall, 1849

1. My God, I love Thee, not be-cause I hope for the heaven there - by, nor
 2. Thou, O my Je - sus, Thou didst me up on the cross em - brace; for
 3. Then why, O bless - ed Je - sus Christ, should I not love Thee well? Not
 4. Not with the hope of gain - ing aught, not seek - ing a re - ward, but
 5. So would I love Thee, dear - est Lord, and in Thy praise will sing; be

yet be - cause, if I love not, I must for - ev - er die.
 me didst bear the nails and spear and man - i - fold dis - grace.
 for the sake of win - ning heaven, nor of es - cap - ing hell.
 as Thy - self hast lov - ed me, O ev - er - last - ing Lord.
 cause Thou art my lov - ing God and my e - ter - nal King.

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MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE

GORDON

music by

Adoniram J. Gordon (1836-1895)

words by
William R. Featherston (1846-1873)

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

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

gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; _____
 love Thee for the wear - ing dew the lies on Thy brow; _____
 say when the death - lit - ter - ing cold on my brow; _____
 sing with thee glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; _____ } If

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

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MY LORD, WHAT A MORNING

STARS FALL
African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual

Refrain

My Lord, what a morn - ing; my Lord, what a morn - ing; oh,

my Lord, what a morn - ing, when the stars be - gin to fall. 1. You'll
2. You'll

hear the trum - pet sound, to wake the na - tions un - der - ground,

look - ing to my God's right hand, when the stars be - gin to fall.

Chords: Eb, Bb7, Eb, Bb, Bb7, Eb, Eb7, Fm, Cm, Eb7/Bb, Ab, Eb/Bb, Bb7, Eb, Fine, Bb7, Eb, Ab, Eb7, Ab, Cm6, Bb sus, Bb, Eb, Fm, Cm, Eb7/Bb, Ab, Eb/Bb, Bb7, Eb, D.C.

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MY SAVIOR FIRST OF ALL

I SHALL KNOW HIM
music by
John R. Swenny (1837-1899)

words by
Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

1. When my life - work is end - ed and I cross the swell - ing tide, When the
2. O the soul - thrill - ing cap - ture when I view His bless - ed face And the
3. O the dear ones in glo - ry— how they beck - on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot - less white, He will

bright and glo - rious morn - ing I shall see; I shall know my Re - deem - er when I
lus - ter of His kind - ly beam - ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will
lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me. I shall
mer - cy, love and grace That pre - pare for me a man - sion in the sky. I shall
sing my wel - come home, But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
min - gle with de - light, But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.

know Him, I shall know Him, And re - deemed by His side I shall stand, I shall
know Him, I shall know Him By the prints of the nails in His hand.

Chords: G, C, G, D/F#, A7/E, D, G, G/B, C, G/D, D7, C/D, D7, G, D7, C/D, D7, G, D7/A, G, D/F#, A7/E, D, G/D, D7, G

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MY SHEPHERD IS THE LORD

HEBRON

music by

Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

Author unknown
based on Psalm 23

1. My Shep - herd is the Lord most high, And
 2. He in His mer - cy doth store My
 3. Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale, E'en
 4. For me a ta - ble Thy shall hast not, spread, Pre
 5. Good - ness and mer - cy shall not cease Through

all my wants shall be sup - plied; In pas - tures green He
 soul, when sink - ing vil - in dis - tress; For His name's sake He
 there no e - vil will I of fear; Be - cause Thy pres - ence
 pared be fore days to fol - low me; And in God's dost house a
 all my days to fol - low me; And in God's dost house a

makes me lie, And leads by streams which gen - tly glide.
 ev - er more Thy not rod in and in paths staff of my and right - eous - ness.
 shall not fail, Thy Thy rod in and in paths staff of my and right - eous - ness.
 noint my head; My My cup is filled with wine, and oil shall cheer.
 dwell - ing place With Him for ev - er more shall be.

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MY SHEPHERD WILL SUPPLY MY NEED

RESIGNATION

music from

Walker's Southern Harmony, 1835

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
para. of Psalm 23

1. My Shep - herd will sup - ply my need; Je - ho - vah
 2. When I walk through the shades of death Thy pres - ence
 3. The sure pro - vi - sions of my God At - tend me

is His name; In pas - tures fresh He makes me feed, Be
 is my stay; One word of thy House sup - port - ing breath, Drives
 all my days; O may thy House be mine a - bode, And

side the liv - ing stream. He brings my wan - d'ring spir - it
 all my fears a - way. Thy hand, would I find of a set - my
 all my work be - praise. There would I find of a set - tied

back, When I for - sake His ways; And leads me for His
 foes, Doth still for my ta - ble and spread; My cup more with - bless - ings
 rest, While oth - ers go - and come; No more a - strang - er,

mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.
 o - ver - flows, Thy oil like a - truth noints and my head.
 or a guest, But like a child at my at home.

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MY SONG FOREVER SHALL RECORD

ST. PETERSBURG
music by
Dimitri S. Borniansky, 1825

words from
The Psalter, 1912
based on Psalm 89

C C/B G7 C C/E F C

1. My song for ever shall re - cord The ten - der mer - cies
2. Al - might - y God, Thy loft - y throne Has jus - tice for its
3. The swell - ing sea is o - beys Thy will, Its an - gry waves Thy
4. With bless - ing is the na - tion crowned Whose peo - ple know the

G/B C G C C/E G7 C C/B

of the Lord; Thy faith - ful - ness will I pro - claim, And
cor - ner - stone, And shin - ing bright be - fore Thy face Are
voice can still; The heav'ns and the earth, by right di - vine, The
joy - ful sound; They in the light, O Lord, shall live, The

F C G/B C G G7 C/G

ev'ry age shall know Thy name. I sing of mer - cies
truth and love and bound - less grace. The heav'ns shall cre - a - tion's
world and all there in, are Thine; The whole cre - a - tion's
light Thy face and fa - vor give. Their fame and might to

G7 C/G G G7 C F/C C Dm/F C/G G7 C

that en - dure, For - ev - er build - ed firm and sure.
glad - ac - cord To praise Thy won - drous works, O Lord.
won - drous frame For - claims its Mak - er's glo - rious name.
Thee be - long, For in Thy fa - vor they are strong.

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MY SOUL, REPEAT HIS PRAISE

BEN RHYDDING
music by
Alexander R. Reinagle (1799-1877)

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

E♭ A♭ E♭/G Fm Cm B♭/D Cm/E♭ Gm/D D7 Gm E♭

1. My soul, re - peat His praise, Whose mer - cies are so great; Whose
2. High as the heavens are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So
3. His power sub - dues our sins; And His for - giv - ing love, Far
4. The pit - y of the Lord, To those that fear His name, Is
5. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flower: If
6. But thy com - pas - sions, Lord, To end - less years en - dure; And

Fm Fm/E♭ B♭7/D B♭7 Cm B♭7/D E♭ A♭ E♭/G E♭7/G Fm7/A♭ B♭7 E♭

an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.
far the rich - es of His grace Our high - est thoughts ex - ceed.
as the east is from the west Doth all our guilt re - move.
such as ten - der par - ents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.
one sharp blast sweep o'er the field It with - ers in an hour.
chil - dren's chil - dren ev - er find Thy words of prom - ise sure.

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MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN

RHOSYMEDRE

music by

John P. Edwards (1806-1885)

words by
Samuel Crossman (c. 1624-1683)

Chords: Dm Bb C F Am/C Dm Gm C7/G F C F

1. My song is love un-known, My Sav-ior's love to me. Love
 2. He came from His blest throne, My Sal-va-tion to be stow; But
 3. Some times they strew needs His will way have es sing; Re-
 4. They rise, and strew needs will way have a way; A
 5. In life, no house, no home My Lord on earth might have; In
 6. Here might I stay and sing- No sto-ry so di-vine! Nev-

Chords: Dm Bb C F Am/C Dm Gm C7/G F C F C/B

to the love-less shown, That they might love-ly be. Oh;
 men made strange, and none day, The longed-for Christ would know. But,
 sound-ing all the say, Ho-san-nas to their King. Then
 mur-der they save, The Prince of Life they slay. Yet
 death, no friend-ly tomb, But what a stran-ger gave. What
 er was love, dear King, Nev-er was grief like Thine. This

Chords: F Am/C Dm F/A Bb Am/C Dm/F C/E Bb/D F/C Gm/C Dm

who am I, that for my in-sake deed, My Lord should take frail
 oh, my friend, my is friend all my in-deed, Who at for my need His
 "Cru-ci-fy!" is to suf-fring His sweet praise I mine all the my death they
 cheer-ful He to was His His goes, home; But I mine all the my death they
 may I say? Heav'n in whose sweet praise I mine all the my death they
 is my friend, in whose sweet praise I mine all the my death they

Chords: Am Dm C C/Bb F/A Gm/Bb Am/C Bb/D F/C C7 F

flesh and die? My Lord should take frail flesh and die?
 life did spend; Who at for my need His life did spend?
 thirst and cry. And He for His thirst and cry.
 thence might free, That He His foes from thence might free.
 in He lay, But mine the where in He lay.
 glad-ly spend! I all my days could glad-ly spend!

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MY SOUL IS FILLED WITH GLORY

FILLED WITH GLORY

music by

J.M. Harris, 1905

words by
J.M. Harris, 1905

Chords: D Dsus D GD D D/F# G D/F# D A/C# E7/B

1. Je-sus found me when a-far I wan-dered, Bro't me par-don from the
 2. Thro' His Word He taught me full sal-va-tion— How His blood could cleanse and
 3. Tri-als man-y will be-set my path-way, And temp-ta-tions I shall

Chords: D/A A D Dsus D G/D D

throne a-bove, Gave me peace that pass-eth un-der stand-ing,
 sanc-ti-fy, Then by my faith that I plunged in to the foun-tain,
 sure-ly meet; But my Sav-ior prom-ised grace to help me

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D/F# G D/F# D E7/B D/A A7 D Refrain G/D D G/D D G/D D

Joy un - speak - a - ble and full of love.
 Now I'm look - ing for that home on high. } Praise the Lord! My soul is filled with glo - ry!
 Till I lay my tro - phies at His feet. }

G/D D G/D D G/D D/F# D/A A D

Praise the Lord! I love to tell the sto - ry Of His grace that

G D Dsus D G/D D G/D D D/F# D/A A7 D

{ jus - ti - fies me fee - ly, }
 { sanc - ti - fies me whol - ly, } And I'm shout - ing, "Glo - ry!" till I get home.
 keeps and gives me vic - t'ry, }

MY SOUL, NOW BLESS THY MAKER

NUN LOB, MEIN SEEL

music from

Concentus Novi, Augsburg, 1540

words by Johann Gramann (1487-1541)
tr. by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

Dm Am Bb F Dm Gm/Bb A Dm Am Dm Gm F/A Gm7/Bb C F Dm

1. My soul, now bless thy Mak - er! Let all with - in me bless His name Who
 2. He shows to man His trea - sure Of judg - ment, truth, and right - eous - ness, His
 3. For as a ten - der fa - ther Hath pit - y on his chil - dren here, He
 4. God's grace a - lone en - dur - eth, And chil - dren's chil - dren yet shall prove How

Am Bb F Dm Gm/Bb A Dm Am Dm Gm F/A Gm7/Bb C F Bb F

mak - eth thee par - tak - er Of mer - cies more than thou dar'st claim. For - get Him
 love be - yond all mea - sure, His yearn - ing pit - y o'er dis - tress, Nor treats us
 in His arms will gath - er All who are His in child - like fear. He knows how
 He with strength as - sur - eth The hearts of all that seek His love. In heav'n is

C Am Dm Asus A D G/B C F G C F/A Dm Bb6 C

not whose meek - ness Still bears with all thy sin, Who heal - eth all thy
 as we mer - it, But lays His an - ger by, The hum - ble, con - trite
 frail our pow - ers; Who but from dust are made. We flour - ish like the
 fixed His dwell - ing; His rule is o - ver all. An - gels, in might ex -

F F7 Bb F/A Gm Cm6 D G C F Bb Bb/D Adim/C Bb F C Am

weak - ness, Re - news thy life with - in, Whose grace and care are end - less And saved thee
 spir - it Finds His com - pas - sion night; And high as heav'n a - bove us, As break from
 flow - ers, And e - ven so we fade, The wind but o'er them pass - es, And all their
 cel - ling, Bright hosts, be - fore Him fall. Praise Him who ev - er reign - eth, All ye who

C/E Gsus G C Am Dm Bdim/D C G/B C G C F Bb Edim/G F/A Dm F/A C F

through the past; Who leaves no suf - frer friend - less But rights the wronged at last.
 close of day, So far, since He doth love us, He puts our sins a - way.
 bloom is o'er We with - er like the grass - es; Our place knows us no more.
 hear His Word. Nor our poor hymns dis - dain - eth My soul, O bless the Lord!

NEAR TO THE HEART OF GOD

McAFEE
music by

words by
Cleland B. McAfee, 1901

Cleland B. McAfee, 1901

Db Dbdim D# Ddim7 Ab7/Eb Ddim7 Ab7/Eb Ab Db

1. There is a place of quiet rest Near to the heart of God, A
 2. There is a place of comfort sweet Near to the heart of God, A
 3. There is a place of full release Near to the heart of God, A

D#dim D# Ddim7 Ab7/Eb Ddim7 Ab7/Eb Ab D#Ab Ab Db Refrain

place where sin can not mo - lest, Near to the heart of God.
 place where we our Sav - ior meet, Near to the heart of God.
 place where all is joy and peace, Near to the heart of God. } O

Gb Gb/D# Db Ab7 Db

Je - sus, blest Re - deem - er, Sent from the heart of God, Hold

Gb Db Ab7 Db

us who wait be - fore Thee Near to the heart of God.

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NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

BETHANY
music by

words by
Sarah F. Adams (1805-1848)
based on Genesis 28:10-22

Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

G C G D G

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, near - er to Thee, E'en though it
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, the sun go down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear steps un - to heav'n, All that Thou
 4. Then with my wak - ing thoughts bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and

C G/D D7 G C/G G C/G G

be a cross that rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be near - er, my
 o - ver me, my rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be near - er, my
 send - est me in mer - cy giv'n, An - gels to beck - on me near - er, my
 ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be near - er, my
 stars for - got, up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be near - er, my

D G D7/A G/B C G/D D7 G

God, to Thee, }
 God, to Thee, }
 God, to Thee, } Near - er, my God, to Thee, near - er to Thee.
 God, to Thee, }

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NATURE WITH OPEN VOLUME STANDS

ELTHAM
music by

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Nathaniel Gawthorn, 18th century

Em B Em/G Bm7/F# Em B Bm F# D A Em6 F#sus F#

1. Na - ture with o - pen vol - ume stand to spread her Mak - er's praise a
 2. But in the grace that res - cued man his bright - est form of glo - ry
 3. Here His whole Name ap - pears com - plete; nor wit can guess, nor rea - son
 4. Oh, the sweet won - ders of that cross where Christ my Sa - vior loved and un
 5. I would for - ev - er speak His Name in sounds to mor - tal ears un -

B Em/G B7/F# Em B D Esus E Am Am/C D D7/F# G Am Bsus B E

broad and ev - 'ry la - bor of His hands shows some - thing wor - thy of a God.
 shines; here, on the cross, 'tis fair - est drawn in pre - cious blood and crim - son lines.
 prove which of the let - ters best is writ, the pow'r the wis - dom, or the love.
 died! Her no - blest life my spir - it draws from His dear wounds and bleed - ing side.
 known, with an - gels join to praise the Lamb and wor - ship at his Fa - ther's throne.

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NEARER, STILL NEARER

MORRIS
music by

words by
Lelia N. Morris, 1898

Lelia N. Morris, 1898

Db Ab/C Bbm Gb Db Gb

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

Db Bbm7 Eb Eb7 Ab Db Ab/C Db

Sav - ior - so pre - cious Thou art! Fold me, O fold me
 of - fring to Je - sus, my King - sign, On - ly my fold sin - me
 fol - lies, I glad - ly re - sign, All of its plea - sures,
 glo - ry my an - chor is cast; Through end - less a - ges

Gb Ab7/Eb Db Ab Db/F Gb Db Ab

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

Db Gb Db/Ab A7 Db/Ab Fm/Ab Ab7 Db

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

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NEW EVERY MORNING IS THE LOVE

KEDRON

music attributed to

Elkanah Kelsay Dare (1782-1826)

words by
John Keble (1792-1866)

Cm Cm/G C Bb Ab/C Gm Cm/G Cm Cm/Eb Bb Eb Ab/C Gm

1. New ev - 'ry morn - ing is the love our wak - 'ning and up - ris - ing prove;
 2. New mer - cies, each re - turn - ing day, a - round us hov - er - while we pray;
 3. If on our dai - ly course our mind be - set to hal - low - all we find,
 4. Old friends, old scenes, will love - lier be, as more of heaven in - each we see;
 5. The tri - vial round, the com - mon task, will fur - nish all we - ought to ask;
 6. On - ly, O Lord, in Thy dear love, fit us for per - fect - rest a - bove;

Cm Eb/G Eb Cm/G Eb Bb Eb Ab/Eb Cm Cm/G Gm Cm

through sleep and dark - ness safe - ly brought, re - stored to life and power and thought.
 new per - ils past, new sins for - given, new thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
 new treas - ures still, of count - less price, God will pro - vide for sac - ri - fice.
 some soft - ning gleam of love and prayer shall dawn on ev - 'ry cross and care.
 room to de - ny our - selves; a road to bring us dai - ly near - er God.
 and help us, this and ev - 'ry day, to live more near - ly as we pray.

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A NEW NAME IN GLORY

NEW NAME

music by

C. Austin Miles, 1910

words by
C. Austin Miles, 1910

Ab Db/Ab Ab Ab/C Eb Ab Eb7

1. I was once a sin - ner, but I came, Par - don to re - ceive from my
 2. I was hum - bly kneel - ing at the cross, Fear - ing naught but God's an - gry
 3. In the Book 'tis writ - ten, "Saved by grace." O, the joy that came to my

Ab Db/Ab Ab Ab/C Eb Ab Bb7

Lord. This was free - ly giv - en, and I found That He al - ways kept His
 frown, When the heav - ens o - pened and I saw That my name was writ - ten
 soul! Now I am for - giv - en, and I know By the blood I am made

Eb7 Ab

word. } There's a new name writ - ten down in glo - ry, And it's
 down. }
 whole. }

Db Ab Eb7 Ab

mine, O yes, it's mine! And the white - robed an - gels sing the sto - ry, "A

Bb7 Eb7 Ab

sin - ner has come home." For there's a new name writ - ten down is

Db Ab

glo - ry, And it's mine, O yes, it's mine! With my

Db Ab Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

sins for - giv - en I am bound for heav - en, Nev - er - more to roam.

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NO, NOT ONE!

words by
Johnson Oatman, Jr. (1856-1922)

music by
George C. Hugg (1848-1907)

F F/A Bb Bb/F F C F/C C7 F F/A

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! No, not one! None else could heal all our
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! No, not one! And yet no friend is so
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! No, not one! No night so dark but His
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for - sake him? No, not one! No, not one! Or sin - ner find that He
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! No, not one! Will He re - fuse us a

Bb Bb/F F C F/C C7 F C7 F

soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! No, not one! Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug - gles;
 meek and low - ly, No, not one! No, not one!
 love can cheer us, No, not one! No, not one!
 would not take him? No, not one! No, not one!
 home in heav - en? No, not one! No, not one!

C F F/A Bb Bb/F F C F/C C7 F

He will guide till the day is done. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! No, not one!

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NOTHING BETWEEN

words by
Charles Albert Tindley, c. 1906

music by
Charles Albert Tindley, c. 1906

F F/A Bb F G7 C

1. Noth - ing be - tween my soul and my Sav - ior, naught of this world's de - lu - sive dream;
2. Noth - ing be - tween like world - ly pleas - ure; hab - its of life, though harm - less they seem,
3. Noth - ing be - tween like pride or sta - tion; self or friends shall not in - ter - vene;
4. Noth - ing be - tween e'en man - y hard tri - als, though the whole world a - gainst me con - vene;

F F/A Bb F Bb/F F C F/C C7 F

I have re - nounced all sin - ful pleas - ure; Je - sus is mine, there's noth - ing be - tween.
 must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er; He is my all, there's noth - ing be - tween.
 though it may cost me much trib - u - la - tion, I am re - solved, there's noth - ing be - tween.
 watch - ing with prayer and much self - de - ni - al, I'll tri - umph at last, there's noth - ing be - tween.

Refrain Bb/F F C F/C C7 F Bb/F F G7 C

Noth - ing be - tween my soul and my Sav - ior, so that His bless - ed face may be seen;

F F/A Bb F Bb/F F C F/C C7 F

noth - ing pre - vent - ing the least of His fa - vor; keep the way clear! let noth - ing be - tween.

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NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD

PLAINFIELD
music by
Robert Lowry, 1876

words by
Robert Lowry, 1876

G D G D7 G

1. What can wash a way my sin? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 2. For my par - don this I see, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;

D G D7 G

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my cleans - ing, this I have plea, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 This is all my right - eous - ness, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Refrain D G D7 G/D D G

Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
 No oth - er fount I know, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

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NOW ISRAEL MAY SAY

OLD 124TH
music from
Genevan Psalter, 1551

words from
The Psalter, 1912
based on Psalm 124

F C/E F Bb F Gm/Bb Gm Caus C F Bb/D Am/C

1. Now Is - ra - el may say, and that in truth: If that the
 2. Yea, when their wrath a - gainst us fierce - ly rose, The swell - ing
 3. Blest be the Lord, who made us not their prey; As from the

Bb C Bb/D F Gm/Bb Gm C F/A Dm Bdim/D C Bb/D

Lord had not our right main - tained, If that the Lord had
 tide had had o'er us spread its - tained, The rag - ing stream had
 snare a bird es - cap - eth, free, Their net is rent and

Gm/Bb Gm F/A Gm/Bb Asus A F/A Dm7 Edim F Edim/Bb F/A Dm7/F G

not with us re - mained When cru - el foes a - gainst us rose to
 then be - come our grave, The surg - ing flood, in proud - ly swell - ing
 so es - caped are we; Our on - ly help is in God's ho - ly

C F Gm/Bb G C F/A Gm/Bb Gm F/A Bb Caus C F

strive, We sure - ly had then been swal - lowed up a - live.
 roll, Most sure - ly then had o - ver - whelmed our soul.
 name, Who made the earth and all the heaven - ly frame.

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NOW, ON LAND AND SEA DESCENDING

VESPER HYMN
music attributed to

Dimitri S. Bortniansky (1751-1825)

from Stevenson's *A Selection of Popular National Airs*, 1818

words by
Samuel Longfellow, 1859

E♭ E♭/G Fm7 B♭ E♭ E♭/G B♭sus B♭ E♭ E♭7 A♭ Fm/A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭

1. Now, on land and sea de - scend - ing, Brings the night its peace pro - found;
 2. Soon as dies the sun - set glo - ry, Stars of heaven shine out a - bove,
 3. Now, our wants and bur - dens leav - ing To God's care who cares for all,
 4. As the dark - ness deep - ens o'er us, Lo! e - ter - nal stars a - rise;

E♭/G Fm7 B♭ E♭ E♭/G B♭sus B♭ E♭ E♭7 A♭ Fm/A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭

Let our ves - per hymn be blend - ing With the ho - ly calm a - round,
 Tell - ing still the an - cient sto - ry Their Cre - a - tor's change - less love.
 Cease we fear - ing, cease we griev - ing: At God's touch our bur - dens fall.
 Hope and faith and love rise glo - rious, Shin - ing in the Spir - it's skies.

Ddim/F E♭/G E♭ A♭ B♭ E♭ B♭7/F E♭/G B♭/A♭ E♭/G B♭7 A♭ B♭7 E♭

Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te! A - men!

E♭/D Cm Cm/B♭ A♭ Adim B♭sus B♭ E♭ E♭/D Cm Fm/A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭

Let our ves - per hymn be blend - ing With the ho - ly calm a - round,
 Tell - ing still the an - cient sto - ry Their Cre - a - tor's change - less love.
 Cease we fear - ing, cease we griev - ing: At God's touch our bur - dens fall.
 Hope and faith and love rise glo - rious, Shin - ing in the Spir - it's skies.

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NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD

NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT
music by

Johann Crüger, 1648

words by
Martin Rinkart, c. 1636
tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1858

F C/E F B♭ F Gm F/A C F C7sus C7 F Cm/E♭ F7/E♭ B♭

1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voi - ces, Who won - drous things hath
 2. O may this boun - teous God Thro' all our life and be near - us, With ev - er joy - ful
 3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be giv - en, The Son, and Him who

F B♭/D F/C C7/B♭ A B♭6 C7 F C G/B C F C C/E

done, In whom His world re - joic - es; Who from our moth - er's arms, Hath
 hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us; And keep us in His grace, And
 reigns With them in high - est heav - en, The one e - ter - nal God, Whom

F C/E G7/D E Am D/F# Gm D Gm F/A Gm/B♭ Dm F/C C F

blest - us on our way With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
 guide - us when per - plexed, And free us from all ills, In this world and the next.
 earth - and heav'n a - dore; For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

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NOT SO IN HASTE, MY HEART

DOLOMITE CHANT
Traditional Austrian melody

words by
Bradford Torrey, c. 1875

1. Not so in haste, my heart! Have faith in God, and wait; al
2. He nev - er com - eth late; He know - eth God, and is best; vex
3. Un - til He com - eth, rest, nor grudge the hours that roll; the
4. Are soon - est at the goal that is not gained with speed; then

though He lin - ger in long, He nev - er comes - - - - - too late. - - - - -
not thy self in vain; un - til He com - eth, rest. - - - - -
feet that wait for God are soon - - - - - at the goal. - - - - -
hold thee still, my heart, for I shall wait His lead. - - - - -

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NOW THE DAY IS OVER

MERRIAL
music by
Joseph Barnby, 1868

words by
Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing - - - - - nigh, - - - - -
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - - - - - pose; - - - - -
3. Com - fort those who suf - fer, Watch - ing late in - - - - - pain; - - - - -
4. Through the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels - - - - - spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - - - - - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten d' rest bless - ing May mine eye lids close.
Those who plan some e - vil From their sin re - strain.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

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NOW TO THE KING OF HEAVEN

ST. JOHN
music from
The Parish Choir, 1851

words by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
and Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)

Now to the King of heav'n Your cheer - ful voic - es raise; To
Him be glo - ry giv'n, Pow'r, maj - es - ty and praise; Wide as he reigns His
name be sung By ev - 'ry tongue in end - less strains.

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O BLEST THE HOUSE, WHATE'ER BEFALL

WO GOTT ZUM HAUS

music by

J. Klug, *Geistliche Lieder*, Wittenberg, 1535

words by
C.C.L. von Pfeil (1712-1784)
v. 1, 2, 4, 5 tr. by C. Winkworth (1827-1878)
v. 3 tr. in *Evangelical Lutheran Hymnal*, Columbus, Ohio, 1880

1. O blest the house, what e'er be fall, Where Je - sus Christ is all in
 2. O blest that house, where faith ye find And all with in have set their
 3. O blest the par - ents who give heed Un - to their chil - dren's fore - most
 4. Blest such a house; it pros - pers to well. In peace and joy the par - ents
 5. Then here will I and mine to - day A sol - emn cov - 'nant make and

all! Yea, if He were not dwell - ing there, How dark and poor and void - it were!
 mind To trust their God and serve Him still And do in all His ho - ly will.
 need And wea - ry not of care or cost. May none to them and heav'n - be lost!
 dwell, And in their chil - dren's lot is shown How rich - ly God can bless - His own.
 say: Though all the world for - sake Thy Word, I and my house will serve - the Lord.

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O BROTHER MAN, FOLD TO THY HEART

WELWYN

music by

Alfred Scott-Gatty (1847-1918)

words by
John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)

1. O broth - er man, fold to thy heart thy broth - er; Where pit - y
 2. For he whom Je - sus loved hath tru - ly spo - ken: The ho - lier
 3. Fol - low with rev - 'rent steps the great ex - am - ple Of him whose
 4. Then shall all shack - les fall; the storm - y clang - or Of wild war

dwells, the peace of God is there; To wor - ship right - ly
 wor - ship which he deigns to bless Re - stores the lost, and
 ho - ly work was do - ing good; So shall the wide earth
 mu - sic o'er the earth shall cease; Love shall tread out the

is to love each oth - er, Each smile a hymn, each kind - ly deed a prayer.
 binds the spir - it bro - ken, And feeds the wid - ow and the fa - ther - less.
 seem our Fa - ther's tem - ple, Each lov - ing life a psalm of grat - i - tude.
 bale - ful fire of an - ger, And in its ash - es plant the tree of peace.

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O BLESS THE LORD, MY SOUL!

ST. THOMAS

words by
James Montgomery (1771-1854)
para. of Psalm 103:1-5

music by
Aaron Williams (1731-1776)

D G/B G D/F# A7/E D G G/B D7/A G Am G D D/F#

1. O bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to thee pro-claim! And
 2. O bless the Lord, my soul! His mer- cies bear in mind! For
 3. He will not al- ways chide; he will with pa- tience wait; his
 4. He par- dons all Thy sins, pro- longs thy fee- ble breath; he
 5. He clothes thee with His love, up- holds thee with His truth; and
 6. Then bless His ho- ly Name, whose grace hath made thee whole, whose

G G/B D D/F# G Em A7/E D G/B C G/B C G/D D7 G

all that is with in me join to bless His ho- ly Name!
 get not all His ben- e- fits! The Lord to thee is kind.
 wrath is ev- er slow to rise and read- y to a- bate.
 heal- eth thine in- fir- mi- ties and ran- soms thee from death.
 like the ea- gle He re- news the vig- or of thy youth.
 lov- ing- kind- ness crowns thy days: O bless the Lord, my soul!

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O BREATH OF LIFE

DET AR ETT FAST ORD

words by
Bessie Porter Head, c.1914

music by
Joel Blomquist, 1877

Ab Ab/Eb Eb7 Edim7 Fm Ab/C Db

1. O Breath of Life, come sweep- ing thro' us; Re- vive Thy
 2. O Wind of God, come bend us, break us, Till hum- bly
 3. O Breath of Love, come breathe with in us, Re- new- ing
 4. O heart of Christ, once bro- ken for us, 'Tis there we
 5. Re- vive us, Lord! Is zeal a- bat- ing While har- vest

Ab/Eb Eb Eb7 Ab Eb7/G Ab Eb Fm

Church with life and pow'r. O Breath of Life, come, cleanse, re-
 we con- fess our need. Then in Thy ten- der- ness re-
 thought and will and heart. Come, love of Christ, a- fresh to
 find our strength and rest; Our bro- ken, con- trite hearts now
 fields are vast and white? Re- vive us, Lord; the world is

Db Ab/C Eb7 Ab

new us; And fit Thy Church to meet this hour.
 make us; Re- vive, re store- for this we plead.
 win us; Re- vive Thy Church in ev- 'ry part.
 so- lace, And let Thy wait- ing Church be blest.
 wait- ing. E- quip Thy Church to spread the light.

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O CHRIST, OUR HOPE

LOBT GOTT, IHR CHRISTEN
music by
Nikolaus Herman (c. 1480-1561)

Latin text, c. 8th century
tr. by John Chandler (1806-1876)

F C/E F F/A B♭ C7/G F B♭/D C/E F6 G

1. O Christ, our hope, our hearts de- sire, Re- demp- tion's on- ly
 2. How vast the mer- cy and the love Which laid our sins on
 3. But now the bands of death are burst, The ran- som has been
 4. O may Thy might y our love pre- vail Our sin- ful souls to
 5. O Christ, be Thou our pres- ent joy, Our fu- ture great re

C F C/E F F/A B♭ C

spring! Cre- a- tor of the world art Thou, Its
 Thee, And led Thee to the a cru- el death To
 paid! And Thou art on Thy Fa- ther's Throne, In
 spare! O may we come be fore Thy throne And
 ward; Our on- ly glo- ry may it be To

F F/A B♭6 C Dm Am/C F/A B♭ Cmaj C F

Sav- ior and its King, Its Sav- ior and its King.
 set Thy peo- ple free, To set Thy peo- ple free!
 glo- rious robes ar- rayed, In glo- rious robes ar- rayed.
 find ac- cept- ance there, And find ac- cept- ance there!
 glo- ry in the Lord, To glo- ry in the Lord!

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O CHRIST, OUR TRUE AND ONLY LIGHT

O JESU CHRISTE, WAHRES LICHT
music from
Gesang-Buch, Nürnberg, 1676

words from
Johann Heermann (1584-1647)
tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1858

G D/F# Em Bm C G D G C/E D Em Am/C D

1. O Christ, our true and on- ly light, En- light- en those who sit in
 2. Fill with the ra- dian- ce of Thy grace The souls now lost in er- ror's
 3. Oh, gent- ly call those gone a- stray That they may find the sav- ing
 4. Oh, make the deaf to hear Thy Word And teach the dumb to speak, dear
 5. Shine on the dark- ened and the cold, Re- call the wan- d'ring to Thy
 6. So they with us may ev- er more Such grace with won- d'ring thanks a

G D Bm Em A Bm G A D Em D G/B Am Em Am/C D G

night; Let those a- far now hear Thy voice And in Thy fold with us re- joice.
 maze, And all whom in their se- cret minds Some dark de- lu- sion haunts and blinds.
 way! Let ev- 'ry con- science sore op- prest In Thee find peace and heav'n- ly rest.
 Lord, Who dare not yet the faith a- vow, Though se- cret- ly they hold it now.
 fold, U- nite all those who walk a- part, Con- firm the weak and doubt- ing heart,
 dore And end- less praise to Thee be giv'n By all Thy Church in earth and heav'n.

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O CHRIST, THOU LAMB OF GOD

CHRISTE DU LAMM GOTTES

music from

Kirchenordnung, Braunschweig, 1528

Traditional German text, 1528

F C/E F Dm Gm C7/G F C/E Dm Gm7/D Am/C Gm F Gm/F F C/E Dm Am/C Gm/Bb Dm Am C

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God That tak - est a - way the sin of the world, Have mer - cy up - on us!

Dm Am/C Bb Edim/Bb Dm Am/D Dm6 Dm Gm/D Am Dm Gm6 Dm C

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God That tak - est a - way the sin of the world, Have mer - cy up - on us!

Dm C/E F Dm Gm C7/Bb F C/E Dm Gm/Bb Am/C Gm Am Gm/Bb D

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God That tak - est a - way the sin of the world,

Am Gm/Bb Dm Am C Dm C F Bb/D C D G5

Grant us Thy peace! A men.

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O CHRIST, WHO ART THE LIGHT AND DAY

CHRISTE, DER DU BIST TAG UND LICHT

Latin melody, c. 600

Author unknown

tr. by W.J. Copeland (1804-1885)

Gm Cdim7 Gm/Bb D Gm D Gm Eb Bb F/A Gm D

1. O Christ, who art the Light and Day, Thou driv - est night and gloom a way;
 2. All ho - ly Lord, in hum - ble prayer, We ask to - night Thy watch - ful care.
 3. Our sleep be pure from sin - ful stain; Let not the Tempt - er van - tage gain
 4. A - sleep though wear - ied eyes may be, Still keep the heart a - wake to Thee;
 5. Be - hold, O God, our Shield, and quell The crafts and sub - tle - ties of hell;
 6. All praise to God the Fa - ther be, All praise e - ter - nal Son, to Thee.

F C C/E F Bb F C F Bb Cdim Gm/Bb D Gm D G

O Light of light, whose Word doth show The light of heav'n to us be - low.
 O grant us calm re - pose in Thee, A qui - et night, from per - ils free.
 Or our un - guard - ed flesh sur - prise And make us guilt - y in Thine eyes.
 Let Thy right hand out - stretched a - bove Guard those who serve the Lord they love.
 Di - rect Thy ser - vants in all good, Whom Thou hast pur - chased with Thy blood.
 Whom with the Spir - it we a - dore For ev - er and for ev - er - more.

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O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

ADESTE FIDELIS

music by

John Francis Wade (1711-1786)

words by
John Francis Wade (1711-1786)
tr. by Frederick Oakley (1802-1880)

1. A - des - te, fi - de - les, lae - ti tri - um - phan - tes, Ve
 1. O - come all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O
 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing;

ni - te, ve ni - te in Beth - le - hem.
 come ye, O come - to Beth - le - hem.
 Sing all ye cit - i - zens of heav'n le - hem;
 Je - sus, to Thee be all glo - ry giv'n. a - bove.

Na - tum vi - de - te Him, Re - gem an - ge - lor - um, Ve
 Come and be - hold Him, Born the King of an - gels;
 Glo - ry to the God - ther, In the the ap - pear - ing;
 Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

ni - te a - do - re - mus, ve ni - te a - do - re - mus, ve
 come let us a - do - re Him, O come let us a - do - re Him, O

ni - te a - do - re - mus Him, Do mi - num.
 come let us a - do - re Him, Christ the Lord.

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O COME AND DWELL IN ME

ST. MICHAEL

music from

Genevan Psalter, 1551

adapt. by William Crotch, 1836

words by
Charles Wesley, 1762

1. O - come and dwell in me, Spir - it of power with - in, and
 2. Has - ten the joy - ful day, which shall my sins con - sume when
 3. I want the wit - ness, Lord, that all I do is right, ac -
 4. I ask no high - er state; in - dulse me but in this, and

bring the glo - rious lib - er - ty from sor - row, fear, and sin.
 old things shall be done a way, all things new, be come.
 cord - ing to Thy mind and word, pleas - ing in Thy sight.
 soon or la - ter then trans - late to Thine e - ter - nal bliss.

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O COME AND MOURN WITH ME A WHILE

ST. CROSS

music by

John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

words by
Frederick W. Faber (1814-1863)

1. O come and mourn with me a while; O come ye
 2. Have we no tears to shed for Him; While sol- diers
 3. Seven times He spake to seven words of love; And all three
 4. O love of God, O sin of man, In this dread

to the Sav- ior's side; O come, to geth- er
 scoff and His foes de- side; Ah! look pa- er
 hours His strength is lence? ried? For mer vic ty on- er
 act your strength is is tried; And vic to- ry re-

let us mourn: Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied!
 ly He hangs: Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied!
 souls of men: Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied!
 mains with love: Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied!

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O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL

VENI EMMANUEL

15th century French melody

adapt. by Thomas Helmore, 1854

Traditional Latin text
v. 1, 2 tr. by John M. Neale, 1851
v. 3, 4 tr. by Henry S. Coffin, 1916

1. O come, O come, Em man u el, And
 2. O come, Thou Day - spring, come and cheer Our
 3. O come, Thou Wis - dom, from on - tions, high, And
 4. O come, De - sire of na - tions, bind All

ran - som cap - tive Is ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly
 spir - its by Thine ad - vent here; Dis - perse the gloom - y
 or - der all things far and night; To us the the path of
 peo - ple in one heart and mind; Bid us en - vy, strife, and

ex - celsus of here night, Un - til the dark Son of God ap -
 know ledge show, And death's dark shad - ows put to
 quar - rels cease; Fill the whole world with heav - enly to -

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G D Em Bm G C6 Am7 G/B D7

pear. flight. go. peace. } Re - jice, re - jice! Em - man u -

Em D G G/B C G/B Am/C F#dim/A Em/B Bm Em

el shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el!

O COULD I SPEAK THE MATCHLESS WORTH

ARIEL

arr. by Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

words by Samuel Medley (1738-1799)

D D/F# A7sus/E A7/E D D/A A

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O
 2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And
 4. Soon the de - light - ful day will come When

D D/F# G A7/E D A A/E E7 A D

could I sound the glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd
 ran - som from the dread - ful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine! I'd
 all the forms of love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In
 my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then

G D G D A7

soar and touch the heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In
 sing His glo - rious right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect heav'n - ly dress My
 loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make
 with my Sav - ior, Broth - er, Friend, A - blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri -

Bm A D A7 D

notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
 soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
 um - phant in His grace, Tri - um - phant in His grace.

O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

ELLACOMBE

music from

Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Hofkapelle, Wittenberg, 1784

words by
Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885)

A E7/B E/D A/C# F#m E A D A/C# D6 E A

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O
 2. On thee at the Cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth; On
 3. Thou art a port pro-ject ed From storms that round us rise; A
 4. Thou art a ho-ly lad-der Where an-gels go and come; Each
 5. To day on wea-ry na-tions The heav'n-ly man-na falls; To
 6. New grac-es ev-er gain-ing From this our day of rest, We

E7/B E/D A/C# F#m E A/C# D F#m Esus E A A/C# E

balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright; On
 thee for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth; On
 gar-den in-ter-sect ed With streams of Par-a-dise. Thou
 Sun-day finds us glad-der, Near-er to heav'n, our home. A
 ho-ly con-vo-ca-tions The sil-ver-trum pet-calls, Where
 reach the rest re-main-ing To spir-its of the blessed. To

A E A D E A E/A# A E A D E A

thee the high and low ly, Be-fore the-ter-nal throne, Sing,
 thee our Lord vic-to-ri-ous The Spir-it sent from heav'n; And
 art a cool-ing foun-tain In life's dry, drea-ry sand; From
 day of sweet re-flec-tion, Thou art a day of love, A
 gos-pel light is glow-ing With pure and ra-diant beams, And
 Ho-ly God be prais-es, To Fa-ther and Son; The

E7/B E/D A/C# F#m E A/C# D F#m Esus E A

"Ho-ly, ho-ly," ho-ly, To the great Three in One.
 thus on thee, most glo-ri-ous, A tri-ple light was giv'n.
 thee, like Pis-gah's moun-tain tion We view our Prom-ised Land.
 day of res-ur-rec-tion ing es From earth to things a-bove.
 liv-ing wa-ter flow-ing With soul-re-fresh-ing streams.
 Church her voice up-rais-es To Thee, blest Three in One.

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O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS

MENDEBRAS

Traditional German melody

arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839

words by
Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

F F/C C7 F/C C7 F F/C C7 F/C C7

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and
 2. On thee, at the Cre-a-tion, The light first had its
 3. New gra-ces ev-er gain-ing From this our day of

F F/C C7 F/C C7 F F/C C7 F/C C7

light, O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most
 birth; On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of
 rest, We reach the rest re-main-ing To spir-its of the

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F Bb Bb/D F F/C C7 F/C C7

bright; On thee the high and low - ly, Through a ges joined in
 earth; On thee our Lord, vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from
 blest. To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther, and to

F Bb Bb/D F F/C C7 F/C C7 F

tune, Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une.
 heaven; And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A tri - ple light was given.
 Son; The Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three - in One.

O FATHER, ALL-CREATING

words by John Ellerton (1826-1893)

AURELIA music by Samuel S. Wesley (1810-1876)

Eb Ab/Eb Eb Eb/Bb Bb/Ab Eb/G Ab6 Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb Bb7/F

1. O Fa - ther, all - cre - a - ting, Whose wis - dom, love, and pow'r First
 2. O Sav - ior, Guest most bount - eous Of old in Gal - i - lee, Vouch -
 3. O Spir - it of the Fa - ther, Breathe on them from a - bove, So -
 4. Ex - cept Thou build it, Fa - ther, The house is built in vain; Ex -

Eb/G G+ G7 Ab Gm/Bb Ab/C Bb/D Eb F7/C Bb

bound two - lives to - geth - er In E - den's pri - mal hour, To
 safe to day Thy pres - ence With those who call on Thee, Their
 might - y in Thy pure - ness, So ten - der in love pain, That
 cept Thou, Sav - ior, bless it, The joy will turn to But

Eb Bb7/F Eb/G Ab Eb/G Cm Cm/G G/F Cm/Eb C/E Fm Bb/D

day to these Thy chil - dren Thine ear - liest gifts re - new: A
 store of earth - ly glad - ness Trans - form sin - ners to heav'n - ly wine, And
 guard - ed by Thy pres - ence, From sin - ners and strife kept free, Their
 naught can break the mar - riage Of hearts in Thee made one; And

Eb Ab/Eb Eb Ab Fm7 Bbsus Bb7 Eb

home by Thee made hap - py, A love by Thee kept true.
 teach them, in Thy Thy test - ing, To know the gift is Thine.
 lives may own Thy guid - ance, Their hearts be ruled by Thee.
 love Thy Spir - it hal - lows Is end - less love be - lieve Thee.

O FOOD TO PILGRIMS GIVEN

O WELT, ICH MUSS DICH LASSEN
Traditional German melody, 15th century
adapt. by Heinrich Isaac, 1539

words from
Maintzich Gesangbuch, 1661
tr. by John Athelstan Laurie Riley, 1906

1. O food to pil - grims giv - en, O bread of life from heav - en, O
 2. O stream of love - past tell - ing, O pur - est foun - tain, well - ing from
 3. O Je - sus, by - Thee bid - den, we here a - dore Thee, hid - den in

man - na from on high! We hun - ger; Lord, sup - ply us, nor
 out the Sav - ior's side! We faint with thirst; re - vive us, of
 forms of bread and wine. Grant when the veil is ris - en, we

Thy de - lights de - ny us, whose hearts _____ to Thee draw nigh.
 Thine a - bun - dance give us, and all _____ we need pro - vide.
 may be - hold, in heav - en, Thy coun - te - nance di - vine.

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O FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD

ZERAH

words by
William Cowper (1731-1800)

music by
Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the
 3. What peace - ful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their mem - ry
 4. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of
 5. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What e'er that i - dol
 6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my

frame, A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the
 Lord? Where is the soul's re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His
 still! But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er
 rest! I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my
 be, Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.
 frame; So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

Lamb, A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 Word, Where is the soul's re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His
 fill, But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er
 breast, I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my
 Thee, Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.
 Lamb, So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

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O FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD

BEATTITUDO

music by

John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

words by
William Cowper (1731-1800)

G G/B G/D C/E G/D C G Bm/F# Em7 A9 A D

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n ly frame,
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
 3. What peace - ful hours I once en - joyed? How sweet their mem - 'ry still!
 4. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest;
 5. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What - e'er that i - dol be,
 6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;

D7 Em7 D7/F# G Em B Em C6 G/D Ddim7 D7 G

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 Where is the soul re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His Word?
 But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
 Help me to tear from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.
 So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

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O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE MY GOD

RICHMOND

music by

Thomas Haweis, 1792

words by
Charles Wesley, 1742

F C/E C Bb/D F Bb C F

1. O for a heart signed, to praise my God, A
 2. A heart re - signed, sub - mis - sive, meek, My
 3. O for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Be
 4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought re - newed part; And
 5. Thy na - ture, gra - cious Lord, im - part; come

C/E Dm/F C/G G7 C C/E F Gm/Bb F/A Gm F/C C7/Bb

heart _____ from sin _____ set free, A heart _____ that al _____ ways
 great _____ Re - deem - er's throne, Where on _____ ly Christ _____ is
 liev - ing, true, and clean, Which nei - ther life _____ nor
 full _____ of love _____ di - vine; Per - fect _____ and
 quick _____ ly from _____ a - bove; Write Thy _____ new name _____ up

F/A Gm6 F Bb F/A Bb C7/G F/A Bb F/C C7 F

feels _____ Thy blood So free ly shed _____ for me.
 heard _____ to speak, Where Je - sus reigns _____ a lone.
 death _____ can part From Him _____ dwells _____ in.
 pure _____ and good - Thy cop - y, Lord, _____ Thine.
 on _____ my heart, Thy new, best name _____ of Love.

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O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING

words by
Charles Wesley, 1739

AZMON
music by
Carl Gläser, 1828
arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830

G D G D7 Em D G D7/F# G D

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing my great Re - deem - er's praise, the
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, as - sist me to pro - claim, to
 3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, that bids our sor - rows cease; 'tis
 4. He breaks the power of can - celled sin, he sets the pris - oner free; his
 5. He speaks, and listen - ing to his voice, new life the dead re - ceive; the
 6. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, your loos - ened tongues em - ploy; ye

G G/B C G/D D7 G

glo - ries of my God and King, the tri - umphs of His grace!
 spread through all the earth a - broad the hon - ors of Thy name.
 mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'tis life, and health, and peace.
 blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.
 mourn - ful, bro - ken hearts re - joice, the hum - ble poor be - lieve.
 blind, be - hold your Sav - ior come, and leap, ye lame, for joy.

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O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

BEATTUDO
music by
John B. Dykes (1823-1876)

G D/F# G C/E G/D C G

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God,
 3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears,
 4. He breaks the power of can - celled sin,
 5. He speaks, and listen - ing to his voice,
 6. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,

G6 Bm/F# Em7 Asus A7 D D7 Em7 D7/F# G Em

My great Re - deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of my
 As - sist me to pro - claim, To spread through all the
 That bids our sor - row cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the
 He sets the pris - oner free; His blood can make the
 New life the dead re - ceive; The mourn - ful, be - lieve.
 Your loos - ened tongues em - ploy; Ye blind, be - hold your

B B7/D# Em D/F# G E/G# Am D G

God earth and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
 sin - ner's broad ears, 'Tis hon - ors and health, Thy and name.
 foul - est clean; clean; His blood a - vailed for me.
 hearts re - joice, The hum - ble poor be - lieve.
 Sav - ior come, And leap, ye lame, for joy.

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O GLADSOME LIGHT

LE CANTIQUE DE SIMÉON

music by

Louis Bourgeois, 1547

Ancient Greek text
tr. by Robert S. Bridges, 1899

F
B \flat
F
G m
D
G m
D m
C
F
B \flat
F
B \flat
F

1. O glad - some light, O grace of our Cre - a - tor's face, the e - ter - nal splen - dor wear - ing;
 2. As fades the day's last light we see the lamps of night, our com - mon hymn out - pour - ing,
 3. To You of right be - longs all praise of ho - ly songs, O Son of God, Life - giv - er.

C
D m
B \flat
F
C
D m
B \flat
F/A
F
G
C
B \flat
G m
F
B \flat
F
C sus
C
F

ce - les - tial, ho - ly blest, our Sav - ior Je - sus Christ, joy - ful in Your ap - pear - ing!
 O God of might un - known, You, the in - car - nate Son, and Spir - it blest a - dor - ing.
 You, there - fore, O Most High, the world does glo - ri - fy and shall ex - alt for - ev - er.

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O GOD OF GOD, O LIGHT OF LIGHT

O GROSSER GOTT

music from

Schlag-Gesang- und Notenbuch, Stuttgart, 1744

words by
John Julian, 1883

C
F/A
G
C
F
G7/D
C
E m
A m
G/B
A m /C
E m
A m
D7
G
C

1. O God of God, O Light of Light, Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of kings! To
 2. Deep in the proph - ets' sa - cred page, Grand in the po - ets' wing - ed word, Slow
 3. That life of truth, those deeds of love, That death of pain mid hate and scorn, These
 4. Na - tions a - far, in ig - n'rance deep, Isles of the sea, where dark - ness lay, These
 5. Sing to the Lord a glo - rious song, Sing to His name, His love forth - tell; Sing

F/A
G
C
F
G7/D
C
E m
A m
G/B
A m /C
E m
A m
D7
G
C

Thee where an - gels know no night The Na - tions of praise for ev - er rings. To
 ly in type, from age to age, He reigns our King, once crowned with thorn. Lift
 all are past, and now a - bove sleep, And throng with joy the up - ward way. They
 hear His voice, they wake from pro - long; Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell: Wor
 on, heav'n's host, His praise

A
A7/C \sharp
D m
D m /F
D/F \sharp
D7
G
G/B
C
D
A m
G/B
C6
D7
G
C

Him who sits up - on the throne, The Lamb once slain for sin - ful men, Be
 through the deep Ju - de - an night Rang out the song "Good will to men!" Hymned
 up your heads, us, "Send heav'n - ly gates; So O sang His hosts, un - heard by men; Lift
 cry with the Lamb for forth sin - ners light, O Lamb, once slain for and thanks from men; Burst
 thy the Lamb for forth sin - ners light, O Lamb, once slain for and thanks from men; Wor

E m
F
A7/E
D
D7/F \sharp
G
C/E
F
G7/D
C/E
C
F6
G7
C

hon - or, might, all by sons Him won, Glo - ry and praise! A - men, A - men.
 by the first - born by you He light, Re - ech - oed now, "Good - men, A - men.
 up your heads, for you He waits, We lift them up, A - men, A - men.
 Sa - tan's bonds, O God of might; Set all men free!" A - men, A - men.
 thy the Lamb, en - throned to reign, Glo - ry and pow'r! A - men, A - men.

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O GOD OF JACOB, BY WHOSE HAND

ST. PETER

music by

Alexander R. Reinagle (1799-1877)

words by
Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)
alt. by John Logan, 1781

Bm F#m G D/F# A/C# A7 D Em/G D/F# A7/E D A D

1. O God of Ja - cob, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed, Who
2. Our vows, our prayers, we now pre - sent Be - fore Thy throne of grace, God
3. Through each per - plex - ing path of life Our wan - d'ring foot - steps guide; Give
4. Oh, spread Thy cov - r'ing wings a - round Till all our wan - d'rings cease, And
5. Now with the hum - ble voice of prayer Thy mer - cy we im - plore; Then

G/B D/A G D Em7(add4) A7 Bm D/F# Em/G D/A A D

through this wea - ry pil - grim - age Hast all our fa - thers led;
of our fa - thers, be the God Of their suc - ceed - ing race.
us each day our dai - ly bread, And And their suc - ceed - ing race.
at our Fa - ther's loved a - bode Our souls ar - rive fit pro - vide.
with a grate - ful voice of praise Thy good - ness we'll a - dore.

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O GOD OF LOVE, O KING OF PEACE

ACK, BLIV HOS OSS

music from

Koralpsalmboken, Stockholm, 1697

words by
Henry W. Baker (1821-1877)

E♭ F Gm Dm/F Cm/E♭ E♭maj7 F F/E♭ B♭/D Dm7 Gm Dm/F Asus/E A Dm

1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars through - out the world to cease; The
2. Re - mem - ber, Lord, Thy works of old, The won - ders that our fa - thers told; Re
3. Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faith - ful Word? None
4. Where saints and an - gels dwell a - bove All hearts are knit in ho - ly love; O

Cm F/C B♭ Cm7 D Gm F F/E♭ B♭/D F B♭ E♭ B♭/D F Gm

wrath of sin - ful man re - strain; }
mem - ber not our sin's dark stain; } Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain.
ev - er called on Thee in vain; }
bind us in that heav'n - ly chain; }

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O GOD OF LOVE, O KING OF PEACE

TALLIS' CANON

music by

Thomas Tallis (c. 1505-1585)

words by
Henry W. Baker (1821-1877)

Dsus D Em G/B C6 D G Am7 D7/A G Am D7/F# G

1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars through - out the world to cease; The
2. Re - mem - ber, Lord, Thy works of old, The won - ders that our fa - thers told; Re
3. Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faith - ful word? None
4. Where saints and an - gels dwell a - bove, All hearts are knit in ho - ly love; O

Am/C D G Am D/F# G Am/C D7/A Em G/B Am/C D G

wrath of sin - ful man re - strain; }
mem - ber not our sin's dark stain; } Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!
ev - er called on Thee in vain; }
bind us in that heav'n - ly chain; }

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O GOD OF LOVE, O KING OF PEACE

DU MEINER SEELEN
music from
Cantica Spiritualia, 1847

words by
Henry Williams Baker, 1860

Chords: Eb Bb/D Eb F/Eb Bb/D Cm7 F7 Bb F/A Bb Eb/G Cm7 Bb/D Eb6 F F7 Bb

1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars through-out the world to cease;
 2. Re-mem-ber, Lord, Thy works of old, The won-ders that our fa-thers told;
 3. Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faith-ful word?
 4. Where saints and an-gels dwell a-bove, All hearts are knit in ho-ly love;

Chords: Fm/Ab Edim/G Fm Ab Fm/Ab G Cm Bb Eb Ab Bbsus Bb Bb7 Eb

The wrath of sin-ful man re-strain:
 Re-mem-ber not our sin's dark stain:
 None ev-er called on Thee in vain:
 O bind us in that heav'n-ly chain: } Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain!

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O GOD OF MERCY, GOD OF MIGHT

JUST AS I AM
music by
J. Barnby (1838-1896)

words by
G. Thring (1823-1903)

Chords: Ab Fm/Ab Ab Eb7/Bb Eb/Db Ab/C Eb Ab Ebm/Gb F+ F7 Bbm Bb7 Eb

1. O God of mer-cy, God of might, In love and pit-ty in fi-nite,
 2. And Thou who cam'st on earth to die, That fall-en man might live there-by,
 3. Teach us the les-son Thou hast taught: To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,
 4. All are re-deemed, both far and wide, Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;

Chords: Eb/Db Eb Eb/Db Ab/C A Ab/C C7 D+ F Bbm Gdim/Bb Bbm7 Cm/Eb Eb7 Ab

Teach us, as ev-er in Thy sight, To live our life to Thee.
 O hear us, for to Thee we cry, In hope, O Lord, to Thee.
 That ev-'ry word and deed and thought, May work a work for Thee.
 Then teach us, what so e'er be-tide, To love them all in Thee.

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O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

ST. ANNE
music by
William Croft (1678-1727)

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
para. of Psalm 90:1-5

Chords: C F C/E Am F6 G C Am Em Am/C D G

1. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our
 2. Un-der the shad-ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se-cure; Our
 3. Be-fore the hills in or-der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame, From
 4. A thou-sand a-ges in Thy sight, Are like an eve-ning gone; Short
 5. Time, like an ev-er-rolling stream, Bears all our years a-way; They
 6. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come, Be

Chords: C F Dm G Am F E C/E Dm C F6 G C

shel-ter from the storm y-blast, And our e-ter-nal home:
 fi-cient is the Thine arm a-lone, And our de-fense is sure.
 ev-er-last-ing Thou art a God, To our end-less years the same.
 as the watch that ends the night, Be-fore the ris-ing sun.
 fly, for-got-ten, as a dream, Dies at the o-p'ning day.
 Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e-ter-nal home.

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O GOD, THOU FAITHFUL GOD

O GOTT, DU FROMMER GOTT

music from

Neu-vermehrtes Gesangbuch, Meiningen, 1693

words by
J. Heermann (1585-1647)
tr. by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

F B♭ F/C C7 F C/E Dm C F C7sus C7 F

1. O God, Thou faith - ful to God, Thou foun - tain ev - er and flow - ing, With -
 2. And grant me, Lord, do, With read - y heart and will - ing, What -
 3. And let me, prom - ise, naught, But I can keep it tru - ly, Ab -
 4. If dan - gers gath - er round, Still keep me calm and fear - less; Help
 5. And let me be with all come In peace and friend - ship liv - ing, As
 6. And when the end is come And all the dead are wak - ing, O

Dm B♭ F/A Gm7 C7 F Dm C/E F C F/A Csus C7 F C

out whom noth - ing is, All per - fect gifts be - stow - ing; A
 e'er Thou shalt com - mand, My call - ing here ful - fill - ing; And
 stain from i - dle words, And guard my lips still du - ly; To
 me to bear the cross, When life is dark and cheer - less; To
 far as Chris - tians may; And if Thou aught art giv - ing; Of
 reach me down Thy hand, Thy self my slum - bers break - ing; Then

F#dim/A Gm C7/E F C Am F6 G7 C F

pure and health - y frame O give me, and with - in A
 do it when I ought, With all my strength, and bless - ed Thy
 grant, when in my place, I must and ought to speak, My
 o - ver - come my foes fair, With words and ac - tions kind; When
 wealth and hon - or, Thy voice, O this re - fuse me not, That
 let me hear Thy voice, And change this earth - ly frame, And

C/E F Gm F B♭ F C Dm B♭6 C7 F

con - science free from blame, A soul un - hurt by sin.
 work I thus have wrought, And crown it with suc - cess.
 words due pow'r and would grace; Nor let me wound the weak.
 coun - sel I would know, Good coun - sel let me find.
 naught be min - gled there, Of goods un - just - ly got.
 bid me aye re - joice With those who love Thy name.

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O GOD, UNSEEN YET EVER NEAR

ST. FLAVIAN
music from
Day's Psalter, 1562

words by
Edward Osler (1798-1863)

F C Dm Gm F/A B♭ Edim/G F

1. O God, un - seen yet ev - er near, Thy pres - ence may we feel;
 2. Here may Thy faith - ful peo - ple know the bless - ings of Thy love;
 3. We come, o - be - dient to Thy word, to feast on heav - en - ly food;
 4. Thus may we all Thy word o - bey, for we, O God, are Thyne;

B♭ F B♭ Edim/G F Dm Eb F Csus C F

and thus in - spired with ho - ly fear, be - fore Thee al - tar kneel.
 the streams that through the des - ert flow, the man drink - na from a - bode.
 our meat the Bo - dy of the Lord, our drink His pre - cious Blood.
 and go re - joic - ing on our way, re - newed with strength di - vine.

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O GOD, THOU FAITHFUL GOD

WAS FRAG ICH NACH DER WELT
music by
Ahasuerus Fritsch (1629-1701)

words by
Johann Heermann (1585-1647)
tr. by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

D A/C# D G A D/F# Em/G D/A A B

1. O God, Thou faith - ful God, Thou foun - tain ev - er flow - ing, With -
 2. And grant me, Lord, to do, With read - y heart and will, ing, What
 3. And let me, prom - ise naught, But I can keep it tru - ly, Ab -
 4. If dan - gers gath - er round, Still I keep me calm and fear - less; Help
 5. And let me be with all, In peace and friend - ship liv - ing, As
 6. And when the end is come, And all the dead are wak - ing, O

G A G/B D A D Gdim/B A/C# D6 A/E B A

out whom noth - ing is, All per - call - gifts be - stow - ing; A
 e'er Thou shalt com - e, mand, My call - ing here ful fill ing; And
 stain Thou from die - words, And guard - ing my lips still du cheer - ing; ly; And
 me to bear the cross, When life is dark and cheer - less; To
 far as Chris - tians may; And if Thou aught are and cheer - ing; less; Of
 reach me down Thy hand, Thy self my slum - bers break ing; ing; Then

D A7/E D D7/F# G E/G# B7/F# E E7/G# A D

pure and health - y frame O give me, and with in A
 do it when I ought, With all my strength, and and bless The
 grant, when in my place, I must and ought to speak, kind; A
 o ver - come my - ors fair, O words this and re - fuse ac - tions me not; My
 wealth and hon - Thy voice, And change this earth - ly frame, ing; That
 let me hear Thy voice, And change this earth - ly frame, ing; ing; And

G D/F# Em A7/E D A/C# D Am/A A D

con - science free from blame, A soul un - hurt by sin -
 work I thus have and wrought, And crown it with suc - cess.
 words due pow'r and would grace, Nor let me wound the weak.
 coun - sel I and would know, Good coun - sel let me find.
 naught be min - gled there, Of goods un - just ly got.
 bid me aye re - joice With those who love Thy name.

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O GOD, WHOM NEITHER TIME NOR SPACE

LONDON NEW
music from
The Psalms of David in Prose and Meeter, 1635

words by
Horace Smith (1836-1922)

D A/C# D G/B F#m G D A D G/B D D/E# A D

1. O God, whom nei - ther time nor space can lim - it, hold, or bind,
 2. An - oth - er year its course has run; Thy lov - ing care re - new;
 3. In doubt or dan - ger, all our days, be near to guard us still;
 4. O help us here on earth to live from self - ish pas - sions free;

Bm E A A/C# Bm/D E A D A/C# Bm D A D

look down from heav'n, Thy dwell - ing place, with love for hu - man - kind.
 for give the the ill thoughts and in mer - cy we have done, good gov - erned by Thy do.
 let all our at last in in mer - cy we have done, good gov - erned by Thy do.
 to us at last in in mer - cy we have done, good gov - erned by Thy do.

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O HAPPY DAY THAT FIXED MY CHOICE

HAPPY DAY

music by

Edward F. Rimbault (1816-1876)

words by
Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)

F C F C7 Dm F/C C7

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my
 2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him, who mer - its all my
 3. 'Tis done, the great trans - ac - tion's done; I am my Lord's and He is
 4. Now rest, my long di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter,
 5. High heav'n that hears the sol - emn vow, That vow re - newed shall dai - ly

F C F C F C7 Dm F/C C7

God! Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a
 love! Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I
 mine; He drew me and I fol - lowed on, Re - joiced to own the call di -
 rest; Here have I found a no - bler part, Here heav'n - ly pleas - ures fill my
 hear; Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless, in death, a bond so

F Refrain C F C7

broad. }
 move. }
 vine. }
 breast. }
 dear. }

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a

F Bb/F F Bb/F F

way! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry

C F C7 Dm F/C C7 F

day, Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

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O HOW I LOVE JESUS

Traditional American melody

words by
Frederick Whitfield (1829-1904)

G D G

1. There is a name - I love to hear, I love to sing - its worth; - It sounds like mu - sic
 2. It tells me of - a Sav - ior's love, Who died to set - me free; - It tells me of His
 3. It tells me what - my Fa - ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day, - And though I tread - a
 4. It tells of One - whose lov - ing heart Can feel my deep - est woe, - Who in each sor - row

C G/D D7 G

in my ear, The sweet - est name on earth. }
 pre - cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea. }
 dark - some path, Yields sun - shine all the way. }
 bears a part That none - can bear be - low. }

O how I love Je - sus!

D7 G C G/D D7 G

O how I love Je - sus! - O how I love Je - sus, Be - cause - He first loved me! -

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O HOLY SPIRIT, ENTER IN

WIE SCHÖN LEUCHTET
music by
P. Nicolai (1556-1608)

words by
M. Schirmer (1606-1673)
tr. by C. Winkworth (1827-1878)

A/C# F#m/A Bm A/C# Bm/D C#dim/E D/F# G C#dim/E D/F# F#7/E Bm/D E7 A Bm

1. O Ho - ly Spir - it, en - ter in And in our hearts Thy work be - gin, Thy
 2. Give to Thy Word im - pres - sive pow'r That in our hearts from this good hour As
 3. Thou Foun - tain whence all wis - dom flows, Which God on pi - ous hearts be - stows, Grant
 4. Left to our - selves we shall but stray; O That lead us in the nar - row way, With
 5. Thy heav'n - ly strength sus - tain our heart, That we may act the val - iant part With
 6. O might - y Rock, O source of life, Let Thy dear Word, 'mid doubt and strife, Be

G A G/B Gmaj7 A7sus A7 D A7/E D Bm A G G/B D

tem - ple deign to make us, Sun of the soul, Thou Light di - vine, A
 fire - it may be glow - ing, That we in our pure faith's u - ni - ty And
 us Thy con - so - la - tion. That in our pure faith's u - ni - ty And
 wis - est coun - sel guide us; And give us stead - fast - ness and our shield, That
 Thee as our re - li - ance. Be Thou our ref - uge and our shield, That
 so with in us burn - ing That we be faith - ful un - der death, In

Bm/D F#7/C# Bm A/C# Bm/D E7 A Bm G D/F# Em/G D/A Em7/B A7 D

round and in us bright - ly shine, To joy and glad - ness wake us
 Thee, the Spir - it, Three in One, Thy glo - ry that ev - er sal - show - ing.
 faith - ful - ness may to prove may be, Of grace - ry that ev - er sal - show - ing.
 ev - er faith - ful prove may to prove may be, Of grace - ry that ev - er sal - show - ing.
 we may nev - er and quit to the field, Bid - ding ev - er woes be - tide us.
 Thy pure love and ho - ly faith, From Thee true wis - dom learn - ing.

A Bm A/C# D Em D/F# Em/G D/F# Em D/F# A D

That we To Thee Truly liv - ing, To Thee giv - ing
 O stay And Cheer Thee sway Our souls ev - er, That they nev - er
 Hear us, Heal Thee us By Thy teach - ing; Let our preach - ing
 Lord, now De - fend From All hearts bro - ken; And be to - ken
 De - scend, De - fend From All hearts bro - ken; And be to - ken
 Thy grace And peace On us show - er; By Thy pow - er

G/B D A7sus A#dim7 Bm F#7 G D Em Gmaj7 Asus A7 D

Prayer un - ceas - ing, Still may be in love in - creas - ing.
 May for - sake Thee, But by faith their ref - uge make Thee.
 And our la - bor us, Praise Thee, Lord, and bless our neigh - bor.
 Thou art near us, Whom we trust to light and cheer us.
 Thy sal - va - tion con - fess - ing, Let our con - stant con - so - la - tion.
 Christ con - fess - ing, Let our con - stant con - so - la - tion.

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O JESUS, BLESSED LORD, TO THEE

OLD HUNDRETH
music by
Louis Bourgeois (1510-1561)

words by
T.H. Kingo (1634-1703)
tr. by A.J. Mason (1851-1928)

Em Bm C G Em D G G/B G D7 Em C G D Em

1. O Je - sus, bless - ed for Lord, to Thee My heart - felt thanks for - ev - er be, Who
 2. Break forth, my soul, for joy and say: What wealth is come to me this day! My

D G D/C G/B C F#dim/A G D/F# G A7/E D Am G/B D7 G

hast so lov - ing - ly be - stowed On me Thy bod - y and Thy blood.
 Sav - ior dwells with in me now: How blest am I! How good art Thou!

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O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED

ANGEL'S STORY
music by
Arthur H. Mann, 1883

words by
John E. Bode, 1868

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised; To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for - ev - er
 2. O let me feel Thee near me; The world is ev - er near! I see the sights that
 3. O let me hear Thee speak - ing In ac - cents clear and still, A - bove the storms of
 4. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee That where Thou art in

near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend; I shall not fear the bat - tle If
 daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear; My foes are ev - er near me, A -
 pas - sion, The mur - murs of self - will; O speak to re - as - sure me. To
 glo - ry There shall Thy serv - ant be; And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To

Thou art by my side, Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.
 round me and with - in; But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
 has - ten or con - trol; O speak, and make me lis - ten, Thou guard - ian of my soul.
 serve Thee to the end; O give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend.

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O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED

NYLAND
Finnish folk melody

words by
John Ernest Bode, 1866

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee To the end; Be
 2. O let me feel Thee near me! The world is ev - er near; I
 3. O let me hear Thee speak - ing In ac - cents clear and still, A
 4. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee That

Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my friend; I
 see the sights that near daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear; My
 bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur - murs of self - will; O
 where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy ser - vant be; And,

shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side, Nor
 foes are ev - er near me, A round me and with in; But,
 speak to re - as - sure me, To has - ten or con - trol; O
 Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end; O

wan - der from the path way If Thou wilt be my guide.
 Je - sus, draw Thou near er, And shield my soul from sin.
 speak, and make me lis - ten, Thou guard - ian of my soul.
 give me grace to fol - low, My Mas - ter and my friend.

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O JESUS, CRUCIFIED FOR MAN

SEFTON
music by

words by
William W. How (1823-1897)

Jean Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905)

E B7 C#m E7/G# A A/C# E C#m F#7/A# Bsus F#7/C# B

1. O Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for man, O Lamb all - glo - rious on Thy throne, Teach
 2. We pray Thee, grant us strength to take Our dai - ly cross, what - e'er it be, And
 3. As on our dai - ly way we go, Through light or shade, in calm or strife, O
 4. And week by week this day we ask That ho - ly mem - 'ries of Thy cross May
 5. Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear Till at Thy feet we lay it down; Win

F#m/A C#7/E# F#m B/A E/G# A B7 E

Thou our won - d'ring souls to scan The mys - t'ry of Thy love un - known.
 glad - ly for Thine own dear sake In paths of pain to fol - low Thee.
 may we bear Thy marks be - low In con - quered sin and chast - ened life.
 sanc - ti - fy each com - mon task, And turn to gain each earth - ly loss.
 through Thy blood our par - don there, And through the cross at - tain the crown.

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O JESUS, KING MOST WONDERFUL

ST. AGNES
music by

words by
Bernard of Clairvaux (1090-1153)
tr. by E. Caswall (1814-1878)

J.B. Dykes (1823-1876)

G G/B C G/B Am D G D D/F# G A7/E D

1. O Je - sus, King most won - der - ful, Thou Con - quer - or re - nowned,
 2. When once Thou vis - it - est the heart, Then truth be - gins to shine,
 3. O Je - sus, Light of all be - low, Thou Fount of life and fire,
 4. May ev - 'ry heart con - fess Thy name, And ev - er Thee a - dore,
 5. Thee may our tongues for - ev - er bless, Thee may we love a - lone,

Am Am/C E Am/C A7/C# D A D G/B C Em G/D D G

Thou Sweet - ness most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found!
 Then earth - ly van - i - ties de - part, Then kin - dles love di - vine.
 Sur - pass - ing all the joys we know, All that we can de - sire.
 And seek - ing Thee, it - self in - flame, To seek Thee more and more!
 And ev - er in our lives ex - press The im - age of Thine own!

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O JESUS, SAVIOR, I LONG TO REST

JESUS, SAVIOR
music by
I. Baltzell

words by
I. Baltzell

G D/A G/B C G/D A7/E D7sus D7

1. O Je - sus, Sav - ior, I long to rest; Near the cross I must a - bide; For
 2. O Je - sus, Sav - ior, now make me Thine, Nev - er let me stray from Thee; O
 3. O cleanse me now with Thy blood, I pray, All my guilt and sin re - move; And

G D/A G/B C Am7 Em/B Am7/C G/D D7sus G/D D7 G

there is hope for the trou - bled breast, At the cross where Thou hast died.
 wash me, cleanse for me, Thy I am stay, And Thy love is full and free.
 help me, while at Thy cross I stay, Fill my soul with Thy great love.

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O JOYFUL SOUND OF GOSPEL GRACE

OLMSTED

Traditional Hymn Tune

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

B \flat E \flat B \flat /D F7/C B \flat F F7 B \flat E \flat /B \flat

1. O joy - ful sound of gos - pel grace! Christ shall in me ap -
 2. The glo - rious crown of right - eous - ness To me reached out, I
 3. The Prom - ised Land from Pis - gah's top I now ex - ult to
 4. With me, I know, I feel, Thou art; But this can - not suf -

B \flat C C7 F F7 B \flat F7

pear, Christ shall in me ap - pear! I, e - ven I, shall see His
 view, To me reached out, I view; Con - queror through Him, I soon shall
 see, I now ex - ult to see; My hope is full, O glo - rious
 face, But this can - not suf - fice, Un - less Thou plant - est in my

B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat F7/C B \flat /D Cm/E \flat B \flat /F F B \flat

face; I shall be ho - ly here, I shall be ho - ly here.
 seize And wear it as my due, And wear it as my due.
 hope! Of im - mor - tal - i - ty, Of im - mor - tal - i - ty.
 heart A con - stant par - a - dise, A con - stant par - a - dise.

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O LAMB OF GOD MOST HOLY

O LAMM GOTTES

music by

Nikolaus Decius, c. 1541

words by
Nikolaus Decius, c. 1541
tr. by Arthur Tozer Russell (1806-1874)

E \flat A \flat /C B \flat /D E \flat A \flat E \flat B \flat /D Cm B \flat E \flat A \flat /C A \flat B \flat E \flat

1. O Lamb of God most ho - ly! } Who on the cross did suf - fer, And
 2. O Lamb of God most ho - ly! }
 3. O Lamb of God most ho - ly! }

A \flat /C B \flat /D E \flat A \flat E \flat B \flat /D Cm B \flat E \flat A \flat /C A \flat B \flat E \flat Cm G F/A G/B

pa - tient still and low - ly, Your - self to scorn did of - fer; Our sins by You were

Cm F B \flat B \flat /D E \flat Ddim/F Cm A \flat E \flat Fm G Cm/E \flat B \flat /D E \flat A \flat E \flat A \flat B \flat E \flat

tak - en, Or hope had us for - sak - en: { Have mer - cy on us, Je - sus!
 Have mer - cy on us, Je - sus!
 Your peace be with us, Je - sus!

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O LIVING BREAD FROM HEAVEN

NUN LOB, MEIN SEEL

music from

Concentus Novi, Augsburg, 1540

words by
Johann Rist (1607-1667)
tr. by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

Em Bm C G Em Am/C B Em Bm Em Am

1. O liv ing Bread from heav en, How rich ly hast Thou
2. My God, Thou here hast led me With in Thy tem ple's
3. A heart that hath re pent ed ed sin with
4. Grant what I have par tak en And mourns through Thy grace so
5. O well for me that, strength ened With heav'n ly food and

G/B C6 D G Em Bm C G Em Am/C B Em

fed ho liest guest! The gifts Thou now hast giv en Have
bit ter sighs— Thou, Lord, art well con tent fed med With
work in me here, That sin e'er be all for sak en en And
com fort here, How e'er my course be length ened, I

Bm Em Am G/B C6 D G C G D Bm

filled all this I now my the my may cleave serve with sures ly a lone free and Thy ri to from rest. grace. fice. Thee, fear! O won drous food of Thy my be ly

Em Bm B E A/C# D G A D G/B Em

bless kind weak heed plea ing, ness, ness ful sure! O And Thou How All cup righ wilt I earth that teous de Thy ly heals is spise love gifts our Thy me may are woes! pow'r, not, know; vain; My While I heart, this in me a a

C6 D G G7 C G/B Am Dm6 E A D G

gift sin in lone heav'n pro ful Thy is ly fess blind meek need trea ing, ness ness ful sure, In Am The Thy My thank err love home ful ing ing should I songs hour I in long o'er by have me to flows; hour; sought; glow. gain, For And Yes, Then My while yet Thou let God, the Thou wilt no where

C C/E G7/D C G D Bm D/F# Am A D Bm

faith com'st hear beau I with not with ty shall in spurn fa ev praise me ing vor er, Thee, Was A The No Where quick sin song joy, none ened ner, that al my by Lord, now lure peace this like I my de food, me! raise, heart, stroy, My Thy For But And

Em A7/E D A/C# D A D G C G/B Em G/B D G

soul grace meet what where hath and and is my gazed love right Thine, soul up re 'tis my shall on turn ev Sav raise Thee, ing, er ior, Thee My What That What Glad high gift I Thou songs est, have should dost in on I sing here end ly for Thy im less Good. Thee? praise. part. joy.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

words by
Phillips Brooks (1835-1893)

ST. LOUIS
music by
Lewis H. Redner (1831-1908)

Musical score for "O Little Town of Bethlehem" with lyrics and chords.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie; A
 2. For Christ is born of Mar - y, And gath - ered all a - bove, While
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n! So
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray; Cast

bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by. Yet
 mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love. O
 God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n. No
 out our sin and en - ter in; Be born in us to day. We

in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light; The
 morn - ing may hear His com - ing, But in this ho - ly birth! And
 hear the Christ - mas an - gels, The great glad tid - ings tell; Where
 O

hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men of good will. earth.
 meek souls will re - ceive Him with us, Our Lord Christ Em - man - u - el!
 come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Christ Em - man - u - el!

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O LORD OF LIFE, WHERE'ER THEY BE

words by
Frederick Lucian Hosmer, 1888

GELOBT SEI GOTT
music by
Melchior Vulpius, 1609

Musical score for "O Lord of Life, Where'er They Be" with lyrics and chords.

1. O Lord of life, wher - e'er they be, Safe in Thine own e -
 2. All souls are Thine, and here they or, there, They rest with in Thy
 3. Thy word is true, Thy ways are just; A - bove the re - quem,
 4. O hap - py they in God who rest, No more by fear and

ter shel - ni - ty, care; Our dead are liv - ing un - to Thee:
 "Dust t'ring care; One Shall prov - i - dence a - like they share:
 doubt op - pressed; Liv - ing our or psalm dy - ing, grate - ful are trust:
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

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O LOVE DIVINE, WHAT HAST THOU DONE

words by
Charles Wesley, 1742

SELENA
music by
Isaac B. Woodbury, 1850

Ab D♭ Ab/C Eb/B♭ B♭ Eb Ab/E♭ Eb7 Ab/E♭

1. O Love di - vine, what hast thou done! The im - mor - tal God hath died for
 2. Is cru - ci - fied for me and you, to bring us God reb - els back to
 3. Be - hold Him, all ye that pass by, the bleed - ing Prince of life and

Ab D♭ Ab/C Eb/B♭ B♭ Eb Ab/E♭ Eb7 Ab/E♭

me! The Fa - ther's co - e - ter - nal Son bore all my sins up - on the
 God. Be - lieve, be - lieve the rec - ord true, ye all are bought with Je - sus'
 peace! Come, sin - ners, see your Sav - ior die, and say, "Was ev - er grief like

Ab D♭/A♭ Ab Eb7 Fm D♭ Ab/C Eb7/B♭ A♭ Eb7 Ab

tree. Th'im - mor - tal God for me hath died: My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied!
 blood. Par - don for all flows from His side: My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied!
 His?" Come, feel with me His blood ap - plied: My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied!

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O LOVE, HOW DEEP, HOW BROAD, HOW HIGH

Latin text, 15th century
tr. by Benjamin Webb (1819-1885)

DEUS TUORUM MILITUM
music from *Antiphoner*, 1753
adapt. in *The English Hymnal*, 1906

B♭ F/A Gm B♭/D Cm/E♭ B♭/F F B♭ Gm Gm/B♭

1. O love, how deep, how broad, how high! How pass - ing
 2. He sent no An - gel to our race Of high - er
 3. For us bap - tized, for us He bore His ho - ly
 4. For us to wick - ed men be - trayed, Scourged, mocked, in
 5. For us He rose from death gain; For us He sent His
 6. All Hon - our, laud, and glo - ry be, O Je - su,

C B♭ Dm C F Eb Adim/C Gm B♭/D

thought _____ and fan - ta - sy, That God, the Son of
 or _____ of low - er place, But wore the robe of
 fast, _____ and hun - gered, sore; For us the temp - ta - tions
 crown _____ of thorns ar - rayed; For us He bore the
 went _____ on high to reign, For us He sent His
 Vir gin - born, to thee, All glo - ry, as His is

Cm B♭/D Cm/E♭ D B♭ Eb Adim/C Gm F/A B♭ Eb F B♭

God, _____ should take Our mor - tal form _____ for mor - tals' sake.
 hu - man frame, And He Him - self _____ to this world came.
 sharp _____ He knew; For us _____ the tempt - er o - ver - threw.
 Cross _____ 's death; For us _____ at length _____ gave up His breath.
 Spir - it here meet, To guide, _____ to strength - en, and to cheer.
 ev - er meet, To Fa - ther and _____ to Par - a - clete.

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O LORD, MAKE HASTE TO HEAR MY CRY

Author unknown
words based on Psalm 141

CANNONS
music adapt. from
George Frederick Handel, c. 1750

Fm/A^b Edim/G Fm C Fm B^bm C A^b A^b/C Gdim/B^b A^b E^b A^b D^b E^b A^b

1. O Lord, make haste to hear my cry; To Thee I call, on Thee re-ly. In
2. When in the morn-ing un-to Thee I look and pray With lift-ed hands at close my plea, Then
3. When un-to Thee I look and pray With lift-ed hands at close my plea, Then
4. Guard Thou my thoughts, I Thee im-plore, And of my lips keep Thou the door; Nor

D^b/F C^m/E^b B^bm/D^b A^b/C Gdim/B^b B^bm/D^b C Fm/A^b B^bm Edim/G F Caus C⁷ Fm

cline to me a gra-cious ear, And when I call, in mer-cy hear.
let my prayer as in-cense rise To God en-throned a-bove the skies.
as the eve-ning sac-ri-fice Let my re-quest ac-cept-ed rise.
leave my sin-ful heart to stray Where e-vil foot-steps lead the way.

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O LOVE THAT CASTS OUT FEAR

words by
Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

MOSELEY
music by
Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879)

G/D D G/B G D Bm Em Am/C D G[#]dim/B

1. O love that casts out fear, O love that casts out
2. True sun-light of the soul, sur-round us as we
3. Great love of God, come in! Well-spring of heaven-ly
4. Love of the liv-ing God, of Fa-ther and of

A A/C[#] D D/F[#] A/E E⁷/D A/C[#] B⁷/D[#] Em Em/G D/A A A⁷ D

sin, tar-ry no more with-out, but come and dwell with in.
go; so shall our way be safe, our feet no stray-ing know.
peace; thou Liv-ing Wa-ter, come! Spring up, and nev-er cease.
Son; love of the Ho-ly Ghost, fill thou each need-er y one.

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O LOVE THAT WILT NOT LET ME GO

words by
George Matheson, 1882

ST. MARGARET
music by
Albert Lister Peace, 1884

G A⁷/E G/D D D⁷/C G/B D/A G D⁷/F[#]

1. O love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee; I
2. O light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick-ering torch to Thee; My
3. O joy that seek-est me through pain, I can-not close my heart to Thee; I
4. O cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from Thee; I

G B Em A⁷ D G/D D⁷ G

give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich-er, full-er be.
heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's blaze its day May bright-er, fair-er be.
trace the rain-bow through the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the ground there blos-soms red Life that shall end-less be.

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O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE

MARYTON

music by

H. Percy Smith (1825-1898)

words by
Washington Gladden (1836-1918)

E♭ Ab/E♭ E♭ Fm/A♭ F/A B♭

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly
 2. Help me the slow heart to move By some - ly clear,
 3. Teach me Thy slow pa - tience! Still with Thee ray In some - ly clear,
 4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down er, the

E♭ Cm7 F7 B♭ B♭7/A♭ E♭/G

paths of serv - ice free; Tell me Thy se - cret;
 win - ning word of love; Teach me the way - ward
 dear - er com - pa - ny, In me work that that keeps on - ward
 fu - ture's broad - ening way, In peace that that keeps on - ward
 faith - ly

A♭ E♭/G B♭7/F E♭ B♭7 Cm B♭7/D E♭ A♭6 B♭ E♭

help me bear The strain of toil, the fret - of care.
 feet to stay, And guide in the home - ward way.
 sweet and strong, In trust that O tri - umphs o - ver wrong;
 Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live.

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O MY SOUL, BLESS THOU JEHOVAH

STUTT GART

music from

Witt's *Psalmodia Sacra*, 1715
as in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861

Author unknown
based on Psalm 103

F C/E Dm F/C B♭6 C F B♭ Gm7 Csus C F

1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name;
 2. He will not for - ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
 3. Far as east is from west dis - tant, He hath put a - way our sins;

Dm Edim/D A/C# Dm G/B Csus C/B♭ F/A B♭ F F/A Csus C7 F

Bless Je - ho - vah and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim;
 Hath not dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
 Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com - pas - sion been.

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O PERFECT LOVE

words by
Dorothy Frances Gurney, 1883

PERFECT LOVE
music by
Joseph Barnby, 1889

D A7/E D Em7 D/F# G Em/G A7/G

1. O per - fect love, all hu - man thought tran - scend - ing, Low - ly we
2. O per - fect life, be Thou their full as - sur - ance Of ten - der the
3. Grant them the joy which bright - ens earth - ly sor - row; Grant them the

D/F# F# Bm Esus E A D A7/E

kneel in prayer be - fore Thy throne, That theirs may be the
char - i - ty and stead - fast faith, Of pa - tient hope, and
peace which calms all earth - ly strife, And to life's day the

D/F# F#7 Gdim7 G A7 Bm F#dim7 G6 G/A A7 D

love which knows no end - ing, Whom Thou for - ev - er - more dost join in one.
qui - et, brave en - dur - ance, With child - like trust that fears nor pain nor death.
glo - rious un - known mor - row That dawns up - on e - ter - nal love and life.

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O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED

words attr. to
Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153)
tr. by James Waddell Alexander (1804-1859)

PASSION CHORALE
music by
Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612)

F C/E G7/B C F6 G C E7/B Am Esus E7 Am C

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame - weighed down, Now
2. What Thou, my Lord, has suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain; Mine,
3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend, For

F C/E G7/B C F6 G C E7/B Am Esus E7 Am

scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns Thine on - ly crown: How
mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain. Lo,
this, Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end? O

Dm6 Em F G7/D F/C C F C Dm A D7/F#

pale — Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn, How
here — I fall, my for - ev - er, 'Tis I de - serve Thy place; Look
make — me Thine for - ev - er, And should I faint - ing be, Lord,

G C/E G C6 D G C F/A C/G F6 G C

does — that vis - age lan - guish, Which once was bright as morn!
on — me with Thy fa - vor, As - sist me with Thy grace.
let — me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.

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O SAVING VICTIM

(O Salutaris)

DUGUET

music by

Dieudonne Duguet (d. 1767)

words by
Thomas Aquinas (1227-1275)
tr. by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

E♭ B♭7/F E♭ A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭7 E♭ Cm E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭/D Cm7 F B♭ E♭

1. O sav - ing Vic - tim, o - p'ning wide The gate of heav'n to man be - low! Our
 2. All praise and thanks to Thee as - cend For ev - er - more, blest one in Three; O
 1. O sa - lu - tá - ris hó - sti - a, Quae cae - li pan - dis ó - sti - um: Bel
 2. U - ni tri - nó - que Dó - mi - no Sit sem - pi - tér - na gló - ri - a: Qui

A♭ B♭ Cm Fm B♭/D E♭ B♭ E♭ A♭ B♭7/F E♭ A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭7 E♭

foes press on from ev - 'ry side; Thine aid sup - ply, Thy strength be - stow.
 grant us life that shall not end In our true na - tive land with Thee.
 la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a, Da ro - bur fer au - xi - li - um.
 vi tam si - ne tér - mi - no No - bis do - net in pá - tri - a.

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O SAVIOR, PRECIOUS SAVIOR

ANGEL'S STORY

music by

Arthur H. Mann (1850-1929)

words by
Frances R. Havergal (1836-1879)

F F6 C7/F F F/C C C7 Dm C7/E F

1. O Sav - ior, pre - cious Sav - ior, Whom yet un - seen we love; O
 2. O Bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won - drous - ly hast wrought, Thy
 3. In Thee all full - ness dwell - eth, All grace and pow'r di - vine, The
 4. Oh, grant the con - sum - ma - tion Of this our song a - bove, In

D7 Em7♭5 D7/F# Gm G G7 C7sus C7

Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove: We
 self the rev - e - la - tion Of love be - yond our thought: We
 glo - ry that ex - cel - leth, O Son of God, is Thine. We
 end - less ad - o - ra - tion And ev - er - last - ing love; Then

F F6 C7/F F F/C C C7 Dm C7/E F

wor - ship Thee; we bless Thee; To Thee a - lone we sing; We
 wor - ship Thee; we bless Thee; To Thee a - lone we sing; We
 wor - ship Thee; we bless Thee; To Thee a - lone we sing; We
 shall we praise and bless Thee Where per - fect prais - es ring, And

D Em7♭5 D7/F# Gm F/C C7 B♭/C C7 F

praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our ho - ly Lord 'and King.
 praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our gra - cious Lord and King.
 praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our glo - rious Lord and King.
 ev - er - more con - fess Thee, Our Sav - ior and our King!

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O SAVING VICTIM

(O Salutáris)

HERR JESU CHRIST, DICH ZU UNS WEND
music from
Cantionale Germanicum, 1628

words by
Thomas Aquinas (1227-1275)
tr. by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

F C/E F C F Bdim/D C Gm C/E F C F/A Bb6 F/C C7 F C

1. O sav - ing Vic - tim, o - p'ning wide The gate of heav'n to us be - low! Our
2. All praise and thanks to Thee as - cend For ev - er - more, blest One in Three; O
1. O sa - lu - tá - ris hó - sti - a, Quae cae - li pan - dis ó - sti - um: Bel
2. U - ni tri - nó - que Dó - mi - no Sit sem - pi - tér - na gló - ri - a: Qui

F F/A Csus C F6 G7 C F Bb/D F C7 Dm F/A C F

foes press on from ev - 'ry side; Thine aid sup - ply, Thy strength be - stow.
grant us life that shall not end In our true na - tive land with Thee.
la pre - munt ho - stí - li - a, Da ro - bur fer - au - xi - li - um.
vi tam si - ne tér - mi - no No - bis do - net in pá - tri - a.

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O SOMETIMES THE SHADOWS ARE DEEP

THE ROCK OF REFUGE
music by
William G. Fischer (1835-1912)

words by
Erastus Johnson (1826-1909)

Ab Db Ab

1. O some - times the shad - ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the
2. O some - times how long seems the day, And some - times how wea - ry my
3. O near to the Rock let me keep If bless - ings or sor - rows pre -

Eb Ab Db Ab Db Eb7

goal, And sor - rows, some - times how they sweep Like tem - pests down o - ver the
feet; But toil - ing in life's dust - y way, The Rock's bless - ed shad - ow, how
vail, Or climb - ing the moun - tain way steep, Or walk - ing the shad - ow - y

Ab Refrain Eb Ab Eb Ab

soul! }
sweet! }
vale. } O then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than

Eb Eb7 Ab Ab7 Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

I; O then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than It

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O SONS AND DAUGHTERS, LET US SING!

O FILII ET FILIAE
15th century French carol

words attr. to
Jean Tisserand, d. 1494
tr. by John M. Neale (1818-1866)

To Coda

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al -

le - lu - ia!

1. O sons and daughters, let us sing! The
2. That night the' a - pos - tles met in fear; a
3. When Thom - as first the tid - ings heard; how
4. 'My pierc - ed side, O Thom - as, as, see; my
5. No long - er Thom - as then de - nied, he
6. How blest are they who have not seen, and

King of heav'n, the glo - rious King, o'er death and hell rose tri - umph - ing.
mong them came their Lord - most dear, and said, "My peace be with you here."
they had seen the ris - en Lord, he doubt - ed the dis - ci - ple's word.
hands, my feet, I show to thee; not faith - less, but be - liev - ing be."
saw the feet, the hands, the side; "Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
yet whose faith has con - stant been, for they e - ter - nal life shall win.

D.S. al Coda CODA

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

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O SPIRIT OF THE LIVING GOD

MELCOMBE
music by
Samuel Webbe, 1782

words by
James Montgomery, 1823

1. O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In all Thy plen - i - tude of grace, Wher
2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of love; To preach the rec - on - cil - ing Word; Give
3. Be dark - ness, at Thy com - ing, Light; Con - fu - sion, or - der, in Thy path; Souls
4. O Spir - it of the Lord, pre - pare A sin - ful world their God to meet; Breathe
5. Bap - tize the na - tions; far and night The tri - umphs of the Cross re - cord; The
6. God from e - ter - ni - ty hath willed All flesh shall His sal - va - tion see; So

e'er the foot of man hath trod, De - scend on our a - pos - tate race.
pow'r and unc - tion from a - bove; Wher - e'er the joy - ful sound is heard.
with - out strength in - spire with might; Bid - e'er the tri - umph o - ver wrath.
Thou a - broad like morn - ing air Till hearts of stone be - gin to beat.
Name of Je - sus glo - ri - fy Till ev - 'ry kin - dred call Him Lord.
be the Fa - ther's love ful - filled, The Sa - vior's suf - f'ring crowned through Thee.

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O SPIRIT OF THE LIVING GOD

WINCHESTER NEW

music from

Musikalisch Hand-Buch, Hamburg, 1690

words by
James Montgomery, 1823

Bb Eb Cm F Bb Eb Bb F Dm Bb C F

1. O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In all Thy plen - i - tude of grace, Wher -
2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of love To preach the rec - on - cil - ing word; Give
3. Be dark - ness, at Thy com - ing, light; Con - fu - sion, or - der in Thy path; Souls
4. O Spir - it of the Lord, pre - pare All the round earth her God to meet; And
5. Bap - tize the na - tions; far and nigh The tri - umphs of the cross re - cord; The
6. God from e - ter - ni - ty hath willed All flesh shall His sal - va - tion see; So

Bb/D Cm Bb Cm Bb/D F Bb Eb Bb F Bb

e'er the foot of man hath trod, De - scend on our a - pos - tate race.
pow'r and unc - tion from a - bove, Wher - e'er the joy - ful sound is heard.
with - out strength in - spire with might; Bid mer - cy tri - umph o - ver wrath.
breathe a - broad like morn - ing air, Till hearts of stone be gin to beat.
name of Je - sus glo - ri - fy, Till ev - ry kin - dred call him Lord.
be the Fa - ther's love ful - filled, The Sav - ior's suf - f'ring crowned through Thee.

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O THAT I HAD A THOUSAND VOICES

O DASS ICH TAUSEND ZUNGEN HÄTTE

music by

Cornelius H. Dretzel (1697-1775)

words by
Johann Mentzer (1658-1734)
tr. from *Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book*, 1919

F Dm C F/A Bb F C F C G/B C

1. O that I had a thou sand voic - es, A mouth to
2. O all ye pow'rs that God im - plant - ed, A rise, keep
3. Ye for - est leaves so green and ten - der, That dance for
4. O all things that have breath and mo - tion That throng with
5. Lord, I will tell, while I am liv - ing, Thy good ness
6. O Fa - ther, deign Thou, I be - seech Thee, To lis - ten

F C/E F6 G C F Dm C F/A Bb F

speak with thou sand tongues! My heart, which in the Lord re
si lence thus no more; Put forth the that He hath
joy in sum - mer air; Ye mead the strength that es bright and
life, earth, sea and sky, Now join me grass in my heart's de
forth with ev - 'ry breath, And greet each morn - ing with heav'n thanks
to my earth - ly lays; A no - bler strain in heav'n shall

C F C G/B C F C/E F6 G C G7/D C/E

joic - es, Then would pro - claim in grate - ful songs To all, wher -
grant - ed, Your no blest work is to sweet a - dore, My soul and
skn - der; Ye flow'rs so won drous His sweet and fair; Ye live to
vo - tion, Help me to raise heart His is prais es high, My ut - most
giv - ing Un - til my heart is still in death, Yea, when at
reach Thee When I with an - gels hymn Thy praise, And learn a

F Dm Gm F/A C F/A Bb F Bb6 C F

ev - er I might be, What great things God hath done for me.
bod - y make ye meet, With heart - felt praise your Lord to greet!
show His praise a lone, Help me to make His glo - ry known!
pow'rs can ne'er a right cold, De - clare the shall in His His might.
last my lips grow to sing, Thy praise shall in my sighs be told.
mid their choirs to sing, Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to my King.

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O SPLENDOR OF GOD'S GLORY BRIGHT

WAREHAM

music by

William Knapp, 1738

words by
Ambrose of Milan, 4th century
tr. by Robert S. Bridges, 1899

B♭ Eb/B♭ B♭sus B♭ B♭/D Cm/E♭ B♭/F F B♭ F B♭ F/A C7/G

1. O splen - dor of God's glo - ry bright, O Thou that
 2. O Thou true Sun, on us Thy glance let fall in
 3. The Fa - ther, too, our prayers im - plore, Fa - ther of
 4. To guide what e'er we no bly do, with love all

F B♭/D F/A Gm/B♭ F/C C7 F B♭/D Eb Cm B♭sus B♭ F

bring - est light from light; O Light of light, light's
 roy - al ra - di - ance; the Spir - it's sanc - ti -
 glo - ry ev - er - more; the Fa - ther ther - of all
 en - vy to sub - due; to make ill - for - tune

Gm F B♭ F Eb/G B♭/F Cm/E♭ B♭/D F7/C B♭ Cm/E♭ B♭/F F7 B♭

liv - ing spring, O day, all days il - lu - min - ing.
 fy - ing beam up on our earth ly sens - es stream.
 grace and might, to ban ish sin from our de - light.
 turn to fair, and give us grace our wrongs to bear.

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O THAT I HAD A THOUSAND VOICES

O DASS ICH TAUSEND ZUNGEN HÄTTE

music by

J.B. König (1691-1758)

words by
Johann Mentzer (1658-1734)
tr. from *Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book*, 1919

F B♭ C B♭/D F Csus C F C Dm Edim/G F B♭ F C

1. O that I had a thou - sand voic - es, A mouth to speak with thou - sand tongues!
 2. O all ye pow'rs that God im - plant - ed, A - rise, keep si - lence thus no more;
 3. Ye for - est leaves so green and ten - der, That dance for joy in sum - mer air;
 4. O all things that have breath and mo - tion, That throng with life, earth, sea and sky,
 5. Lord, I will tell, while I am liv - ing, Thy good - ness forth with ev - 'ry breath,
 6. O Fa - ther, deign Thou, I be - seech Thee, To lis - ten to my earth - ly lays;

C/E F B♭ C B♭/D F Csus C F C Dm Edim/G F B♭ F C

My heart, which in the Lord re - joic - es, Then would pro - claim in grate - ful songs
 Put forth the strength that He hath grant - ed, Your no - blest work is to a - dore.
 Ye mead - ow grass - es bright and slen - der, Ye flow'rs so won - drous sweet and fair;
 Now join me in my heart's de - vo - tion, Help me to raise His prais - es high.
 And greet each morn - ing with thanks - giv - ing, Un - til my heart is still in death.
 A no - bler strain in heav'n shall reach Thee When I with an - gels hymn Thy praise,

G/B C F C/E F6 G C C/E F Dm B♭ Gm F/C Csus C F

To all, wher - ev - er I might be, What great things God hath done for me.
 My soul and bod - y make ye meet With heart - felt praise your Lord to greet!
 Ye live to show His praise a - lone, Help me to make His glo - ry known!
 My ut - most pow'rs can ne'er a - right De - clare the won - ders of His might.
 Yea, when at last my lips grow cold, Thy praise shall in my sighs be told.
 And learn a - mid their choirs to sing Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to my King.

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O THAT THE LORD WOULD GUIDE MY WAYS

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

EVAN
music by
W.H. Havergal (1793-1870)

1. O that the Lord would guide my ways To keep His statutes still! O
 2. O send Thy Spirit down to write Thy laws upon my heart, Nor
 3. From vanity turn off my eyes; Let no corrupt de sign Nor
 4. Or der my foot steps by Thy Word And make my heart sin cere; Let
 5. My soul hath gone too far a stray, My feet too of ten slip; Yet
 6. Make me to walk in Thy com-mands, 'Tis a de-light-ful road; Nor

that my God would grant me grace To know and do His will!
 let my tongue in-dulge de-ccit Nor act the li-ar's part.
 cov-et-ous de-sires a-rise With-in this soul of mine.
 sin have no do-minion, Lord, But keep my con-science clear.
 let my head or heart or hands Thy way, way, Re-store Thy wan-d'ring sheep.
 Of-fend a-gainst my God.

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O THE DEEP, DEEP LOVE OF JESUS

words by
Samuel Trevor Francis, c. 1890

BUNESSAN
Traditional Gaelic melody

1. O the deep, deep love of Je sus,
 2. Un der neath me, all a round me,
 3. O the deep, deep love of Je sus,
 4. How He watch es o'er His loved ones,
 5. O the deep, deep love of Je sus,
 6. O the deep, deep love of Je sus,

Vast, un-meas-ured, bound-less, free,
 Is the cur-rent of Thy love;
 Spread His praise from shore to shore!
 Died to call them all His own;
 'Tis a heav'n-ly of heav'ns the best!
 me;

Roll-ing as a might-y o-cean-ward
 Lead-ing on lov-ard, ing er home-ward
 How He lov-eth, er lov-er
 How for them He in-ter-ced-eth,
 'Tis and o-cean vast of bless-ing,
 And it lifts me up to glo-ry,

In its full-ness o-ver-me-
 To my nev-er-rest-
 Chang-eth nev-er-er-
 Watch-eth o'er them ven-er-
 'Tis a ha-ven-ly
 For it lifts me up to Thee.

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O THAT WILL BE GLORY

GLORY SONG
music by
Charles H. Gabriel, 1900

words by
Charles H. Gabriel, 1900

G D7 G C/G G

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that beau - ti - ful shore,
 2. When, by the gift of His in - fi - nite grace, I am ac - cord - ed in heav - en a place,
 3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a - round me will flow.

D/A A D/A A D/A A7 D D/A A7 D G/D D7

Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore }
 Just to be there and to look on His face }
 Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know } Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me.

Refrain

G D7/F# G D7 G

O that will be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me!

C B C G/B C G/D D7 G

When by His grace I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me!

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O THOU IN WHOSE PRESENCE

DAVIS
music from
Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second, 1813
attr. to Freeman Lewis, 1813

words by
Joseph Swain, 1791 (v.1-4)
Author for v.5 unknown

D♭ G♭ D♭/A♭ A♭ A♭7 D♭

1. O Thou in whose pres - ence my soul takes de - light, On
 2. Where dost Thou, dear Shep - herd, re - sort with Thy sheep, To
 3. O why should I wan - der, an a - lien from Thee, Or
 4. He looks, and ten thou - sands of an - gels re - joice, And
 5. Dear Shep - herd, I hear and will fol - low Thy call; I

E♭sus E♭7 A♭ D♭ G♭/D♭ D♭ D♭/F

whom feed them af - flic - tion I call, My Com - fort by day and my
 cry in the des - ert for love? Say, why in the val - ley of
 myr - i - ads wait for His word. Thy voice. He speaks, and e - ter - ni - ty,
 know the sweet sound of Thy voice. Re - store and de - fend me, for

G♭ D♭/F D♭ A♭ D♭ D♭/F D♭/A♭ A♭ A♭7 D♭

Song in the night, My Hope, my Sal - va - tion, my all!
 death should I weep, Or a lone in this wil - der - ness rove?
 sor - rows they sec, And smile at the tears I have shed.
 filled with His voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.
 Thou art my All, And in Thee I will ev - er re - joice.

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O THOU MY SOUL, BLESS GOD THE LORD

words from
Scottish Psalter, 1650
based on Psalm 103

HOWARD
music by
Elizabeth H. Cuthbert, c. 1810

1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord; And
2. Bless O my soul, the thy God, And
3. All thine in iq ui ties who doth Most
4. Who doth re deem thy life, that thou To
5. Who with a bun dance of good things Doth

all that in me is Be stir red up His
not for get ful be Of all thy His gra cious
gra cious ly for give; Who the dis eas ing
death mayst not go down; Who thee that with down as es
sat is fy thy mouth; So that, e'en as the

ho ben ly e name fits To mag ni fy and bless.
all and pains He hath be stowed on thee.
kind ness doth age, And ten der mer cies re lieve.
ea gle's age, Re new ed is thy crown youth.

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O THE DEEP, DEEP LOVE OF JESUS

words by
Samuel Trevor Francis, c. 1890

EBENEZER
music by
Thomas J. Williams, 1890

1. O the deep, deep love of Je sus, Vast, un meas ured
2. O the deep, deep love of Je sus, Spread His praise from
3. O the deep, deep love of Je sus, Love of ev 'ry

bound less, free, Roll ing as a might y o cean In its full ness
shore to shore! How He lov eth, ev er lov eth, Chang eth nev er,
love the best! 'Tis an o cean vast of bless ing; 'Tis a ha ven

o ver me. Un der neath me, all a round me,
nev er more; How He watch es, o'er His loved ones,
sweet of rest. O the deep, deep love of Je sus—

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Em G6/D C6 D Em Am/C B Em Em/G B C

Is the cur rent of Thy love; Lead ing on ward,
 Died to call them of His own; How for them He
 'Tis a heav'n of heav'ns to me; And it lifts me

Am6 B Em G D G C Am B7 Em

lead ing home ward To my glo rious rest a bove.
 in ter ced eth, Watch eth o'er them from the throne.
 up to glo ry, For it lifts me up to Thee.

O THOU WHO CAMEST FROM ABOVE

HEREFORD

music by

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1872

words by
 Charles Wesley, 1762

Eb/Bb Bb7 Cm Fm/Ab Fm6 Eb/G Fm/Ab Eb/Bb Bb Eb Bb/D Ab/C Eb/Bb

1. O Thou who cam est from a bove, the pure ce
 2. There let it for Thy glo ry burn with in ex
 3. Je sus, con firm my heart's de sire to work and
 4. Read y for all Thy per fect will, my acts of

Ab Eb/G Fm Bb/D Eb Eb/Bb Bb Eb6/Bb Ab6 Bb/Ab Eb/G Cm

les tial fire to im part, kin dle a flame of
 tin guish a ble blaze, and trem bling to its
 speak and think for Thee; still let me guard the
 faith and love, re peat, till death Thy end less

Fm7 Bb7 Bb7/Eb Eb Bb/D Cm7 Fm7 Bb7 Bb7/Ab Eb/G Ab Bb6 Bb7 Bb7/Eb Eb

sa cred love up on the mean al tar of my heart.
 source re turn in hum ble prayer fer vent praise.
 ho ly fire, and still stir up Thy gift in me.
 mer cies seal, and make my sac ri fice com plete.

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O VERY GOD OF VERY GOD

BANGOR

music from

A Compleat Melody or Harmony of Zion, 1734

words by
 John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

G/B Cm G Cm Gm/Bb Ab Bb Eb G7/D Cm Gm/Bb Adim/C Gm/D D G G7/F

1. O ver - y God of ver - y God, and ver - y Light of Light, whose
 2. Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong, thick dark - ness blinds our eyes; cold
 3. And e - ven now, though dull and gray, the east is bright - ning fast, and
 4. O guide us till our path is done, and we have reached the shore where
 5. We wait in faith, and turn our face to where the day - light springs, till

Cm/Eb G7/D Dm Eb/G Ab Bb Eb Cm/Eb Cm Cm/Eb Fm Cm/G G G7 Cm

feet this earth's dark val - ley trod that so it might be bright:
 is the night; Thy peo - ple long that thou, their Sun, wouldst rise.
 kin dling to; the per - fect day that nev - er shall be past.
 Thou, our ev - er last ing Sun, art shin - ing ev - er more!
 Thou shalt come our gloom to chase, with heal - ing in Thy wings.

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O TO BE LIKE THEE!

RONDINELLA

music by

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1897

words by
Thomas O. Chisholm, 1897

D \flat D \flat dim7 D \flat A \flat 7/C D \flat

1. O to be like Thee! bless - ed Re - deem - er, This is my con - stant long - ing and
 2. O to be like Thee! full of com - pas - sion, Lov - ing, for - giv - ing, ten - der and
 3. O to be like Thee! while I am plead - ing, Pour out Thy Spir - it; fill with Thy

A \flat D \flat D \flat dim7 D \flat A \flat /E \flat E \flat 7

prayer. Glad - ly I'll for - feit all of earth's treas - ures, Je - sus, Thy per - fect like - ness to
 kind; Help - ing the help - less, cheer - ing the faint - ing, Seek - ing the wan - d'ring sin - ner to
 love. Make me a tem - ple meet for Thy dwell - ing; Fit me for life and heav - en a -

Refrain
A \flat A \flat 7 D \flat G6 G \flat /D \flat D \flat A \flat 7

wear. }
 find. } O to be like Thee! O to be like Thee, Bless - ed Re - deem - er, pure as Thou
 above. }

D \flat G \flat G \flat /D \flat D \flat D \flat /A \flat A \flat 7 D \flat

art! Come in Thy sweet - ness, come in Thy full - ness; Stamp Thine own im - age deep on my heart.

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O TRINITY OF BLESSED LIGHT

BROMLEY

music by

Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Latin text, 6th century
v. 1, 2 tr. by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)
v. 3 by Charles Coffin (1676-1749)
tr. by John Chandler (1806-1876)

F B \flat /F F C/E C \flat /F F B \flat /D F/C

1. O Trin i - ty of bless - ed light, O U ni -
 2. To Thee our morn - ing song of praise, to Thee our
 3. To God the Fa - ther, heaven - ly Light, to Christ re -

B \flat F/A C E \flat F C Fm B \flat m Fm/C

ty
 eve - vealed of ning in prince prayer - ly we ly might, raise; night, the O fier grant us the sun with Ho now Thy ly

D \flat 7 C \sharp us C B \flat dim C \sharp us C A \flat dim B \flat E \flat dim F Gm/B \flat F/C C F

goes his way; shed Thou with in our hearts Thy ray.
 saints on high raise to our praise Thee qual through c - ter ni - ty.
 Ghost we raise our e - qual and un - ceas - ing praise.

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O WHAT THEIR JOY AND THEIR GLORY MUST BE

O QUANTA QUALIA
music from
Paris Antiphoner, 1681

words by
Peter Abelard, 12th century
tr. by John Mason Neale, 1851

F Dm C F F/E Bb/D F/C Gm/Bb C7 F F/A

1. O what their joy and their glo - ry must be, those end - less
 2. Truly, "Je - ru - sa - lem" glo - ry we that shore, cit - y of
 3. There, where no trou - bles dis - trac - tion can bring, we the sweet
 4. Now, in the mean - while, with hearts raised on high, we for that
 5. Low be - fore Him with our prais - es we fall, of whom, and

Gm Dm F C/E F F/A G C7 F/A C7/G F Bb C C/Bb

sab - baths the bless - ed ones see; crown for the val - iant, to
 peace that brings joy ev - er more; wish and ful - fill - ment are
 an - thems of Zi - on shall sing; while for Thy grace, Lord, their
 coun - try must yearn and must sigh; seek - ing Je - ru - sa - lem, and
 in whom, and through whom are all; of whom, the Fa - ther, and

F/A C7/G F F/C C Am Dm F/C C Gm/D C/E F Dm Gm/Bb C7 F

wea - ry ones rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest.
 not sev - ered there, nor do things prayed for come short of the prayer.
 voic - es of praise Thy bless - ed peo - ple e - ter - nal - ly raise.
 dear na - tive land, through our long ex - ile on Bab - y - lon's strand.
 in whom, the Son, through whom, the Spir - it, with them ev - er One.

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O WONDROUS SIGHT! O VISION FAIR

WAREHAM
music by
William Knapp, 1738

words from
Sarum Breviary, 1495
tr. by John Mason Neale, 1851

Bb Eb/Bb Bbsus Bb Bb/D Cm/Eb Bb/F F Bb F Bb F/A C7/G

1. O won - drous sight! O vi - sion fair of glo - ry
 2. From age to age the tale de - clares how with the
 3. The law and proph - ets there have place, two cho - sen
 4. With shin - ing face and bright ar - ray, Christ deigns to
 5. And faith - ful hearts are raised on high by this great

F Bb/D F/A Gm/Bb F/C C7 F Bb/D Eb Bb/D Cm Bbsus Bb F

that the church shall share, which Christ up - on the
 three dis - ci - ples of grace; where Mo - ses and the
 wit - ness - es of that day, the the Fa - ther's voice from
 man i - fest that ter - y, what glo - ry shall be
 vi - sion's mys - ter - y, for which in joy - ful

Gm F Bb F Eb/G Bb/F Cm/Eb Bb/D Cm6 Bb Cm/Eb Bb/F F7 Bb

moun - tain shows, where bright er than the sun He glows!
 li - jah meet, the Lord claims His holds con - verse high and sweet.
 out the cloud pro - claims His on ly Son a loud.
 theirs a - bove who joy in of God with the per - a
 strains we raise the voice of prayer, the hymn - fact of love. praise.

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O WORD OF GOD INCARNATE

MUNICH

music from

Neuer mehrtes Gesangbuch, Meiningen, 1693

arr. by Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

words by
William W. How (1823-1897)

1. O Word of God in car - nate, O Wis - dom from on
 2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter, Re - ceived the gift di -
 3. It float - eth like a ban - ner, Be - fore God's host un -
 4. O make Thy Church, dear Sav - ior, A lamp of pur - est

high, vine, O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark
 furled; And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to
 gold, It shin - eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling
 the To bear be - fore the na - tions Thy true light as of

sky; We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed
 shine. It is the gold - en cas - ket Where gems of truth are
 world. It is the chart and com - pass That o'er life's surg - ing
 old. O teach Thy wan - d'ring pil - grims By this their path to

page, A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.
 stored; It is the heav'n - drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.
 sea, 'Mid mists and rocks and quick - sands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
 trace, Till, clouds and dark - ness end - ed, They see Thee face to face.

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O WORSHIP THE KING

HANOVER

music by

William Croft (1678-1727)

words by
Robert Grant (1779-1838)

1. O wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove! O grate - ful - ly
 2. O tell of his might! O sing of his grace! Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we

sing his power and his love! Our shield and de - fend - er, the
 light, whose can o - py space. His char - iots of wrath - er, the deep
 air; it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it the deep
 trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mer - cies, how ten - der! how

An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - lioned in splen - dor and gird - ed with praise.
 thun - der - clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings - ed with the storm.
 scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
 firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend!

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O WORSHIP THE KING

LYONS

music attr. to

Johann Michael Haydn (1737-1806)

arr. by William Gardiner, 1815

words by
Robert Grant, 1833

G G/B D G G/B C/E D7/F# G D G G/B D

1. O wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove, O grate - ful - ly
 2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, in Thee do we

G C/E G/B C G/D D7 G D A7/D D7 G/D

sing His pow'r and His love; our Shield and De - fend - er, the
 light, whose can o - py space, whose char - iots of wrath the deep
 air, it shines in the light; it streams from the hills, it de
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der, how

D G/D D7 G G/B D G C/E G/B C G/D D7 G

An - cient of Days, pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 thun - der - clouds form, and dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 scends to the plain, and sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
 firm to the end, our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

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O ZION, HASTE

TIDINGS

music by

James Walch (1837-1901)

words by
Mary Ann Thomson (1834-1923)

Bb F7 Gm Eb Bb

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
 2. Pro - claim to ev - 'ry peo - ple, tongue, and na - tion That God, in whom they
 3. Give of thy sons to bear the mes - sage glo - rious, Give of thy wealth to
 4. He comes a - gain! O Zi - on, ere thou meet him, Make known to ev - 'ry

F7 Bb F7/C Bb/D D Gm

world that God is light; That he who made all na - tions is not will - ing
 live and move, is love; Tell how he stooped to save his lost cre - a - tion
 speed them on their way, Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious,
 heart his sav - ing grace; Let none whom he hath ran - somed fail to greet him,

Refrain

C7 F/A Dm Bb C F F7 Bb

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night. } Pub - lish glad tid - ings,
 And died on earth, that man might live a - bove. }
 And all thou spend - est un - Je - sus will re - pay. }
 Through thy ne - glect, un - fit to see his face. }

F7 Bb G7 Cm Bb/F F7 Bb

tid - ings of peace, Tid - ings of Je - sus, re - demp - tion, and re - lease.

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OF THE FATHER'S LOVE BEGOTTEN

DIVINUM MYSTERIUM

13th Century Plainsong

arr. by C. Winfred Douglas, 1916

words by
Aurelius C. Prudentius, 4th Century
tr. by John M. Neale and Henry W. Baker

1. Of the Fa - ther's love be - got - ten, Ere the worlds be - gan to be,
2. O ye heights of heav'n, a - dore Him; An - gel hosts, His prais - es sing;
3. Christ, to Thee with God the Fa - ther, And, O Ho - ly Ghost, to Thee,

He is Al - pha and O - me - ga, He the Source, the End ing He
Pow'rs, do - min - ions, bow be - fore Him, And ex - tol, our God - ing and King;
Hymn and chant and high thanks - giv - ing, And un - wear - ied prais - es be:

Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu - ture years shall see,
Let no tongue on earth be si - lent; Ev - ery voice in con - cert ring,
Hon - or, glo - ry, and do - min - ion And e - ter - nal vic - to - ry,

Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.
Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.
Ev - er - more and ev - er - more.

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THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

OLD RUGGED CROSS

music by

Rev. George Bennard, 1913

words by
Rev. George Bennard, 1913

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug - ged cross, The em - blem of suf - f'ring and
2. O that old rug - ged cross, so de - spised by the world, Has a won - drous at - trac - tion for
3. In the old rug - ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A won - drous beau - ty I
4. To the old rug - ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re - proach glad - ly

shame. And I love that old cross, where the dear - est and best For a
me. For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry and bove To
see. For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf - fered and died To
bear. Then He'll call me some - day to my home far a - way, Where His

world of lost sin - ners was slain.
bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.

So I'll cher - ish the old rug - ged

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Bb Eb Bb

cross Till my tro - phies at last I lay down. I will cling to the old rug - ged

Eb Bb/F F7 Bb

cross, And ex - change it some - day for a crown.

ON JORDAN'S BANK THE BAPTIST'S CRY

WINCHESTER NEW
music from
Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690

words by
Charles Coffin, 1736
tr. by John Chandler, 1837

Bb Bb/D Eb Cm F F7/A Bb Eb/G Bb F F/A Bb C F Bb/D

1. On Jor - dan's bank the Bap - tist's cry An - nounc - es that the Lord is nigh; Come,
2. Then cleansed by ev - 'ry Chris - tian breast And fur - nished for so great a Guest. Yea,
3. For Thou art our Sal - va - tion, Lord, Our Ref - uge, and our great Re - ward; With -
4. Lay on the sick Thy heal - ing hand And make the fall - en strong to stand; Show
5. All praise, to You, e - ter - nal Son, Who ad - vent sets Thy peo - ple free, Whom,

Gm F Bb Eb Cm7 Bb/D F Bb Bb/D Eb F Gm Eb6 F Bb

then, and heark - en, for he brings Glad tid - ings from the King of kings!
let us Thy grace our hearts pre - pare For Christ to come and en - ter there.
out Thy glo - ry of Thy face Till beau - ty springs in ev - 'ry place.
us with the Fa - ther, we a - dore, And Ho - ly Ghost for - ev - er - more.

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ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS

PROMISED LAND
Traditional American melody
arr. by Rigdon M. McIntosh (1836-1899)

words by
Samuel Stennett (1727-1795)

Eb Bb7 Eb Eb/G Bb Bb7

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand And cast a wish - ful eye To
2. All o'er those wide ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day; There
3. No chill - ing winds nor poi - s'nous breath Can reach that health - ful shore; Sick
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place And be for - ev - er blest? When

Eb Eb/G Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
God the Son for ev - er reigns And scat - ters night a way. } I am
ness and sor - row, pain and death Are felt and feared no more.
shall I see my Fa - ther's face And in His bos - om rest?

Bb7 Eb Eb/G Bb Bb7

bound for the Prom - ised Land, I am bound for the Prom - ised Land. O

Eb Eb/G Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

who will come and go with me? I am bound for the Prom - ised Land.

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ON MY HEART IMPRINT THINE IMAGE

DER AM KREUZ

music by

Johann B. König (1691-1758)

words by

Thomas H. Kingo (1634-1703)

tr. by Peer O. Strömme (1856-1921)

Am Em/G Dm/F Bdim/D Am Dm E E/G# Am Dm Am Esus E Am

On my heart im - print Thine im - age, Bless - ed Je - sus, King of grace,

Em/G Dm/F Bdim/D Am Dm E E/G# Am Dm Am Esus E Am

That life's rich - es, cares, and plea - sures Have no pow'r Thee to ef - face.

C G/B C F/A C7/G F C C/B F C Gsus G C

This the su - per - scrip - tion be: Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for me,

Am Dm6 E7 F Bdim/D E E/G# Am Dm Am E Am/C Esus E Am

is my life, my hope's foun - da - tion, And my glo - ry and sal - va - tion.

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ON OUR WAY REJOICING

HERMAS

music by

Frances R. Havergal (1836-1879)

words by

John S.B. Monsell (1811-1875)

G D Em Am D D7/C Bm D7/A B Em

1. On our way re - joic - ing, As we home - ward move, Hark - en to our prais - es,
2. If with hon - est - heart - ed Love for God and man, Day by day Thou find us
3. On our way re - joic - ing Glad - ly let us go; Con - quered hath our lead - er,
4. Un - to God the Fa - ther Joy - ful songs we sing; Un - to God the Sav - ior

A D Gsus G C Am7 B

O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be!
Do - ing what we can: Thou who givst the seed - time Wilt give large in - crease,
Van - quished is our foe! Christ with - out, our safe - ty; Christ with - in, our joy;
Thank - ful hearts we bring; Un - to God the Spir - it Bow we and a - dore,

Em D G D7/A G/B C Am D D7 G Refrain B/F# Em

Is our sky be - cloud - ed? Clouds are not from Thee! }
Crown the head with bless - ings; Fill the heart with peace. }
Who, if we be faith - ful, Can our home de - stroy? }
On our way re - joic - ing,
On our way re - joic - ing Now and ev - er - more! }

C A7/C# D7 G D G D7/A G/B C D D7 G

As we home - ward move, Hark - en to our prais - es, O Thou God of love!

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ON THIS DAY, THE FIRST OF DAYS

LÜBECK

music from

Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch, 1704

words from
Le Mans Breviary, 1748
tr. by Henry W. Baker, (1821-1877)

C Am G C F G7/D C G C/E G/B Em C D G

1. On this day, the first of days, God our Mak-er's name we praise;
 2. On this day the e-ter-nal Son O-ver death His tri-umph won;
 3. Word-made-flesh, all prais-es be! You from sin have set us free;
 4. Ho-ly Spir-it, You im-part Gifts of love to ev-ry heart;
 5. God, the bless-ed Three in One, May Your ho-ly will be done;

C F/A G C/E Dm/F A7/E Dm Am Dm G/B C Gsus G7 C

Who, cre-a-tion's Lord and Spring, Did the world from dark-ness bring.
 On this day the Spir-it came, With its gifts of liv-ing flame.
 And with You we die and rise pray, Un-to God in sac-ri-fice.
 Give us light and grace, we are free, Fill our hearts this ho-ly day.
 In Your Word our souls are free, As we praise the Trin-i-ty.

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ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION

EBENEZER

music by

Thomas J. Williams, 1890

words by
James Russel Lowell, 1845

Fm C Db Bbm6 C Fm Ab Eb/G C/E Fm

1. Once to ev-'ry man and na-tion Comes the mo-ment
 2. Then to side with truth is no-ble, When we share her
 3. By the light of burn-ing mar-tyrs, Christ, Thy bleed-ing
 4. Though the cause of e-vil pros-per, Yet the truth a-

Bbm C7 Fm C Db Bbm6 C Fm

to de-cide. In the strife of truth with false hood,
 wretch-ed crust, Ere her cause bring fame and prof-it,
 feet we track; Toil-ing up new Cal-v'ries ev-er
 lone is strong. Though her por-tion be the scaf-fold,

Ab Eb/G C/E Fm Bbm C Fm Ab Ab/C Eb

For the good or e-vil side. Some great cause, some
 And 'tis pros-p'rous to be just. Then it is the
 With the cross that turns not back. New oc-ca-sions
 And up on the throne be wrong. Yet that scaf-fold

Fm Csus C Fm Db6 Eb Fm Db6 C

great de-ci-sion, Of-fring each the bloom or blight,
 brave man choos-es While the cow-ard stands a side,
 teach new du-ties; An-cient val-ues test our youth,
 sways the fu-ture, And, be hind the dim un-known,

Db Fm/Ab C Db Bbm6 C Fm Ab Eb Ab Db Bbm6 C7 Fm

And the choice goes by for ev-er 'Twixt that dark-ness and that light.
 Till the mul-ti-tude make vir-tue Of the faith they had de-nied.
 They must up-ward still and on-ward, Who would keep a-breast of truth.
 Stand-eth God with-in the shad-ow, Keep-ing watch a-bove His own.

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ONCE FOR ALL

words by Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

music by Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

Chords: Eb, Ab/Bb, Eb, Ebsus Eb, Eb/Bb, Bb, Bbdim Bb, Bb7

1. Free from the law, O hap - py con - di - tion, Je - sus hath bled, and there is re -
 2. Now are we free - there's no con - dem - na - tion, Je - sus pro - vides a per - fect sal -
 3. "Chil - dren of God," O glo - ri - ous call - ing, Sure - ly His grace will keep us from

Chords: Eb, Ebsus Eb, Ab, Eb/Bb, Bb7

mis - sion; Cursed by the law and bruised by the fall, Grace hath re - deemed us once for
 va - tion; "Come un - to me." O hear His sweet call, Come, and He saves us once for
 fall - ing; Pass - ing from death to life at His call, Bless - ed sal - va - tion once for

Chords: Eb, Bb7, Eb, Ab/Eb, Eb, Bb7, Eb, F7

all }
 all }
 all }
 Once - for all, O sin - ner, re - ceive it, Once - for all, O broth - er, be -

Chords: Ab/Bb, Bb, Eb, Ab/Eb, Eb, Ebsus Eb, Ab, Eb/Bb, Bb7, Eb

lieve it; Cling to the Cross, the bur - den will fall, Christ hath re - deemed us once for all.

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ONCE HE CAME IN BLESSING

GOTTES SOHN IST KOMMEN
music attr. to M. Weisse (c. 1480-1534)

words by J. Horn (c. 1490-1547)
tr. by C. Winkworth (1827-1878)

Chords: Eb, Ab/C, Bb, F, Bb, Cm, Bb/D, Eb, F7/C, Bb

1. Once He came in bless - ing, All our ills re - dress - ing;
 2. Still He comes with in us; Still His voice would win - us
 3. Thus, if thou hast known Him, Not a - shamed to own Him,
 4. He who thus en - dur - eth Bright re - ward se - cur - eth.

Chords: Ab/C, Bb/D, Eb, Ab, Eb/Bb, Bb, Eb, Bb, F7sus/C, Bb/D, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bb/F, F, Bb

Came in like - ness low - ly, Son of God most ho - ly;
 From the sins that hurt us; Would to truth con - vert us
 But wilt trust Him bold - ly, Nor dost love Him cold - ly,
 Come, then, O Lord Je - sus, From our sins re - lease us;

Chords: Eb, Ab, Eb, Adim/C, Bb, F, Bb, Cm, Bb/D, Eb, Ab, Eb/Bb, Bb, Eb

Bore the cross to save us, Hope and free - dom gave us.
 From our fool - ish er - ror, Ere He comes in ter - ror.
 He will then re - ceive thee, Heal thee and for - give thee.
 Let us here con - fess Thee Till in heav'n we bless Thee.

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ON WHAT HAS NOW BEEN SOWN

DARWALL'S 148TH

music by

John Darwall (1731-1789)

words by
John Newton (1725-1807)

C G/B C Am Em F C/E G7/D C G G/B

1. On what has now been sown Thy blessing, Lord, be - stow; The
 2. To Thee our wants are known, Thy From Thee are be all our pow'rs; The
 3. Oh, grant that each of us, Now met be fore Thee here, May

C C/E Am G/B D G/B C G/D D G C F G7/D

pow'r is Thine a lone To make it spring and grow. Do Thou in
 cept what is Thine own thus And par - don what is ap - ours. Our prais - es,
 meet to - geth - er thus When Thou and Thine ap - pear, And fol - low

C C/E G/D C F/A C F G7/D C/E Dm/F C/G G C

grace the har - vest raise, And Thou a lone shalt have the praise!
 Lord, and to prayers re - ceive And E'en so, Thy Word men! Je - sus, give.
 Thee to heav'n, our home. And E'en so, Thy Word men! Je - sus, come!

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ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

IRBY

music by

Henry J. Gauntlett (1805-1876)

words by
Cecil F. Alexander (1818-1895)

F Edim/G F/A F/C C7 F Dm F/A Bb C

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cast - le
 2. He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is God and Lord of
 3. Je - sus our child - hood's pat - tern, Day by day like us He
 4. And our eyes at last shall see Him Through His own re - deem - ing

F Edim/G F/A G7 C7 F Dm F/A Bb C

shed, Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His
 all, And His shel - ter was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a
 grew; He was lit - tle, weak and help - less, Tears and smiles like us He
 love; For that Child, so dear and gen - tle, Is our Lord in heav'n a

F Bb F C7sus C7 F Bb F Bb C F

bed: Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.
 stall: With the poor, and mean, and low - ly, Lived on earth our Sav - ior ho - ly.
 knew; And He feel - eth for our sad - ness, And He shar - eth in our glad - ness.
 bove, And He leads His chil - dren on To the place where He is gone.

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ONE THERE IS, ABOVE ALL OTHERS

AMEN SJUNGE HVARJE TUNGA

words by
John Newton (1725-1807)

music by
Andreas P. Berggren (1801-1880)

C F G/F C/E G7/B C Am Em F G G7 C

1. One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of friend;
 2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed His blood?
 3. Men, when raised to loft - y sta - tions, of - ten know their friends no more;
 4. When He lived on earth a - bas - ed, "Friend of sin - ners" was His Name;
 5. Could we bear from one an - oth - er What He dai - ly bears from us?
 6. Oh, for grace our hearts to soft - en! Teach us, Lord, at length to love;

A A7/C# Dm Dm/F D7/F# Gsus G Am/C G/D D G

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end:
 But our Je - sus died to have us Rec - on - ciled in Him to God:
 Slight and scorn their poor re - la - tions, Though they val - ued them be - fore:
 Now a - bove all glo - ries rais - ed, He re - joic - es in the same;
 Yet this glo - rious friend and broth - er Loves us though we treat Him thus:
 We, a - las! for - get too of - ten What a friend we have a - bove:

G/B C Gsus Dm/F G/F C/E G7/B C F Dm/F C/G G7 C

They who once his kind - ness prove Find it ev - er - last - ing love.
 This was bound - less love in - deed! Je - sus is a friend in need.
 But our Sav - ior al - ways owns Those whom He re - deemed with groans.
 Still He calls them breth - ren, friends, And them to all their wants at - tends.
 Though for good we ren - der' ill, He ac - counts us breth - ren still.
 But when home our souls are brought, We will love Thee as we ought.

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ONE DAY

words by
J. Wilbur Chapman, 1910

music by
Charles H. Marsh, 1910

C G7 C/G

1. One day when heav - en was filled with His prais - es, One day when
 2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun - tain; One day they
 3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den; One day they
 4. One day the grave could con - ceal Him no long - er; One day the
 5. One day the trum - pet will sound for His com - ing; One day the

G7/B Gdim G7 G C/A G7/B C

sin nailed was as black as can be, Je - sus came forth to be born of a
 Him to die on the tree. Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de - spised and re -
 rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free. An - gels came down o'er His tomb to keep
 stone rolled a - way from the door. Then He a - rose o - ver death he had
 skies with His glo - ries will shine. Won - der - ful day, my be - lov - ed ones

G/D G/B D/A G D/A G/B D7 G G7 C

vir - gin, Dwelt a - mong men - my Ex - am - ple is He!
 ject - ed, Bear - ing our sins - my Re - deem - er is He!
 vig - il. Hope of the hope - less - my Sav - ior is He!
 con - quered; Now is as - cend - ed, my Lord ev - er more!
 bring - ing! Glo - ri - ous Sav - ior - this Je - sus is mine!

Refrain
Liv - ing, He

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G7/D G7 C C/E G7/D C

loved me; Dy - ing, He saved me; Bar - ied, He

F A7/E D7 G/D D/C G/B G7 C G7/D G

car - ried my sins far a - way; Ris - ing, He jus - ti - fied free - ly for -

C F A7/E D G7 C

ev - er; One day He's com - ing— O glo - ri - ous day!

ONLY A SINNER

words by James M. Gray (1851-1935)

music by David B. Towner (1850-1919)

C C/E F C G7 C

1. Naught have I got - ten but what I re - ceived; Grace hath be - stowed it since I have be - lieved;

2. Once I was fool - ish, and sin ruled my heart; Caus - ing my foot - steps from God to de - part;

3. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver - flows, Lov - ing his Sav - ior to tell what he knows;

Dm/F D G G7 C Dm/F G C

Boast - ing ex - clud - ed, pride I a - base; I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case; I now am a sin - ner saved by grace!

Once more to tell it, would I em - brace— I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

F/C C C/E G/D C Csus C Am Dm/F E

On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

C Csus C F F/C C F C Dm/F G7 C

This is my sto - ry, to God be the glo - ry, I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!

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ONLY TRUST HIM

words by John H. Stockton (1813-1877)

MINERVA music by John H. Stockton (1813-1877)

F Bb/F F C7/F F F/A C F F/A

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op - pressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord, And He will sure - ly

2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood, Rich bless - ings to be - stow; Plunge now in - to the

3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest: Be - lieve in Him with -

Bb F F/C C7 F Refrain Bb Bb/F F

give you rest By trust - ing in His Word. } On - ly trust - Him, on - ly trust Him,

crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow. }

out de - lay And you are ful - ly blest. }

C F Bb Bb/F F Dm F/C C F

On - ly trust Him now; He will save - you, He will save you, He will save you now.

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ONLY A STEP TO JESUS

ONLY A STEP

music by

words by
Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

William H. Doane (1832-1915)

Ab D \flat /Ab Ab D \flat Ab/C Ab Eb

1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?
 2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;
 3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;
 4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come and say,

Ab D \flat /Ab Ab D \flat Ab/E \flat Eb7 Ab

Come, and thy sin con - fess - ing, To Him, thy Sav - ior, bow.
 Lov - ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
 What has thy heart de - cid - ed? The mo - ments fly a - pace!
 "Glad - ly to Thee, my Sav - ior, I give my - self a - way?"

Refrain
D \flat Ab Eb

On - ly a step, on - ly a step; Come, He waits for thee;

Ab

Come, and thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt re - ceive a bless - ing;

D \flat /Ab Ab D \flat Ab/E \flat Eb7 Ab

Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

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ONLY BELIEVE

words by
Paul Rader (1879-1938)

music by
Paul Rader (1879-1938)

D Ddim D Ddim D G D

1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, from the cross to the throne, from death in - to life He
 2. Fear not, lit - tle flock, He go - eth a - head, your shep - herd se - lect - eth the

Bm7 E7 A D Ddim Edim D G

went path for His own. All pow - er in earth, all pow - er a - bove, Is He
 you must tread. The wa - ters of Ma - rah He'll sweet - en for thee, He

D G D A7 D Ddim D

giv - en to Him bit - ter in Geth - se - ma - ne. } On - ly be - lieve.

A7/E D/F# G D E9 A D Ddim D

on - ly be - lieve; all things are pos - si - ble on - ly be - lieve; On - ly be - lieve,

A7/E D/F# G D A7 D

on - ly be - lieve; all things are pos - si - ble, on - ly be - lieve.

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ONLY-BEGOTTEN, WORD OF GOD ETERNAL

ROUEN

music from

Vesperale, 1746

Latin text, c. 9th century

tr. by Maxwell Julius Blacker (1822-1888)

1. On - ly - be - got - ten, Word of God e - ter - nal, Lord of cre -
 2. This is Thy tem - ple; here Thy pres - ence - cham - ber; here may Thy
 3. Here in our sick - ness heal - ing grace a - bound eth, light in our
 4. Hal - lowed this dwell - ing where the Lord a - bid - eth, this is none
 5. Lord, we be - seech Thee, as we thron'g Thy tem - ple, by Thy none
 6. God in three Per - sons, Fa - ther ev - er - last - ing, Son co - e -

a - tion, mer - ci - ful and might - y, hear now Thy ser - vants
 ser - vants, at the mys - tic ban - quet, hum - bly a - dor - ing
 blind - ness, in our toil re - fresh - ment: sin is for - giv - en,
 oth - er that the gate of heav - en; strang - ers and pil - grims,
 bless - ings, by Thy pres - ent boun - ty, fa - vor Thy chil - dren,
 ter - nal, ev - er - bless - ed Spir - it, Thine be the glo - ry,

when their joy - ful voi - ces rise to Thy pres - ence.
 take Thy Bod - y bro - ken, drink of Thy chal - ice.
 hope o'er fear pre - vail - eth, joy o - ver sor - row.
 seek - ing homes e - ter - nal, pass through its por - tals.
 and with ten - der mer - cy hear our pe - ti - tions.
 praise, and ad - o - ra - tion, now and for - ev - er.

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ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

ST. GERTRUDE

music by

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1871

words by
 Sabine Baring-Gould, 1864

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee; On, then, Chris - tian sol - diers,
 3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth - ers, we are tread - ing
 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;
 On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we
 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 - ners go!
 Broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, — Loud your an - thems raise!
 One in hope and doc - trine, — One in char - i - ty!
 This thru count - less a - ges — Men and an - gels sing. } On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, —

march - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

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OPEN MY EYES, THAT I MAY SEE

words by
Clara H. Scott, 1895

SCOTT
music by
Clara H. Scott, 1895

Ab Eb7/Bb Eb7 Ab

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimps - es of truth Thou hast send for me;
 2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voic - es of truth Thou send - est clear;
 3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - 'ry - where;
 4. O - pen my mind, that I may read More of Thy love in word and deed.

C7/G Fm C Fm Bb7 Eb

Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un - clasp and set me free.
 And while the wave the notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry - thing false will dis - ap - pear.
 O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare Love with Thy chil - dren thus to share.
 What shall I fear while yet Thou dost lead? On - ly for light from Thee I plead.

Refrain

Ab Eb7/Bb Eb7 Ab

Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see:

Ab7/C Db Eb7 Ab

O - pen my { eyes, ears, heart, } il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!

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OPEN NOW THY GATES OF BEAUTY

words by
Benjamin Schmolck, 1732
tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

UNSER HERRSCHER
music by
Joachim Neander, 1680

Bb F Bb Bb/D Bb Eb/G Fsus F Eb/G Eb Bb/D Bb Cm/Eb F7 Bb

1. O - pen now thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,
 2. Gra - cious God, I come be - fore Thee, Come Thou al - so down to me;
 3. Speak, O Lord, and I will hear Thee, Let Thy will be done in deed;

Bb/D Adim/C Bb Bb/D Bb Eb/G F F/Eb Bb/D Eb Bb Bb/D Eb F7 Bb

Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for God who an - swers prayer;
 Where we find Thee and a - dore Thee, There a heaven on earth must be;
 May I un - dis - turbed draw near Thee, While Thou dost Thy peo - ple feed.

Bb/D Fsus F Gm Gm/Bb D Eb Bb/D Gm Cm/Eb F Bb

O how bless - ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light and grace.
 To my heart O en - ter Thou, Let it be Thy tem - ple now.
 Here of life the foun - tain flows, Here is balm for all our woes.

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OUR FATHER, THOU IN HEAVEN ABOVE

VATER UNSER

music by

Martin Luther (1483-1546)

words by

Martin Luther (1483-1546)

tr. by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

Chords: Cm G/B Cm Fm/Ab G Cm G/F Cm/Eb Eb Gm/Bb Bb/Ab Eb/G Gm/Bb Cm Fm/Ab G

1. Our Fa - ther, Thou in heav'n a - bove, Who bid - dest us to dwell in love
 2. All hal - lowed be Thy name, O Lord! O let us firm - ly keep Thy word,
 3. Thy king - dom come! Thine let it be In time and through e - ter - ni - ty!
 4. Thy will be done on earth, O Lord, As where in heav'n Thou art a - dored!
 5. Give us this day our dai - ly bread, Let us be du - ly clothed and fed;
 6. For - give our sins, that they no more May grieve and haunt us as be - fore,

7-9. (See additional verses)

Chords: Eb/G Gm Cm/Eb Cm Fm6 Ab G Cm/Eb F/Eb Bb/D D7 Gm Cm6 Gm/D D Gm

As breth - ren of one fam - i - ly And cry for all we need to Thee;
 And lead, ac - cord - ing to Thy name, A ho - ly life, un - touched by blame;
 O let Thy Ho - ly Spir - it dwell With us, to rule and guide us well;
 Pa - tience in time of grief be - stow, O - be - dience true in weal and woe;
 And keep Thou from our homes a - far Fam - ine and pes - ti - lence and war,
 As we for - give their tres - pass - es Who un - to us have done a - miss;

Chords: Cm/Eb Gm D/F# Gm Eb Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb Cm Ab/C G/B Cm Fm/Ab Cm/G G/F Cm

Teach us to mean the words we say, And from the in - most heart to pray.
 Let no false teach - ings do us hurt; All poor de - lud - ed souls con - vert.
 From Sa - tan's might - y pow'r and rage Pre - serve Thy Church from age to age.
 Our sin - ful flesh and blood con - trol That thwart Thy will with in the soul.
 That we may live in god - ly peace Un - vexed be cares and av - a - rice.
 Thus let us dwell in char - i - ty And serve each oth - er will - ing - ly.

Additional Verses

7. Into temptation lead us not,
 And when the foe doth war and plot
 Against our souls on ev'ry hand,
 Then armed with faith, O may we stand
 Against him as a valiant host
 Through comfort of the Holy Ghost.

8. Deliv'rance from all evil give,
 For yet in evil days we live.
 Redeem us from eternal death,
 And, when we yield our dying breath,
 Console us, grant us calm release,
 And take our souls to Thee in peace.

9. Amen! That is, so let it be!
 Strengthen our faith and trust in Thee
 That we may doubt not, but believe
 That what we ask we shall receive.
 Thus in Thy name and at Thy word
 We say, "Amen. Now hear us, Lord."

OUR LORD IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

JORDAN
music by
Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

E^b A^b B^bsus B^b7 Cm B^b E^b B^b/D E^b Adim/C Gm B^b/F E^b6 F7 B^b B^b/D

1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead; Our Je - sus is gone up on high; The
 2. "Loose all your bars of mas - sy light, And wide un - fold th' e - the - real scene;
 3. Lo, His tri - um - phant char - iot waits, And an - gels chant the sol - emn lay: "Lift

E^b A^b/C B^b7 Cm B^b/D E^b Adim/C Gm F B^b E^b6 F7 B^b

powers of hell are cap - tive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky: There
 claims these man - stions as His right; Re - ceive the King of glo - ry in!" "Who
 up your heads, ye heav'n - ly gates; Ye ev - er - last - ing doors, give way!" "Who

Cm Gm A^b E^b Fm7 B^b7 E^b Cm6 Am7b5 D7 Gm B^b7/F

his tri - umph - al char - iot waits, And an - gels chant the sol - emn lay: "Lift
 is this King of glo - ry? Who?" "The Lord, that all our foes o'er - came; The
 is this King of glo - ry? Who?" "The Lord, of glo - rious pow'r pos - sessed; The

E^b F7/C B^b G7 C Fm B^b7 E^b A^b/C C7 Fm A^bmaj7 B^b E^b/B^b B^b7 E^b

up your heads, ye heav'n - ly gates; Ye ev - er - last - ing doors, give way!"
 world, your sin, death, and hell o'er - threw; And Je - sus is the Con - qu'or's name."
 King of saints and an - gels too; God o - ver all, for ev - er - er - blest!"

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THE PALMS

words by
Charles H. Gabriel (1856-1932)

music by
J. Baptiste Faure (1830-1914)
arr. by Charles H. Gabriel (1856-1932)

A^b D^b A^b E^b7 Edim7 B^bm/F G^b7 E^b7 A^b

1. O'er all the way green palms and blos - soms gay Are strewn this day in fes - tal prep - a - ra - tion,
 2. His word goes forth, and peo - ple by its might Once more their free - dom gain from deg - ra - da - tion;
 3. Sing and re - joice, O blest Je - ru - sa - lem, Of all thy songs sing the e - man - ci - pa - tion;

D^b A^b Adim7 E^b/B^b B^b7 E^b

Where Je - sus comes, to wipe our tears a - way; E'en now the throng to wel - come Him pre - pare.
 Hu - man - i - ty doth give to each his right, While those in dark - ness find re - stored the light.
 Through bound - less love, the Christ of Beth - le - hem Brings forth the hope to thee for - ev - er - more.

Refrain

A^b Fm B^bm E^b C7 Fm B^b7 E^b7

Join all, and sing Ho - san - na! Let ev - 'ry voice re - sound with u - nit - ed ac - cla - ma - tion, Ho -

A^b Fm B^bm E^b7 F7 B^bm A^b/E^b E^b7 A^b

san - na! Praised be the Lord, Bless Him who com - eth to bring us sal - va - tion.

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PASS ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOR

PASS ME NOT
music by
William H. Doane (1832-1915)

words by
Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

G G/B C G G/B D G/B D G G/B C

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior; Hear my hum - ble cry. While on oth - ers Thou art
 2. Let me at the throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing there in deep con -
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face. Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken
 4. Thou, the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on earth be -

G G/B D7 G/D D7 G C

call - ing, Do not pass me by. Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
 tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. }
 spir - it; Save me by Thy grace. }
 side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee? }

G G/B D G G/B C G G/B D7 G/D D7 G

Hear my hum - ble cry. While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

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PEACE, PERFECT PEACE

PAX TECUM
music by
George T. Caldbeck (1852-1918)

words by
Edward H. Bickersteth (1825-1906)

Bb F7 F7/A Bb Eb/G Bb/F Cm/Eb F Bb Bb/Ab

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin? The
 2. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing 'round? On

Eb/G Gb7#4 Bb/F F/Eb Bb/D Eb Bb/F F F7 Bb

blood of Je - sus whis - pers but peace with in.
 Je - sus' sus' bos - om naught but calm is found.

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PEACE TO SOOTHE OUR BITTER WOES

FRED TIL BOD
music by
J.P.E. Hartmann (1805-1900)

words by
N.F.S. Grundtvig (1783-1872)
tr. by G.A.T. Rygh (1860-1942)

F Dm F/A Bb Dm C/E F C F/A Dm Edim/G F C

1. Peace to soothe our bit - ter woes, God in Christ on us be - stows;
 2. Peace to us the Church doth tell, 'Tis her wel - come and fare - well;

C/Bb F/A G7/B C G7 Am C/E F C F/A C/G F G7 C

Je - sus bought our peace with God With His ho - ly, pre - cious blood;
 Peace was our bap - tis - mal dow'r, Peace shall bless our dy - ing hour;

G/B C F C/E Bb/D F/C C/Bb F/A C7/G F Gm/Bb D7/A Gm F/C C F

Peace in Him for sin - ners found, Is the Gos - pel's joy - ful sound.
 Peace be with you, full and free, Now and through e - ter - ni - ty.

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PENTECOSTAL POWER

words by
Charlotte G. Homer, 1912

music by
Charles H. Gabriel, 1912

G D7 G

1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play, With
 2. For might - y works for Thee, pre - pare And strength - en ev - 'ry heart. Come,
 3. All self con - sume; all sin de - stroy! With ear - nest zeal en - due Each
 4. Speak, Lord; be - fore Thy throne we wait. Thy prom - ise we be - lieve, And

D/A A7 D Refrain

cleans - ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De - scend on us to - day.
 take pos - ses - ri - on of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
 wait - ing heart - sion to work for Thee. O Lord, our faith re - new!
 will not let Thee go un - til The bless - ing we re - ceive. Lord,

G C G D

send the old - time pow - er, the Pen - te - cos - tal pow - er! Thy flood - gates of

G A7 D G

bless - ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow - er, the

C G C G G/B C G/D D7 G

Pen - te - cos - tal pow - er, That sin - ners be con - vert - ed and Thy name glo - ri - fied!

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PRAISE GOD, FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW

words by
Thomas Ken, 1674

OLD HUNDRETH
music attr. to
Louis Bourgeois, 1551

G D Em Bm Em D G

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; praise

D Em C G D Em D/F# G D G/B

him, all crea - tures here be - low; praise him a - bove, ye

C D7/A G Em D Am G/B D7 G

heav'n - ly host; praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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PRAYSE HIM! PRAYSE HIM!

JOYFUL SONG

music by

Chester G. Allen, 1869

words by
Fanny J. Crosby, 1869

G C G G/B Em

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless - ed Re - deem - er! Sing, O Earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless - ed Re - deem - er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless - ed Re - deem - er! Heav'n - ly por - tals

A7 D G C G

won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high - est arch - an - gels in glo - ry;
suf - fered, and bled and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal - va - tion,
loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reign - eth for - ev - er and ev - er;

G7/B C G/D D G/D D7 G D G/D D

Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep - herd
Hail Him! Hail Him! Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied. Sound his prais - es!
Crown Him! crown Him! Proph - et and Priest and King! Christ is com - ing!

D7 G/D D7 G/D D G G/B Em A7 D

Je - sus will guard His chil - dren, In His arms He car - ries them all day long: _____
Je - sus who bore our sor - rows; Love un - bound - ed, won - der - ful, deep and strong: _____
o - ver the world vic - to - rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long: _____

Refrain

G C G

Praise Him! praise Him! tell of his ex - cel - lent great - ness;

G7/B C G/D D G/D D7 G

Praise Him! praise Him! ev - er in joy - ful song!

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PRAYSE HIM, ALL YE LITTLE CHILDREN

BONNER

music by

Carey Bonner

Author unknown

D G/D D A7/C# D G(dim/B A A7

1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;
2. Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;
3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;

D G/D D Bm Em7 A7 G/A D

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.
Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.
Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.

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PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN

LAUDA ANIMA

music by

John Goss, 1869

words by
Henry F. Lyte, 1834

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, King to the throne thy
 2. Praise the Lord for grace and fa vor to all peo - ple
 3. Fa - ther like, God tends and spares us; well our fee - ble
 4. An - gels in the heights, a - dor - ing, you be - hold God

trib - ute bring; ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,
 in dis - tress; praise God, still the same as ev - er,
 frame God to knows; face; saints er - tri - um - phant, now gen - tly a - dor - ing,
 face to face;

ev - er more God's prais - es sing. Al - le - lu - ia!
 slow to chide, and swift to bless. Al - le - lu - ia!
 res - cued us from all our race. Al - le - lu - ia!
 gath - ered in from ev - 'ry race. Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er last - ing King.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious now God's faith - ful - ness.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet God's mer - cy flows.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the the God of grace.

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PRAISE THE LORD OF HEAVEN

NOUS ALLONS

Traditional French carol

words by
Thomas B. Browne (1805-1874)

1. Praise the Lord of heav - en! Praise Him in the height;
 2. Praise the Lord, you and foun - tains Of the deeps and seas;
 3. Praise Him, fowl and cat - tle, Prin - ces and all kings;

Praise Him, all you an - gels; Praise Him, stars and light!
 Rocks and hills and moun - tains, Ce - dars and all trees!
 Praise Him, men and wom - en, All cre - a - ted things;

Praise Him, clouds and wa - ters Which, a - bove the skies,
 Praise Him, the clouds and va - vors, Snow and hail and fire,
 For Him, the Name of God is, Ex - cel - lent and a lone

When His word com - mand - ed, Did es - tab - lished rise!
 Storm y wind, ful - fill - ing, On ly His hail de - sire!
 O ver earth His foot - stool, O ver heav'n His throne!

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PRAISE THE LORD, SING HALLELUJAH

PRAISE JEHOVAH

music by

William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

words from
The Book of Psalms, 1831
adapt. by William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

1. Praise the Lord, sing hal - le - lu - jah, From the heav - ens praise His name; Praise the
 2. Let them praise the Lord their Mak - er: They were made at His com - mand. God es -
 3. All the fruit - ful trees and Mak - ce - dars, Ev - 'ry hill and moun - tain high, Creep - ing

Lord, our great Cre - a - tor; All His an - gels, praise pro - claim. All His
 tab - lished them for - ev - er; His de - cree, shall ev - er stand. Let the
 things and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav - ens fly, Kings of

hosts, to - geth - er praise Him, Sun and moon and stars on high; Praise the
 earth, sing hal - le - lu - jah: Rag - ing seas, and crea - tures all, Fire and
 earth and all the peo - ple, Princ - es great, earth's judg - es all; Praise His

Lord, O heav'n of heav - ens, And the clouds that roam the sky, } Praise the
 hail and snow and heav - tem - ens, Storm - y winds that hear His call. }
 name, young men and maid - ens, Ag - ed men, and chil - dren small. }

Lord, sing hal - le - lu - jah, For His Name a - lone is high, And His
 glo - ry is ex - alt - ed, Far a - bove the earth and sky.

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PRAISE THE LORD WHO REIGNS ABOVE

AMSTERDAM

music from

Foundery Collection, 1742

words by
Charles Wesley, 1743

1. Praise the Lord who reigns a - bove and keeps His court be - low; praise the ho - ly
 2. Cel - e - brate th'e - ter - nal God with harp and psal - ter - y, tim - brels soft and
 3. God, in whom they move and live, let ev - ery crea - ture sing, glo - ry to their

God of love and all His great - ness show; praise Him for His no - ble deeds, praise Him for His
 cym - bals loud in this high praise a - gree; praise with ev - ery tune - ful string; all the reach of
 Mak - er give, and hom - age to their King. Hallow - ed be Thy name be - neath, as in heaven on

match - less power; Him from whom all good pro - ceeds let earth and heaven a - dore.
 heaven - ly art; all the powers of mu - sic bring, the mu - sic of the heart.
 earth - a - dored; praise the Lord in ev - ery breath, let all things praise the Lord.

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PRaise THE LORD THROUGH EVERY NATION

WACHET AUF

music by

Hans Sachs (1494-1576)

adapt. by Philipp Nicolai (1556-1608)

words by
Rhijnvis Feith (1753-1824)

1. Praise the Lord through ev - 'ry na - tion; His ho - ly arm hath wrought sal - va - tion;
 2. God with God do - min - ion shar - ing, And man with man our im - age bear - ing,
 3. Je - sus, Lord, our cap - tain glo - rious! O'er sin and death and hell vic - to - rious;

Ex - alt Him on His Fa - ther's throne; Praise your King, ye Chris - tian le - gions,
 Gen - tiles and Jews to Him are given; Praise your Sa - vior, ran - somed sin - ners,
 Wis - dom and might to Thee be - long; We con - fess, pro - claim, a - dore Thee;

Who now pre - pares in heaven - ly re - gions Un - fail - ing man - sions for His own;
 Of life, through Him im - mor - tal win - ners, No long - er heirs of earth, but heaven;
 We bow the knee, we fall be - fore Thee; Thy love hence - forth shall be our song;

With voice and min - strel - sy, Ex - tol His maj - es - ty; Hal - le - lu - jah!
 O be - a - tif - ic sight, To view His face in light! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 The cross mean - while we bear; The crown e'er long to wear; Hal - le - lu - jah!

His praise shall sound all na - ture round, Wher - e'er the race of man is found.
 And while we see, trans - formed to be From bliss to bliss e - ter - nal - ly.
 Thy reign ex - tend, world with - out end Let praise from all to Thee a - scend.

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PRaise THE LORD! YE HEAVENS, ADORE HIM

AUSTRIAN HYMN

music by

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1797

words from
Foundling Hospital Collection, 1796 (v. 1,2)
v. 3 by Edward Osler, 1836

1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels in the height.
 2. Praise the Lord! for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His prom - ise fail.
 3. Wor - ship, hon - or, glo - ry, bless - ing, Lord, we of - fer un - to Thee.

Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.
 God hath made His saints vic - to - rious; Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
 Young and old, Thy praise ex - press - ing, In glad hom - age bend the knee.

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E♭/B♭ B♭ B♭7 E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭/G B♭7 Cm F7 B♭

Praise the Lord! for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed.
 Praise the God of our sal - va - tion! Hosts on high, His pow'r pro - claim.
 All the saints in heav'n a - dore - Thee; We would bow be - fore Thy throne.

E♭/G A♭ E♭ A♭ E♭/G B♭/F E♭ B♭ B♭/A♭ E♭/G Fm/A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭7 E♭

Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken For their guid - ance He hath made.
 Heav'n and earth and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.
 As Thine an - gels serve be - fore Thee, So on earth Thy will be done.

PRAISE THE LORD! YE HEAVENS, ADORE HIM

FABEN
music by

John H. Willcox, 1849

words based on Psalm 148
v.1,2 from *Founding Hospital Collection*, 1796
v.3 by Edward Osler, 1836

B♭ Cm/B♭ Dm/B♭ B♭ B♭/D F7sus F7

1. Praise the Lord! Ye heav'ns, a - dore Him; Praise Him, an - gels in the
 2. Praise the Lord, for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His prom - ise to
 3. Wor - ship, hon or, glo - ry, bless ing, Lord, we of fer un - to

Cm/B♭ B♭ F7/C B♭/D B♭ Cm/B♭ Dm/B♭ B♭ Gm F/C C7 F/C C7

height; Sun and moon, re - jice be - fore Him, Praise Him, all ye stars of
 fail; God hath made His saints vic - to - rious; Sin and death shall not pre -
 Thee; Young and old, Thy praise ex - press - ing, In glad horn - age bend the

F Gm/F F7 Gm E♭7

light. Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might - y voice o -
 vail. Praise the God saints of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high, His power pro -
 knee. All the saints in heaven a - dore Thee; We would bow be - fore Thy

Gm/D D F7 B♭ F7 D/F# Gm B♭/D D7 E♭ Cm B♭/F F B♭

beyed; Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken For their guid - ance He hath made.
 claim; Heaven and earth and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.
 throne; As Thine an - gels serve be - fore Thee, So on earth Thy will be done.

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PRAISE THE SAVIOR, YE WHO KNOW HIM

ACCLAIM

Traditional German melody

words by
Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)

D D7 G D Dsus D G/B D G Am/C A7/C#

1. Praise the Sav - ior, ye who know Him! Who can tell how much we
 2. Trust in Him, ye saints, for - ev - er - ing He is faith - ful, chang - ing
 3. Keep us, Lord, O keep us cleav - ing To Thy - self, and still be
 4. Then we shall be where we would be, Then we shall be what we

D G D7/A G/B G G/B C Am/C Am G/D D7 G

owe Him? Glad - ly let us ren - der to Him All we are and have.
 nev - er; Nei - ther force nor rule can sev - er Those He loves from Him.
 liev - ing; Till the hour of our re - ceiv - ing Prom - ised joys with Thee.
 should be; Things that are not now, nor could be, Soon shall be our own.

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PRAISE TO GOD, IMMORTAL PRAISE

words by
Anna Laetitia Barbauld (1743-1825)

DIX
music by
Conrad Kocher (1786-1872)

G D7/A G D/F# G C/E D7/F# G C D7/C G/B C G/D D

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, for the love that crowns our
 2. All the plen - ty sum - mer pours; for au - tumn's rich o'er - flow ing
 3. As thy pros - p'ring hand hath blessed, may we give thee of our

G D7/A G D/F# G C/E D7/F# G C D7/C G/B C G/D D

days; boun - te - ous source of ev - 'ry joy, let thy praise our tongues em -
 stores; flocks that whit - en all the plain; yet thy sheaves of rip - ened
 best; and by deeds of kind - ly love for thy mer - cies grate - ful

G D7/F# G D/F# D G C D7/C G/B C/E G/D D7 G

ploy: all to thee, our God, we owe, source whence all our bless - ings flow.
 grain: Lord, for these our souls shall raise days grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.
 prove; sing - ing thus through all our days praise to God, im - mor - tal praise.

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PRAISE TO THE FATHER

words by
Elizabeth R. Charles (1828-1896)

FLEMMING
music by
Friedrich F. Flemming (1778-1813)

G D7/F# G C G/D D G

1. Praise to the Fa - ther for his lov - ing kind - ness, Ten - der - ly
 2. Praise to the Sav - ior for His deep com - pas - sion, Gra - cious - ly
 3. Praise to the Spir - it, com - fort - er of Is - rael, Sent from the

B/F# Em Am/E Em Em/B B G D/F#

car - ing for his err - ing chil - dren; Praise Him, all an - gels;
 car - ing for His cho - sen peo - ple; Praise Young men and wom - en,
 Fa - ther and the Son to bless us! Praise to the Fa - ther,

G A/E D G C Am G/D D G

praise Him in the heav - ens; Praise to the Fa - ther!
 ag - ing folk and Ho - ly Spir - it! Praise to the Sav - ior!
 Son, and the Tri - une God!

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PRAISE TO THE HOLIEST IN THE HEIGHT

NEWMAN
music by

words by
John Henry Newman (1801-1890)

Richard Runciman Terry (1865-1938)

D A/C# Bm G D/A A D F#7/C# Bm A/E E7 A A/G

1. Praise to the Ho - liest in the height, And in the depth be praise; In
 2. O lov - ing wis - dom of our God! When all was sin and shame, A
 3. O wis - est love! that flesh and blood, Which did in Ad - am fail, Should
 4. O gen - 'rous love! that He, who smote In Man for man the foe, The
 5. And in the gar - den se - cret - ly, And on the cross on high, Should

D/F# D7 G Em/G F#m7b5 Em/B B Em D/F# Em/G D/A A7 D

all His words most won - der - ful, Most sure in all His ways!
 sec - ond Ad - am to the fight And to the res - cue came.
 strive a - gainst the foe, Should strive, and should pre -vail.
 dou - ble ag - o - ny in man For man should un - der - go;
 teach his breth - ren and in -spire To suf - fer and to die.

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PRAISE TO THE LIVING GOD

LEONI

Traditional Hebrew melody

words from
Medieval Jewish liturgy
tr. by Max Landsberg (1845-1928)
and Newton M. Mann (1836-1926)

Fm Bbm/Db C Fm Bbm Eb Ab Eb

1. Praise to the liv - ing God! All prais - ed be his Name who
 2. His Spir - it flow - eth free, high surg - ing where it will; in
 3. He hath e - ter - nal life im - plant - ed in the soul; his

Ab Db Eb Fm Bbm7 Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab

was, and is, and is to be, and still the same. The
 proph - et's word he spoke of old; he speak eth still. Es
 love shall be our strength and stay while a ges roll. Praise

Ab/C Db Ab Bbm C

one e - ter - nal God cre - aught that now ap - pears: the
 tab - lished is his law, and change less it shall stand, deep
 to the liv - ing God! All prais ed be his Name, who

Fm Eb Ab Bbm Fm/C C7 Fm

first, the last, be yond all thought his time less years!
 writ up on the and hu - man heart, on sea or land
 was, and is, and is to be, for ay the same.

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PRAISE TO THE LORD, THE ALMIGHTY

LOBE DEN HERREN
music from
Erneuerten Gesangbuch, 1665

words by
Joachim Neander, 1680
tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

1. Praise to the Lord, the who doth let
2. Praise to the Lord, the who doth let
3. Praise to the Lord, the who doth let
4. Praise to the Lord, the who doth let

the Al o'er might y, the King of cre
who o'er all things, the so won drous ly
who doth pros per thy work and de
let all that is in me a

a tion! O my soul, praise him, for
reign eth! shel ters thee un der his
fend thee; sure - ly his good ness and
dore him! All that hath life and breath,

he is thy health and sal va tion!
wings, yes, so gen tly sus tain eth!
mer cy now here dai ly at tend thee.
come now with prais es be fore him!

All ye who hear, now to his team ple draw
Hast thou not a seen new men sound from all thy Al long might ings have
Let the a a men can a

near; join me in glad ad o ra tion!
been grant ed with his in what he or dain eth?
do, if glad ly for eye we be friend thee.
gain; glad ly for eye we be friend thee.
him.

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PRAISE WE THE LORD THIS DAY

SWABIA
music by
Johann M. Spiess (1715-1772)

words from
Hymns for the Festivals and Saints' Days, 1846

1. Praise we the Lord this day, This day so long fore
2. The Proph et gave this the should sign be, For Faith wor ship folk to
3. Ask not how this should be, But wor the ship and a
4. She meek ly bowed her head To hear the gra cious
5. Bless ed shall be her name In all the Church on
6. O Christ, the Vir gin's Son, We praise you and a

told, Whose prom ise shone with cheer ing ray On wait ing saints of old.
read: A vir gin, born of Da vid's line, Shall bear the prom ised Seed.
dore Like her whom God's own and maj es ty Came down to, shad ow o'er.
word Mar y, the pure and low ly maid, The fa vored of the Lord.
earth Through whom that won drous mer cy came, The in car nate Sav ior's birth.
dore, You are with God the Fa ther One And Spir it ev er more.

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PRAISE YE THE TRIUNE GOD

FLEMMING

music by

Friedrich F. Flemming, 1811

words by
Elizabeth R. Charles, c. 1859

Ab Eb7/G Ab Ab+ Db Ab/Eb Eb Ab

1. Praise ye the Father for His loving-kindness; Ten-der-ly
 2. Praise ye the Savior great is His com-pas-sion; Gra-cious-ly
 3. Praise ye the Spirit. Com-fort-er of Is-rael, Sent of the

C7/G Fm Bbm/F Fm Fm/C C Ab Ab/C Eb7

cares — He for His err-ing chil-dren. Praise Him, ye an-gels,
 cares — He ther and the Son to bless-ple-us. Praise Young men and the maid-ens,
 Fa-ther

Ab Bb/F Bb7/D Eb Bb7 Eb Ab Db Bbm Ab/Eb Eb Ab

praise Him in the heav-ens. Praise ye Je-ho-vah!
 ye old men and chil-dren, Praise ye the Sav-ior!
 Son, and Ho-ly Spir-it Praise ye the Tri-une God!

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PRAYER IS THE SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE

CAMPMEETING

Traditional American melody

words by
James Montgomery, 1818

C C/E F D Gm/Bb D/A Gm Gm/F C/E F

1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de-sire, un-ut-tered or ex-pressed, the
 2. Prayer is the bur-den of a sigh, the fall-ing of a tear, the
 3. Prayer is the sim-plest form of speech that in-fant lips can try, the
 4. Prayer is the con-trite sin-ners' voice, re-turn-ing from their way, while
 5. Prayer is the Chris-tians' vi-tal breath, the Chris-tians' na-tive air; their
 6. O Thou, by whom we come to God, the Life, the Truth, the Way: the

D7 Gm C F F7/A Bb Gm/Bb F/C C F

mo-tion of a hid-den fire that trem-bles in the breast.
 up-ward glanc-ing an eye, when none but God is near.
 the sub-lim-est strains that reach the Maj-es-ty on high.
 an-gels in their songs re-joice and cry, "Be-hold, they pray!"
 watch-word at the gates of death; they en-ter heav'n with prayer.
 path of prayer Thy self hast trod; Lord, teach us how to pray!

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PRECIOUS MEMORIES

words by
J.B.F. Wright

music by
J.B.F. Wright

A D D/A A E7 F#m B7 E7 A

1. Pre - cious mem - 'ries, un - seen an - gels, Sent from some - where to my soul; How they lin - ger,
 2. Pre - cious fa - ther, lov - ing moth - er, Fly a - cross the lone - ly years; To old home - scenes
 3. As I trav - el on life's path - way, Know not what the years may hold; As I pon - der,

D D/A A A/C# E7 F#m A/E E7 A

ev - er near me, And the sa - cred past un - fold. } Pre - cious mem - 'ries, how they lin - ger,
 of my child - hood, With fond mem - o - ries ap - pear.
 hope grows fon - der, Pre - cious mem - 'ries flood my soul. }

D A D D/A A A/C# E7 F#m A/E E7 A

How they ev - er flood my soul. In the still - ness of the mid - night, Pre - cious sa - cred scenes un - fold.

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READY

words by
A.C. Palmer (1845-1882)

TILLMAN
music by
Charles D. Tillman, 1903

Eb Bb Bb7 Bb Eb

1. Read - y to suf - fer grief or pain, Read - y to stand the test,
 2. Read - y to go, read - y to bear, Read - y to watch and pray,
 3. Read - y to speak, read - y to think, Read - y with heart and brain,
 4. Read - y to speak, read - y to warn, Read - y o'er souls to yearn;

Bb Bb7 Eb

Read - y to stay at home and send Oth - ers if He sees best,
 Read - y to stand a side and give Till He shall clear the way,
 Read - y to stand where He sees fit, Read - y to bear the strain,
 Read - y in life, read - y in death, Read - y for His re turn.

Refrain

Ab Ab/C Eb Bb Eb/Bb Bb7 Bb Eb

Read - y to go, read - y to stay; Read - y my place to fill;

Ab Ab/C Eb Bb Bb7 Eb

Read - y for ser - vice, low - ly or great; Read - y to do His will.

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PRAISE YE THE TRIUNE GOD

FLEMMING

music by

Friedrich F. Flemming, 1811

words by
Elizabeth R. Charles, c. 1859

1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for His roy - ing kind - ness; Ten - der - ly
 2. Praise ye the Sav - ior great is His com - pas - sion; Gra - cious - ly
 3. Praise ye the Spir - it, Com - fort - er of Is - rael, Sent of the

cares — He for His err - ing chil - dren. Praise Him, ye an - gels,
 Fa - ther and the Son to bless ple - us. Praise Young men and the maid - ens,
 Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it

praise Him in the heav - ens. Praise ye Je - ho - vah!
 ye old men and ly chil - dren, Praise ye the Sav - ior!
 Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it Praise ye the Tri - une God!

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 2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, the fall - ing of a tear, the
 3. Prayer is the sim - plest form of speech that in - fant lips can try; the
 4. Prayer is the con - trite sin - ners' voice, re - turn - ing from their way, while
 5. Prayer is the Chris - tians' vi - tal breath, the Chris - tians' na - tive air; their
 6. O Thou, by whom we come to God, the Life, the Truth, the Way: the

mo - tion of a hid - den fire that trem - bles in the breast.
 up - ward glance - ing of an eye, when none but God is near.
 the sub - lim - est strains that reach the Maj - es - ty on high.
 an - gels in their songs re - joice and cry, "Be - hold, they pray!"
 watch - word at the gates of death; they en - ter heav'n with prayer,
 path of prayer Thy self hast trod; Lord, teach us how to pray!

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 2. Pre - cious fa - ther, lov - ing moth - er, Fly a - cross the lone - ly years; To old home - scenes
 3. As I trav - el on life's path - way, Know not what the years may hold; As I pon - der,

D D/A A A/C# E7 F#m A/E E7 A

ev - er near me, And the sa - cred past un - fold. } Pre - cious mem-'ries, how they lin - ger,
 of my child - hood, With fond mem - o - ries ap - pear. }
 hope grows fon - der, Pre - cious mem-'ries flood my soul. }

D A D D/A A A/C# E7 F#m A/E E7 A

How they ev - er flood my soul. In the still - ness of the mid - night, Pre - cious sa - cred scenes un - fold.

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 Read - y to stand a side and give Till He shall clear the way,
 Read - y to stand where He sees fit, Read - y to bear the strain,
 Read - y in life, read - y in death, Read - y for His re - turn.

Refrain

Ab Ab/C Eb Bb Eb/Bb Bb7 Bb Eb

Read - y to go, read - y to stay; Read - y my place to fill;

Ab Ab/C Eb Bb Bb7 Eb

Read - y for ser - vice, low - ly or great; Read - y to do His will.

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REDEEMED

words by
Fanny Crosby (1820-1915)

music by
William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

Ab Eb

1. Re - deemed, how I to love pro - claim it! Re - deemed by the blood of the
 2. Re - deemed and so hap - py in Je - sus, No lan - guage my rap - ture can
 3. I think of my bless - ed Re - deem - er, I think of Him all the day
 4. I know I shall see in His beau - ty The King in whose law I de

Ab

Lamb; _____ Re - deemed through His in - fin - ite mer - cy, His
 tell; _____ I know that the light of His pres - ence With
 long; _____ I sing, for I can - not be si - lent; His
 light; _____ Who lov - ing - ly guard - eth my foot - steps, And

Eb7 Ab Refrain Db

child, and for - ev - er I am. _____ } Re - deemed, _____ re
 me doth con - tin - ual - ly dwell. _____ }
 love is the theme of my song. _____ }
 giv - eth me songs in the night. _____ }

Ab Eb Ab

deemed, _____ Re - deemed by the blood of the Lamb; _____ Re

Db Ab Eb7 Ab

deemed, _____ re - deemed, _____ His child, and for - ev - er, I am. _____

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REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS

REJOICE
Traditional music

words from
Philippians 4:4

* ① F Gm C7 F ② Gm C7 F ③

Re - joice in the Lord al - ways, a - gain I say, re - joice! Re - joice in the Lord al - ways, a - gain I say, re - joice! Re -

Gm C7 F ④ Gm C7 F

joice, re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice! Re - joice, re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!

*May be sung as a round.

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REJOICE, THE LORD IS KING

DARWALL'S 148TH
music by
John Darwall, 1770

words by
Charles Wesley, 1746

1. Re - joyce, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a
 2. God's king - dom can not fail, Christ rules o'er the earth and
 3. Re - jocie in glo - rious hope! For Christ, the Judge, shall

dore! heaven; come Re The To joyce, keys glo - ri - fy thanks, death and the sing, hell saints And Are For tri to umph our e

ev - er more: Je - sus given: ter - nal home: Lift up your heart, lift

up your voice! Re - joyce, a - gain I say, re - joyce!

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REJOICE, THE LORD IS KING

LAUS REGIS
music by
William E. Fischer (1849-1936)

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

1. Re - joyce, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a dore! Re
 2. God's king - dom can not fail, Christ rules o'er the earth, and shall heav'n; The
 3. Re - jocie in glo - rious hope! For Christ, the Judge, shall come To

joyce, keys glo - ri - fy thanks death and sing, And tri - umph ev - er more: give of of ri - fy death and the hell saints For to their e - ter - nal home: Lift

up your heart, lift up your voice: Re

joyce, a gain I say, re - joyce!

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REJOICE, YE PURE IN HEART

MARION

music by

Arthur Henry Messiter, 1883

words by

Edward Hayes Plumptre, 1865

1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks, and
 2. Yes, on through life's long path, Still chant - ing as ye
 3. At last the march shall end; The wea - ried ones shall
 4. Then on, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks, and
 5. Praise God who reigns on high, The Lord whom we a

Chorus:
 sing! go; rest; sing! dore,
 Your From The Your The
 fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your
 youth to age, by night and day, In glad - ness and in
 pil - grims find their home at last, Je - ru - sa - lem the
 Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, One God for - ev - er

Refrain:
 King. woe. blest. King. more.
 Re - joice! re - joice! Re - joice, give thanks, and sing!

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RENEW ME, O ETERNAL LIGHT

HERR JESU CHRIST, MEINS

music from

As Hymnodus Sacer, Leipzig, 1625

words by

Johann F. Ruopp (1672-1708)

tr. by August Crull (1846-1923)

1. Re - new me, O e - ter - nal Light, And let my
 2. Re - move the pow - er of sin from me, And cleanse all
 3. Cre - ate in me a new heart, Lord, That glad - ly
 4. Grant that I on ly You may love And seek those

heart and soul be bright, I lu - mined with the
 my im - pu - ri - ty, That I may have the
 I o - bey Your Word, Let what You will be
 things which are a - bove, Till I be - hold You

light of grace That is - sues from Your ho - ly face.
 strength and will Temp - ta - tions of the flesh to still.
 my de - sire, And with new life my soul in - spire.
 face to face, O light e - ter - nal, through Your grace.

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RESCUE THE PERISHING

words by
Fanny J. Crosby, 1869

RESCUE
music by
William H. Doane, 1870



1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from sin and the grave;
 2. Tho they are slight - ing Him, still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent child to re - ceive;
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, crushed by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that grace can re - store;
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, du - ty de - mands it Strength for your la - bor the Lord will pro - vide;



Weep o'er the err - ing one, lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.
 Plead with them ear - nest - ly, plead with them gen - tly, He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
 Touched by a lov - ing heart, wak - ened by kind - ness, Cords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
 Back to the nar - row way pa - tient - ly win them, Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - ior has died.

Refrain



Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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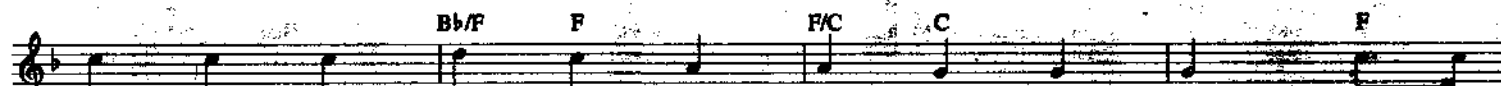
REVIVE US AGAIN

words by
William P. Mackay (1839-1885)

music by
John J. Husband (1760-1825)



1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love, For —
 2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir - it of Light, Who has
 3. All glo - ry and praise gain; fill each heart that was slain, Who has
 4. Re - vive us a - gain; with Thy love. May each



Je - sus, who died and is now gone ter - a - bove. }
 shown us our Sav - ior and has scat - tered our night.
 borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - ery stain.
 soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove. }

Hal - le -



lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le -



lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry! Re - vive us a - gain.

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RIDE ON! RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

ST. DROSTANE
music by
John Bacchus Dykes, 1862

words by
Henry Hart Milman, 1827

B♭ B♭/D E♭ Cm B♭ B♭/D F7/A B♭ F Cm C7 F

1. Ride on! Ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry; O
 2. Ride on! Ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die: O
 3. Ride on! Ride on in maj - es - ty! The wing - ed squad - rons of the sky Look
 4. Ride on! Ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die; Bow

B♭/D B♭7/D E♭ C/E C7/E F F/E♭ B♭/D B♭7 E♭ Gm B♭/F F B♭

Sav - ior meek, pur - sue Thy road With palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed.
 Christ, Thy tri - umphs now be gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.
 down with sad and won - dering eyes To see the ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice.
 Thy meek head to mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

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RING THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

RING THE BELLS
music by
George F. Root, c. 1866

words by
William O. Cushing, 1866

A♭ Db/A♭ A♭ D♭ E♭ E♭7

1. Ring the bells of heav - en— there is joy to - day For a soul re - turn - ing from the
 2. Ring the bells of heav - en— there is joy to - day, For the wan - d'r'er now is rec - on -
 3. Ring the bells of heav - en— spread the feast to - day! An - gels, swell the glad tri - um - phant

A♭ Db/A♭ A♭ D♭

wild! See, the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way,
 ciled. Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way,
 strain! Tell the joy - ful ti - dings; bear them far a - way,

E♭ E♭7 A♭ E♭ E♭7

Wel - com - ing His wea - ry, wan - d'ring child. } Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the
 And is born a - new— a ran - somed child. }
 For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain. }

Fm C D♭ B♭ E♭ B♭7 E♭

an - gels sing! Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring!

A♭ Db/A♭ A♭ D♭ E♭ E♭7 A♭

'Tis the ran - somed ar - my, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free.

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RISE, MY SOUL, TO WATCH AND PRAY

STRAF MICH NICHT

music from

Hundert Geistlicher Arien, Dresden, 1694

words by

Johann B. Freystein (1671-1718)

tr. by Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

D Bm A F#m Bm A D G A7/E D Bm G6 A D

1. Rise, my soul, to watch and pray; From thy sleep a wak en! thee;
 2. Watch a - gainst the the dev - il's snares; Lest a - sleep he find thee;
 3. Watch! Let not the the wick - ed world With its pow'r de - feat thee;
 4. Watch a - gainst thy self, my soul, Lest with grace thou tri - fle;
 5. But while watch - ing, al - so pray, To the Lord un - ceas - ing;
 6. There - fore let us watch and pray, Know - ing He will hear us,

Bm A F#m Bm A D G A7/E D Bm G6 A D A/C# A D

Be not by the e - vil day Un - a - wares o'er - tak - en. 'For the foe,
 For in - deed with her no pains he spares To de - ceive and blind thee. Watch and prey
 Lest lest with her no pomp un - furled She be - tray and cheat thee. See
 Let not self thy thoughts con - trol Nor God's mer - cy sti - fle. Pride and sin
 He will free thee, be thy stay, Strength and faith in - creas - ing. O Lord, bless
 As we see from day to day Dan - gers ev - er near us, And the end

B/D# B E A E7/B A/C# A E A E D Bm G6 A D

Well we know, Oft his har - vest reap - eth While the Chris - tian sleep - eth.
 Oft are they Who se - cure are sleep - ing And not watch are keep - ing.
 Lest there be Faith - less friends to charm thee Who but seek to harm thee.
 Lurk with - in, All thy hopes to scat - ter; Heed not when they flat - ter.
 In dis - tress, And let noth - ing swerve me From the will to serve Thee.
 Doth im - pend; Our re - demp - tion near - eth When the Lord ap - pear - eth.

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RISE UP, O MEN OF GOD

FESTAL SONG

music by

William H. Walter, 1894

words by

William Pierson Merrill, 1911

Bb Eb Bb Eb Bb C7 F

1. Rise up, O men of God! Have done with less - er things; Give
 2. Rise up, O men of God! His king - dom tar - ries long; Bring
 3. Rise up, O men of God! The Church for you doth wait; Her
 4. Lift high the cross of Christ! Tread where His feet have trod; As

Bb Eb/G Bb/F Eb F Eb F7 Bb

heart and — soul day and mind and strength To — serve — the King of kings.
 in the — day of of broth - er - hood And end the the of of wrong.
 strength un — e — of qual to her task. Rise up, — and and night make of of great!
 broth - ers — of the Son of of Man, Rise up, — O men make her of God!

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RISE, YE CHILDREN OF SALVATION

NEANDER

music by

Joachim Neander, 1680

words by
Justus Falckner, 1697
tr. by Emma F. Bevan, 1858

C G C F/A Gsus G C F G C/E F G C

1. Rise, ye chil - dren of sal - va - tion, All who — cleave to Christ, the Head.
2. Saints and he - roes long be - fore us Firm - ly — on this ground have stood;
3. Fight - ing, we shall be vic - to - rious By the — blood of Christ, our Lord;
4. When His ser - vants stand be - fore Him, Each re - ceiv - ing his re - ward;

G C F/A Gsus G C F G C/E F G C

Wake, a - rise, O might - y na - tion, Ere the — foe on Zi - on tread.
See their ban - ner wav - ing o'er us, Con - querors — through the Sav - ior's blood.
On our fore - heads, bright and glo - rious, Shines the — wit - ness of His Word;
When His saints in light a - dore Him, Giv - ing — glo - ry to the Lord.

C/E Gsus G Am Am/C E F C F G C

He draws nigh and would de - fy All the hosts of God Most High.
Ground we hold where - on of old Fought the faith - ful and can - not bold.
Spear and shield on bat - tle - field, Like His great name we der - ceive not yield.
"Vic - to - ry!" our song shall be Like the thun - der of the sea.

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ROCK OF AGES

TOPLADY

music by

Thomas Hastings (1784-1872)

words by
Augustus M. Toplady (1740-1778)
v. 1,2,4 alt. by Thomas Cotterill, 1815

Bb Eb/Bb Bb Bb/D Eb6 Bb/F F7 Bb

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. Let the
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know, These for
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling. Na - ked,
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I

F7 Bb F7 Bb Eb/Bb

wa - ter and the blood From Thy wound - ed side which flowed Be of
sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone. In my
come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace. Foul, I
rise to worlds un - known And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of

Bb Eb/Bb Bb Bb/D Eb6 Bb/F F7 Bb

sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make - me pure.
hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
to the foun - tain fly; Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die!
A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

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ROUND THE LORD IN GLORY SEATED

RUSTINGTON

words by Richard Mant (1776-1848)

music by Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848-1918)

Musical notation for 'ROUND THE LORD IN GLORY SEATED' with lyrics and chords. The piece is in 4/4 time and G major. It features three verses of lyrics. The chords are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are:

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed cher - u - bim and ser - a
 2. Heav'n is still with glo - ry ring - ing, earth takes him up and the an - gels'
 3. "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, earth is with Thy full - ness
 phim cry, stored; filled "Ho un - to His ly, Thee be glo - ry giv - en, "Lord of hosts, ho - ly, ter - nate Most ly, ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord." Lord." Thus Thy glo - rious Name con - fess - ing, with Thine an - gel hosts we
 stored; un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord."
 low, thus u - nite we to a - dore Him, bid - ly, we thus ly, our an - them flow:
 cry "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," bless - ing Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.

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SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS

words by Fanny J. Crosby, 1870

SAFE music by William H. Doane, 1870

Musical notation for 'SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS' with lyrics and chords. The piece is in 4/4 time and G major. It features three verses of lyrics. The chords are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are:

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er -
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care, Safe from the world's temp -
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the Rock of
 shad ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels,
 ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor - row,
 A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with pa - tience,
 Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per
 Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more
 Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en
 sea: _____ Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
 tears: _____
 shore: _____
 There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

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SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK

SABBATH MORN

music by

Lowell Mason (1792-1827)

words by
John Newton (1725-1807)

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way; Let us
 2. While we pray for par - doning grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name, Show Thy
 3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres - ence near: May Thy
 4. May Thy Gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints; May the

now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day: Day of
 rec on - cil - ed face, Take a - way in our sin and shame; From our
 glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house and ap - pear: Here af -
 fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints: Thus may

all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest: Day of
 world ly cares the free, May we rest this day in Thee: From our
 ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast: Here af -
 all our Sab - baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove: Thus may

all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest. Thee.
 world ly cares the free, May we rest this day in feast.
 ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing ing a bove.
 all our Sab - baths prove, Till we join the Church a bove.

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THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING

RUTHERFORD

music by

Chrétien Urhan (1790-1845)

words by
Anne R. Cousin (1824-1906)

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks; The
 2. O Christ! He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love! The
 3. O, I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine! He
 4. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear Bride - groom's face; I

sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn - a - wakes; Dark,
 streams on earth I've tast - ed More, deep I'll drink a - bove: There
 brings a poor vile sin - ner In to His "house of wine." I
 will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace. Not

dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand, But
 to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand, And
 stand up - on His mer - it, I know no oth - er stand, Not
 at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pierc - ed hand, The

glo - ry, glo - ry dwell eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 glo - ry, glo - ry dwell eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 e'en where glo - ry dwell eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land.

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SANCTIFYING POWER

words by
Lelia N. Morris, 1908

music by
Lelia N. Morris, 1908

Ab Db/Ab Ab Ab/C Db Ab

1. There is sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r, Like a sweet, re - fresh - ing show'r, Wait - ing
2. I'm so glad it reach - es me, All un - wor - thy tho' I be, O - ver
3. This God's will for you and me, That we sanc - ti - fied should be, Dwell - ing
4. Songs of prais - es let us sing To our bless - ed Lord and King For this

Eb7 Ab Ab/C Eb Ab

for each con - se - crat - ed heart: Pow'r to cleanse us from all sin, Pow'r to
com - ing grace made free - ly mine. Since the Com - fort - er a - bides, And with -
in this land of plen - teous - ness. Fling your doubts and fears a - side; Bold - ly
great sal - va - tion rich and free: Ev - 'ry need - ed grace sup - plied, Ev - 'ry

Db Ab Eb7/Bb Ab/C Eb7 Ab/Eb

keep us pure with - in, Pow'r for ser - vice which he will im -
in my heart re - sides, I am walk - ing in the light di -
cross the Jor - dan's tide, And your her - i - tage in in Christ pos -
long - ing sat - is - fied, Saved for time and for e - ter ni -

Refrain

Ab Eb7 Ab

part. } I'm so glad, I'm so glad For this
vine. }
sess. }
ty. }

Db F7/C Bb Bb7 Eb7 Ab Db Ab

sav - ing, sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r! Waves of glo - ry o'er me roll; Peace a

Db Ab Ab/C Db Ab/Eb Eb Eb7 Ab

bides with - in my soul. I'm so glad for this sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r!

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SATISFIED

words by
Clara T. Williams, 1881

music by
Ralph E. Hudson, 1881

Eb Bb Eb Ab Eb

1. All my life - long I had pant - ed For a drink from some cool
2. Feed - ing on the husks a - round me Till my strength was al - most
3. Poor I was, and sought for rich - es, Some - thing that would sat - is -
4. Well of wa - ter, ev - er spring - ing, Bread of Life, so rich and

Bb Eb Eb/G Ab Ab/Eb Eb Eb/G Bb/F Eb Eb/G Ab Bb7

spring That I hoped would quench the burn - ing Of the thirst I felt with -
gone, Longed my soul for some - thing bet - ter, On - ly still to hun - ger
fy; But the dust I that gath - ered round me, On - ly mocked my soul's sad
free; Un - told wealth that nev - er fail - eth, My Re - deem - er is to

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Refrain

E \flat Ab/E \flat E \flat B \flat /F F7

in. }
on. }
cry. }
me. }

Hai - le - lu - jah! I have found Him Whom my soul so long has

E \flat E \flat Ab/E \flat E \flat E \flat /G B \flat /F E \flat Fm/Ab E \flat /B \flat B \flat 7 E \flat

craved! Je - sus sat - is - fies my long - ings; Thro' His blood I now am saved.

SAVED BY THE BLOOD

words by
S.J. Henderson, 19th century

GLORY, I'M SAVED
music by
Daniel B. Towner (1850-1919)

E \flat Ab/E \flat E \flat B \flat 7 E \flat B \flat E \flat /B \flat B \flat 7

1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Now ran - somed from sin and a
2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The an - gels re - joic - ing be -
3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! All hail to the Fa - ther, all

Ab/E \flat E \flat E \flat /G Ab B \flat /Ab Ab E \flat Ab/E \flat E \flat

new work be - gum, Sing praise to the Fa - ther and praise to the Son,
cause it is done; A child of the Fa - ther, joint - heir with the Son,
hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the great Three in One!

B \flat /Ab Fm/Ab B \flat /Ab E \flat /G E \flat B \flat 7 E \flat Ab

Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Saved! _____ Saved! _____ My
Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

B \flat 7 Ab/B \flat B \flat 7 E \flat Ab/E \flat E \flat

sins are all par - doned, my guilt is all gone! Saved! _____

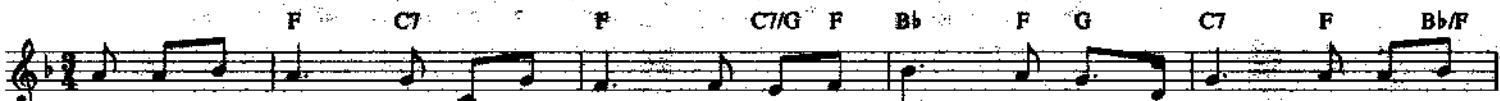
Ab B \flat /Ab Fm/Ab Ab/B \flat E \flat /G E \flat B \flat 7 E \flat

Saved! _____ I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

SAVED BY GRACE

words by
Fanny J. Crosby, 1894

music by
George C. Stebbins, 1894



1. Some-day the sil-ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing. But, O the
 2. Some-day my earth-ly house will fall; I can-not tell how soon 'twill be. But this I
 3. Some-day, when fades the gold-en sun; Be-neath the ros-y tint-ed west. My bless-ed
 4. Some-day—till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burn-ing bright, That when my



joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!)
 know— my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.)
 Lord will say, "Well done!" And I shall en-ter in to rest.)
 Sav-ior opes the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.) And I shall



see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry— saved by grace. And I shall



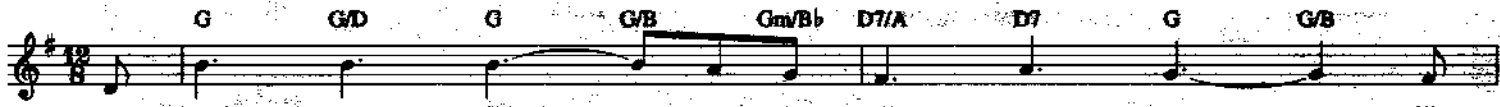
see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry— saved by grace.

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SAVED, SAVED!

words by
Jack P. Scholfield, 1911

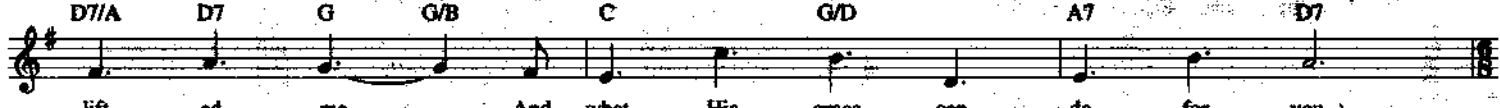
RAPTURE
music by
Jack P. Scholfield, 1911



1. I've found a Friend who is all to me: His
 2. He saved me from ev-ry sin and harm. Se-
 3. When poor and need-y and all a lone, In

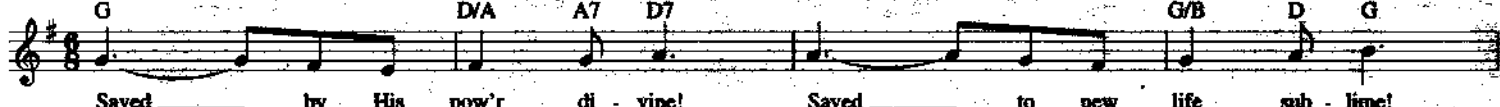


love is ev-er true. I love to tell how He
 cures my soul each day. I'm lean-ing strong on His
 love He said to me, "Come un-to Me and I'll

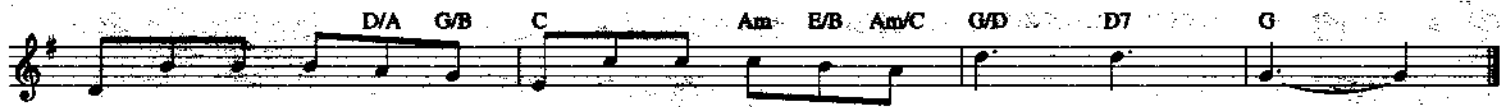


lift-ed me. And what His grace can do for you.)
 might-y arm; I know He'll guide me all the way.)
 lead you home, To live with Me e-ter-nal-ly.)

Refrain



Saved by His pow'r di-vine! Saved to new life sub-lime!



Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved!

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SAVIOR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME WE RAISE

ELLERS
music by

words by
John Ellerton, 1866

Edward John Hopkins, 1869

G Em/G G/B D7sus D7 Am7 D7/A G

1. Sav - ior, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home - ward way; With Thee be
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com - ing night; Turn Thou for
 4. Grant us Thy peace through out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

Em A7 D G/B F#dim/A Am/G

cord our part - ing hymn of praise. We stand to bless Thee
 gan, with Thee shall end of the day. Guard Thou the lips from
 us its dark - ness in to light. From harm and dan ger shall
 sor - row, and our stay in strife. Then, when Thy voice shall

D7/F# D7 G Em Am7/C D D7 G

ere our wor - ship cease; And, now de - part - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 keep Thy chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

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SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US

BRADBURY
music by

words from
Hymns for the Young, 1836
atr. to Dorothy A. Thrupp

William B. Bradbury, 1859

D# Ab/G# D#F Ab7/E# D# Ab D#/Ab Ab7 D#

1. Sav - ior, like a shep - herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;
 2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guard - ian of our way;
 3. Thou hast prom - ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
 4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;

Ab/G# D#F Ab7/E# D# Ab D#/Ab Ab7 D#

In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare: Bless - ed
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray: Bless - ed
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free: Bless - ed
 Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - oms fill: Bless - ed

G# D# Ab7 D#

Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Bless - ed
 Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray; Bless - ed
 Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee; Bless - ed
 Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still; Bless - ed

G# D# G#6/D# D# Ab7 D#

Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.
 Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
 Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

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SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US

SICILIAN MARINERS

Sicilian melody

from *The European Magazine and London Review*, 1792

words attr. to
Dorothy A. Thrupp
from *Hymns for the Young*, 1836

1. Sav ior, like a shep herd lead us, Much we need Thy
2. We are Thine; do Thou be friend us, Be the Guard ian
3. Thou hast prom ised to re ceive us, Poor and sin ful
4. Ear ly let us seek Thy fa vor, Ear ly let us

ten der care; In Thy pleas ant pas tures feed us;
of our we; be; In Thou hast mer flock, from sin de fend us;
do Thy will; Bless ed Lord and on ly Sav ior,

For Seek our use Thy folds pre pare: Bless ed Je sus,
Grace us to cleanse, we and pow'r a stray: Bless ed Je sus,
With Thy love our bos oms fill: Bless ed Je sus,

bless ed Je sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
bless ed Je sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.
bless ed Je sus, Ear ly let us turn to Thee.
bless ed Je sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

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SAVIOR, MORE THAN LIFE TO ME

EVERY DAY AND HOUR

music by

William H. Doane (1832-1915)

words by
Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

1. Sav ior, more than life to me, I am cling ing, cling ing close to Thee; Let Thy
2. Through this chang ing world be low, Lead me gen tly, gen tly as I go; Trust ing
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet ing, fleet ing life is o'er; Till my

pre cious blood ap plied, Keep me ev er, ev er near Thy side. }
Thee, I can not stray, I can nev er, nev er lose my way. } Ev 'ry
soul is lost in love, In a bright er, bright er world a bove. }

day, ev 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans ing pow'r, May Thy

ten der love to me Bind me clos er, clos er, Lord, to Thee.

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SAVIOR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE

ABERYSTWYTH
music by
J. Parry (1841-1903)

words by
R. Grant (1779-1838)

1. Sav - ior, when in dust to Thee Low we bow th' a - dor - ing knee;
 2. By Thy help - less in - fant years, By Thy life of want - and tears,
 3. By Thine hour - of dire de - spair, By Thine ag - o - ny of prayer,
 4. By Thy deep - ex - pir - ing groan, By the sad se - pul - chral stone,

When, re - pen - tant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes;
 By Thy days of sore dis - tress In the sav - age wil - der - ness,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn, Pierc - ing spear, and tor - turing scorn,
 By the vault whose dark a - bode Held in vain the ris - ing God,

O by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,
 By the dread, Thy mys - te - rious hour Of th' in - sult - ing tempt - er's pow'r,
 By the gloom that veiled the skies O'er the dread - ful sac - ri - fice,
 O from earth to heav'n re - stored, Might - y, re - as - cend - ed Lord,

Bend - ing from Thy throne on high,
 Turn, O turn, a fa - v'ring eye;
 Lis - ten to our hum - ble cry;
 Lis - ten, lis - ten, to the cry;

Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny!

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SEE HOW GREAT A FLAME ASPIRES

ARFON (MAJOR)
Traditional Welsh melody

words by
Charles Wesley, 1749

1. See how great a flame as - pires, kin - dled by a spark of grace.
 2. When He first the work be - gun, small and fee - ble was His day;
 3. Saints of God, your Sav - ior praise, who the door hath o - pened wide;
 4. Saw ye not the cloud a - rise, lit - tle as a hu - man hand?

Je - sus' love the na - tions fires, sets the king - doms on a blaze:
 now the Word doth swift - ly run, now it wins its wid - ening way;
 He hath given the word of grace, Je - sus' word is glo - ri - fied;
 Now it spreads a - long the skies, hangs o'er all the thirst - y land.

To bring fire on earth He came, kin - dled in some hearts it is;
 and more it spreads and grows, ev - er might - y to pre - vail;
 Je - sus might - y to re - deem, who a - lone the work hath wrought;
 Lo! the prom - ise of a shower drops al - read - y from a - bove;

O that all might catch the flame, all par - take the glo - rious bliss!
 sin's strong holds it now o'er - throws, shakes the trem - bling gates of hell.
 wor - thy is the work of Him, Him who spake a world from naught.
 but the Lord will short - ly pour all the spir - it of His love.

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SEND THE LIGHT

words by
Charles H. Gabriel, 1890

McCABE
music by
Charles H. Gabriel, 1890

1. There's a call comes ring - ing o'er the rest - less wave, "Send the light! Send the light!" There are
 2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to - day, "Send the light! Send the light!" And a
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev - 'ry - where a - bound; "Send the light! Send the light!" And a
 4. Let us not grow wear - y in the work of love; "Send the light! Send the light!" Let us

souls to res - cue, there are souls to save;
 gold - en of - f'ring at the cross we lay;
 Christ - like spir - it ev - 'ry - where be found; } Send the light! Send the light! Send the
 gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove;

light, _____ the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine _____ from shore to shore! Send the
 light, _____ the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine _____ for - ev - er - more!

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SEE, THE CONQUEROR MOUNTS IN TRIUMPH

words by
Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885)

IN BABILONE
music from
Oude en Nieuwe Hollandse Boerenlities en Contradanseu, 1710

1. See, the Con - queror mounts in tri - umph; See the King in
 2. Who is this that comes in glo - ry With the trump of
 3. Thou hast raised our hu - man na - ture On the clouds to
 4. See Him who is gone be - fore us, Heav'n ly man - sions
 5. So at last, when He ap - pear - eth, We from our own
 6. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to

roy - al state, Rid - ing on the clouds, His char - iot,
 ju - bi - lee? Lord of bat - tles, God of heav'n - ly plac - es,
 God's right hand; There we sit in heav'n - ly plac - es,
 to pre - pare; See Him who is ev - er plead - ing
 graves may spring; With our youth re - newed like ea - gles',
 God the Son; Dy - ing, ris'n, as cend - ing for us,

To His heav'n ly pal - ace gate! Hark! the choirs of
 He hath gained the vic - to - ry. He who on the
 There with Thee in glo - ry stand. Je - sus es, a
 For us with pre - vail - ing prayer. See Him who with
 Flock - ing 'round our heav'n ly King. Caught up on the
 Who the heav'n ly realm hath won; Glo - ry to the

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Am/E E Am F6 Bdim/D G/B Em A7 C/D D G Am6 G/B Em

an - gel voic - es Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias sing. And the por - tals
 cross did suf - fer, He who from the grave a rose, He has van - quished
 dored by an - gels, Man with God is on the throne. Might - y Lord, in
 sound of trum - pet And with His an - gel in ic train, Sum - mon - ing the
 clouds of heav - en, And may meet Him in the air, Rise to realms where
 Ho - ly Spir - it! To one God in Per - sons Three, Glo - ry both in

Am/C B Em Am7 D G C D D7 G

high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heav'n ly King.
 sin and Sa - tan, He by death hath spoiled His foes.
 Thine as cen - sion, We by faith be hold our own.
 world to Judg - ment, On the clouds will come a gain.
 He is reign - ing And may reign for ev - er there.
 earth and heav - en; Glo - ry, end less glo - ry be.

SHALL I CRUCIFY MY SAVIOR?

TULLAR

music by

Grant Colfax Tullar, 1896

words by
Carrie Breck, 1896

D D/A A7

1. Shall I cru - ci - fy my Sav - ior, When for me He bore such
 2. Are temp - ta - tions so al - lur - ing? Do earth's plea - sures so en -
 3. 'Twas my sins that cru - ci - fied Him: Shall they cru - ci - fy Him
 4. Oh, the kind - ly hands of Je - sus, Pour - ing bless - ings on all

D G G/B Bb7

loss? Shall I put to shame my Sav - ior
 thrall That I can not love my Sav - ior
 yet? Black - est day of name - less an - ior
 men, Bleed - ing, nail - scarred hands of Je - sus!

D/A A7 D Refrain A D

Can I nail Him to the cross? } Shall I cru - ci - fy my Sa - vior?
 Well e - nough to leave them all? }
 Can my thank - less soul for - get? }
 Can I nail them once a - gain? }

G Em F# A7 D

Cru - ci - fy my Lord a - gain? Once, oh once, I cru - ci -

G G/B Bb7 D/A A7 D

fied Him: Shall I cru - ci - fy a - gain?

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

words by
Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

BEAUTIFUL RIVER
music by
Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

E \flat **B \flat 7**

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod; _____
 2. On the bos - om of the riv - er, Where the Sav - ior King we own; _____
 3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down; _____
 4. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease; _____

E \flat **B \flat** **B \flat 7** **E \flat**

With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?
 We shall meet, and sor - row nev - er 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

A \flat **E \flat** **B \flat 7** **E \flat**

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

A \flat **E \flat** **B \flat** **B \flat 7** **E \flat**

Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

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A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM

words by
Vernon J. Charlesworth, c. 1880
adapt. by Ira D. Sankey, 1885

SHELTER
music by
Ira D. Sankey, 1885

F **C** **F** **C7/E** **F** **C** **C7/E**

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel - ter in the time of storm; Se -
 2. A shade by day, de - fense by night, A shel - ter in the time of storm; No
 3. The rag - ing storms may round us beat, A shel - ter in the time of storm; We'll
 4. O Rock di - vine, O Ref - uge dear, A shel - ter in the time of storm; Be

F **C** **F** **F/C** **C7** **F** **Refrain**

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

B \flat **F** **C** **F** **C7** **C/E** **F**

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

B \flat **F** **C** **F** **G7/D** **F/C** **C7** **F**

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

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SHEPHERD OF SOULS, REFRESH AND BLESS

ST. AGNES

music by

John B. Dykes (1823-1876)

words by
James Montgomery (1771-1854)

G G/B Am/C G/B Am D G D7/A G D/F#

1. Shep - herd of souls, re - fresh and bless
 2. Hun - gry and thirst y, faint and weak,
 3. We would not live by bread a - lone,
 4. Be known to us in break - ing bread,
 5. There sup - with us in love di - vine;

Thy cho - sen
 As Thou, when
 But by that
 But do not
 Thy bod - y

G A7/B D Am A7

pil here grim flock With man na in the
 here be of low, Our souls the joys
 word of grace, In strength of which
 then de part; Sav iour, a bid
 and Thy blood, That liv - ing bread, that

D A7/D D D/C G/B C(add2) C/E G/D D7 G

will der ness, With wa - ter from the rock.
 les tial seek Which from Thy sor rows flow.
 trav el on To our a bid - ing place.
 us, and spread Thy ta - ble in our heart.
 heav'n ly wine, Be our im - mor tal food.

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SHEPHERD OF TENDER YOUTH

KIRBY BEDON

music by

Edward Bunnett, 1887

words by
Clement of Alexandria, c. 220 A.D.
tr. by Henry M. Dexter, 1846

F C7/G F/A Gm7 C7/G C C/B F/A F C/E F G7/D

1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth, Through de - vious
 2. Thou art the great High Priest; Thou hast pre - pared the feast Of heav'n - ly
 3. Ev - er be Thou our guide, Our Shep - herd and our pride, Our staff and
 4. So now, and till we die, Sound we Thy prais - es high, And joy - ful

C D7 Gm Gm/F C7/E C7 F

ways; Christ, our tri - um - phant King, We come Thy name to sing,
 love; In all our mor - tal pain None call on Thee in vain;
 song; Je - sus, Thou Christ of God, By Thy per - en - nial Word,
 sing; Let all the ho - ly throng Who to Thy church be - long,

F7 Bb Bdim7 F/C Csus2 C7 F

And here our chil - dren bring To shout Thy praise.
 Help Thou didst not dis - dain, To Help from a - bove.
 Lead us where Thou hast trod, Make our faith strong.
 U - nite and swell the song, To Christ our King.

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SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

STILLE NACHT

words by
Joseph Mohr (1792-1848)
tr. by John F. Young (1820-1885)

music by
Franz X. Gruber (1787-1863)

Bb **F7** **Bb**

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;

Eb **Bb** **Eb** **Bb**

Round you vir - gin moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,
 Glo - ries stream from Heav - en a - far. Heav - 'nly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia,
 Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face. With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,
 With the an - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King;

F7 **Bb** **Bb/F** **F7** **Bb**

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

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SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED

OTHELLO

words by
Edwin O. Excell, 1884

music by
Edwin O. Excell, 1884

F **F/C** **C7** **F**

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re -
 2. I have a Christ that sat is - fies, Since I have been re -
 3. I have a wit - ness bright and clear, Since I have been re -
 4. I have a home pre - pared for me, Since I have been re -

C **F/C** **C7** **F** **F/C** **C7** **F** **Gm/Bb** **F/C** **C7**

deemed, Of my Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, King, since I have been re -
 deemed, To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re -
 deemed, Dis - pel - ling ev - ery doubt and fear, Since I have been re -
 deemed, Where I shall live e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re -

F **Refrain** **C** **C7**

deemed, Since I have been re - deemed, Since I have been re - deemed, I will
 deemed,
 deemed,
 deemed,
 deemed,

F **C** **F/C** **C7** **F**

glo - ry in His name; Since I have been re - deemed, I will glo - ry in my Sav - ior's name.

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SINCE JESUS CAME INTO MY HEART

McDANIEL
music by

Charles H. Gabriel, 1914

words by
Rufus H. McDaniel, 1914

A D A

1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought } I have
 2. I have ceased from my wan - d'ring and go - ing a - stray } And my
 3. I'm pos - sessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure, } And no
 4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, } And the
 5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y, I know, } And I'm

Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

B7 E A/E E7

light in my soul for which long I had sought,
 sins, which were man - y, are all washed a - way,
 dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob - scure,
 gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
 hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go.

Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since

A D A

Je - sus came in - to my heart, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart, Floods of

D A/E E7 A

joy o'er my soul like the sea bil - lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

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SING HALLELUJAH, PRAISE THE LORD!

BECHLER
music by

John Christian Bechler (1784-1857)

words by
John Swertner (1746-1813)

E♭ A♭/C A♭ E♭/G E♭ A♭ E♭7/B♭ A♭/C D♭ A♭/E♭ E♭ E♭7 A♭ E♭

1. Sing hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord! Sing with a cheer - ful voice; Ex -
 2. There we for all e - ter - ni - ty shall join th'an - gel - ic praise; And

A♭/C A♭ E♭/G E♭ A♭ E♭7/B♭ A♭/C D♭ A♭/E♭ E♭ E♭7 A♭ E♭

alt songs our in God per - fect with one har - ac - cord, and in His name re - joice. Ne'er
 in per - fect har - mo - ny to God, our Sav - ior, raise. He

A♭ E♭7/G A♭ E♭/G E♭ A♭ E♭7/G A♭ E♭/G E♭

cease to sing, O ran - somed host, praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Un -
 has re - deemed us by His blood, and made us kings and priests to God; For

A♭/C A♭ E♭/G E♭ A♭ E♭7/B♭ A♭/C D♭ A♭/E♭ E♭ E♭7 A♭

til in realms of the end Lamb - less light slain! your Praise prais - es shall A -
 us, for us of the Lamb was slain! Praise ye the Lord! A - men.

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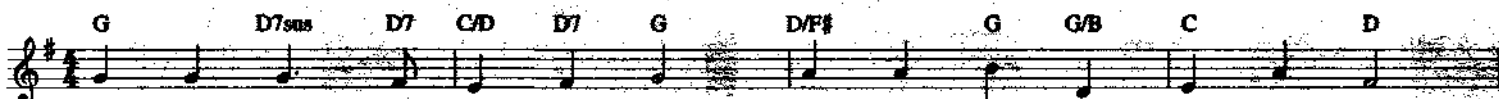
SING, MY SOUL, HIS WONDROUS LOVE

ST. BEES

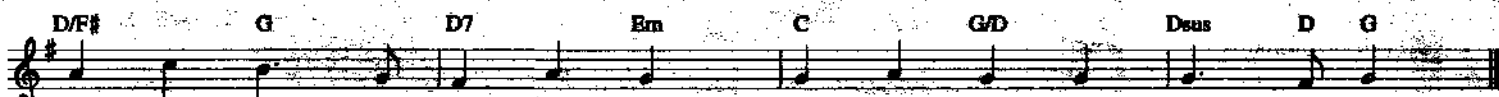
music by

John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

Author unknown, c. 1800



1. Sing, my soul, His won - drous love, Who, from you bright throne a - bove,
 2. Heaven and earth by Him were made; All is by His scep - ter swayed;
 3. God, the mer - ci - ful and good; Bought us with the Sav - ior's blood;
 4. Sing, my soul, a - dore His name! Let His glo - ry be thy theme:



Ev - er watch - ful o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends His grace.
 What are we that He should show, So much love to us be - low?
 And, to make our safe - ty sure, Guides us by His Spi - rit pure.
 Praise Him till He calls thee home; Trust His love for all to come.

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SING PRAISE TO GOD, WHO REIGNS ABOVE

LOBT GOTT DEN HERREN, IHR

music by

Melchior Vulpus (c. 1560-1615)

words by

Johann J. Schütz (1640-1690)

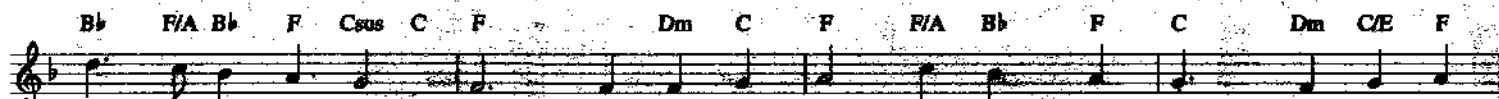
tr. by Francis E. Cox (1812-1897)



1. Sing praise to God who reigns a - bove, The God of all cre - a -
 2. What God's al - might - y pow'r hath made His gra - cious mer - cy keep
 3. The Lord is nev - er far a - way, But, through all grief dis - tress
 4. Thus all my toil - some way a - long I sing a - loud His prais



tion: The God of pow'r, the God of love, The God of
 eth; By An ev - er glow or eve ning shade, His watch - ful
 ing, That all may hear pres - ent help and stay, song Our peace and
 es, My voice un



our sal - va - tion; With heal - ing balm my soul He fills, And ev - 'ry
 eye ne'er sleep eth; With - in the king - dom of His might, Lo! all is
 joy and bless - ing; As with a moth - er's ten - der hand He leads His
 wea - ried rais - es; Be joy - ful in the Lord, my heart! Both soul and



faith - less mur - mur stills: To God all praise and glo - ry!
 just and all is right: To God all praise and glo - ry!
 own, His cho - sen band: To God all praise and glo - ry!
 bod - y bear your part: To God all praise and glo - ry!

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SING, MY TONGUE, THE GLORIOUS BATTLE

PICARDY

Traditional French melody

words by
Venantius Honorius Fortunatus, 6th century
v. 1-4, 6 tr. by P.D.
v. 5 tr. by John Mason Neale, 1851

my

Dm Bb F Dm F7sus/C F7/A Bb Edim/Bb A

1. Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle, Sing the end - ing of the fray;
 2. God in pit - y saw man fall - en, Shamed and sunk in mis - er - y,
 3. Thus the scheme of our sal - va - tion Was of old in or - der laid,
 4. There - fore when th'ap - point - ed full - ness Of the ho - ly time was come,
 5. Thir - ty years a - mong us dwell - ing, His ap - point - ed time ful - filled,
 6. To the Trin - i - ty be glo - ry Ev - er last - ing, as is meet;

Bb F Gm Dm F7sus/C F7/A Bb Edim/Bb F

Now a - bove the Cross, the tro - phy, sound the loud tri - um - phant lay:
 When he fell on death by - tast - ing Fruit of the for - bid - den tree:
 That the man - i - fold de - ceiv - er's Art by art might be out - weighed,
 He was sent who mak - eth all things Forth from God's e - ter - nal home;
 Born for this He meets His Pas - sion, He free - ly willed,
 E - qual to the Fa - ther, e - qual To the Son and Par - a - clete:

D/F# Gm Dm Bb/D C Dm/F Gm C F/A Dm

Tell how Christ, the world's Re - deem - er, As a Vic - tim won the day.
 Then an - oth - er tree was cho - sen Which the world from death should free.
 And the lure the foe put for - ward In - to means of heal - ing made.
 Thus He came to earth in - car - nate, Off - spring of a maid - en's womb.
 On the Cross the Lamb is lift - ed Where His life - blood shall be spilled.
 Tri - nal U - ni - ty, whose prais - es All cre - at - ed things re - peat.

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SING PRAISE TO GOD WHO REIGNS ABOVE

MIT FREUDEN ZART

music from

Bohemian Brethren's *Kirchengesänge*, 1566

words by
Johann J. Schütz (1640-1690)
tr. by Frances E. Cox (1812-1897)

Eb Bb7/F Eb/G Ab Ab/C Eb Eb/Db C Fm Eb/G Bb Bb/Ab Eb/G Fm7

1. Sing praise to God Who reigns a - bove, The God of all cre
 2. What God's al - might - y pow'r hath made His gra - cious mer - cy
 3. The Lord is nev - er far a - way, But, through all grief dis
 4. Thus all my toil - some way a - long I sing a - loud His

Bbsus Bb7 Eb Bb7/F Eb/G Ab Ab/C Eb Eb/Db C Fm Eb/G Bb Bb/Ab Eb/G Fm7

a - tion, The God of pow'r, the God of love, The God of our sal
 keep - eth, By morn - ing glow or eve - ning shade His watch - ful eye ne'er
 tress - ing, An ev - er - pres - ent help and stay, Our peace and joy and
 prais - es, That all may hear the grate - ful song My voice un - wea - ried

Bbsus Bb7 Eb Cm Gm/D D7 Gm Cm Bb/F F7 Bb Bb/Ab

va - tion; With heal - ing balm my soul He fills, And
 sleep - eth; With in the king - dom of His might, Lo!
 bless - ing; As with a moth - er's ten - der hand, He
 rais - es; Be joy - ful in the Lord, my heart! Both

Eb/G Bb/F Eb Cm F7 Bb Bb/Ab Eb/G Ab Fm7 Bb Bb/Ab Eb/G Fm7 Bbsus Bb7 Eb

ev - 'ry faith - less mur - mur stills: }
 all is just and all is right: }
 leads His own, His cho - sen band: } To God all praise and glo - ry!
 soul and bod - y bear your part: }

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SING PRAISES TO GOD

LAUDATE DOMINUM
music by
C. Hubert H. Parry, 1887

words by
Henry Williams Baker, 1875, et al.

B♭ B♭/D Cm/E♭ F B♭/D E♭ Cm F7 B♭ C7/G F/A

1. Sing prais - es to God! Sing praise in the height, re - joice in God's
 2. Sing prais - es to God! Sing praise up - on earth, in tune - ful ac -
 3. Sing prais - es to God! Sing all things that give sound, each ju - bi -
 4. Sing prais - es to God! Thanks - giv - ing and song be ev - er out -

B♭/D C7/E F F#dim7/A Gm/B♭ C7 F F7/E♭ B♭/D Cm7 B♭7/D E♭ B♭/D

Word, blest an - gels of light, high praise heav - ens, re - call - ing by
 cord, you saints of new birth, loud God, who has brought you rich
 chord re - ech - o new a - round, or - gans, your glo - ry - tell
 poured, all a - ges a - long; for love in cre - a - tion, for

Cm B♭/D Cm/E♭ F F/E♭ D7 Em7♭5 D/F# Gm Cm7 B♭/F F7 B♭

whom you were made, come, of - fer your wor - ship in bright - ness ar - rayed.
 grace from a - bove, and show - ered your life with a - bun - dance of love.
 out in deep tone, and trum - pets, the sto - ry of what God has done.
 hope spread a - broad, for grace of sal - va - tion, sing prais - es to God.

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SING TO THE LORD OF HARVEST

WIE LIEBLICH IST DER MAIEN
music by
J. Steurlein (1546-1613)
from *Himmliche Harpfe Davids*

words by
J.S.B. Monsell (1811-1875)

G G/B C Bm C/E Dsus D G

1. Sing to the Lord of har - vest; Sing songs of love and praise. With
 2. By Him the clouds drop good - ness; The des - erts bloom and spring. The
 3. Heap on His sa - cred al - tar The gifts His good - ness gave, The

G/B C Bm C/E Dsus D G

joy - ful hearts and voic - es Your al - le - lu - ias raise. By
 hills leap up in glad - ness; The val - leys laugh and sing. He
 gold - en sheaves of har - vest, The souls He died to save. Your

Em D7 Em C D G

Him the roll - ing sea - sons In fruit - ful or - der move; Sing
 fill eth with His full - ness, All things with large in - crease; He
 hearts lay down be - fore Him When at His feet ye fall, And

Bm C Am Bm C/E Dsus D G

to the Lord of har - vest A song of hap - py love.
 crowns the year with good - ness, With plen - ty, and life with peace.
 with your lives a - dore Him Who gave His life for all.

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SING WITH ALL THE SAINTS IN GLORY

HYMN TO JOY

music by

Ludwig van Beethoven, 1824

arr. by Edward Hodges, 1864

words by

William J. Irons, 1873

G G/D D7 G/D D/C G/B D7/A G G/D D G C/G G7

1. Sing with all the saints in glo - ry, sing the res - ur - rec - tion song! Death and sor - row,
 2. O what glo - ry, far ex - ceed - ing all that eye has yet per - ceived! Ho - liest hearts, for
 3. Life e - ter - nal! heav'n re - joic - es: Je - sus lives, who once was dead. Join we now the
 4. Life e - ter - nal! O what won - ders crowd on faith; what joy un - known, when, a - midst earth's

C G/D D7 G/D D7 G D G/D D7 G/D D7 G/D

earth's dark sto - ry, to the for - mer days be - long. All a - round the clouds are break - ing,
 a - ges plead - ing, nev - er that full joy con - ceived. God has prom - ised, Christ pre - pares it,
 death - less voic - es; child of God, lift up your head! Pa - triarchs from the dis - tant a - ges,
 clos - ing thun - ders, saints shall stand be - fore the throne! O to en - ter that bright - por - tal,

D7 B/D# B7 Em A7 D G C/G G7 C G/D D7 G/D D7 G

soon the storms of time shall cease; in God's like - ness we, a - wak - ing, know the ev - er - last - ing peace.
 there on high our wel - come waits. Ev - ery hum - ble spir - it shares it; Christ has passed th' e - ter - nal gates.
 saints all long - ing for their heaven, proph - ets, psalm - ists, seers, and sa - ges, all a - wait the glo - ry given.
 see that glow - ing fir - ma - ment; know, with Thee, O God Im - mor - tal, "Je - sus Christ whom Thou has sent!"

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SINGING I GO

words by
 Eliza E. Hewitt (1851-1920)

music by
 William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

G C/G G G/B D D7

1. The trust - ing heart to Je - sus clings, Nor an - y ill fore - bodes, But
 2. The pass - ing days bring man - y cares, "Fear not," I hear Him say; And
 3. He tells me of my Fa - ther's love And nev - er - slum - b'ring eye; My
 4. When to the throne of grace I flee, I find the prom - ise true: The

G C/G G G/B C G/D D7 G

at the cross of Cal - v'ry sings, "Praise God for lift - ed loads!"
 when my fears are turned to prayers, The bur - dens slip a way,
 ev - er - last - ing King a - bove Will all my needs sup - ply.
 might - y arms up - hold - ing me Will bear my bur - dens too.

Refrain D G/B D/A G D

Sing - ing I go a - long life's road, Prais - ing the Lord, prais - ing the Lord;

G G/B C G/D D7 G

Sing - ing I go a - long life's road, For Je - sus has lift - ed my load.

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SO LET OUR LIPS AND LIVES EXPRESS

HEBRON

music by

Lowell Mason, 1830

words by
Isaac Watts, 1707

1. So let our lips and lives ex - press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess; So
 2. Thus shall we best pro - claim a - broad The hon - ors of our Sav - ior God; When
 3. Our flesh and sense must be de - nied, Pas - sion and en - vy, lust and pride; While
 4. Re - li - gion bears our spir - its up, While we ex - pect that bless - ed hope, The

let our works and vir - tues shine, To prove the doc - trine all di - vine.
 His sal - va - tion reigns with - in, And grace sub - dues the pow'r of sin.
 jus - tice, tem - p'rance, truth, and love, Our in - ward pi - e - ty ap - prove.
 bright ap - pear - ance of the Lord, And faith stands lean - ing on His Word.

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SOFTLY AND TENDERLY

THOMPSON

music by

Will L. Thompson (1847-1909)

words by
Will L. Thompson (1847-1909)

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from
 4. O, for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Prom - ised for you and for

me. See, on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies,
 me. Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death's night is com - ing,
 me! Though we have sinned, He has mer - cy and par - don,

Watch - ing for you and for me. _____
 Mer - cies for you and for me? _____
 Com - ing for you and for me. _____
 Par - don for you and for me. _____

home, _____ Ye who are wear - y, come home. _____

Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

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SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE

DIADEMATA

music by

George J. Elvey, 1868

words by
Charles Wesley, 1749

D Bm G D/F# G A7/B D A D A/C# Bm D

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, and put your ar - mor on, strong in the strength which
 2. Stand then in His great might, with all His strength en - dued, but take to arm you
 3. Pray with - out ceas - ing, pray, (your Cap - tain gives the word) His sum - mons cheer - ful
 4. From strength to strength go on, wres - tle and fight and pray, tread all the powers of

E E/D A/C# E7/B- A D Esus E A A/G D/F# D A7/E D/F# G B7/F#

God sup - lies thru His e - ter - nal Son; strong in the Lord of Hosts, and
 for the fight the pan - o - ply of God; that hav - ing all things done, and
 ly o - bey and call up - on the Lord; to God your ev - ery want and
 dark - ness down and win the well - fought day. Still let the Spir - it cry in

E D/F# E A A/G D/F# G D/F# Em7 A D D/F# G D Asus A7 D

in His might - y power, who in the strength of Je - sus trusts is more than con - quer - or.
 all your con - flicts passed, ye may o'er - come thru Christ a - lone and stand en - tire at last.
 in - stant prayer dis - play, pray al - ways, pray and nev - er faint, pray, with - out ceas - ing pray.
 all His sol - diers, "Come!" till Christ the Lord de - scends from high and takes the con - querors home.

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SOMEBODY'S KNOCKING AT YOUR DOOR

SOMEBODY'S KNOCKIN'
African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual

Eb

Some - bod - y's knock - ing at your door, Some - bod - y's knock - ing at your

Bb Eb Ab

door. O sin - ner, why don't you an - swer?

Eb/Bb Bb7 Cm Ab Eb

Some - bod - y's knock - ing at your door. { 1. Knocks like Je - sus, }
 { 2. Can't you hear him? }
 { 3. An - swer Je - sus. }

Ab Eb

Some - bod - y's knock - ing at your door. { Knocks like Je - sus, }
 { Can't you hear him? }
 { An - swer Je - sus. }

Bb Eb

Some - bod - y's knock - ing at your door. O sin - ner,

Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Cm Ab Eb

why don't you an - swer? Some - bod - y's knock - ing at your door.

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SOMETHING FOR THEE

SOMETHING FOR JESUS

music by

Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

words by
Sylvanus D. Phelps (1816-1895)

G C/G G Am/C G/D D C/D D7 G C/G G

1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
 2. At the blest mer - cy seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to Thee, That each de
 4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, In joy, in

Am/C G/D D G/D D7 G D G/D D7 G/D D G

ought with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful -
 faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy won - drous
 part - ing day Hence - forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
 grief, through life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ran - somed

D7/F# G Am/C E/B Am G/D D G/D D7 G

fill its vow, Some of - fering to bring Thee now, Some thing for Thee.
 love de - clare, Some song wan - d'r'er, raise, or pray'r, Some thing for Thee.
 kind - ness done, Some all e - ter - ni - ty, and won, Some thing for Thee.
 soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Some thing for Thee.

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SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES

BLOMSTERTID

music from

Swedish Korallbox, 1697

words by
William Cowper (1731-1800)

Am Gm/Bb F/C C Bb/D F Dm C/E F Gm7 C7/G F

1. Some - times a light sur - pris - es the Chris - tian while he sings: It
 2. In ho - ly com - tem - pla - tion we sweet - ly then pur - sue The
 3. It can bring with it noth - ing, but He will bear us through; Who
 4. Though vine nor fig tree nei - ther their wont - ed fruit should bear, Though

Am Gm/Bb F/C C Bb/D F Dm C/E F Gm7 C7/G F F/A

is the Lord who ris - es with heal - ing in His wings. When
 theme of God's sal - va - tion, and find it ev - er new. Set
 gives the lil - ies cloth - ing, will nor flocks His peo - ple too. Be
 all the fields should with er, nor herds be there; Yet,

Bb F Gm F C/E G C F Bb/D C7/G F F/A C C/E

com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a gain say, A
 free from pre - sent sor - row, from we cheer - ful - ly can say, "Let
 neath the spread - ing heav - ens no cre - ature but is fed; And
 God the same a - bid - ing, His praise shall tune my voice; For,

F C D Am7 Bb(add2) Gm Dm C/E Dm Bb Csus C F

sea - son of clear shin - ing, to cheer it af - ter rain.
 the un - known to mor - row, bring with it what chil - dren may.
 He who feeds the con - fid - ing, will give His chil - dren bread.
 while in Him con - fid - ing, I can not but re - joice.

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SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES

LIGHT
music from

The Christian Lyre, 1830

words by
William Cowper (1731-1800)

1. Some times a light surpris es the Chris tian while he
 2. In ho ly con tem pla tion we sweet ly then pur
 3. It can bring with it noth ing but their He will bear us
 4. Though vine nor fig tree nei ther wont ed fruit should

sings; it is the Lord who ris es with heal ing in his
 sue the theme of the God's sal va tion, and find it ev er
 through: who gives all the fields should with ing will His peo ple,
 bear, though all the fields should with ing will nor flocks nor herds be

wings: when com forts are de clin ing, he grants the soul a
 new; set free from pres ent sor row, we cheer ful ly can
 too: be neath the spread ing heav ens no crea ture but is
 there; yet, God the same a bid ing, His praise shall tune my

gain a sea son of clear shin ing, to cheer it af ter rain.
 say, let the un known to mor row bring with it what it may.
 fed; and He who feeds the ra vens will give His chil dren bread.
 voice; for, while in Him con fid ing, I can not but re joice.

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THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR

ALL SAINTS NEW

music by

H.S. Cutler (1824-1902)

words by
R. Heber (1783-1826)

1. The Son of God goes forth to war A king ly crown to the gain. His
 2. The mar tyr first whose ea gle eye Could pierce be yond the grave, Who
 3. A glo rious band, the cho sen few, On whom the Spir it came, Twelve
 4. A no ble ar my, men and boys, The ma tron and the maid, A

blood red ban ner streams a far; Who fol lows in His train? Who
 saw his Mas ter in the sky And called on Him to save. Like
 val iant saints; their hope they knew And mocked the cross and flame. They
 round the Sav ior's throne re joice, In robes of light ar rayed. They

best can drink His cup of woe, Tri um phant o ver pain, Who
 Him, with the par ty don on His tongue, In midst of mor tal pain, He
 climbed the steep as rant's brand ish steel, The li on's gor y mane; They
 O

pa tient bears his cross be low, He fol lows in His train.
 prayed for them that did the death to feel, Who fol lows in his train?
 bowed their neck the death to feel, Who fol lows in their train?
 God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol low in their train!

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SOUND THE BATTLE CRY

SHERWIN

music by

William F. Sherwin, 1869

words by
William F. Sherwin, 1869

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See, the foe is nigh. Raise the stan - dard high
 2. Strong to meet the foe. March - ing us on we go. While our cause, we know,
 3. O Thou God of all, hear us when we call; help us one and all

For the Lord. Gird your ar - mor on; Stand firm, ev - 'ry - one. Rest your cause up - on His
 Must pre - vail. Shield and ban - ner bright Glean - ing in the light; Bat - tling for the right, We
 By Thy grace. When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry's won, May we wear the crown Be -

Refrain
 ho - ly Word: }
 ne'er can fail,
 fore Thy face. } Rouse, then, sol - diers; ral - ly round the ban - ner.

Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a - long. On - ward, for - ward,
 shout a - loud, "Ho - san - na!" Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.

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SPIRIT DIVINE, ATTEND OUR PRAYERS

NUN DANKET ALL' UND BRINGET EHR'

music by

Johann Crüger, 1647

words by
Andrew Reed, 1829

1. Spir - it di - vine, at - tend our prayers, And make this
 2. Come as the light: to us re - veal Our sin - ful
 3. Come as the fire: and purge our hearts Like sac - ri -
 4. Come as the wind, with rush - ing sound, With pen - te
 5. Come as the dove: and spread Thy wings, The wings of

house Thy home; De - scend with all Thy
 ness and woe; And let us lead in those
 fi - cial flame; Let our whole soul an
 cos - tal grace; And make the the great church sal
 peace ful love; And Thy

gra - cious powers; O come, great Spir - it, come!
 paths of life be - Where all the right - eous come!
 of - fer - ing be - To our re - deem - er's name.
 va - tion known - Wide as the hu - man race.
 earth be - come - Blest as Thy church a - bove.

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THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

CREATION

music by

Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

from *The Creation*

words by
Joseph Addison (1672-1719)
para. of Psalm 19:1-6

1. The spa- cious firm a- ment on high, With
2. Soon as the in eve sol- ning shades pre- vail, The
3. What tho' tho' in soi- emn si- lence all Move

all the blue e- the real sky, And span- gled
moon takes up the won- drous tale, And night- ly,
round the dark ter- res- trial ball? What tho' no

heav- ns a shin- ing frame, Their great O- rig- i-
to the- lis- t'ning earth, Re- peats the sto- ry
re- al voice nor sound A- mid the- ra- diant

nal pro- claim: Th' un- wea- ried sun, from day round to day, Does
of her birth; While all re- a- son's stars ear that they all her burn, And
orbs be- found? In rea- son's ear that they all her re- joice, And

his Cre- a- tor's pow'r dis- play, And pub- lish- es to
all the plan- ets in their turn, Con- firm the tid- ings
ut- ter forth a glo- rious voice, For- ev- er sing- ing,

ev- 'ry land The work of an al- might- y hand.
as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
as they shine, "The hand that made us is di- vine."

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SPIRIT OF FAITH, COME DOWN

BEALOTH

music from

Sacred Harp (Mason), 1840

words by
Charles Wesley, 1746

1. Spir- it of faith, come down, re- veal the things of God, and make to us the
2. No one can tru- ly say that Je- sus is the Lord, un- less Thou take the
3. O that the world might know the all- a- ton- ing Lamb! Spir- it of faith, de-
4. In- spire the liv- ing faith (which who- so- e'er re- ceive, the wit- ness in them-

God- head known, and wit- ness with the blood. 'Tis Thine the blood to ap- ply and
veil a- way, and breath the liv- ing Word. Then, on- ly then, we feel our
scend and show the vir- tue of His name; the grace which all may find, the
selves they have and con- scious- ly be- lieve, the faith that con- quers all, and

give us eyes to see, who did for ev- ery sin- ner die hath sure- ly died for me.
in- terest in His blood, and cry with joy un- speak- a- ble, "Thou art my Lord, my God!"
sav- ing power, im- part, and tes- ti- fy to hu- man- kind, and speak in ev- ery heart.
doth the moun- tain move, and saves who- e'er on Je- sus call, and per- fects them in love.

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SPIRIT OF GOD, DESCEND UPON MY HEART

MORECAMBE

music by

Frederick Cook Atkinson, 1870

words by
George Croly, 1854

1. Spir it of God, de scend up on my heart;
 2. I ask no dream, do no proph et ec my sta sies;
 3. Hast Thou not bid us that Thou art God and King;
 4. Teach me to feel love as Thine an ways nigh;
 5. Teach me to love Thee as Thine an gels love,

Wean it from earth, through all its puls es move;
 No sud den rend ing of the veil es day;
 All, Thine own: soul, and the strength, and mind?
 Teach me the ly pas sion fill ing all my bear;
 One ho ly pas sion fill ing all my frame;

Stoop to my weak ness, might y as Thou art,
 No an gel vis i ble, i no vis o p'ning skies;
 I see Thy cross, there i there my heart to cling;
 To check the ris ing the ing the doubt, the reb el sigh;
 The bap tism of the the heav'n de scend ed Dove,

And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
 But take the dim ness of my soul a way.
 O let me seek Thee, and of and O let me find!
 Teach me the pa ti ence of and Thy un an swered prayer.
 My heart an al tar, and Thy love the the flame.

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STAND UP AND BLESS THE LORD

CARLISLE

music by

Charles Lockhart, 1769

words by
James Montgomery, 1824

1. Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye peo ple of His choice; Stand
 2. Though high a bove all praise, A bove all bless ing high, Who
 3. O for the liv ing flame From His own al tar brought, To
 4. God is our strength and song, And His sal va tion ours; Then
 5. Stand up and bless the Lord; The Lord your God a dore; Stand

up and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice.
 would not fear His ho ly name, And loud and mag ni fy?
 touch our lips, our souls in spire, And wing to heaven our thought!
 be His love in Christ pro claimed, With all our ran somed powers.
 up and bless His glo ri ous name, Hence forth for ev er more.

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STAND UP AND BLESS THE LORD

words by
James Montgomery (1771-1854)

ST. MICHAEL
music from
Genevan Psalter, 1551
adapt. by William Crotch, 1836

1. Stand up and bless the Lord, ye people of his choice; stand
2. Though high above all praise, a-bove all blessing high; who
3. O for the liv-ing flame from his own al-tar brought, to
4. God is our strength and the song, and the his sal-va-tion ours; then
5. Stand up and bless the Lord; and the Lord your God a-dore; stand

up and bless the Lord your God with heart and soul and voice.
would not fear his Lord ho-ly in name, and and mag-ni-ty?
touch our lips our minds in - spire, and and to hea-ven our thought!
be his love in Christ pro - claimed with wing all our ran-somed powers.
up and bless his his glo-rious name, hence - forth for - ev - er more.

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STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

words by
George Duffield, Jr., 1858

GEIBEL
music by
Adam Geibel, 1901

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey; Forth
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone; The
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long. This

high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From
to the might - y con - flic - In this His glo - rious day; Ye
arm of of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own. Put
day the noise of bat - tle; The next, the vic - tor's song. To

vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead, Till
that are men, now serve Him A - gainst un - num - bered foes; Let
on the gos - pel ar - com - eth, Each A - gainst piece put on with prayer. Where
him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be; He

ev - ery foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed. Stand
cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose. Stand
du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing na - ture. Stand
with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. Stand

up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

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STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

WEBB

music by

George J. Webb, 1830

words by
George Duffield, Jr., 1858

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross, Lift
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey; Forth
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone; The
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This

high to His roy - al ban ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From
 to the the might y will con flict In this His glo - rious day; Ye
 arm of flesh will of fail you In Ye dare not the trust your own; Put
 day the noise of bat tle, The next, the vic - tor's song; To

vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead, Till
 that are men, now serve Him A gainst my un - num - bered foes; Let
 on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer; Where
 him who o - ver com - eth A crown of life shall be; He

ev - 'ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

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STANDING ON THE PROMISES

PROMISES

music by

R. Kelso Carter, 1886

words by
R. Kelso Carter, 1886

1. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His prais - es ring;
 2. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es that can not fail, When the howl - ing storms of doubt and fear as - sail,
 3. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord,
 4. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es I can not fall, Lis - t'ning ev - ery mo - ment to the Spir - rit's call,

Glo - ry in the high - est, I will shout and sing, } Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
 By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
 O - ver - com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
 Rest - ing in my Sav - ior as my all in all,

Refrain
 Stand - ing, stand - ing, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God my Sav - ior;
 Stand - ing, stand - ing, I'm stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.

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STANDING IN THE NEED OF PRAYER

African-American Spiritual

PENITENT
African-American Spiritual

It's me, it's me, O Lord, — stand - ing in the need of prayer. It's

me, it's me, O Lord, — stand - ing in the need of prayer. 1. Not my
2. Not the
3. Not my

broth - er, not my sis - ter, but it's me, O Lord, — } stand - ing in the need of prayer. { Not my
preach - er, not the dea - con, but it's me, O Lord, — } Not the
fa - ther, not my moth - er, but it's me, O Lord, — } Not my

broth - er, not my sis - ter, but it's me, O Lord, — } stand - ing in the need of prayer. It's
preach - er, not the dea - con, but it's me, O Lord, — }
fa - ther, not my moth - er, but it's me, O Lord, — }

stand - ing in the need of prayer. It's

CODA
stand - ing in the need of prayer.

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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

words by
Francis Scott Key (1779-1843)

NATIONAL ANTHEM
music atr. to
John Stafford Smith (1750-1836)

1. O — say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, what so
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, where the
3. And where is that band ev - er, when free men shall stand 'mid the
4. O — thus be it ev - er, when free men shall stand 'mid the

proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light's last gleam - ing? Whose broad
foe's haught - y host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, what is
hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion; a —
tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; blest with

stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - i - lous fight, o'er the
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, as it
home and a coun - try may they'd leave us no more? Their —
vict' - ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land praise the

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Bb F/C Bb/D F F7 Bb

ram - parts we watch'd were so gal - lant ly stream - ing? And the
fit - ful ly blows, half con - ceals, - lant half dis - clos - ing? And the
blood has wash'd out, their foul pre - served us pol - lu - tion. Now it
Power that hath made and and pre - served us pol - lu - tion! Then _____

F Bb/F F7

rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air gave
catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's in first beam, in full
ref - uge could save hire - ing's and and slave from
con - quer we must, when our cause ling it is just, and the

Bb F/C Bb/D F F/Eb Bb/D Gm C7 F F7

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O
glo - ry re - flect ed now shines on the stream. 'Tis the
ter - ror of our flight or, the "In gloom of is the the
this be our mot - to, "In God is our our grave; trust!" And the

Bb Eb G7/D Cm Bb/D Cm/Eb Edim7 Bb/F F F/Eb

say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave o'er the
star - span - gled ban - ner! O long may it wave o'er the
star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave o'er the
star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave o'er the

Bb/D F Bb F7/C Bb/D Gm C7/G Bb/F F7 Bb

land of the free and the home of the brave?
land of the free and the home of the brave.
land of the free and the home of the brave.
land of the free and the home of the brave.

STEAL AWAY TO JESUS

Traditional Spiritual

STEAL AWAY
Traditional Spiritual

Refrain F Bb C F

Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus.

Bb/F F7/A Bb F/A F C Dm F/C C7 F Fine

Steal a - way, steal a - way home; I ain't got long to stay here.

N.C.

1. My Lord, He calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; }
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand a - trem - bling; } The
3. My Lord, He calls me, He calls me by the light - ning; }

Dm F/C C7 F D.C. al Fine

trum - pet sounds with - in my soul; I ain't got long to stay here.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE

CONSOLATION

words by
Harriet B. Stowe (1812-1896)

music by
Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

1. Still, still with Thee, — when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird wak - eth,
 2. A lone with Thee, — a mid the mys - tic shad - ows, The sol - emn hush of
 3. Still, still to Thee! — as to each new - born morn - ing, A fresh and sol - emn
 4. So shall it be — at last in that bright morn - ing, When the soul wak - eth,

and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, love - li - er than
 na - ture new - ly born; A lone does with Thee in breath - less ad - o -
 splen - dor still is giv'n, So does this bless - ed in breath - less ad - o -
 and life's shad - ows flee; O in that hour, fair - er than day - light

day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious - ness I am with Thee.
 ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn.
 wak - ing, Breathe each day near - ness un - to Thee and heav'n.
 dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - rious thought I am with Thee.

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STEPPING IN THE LIGHT

BEAUTIFUL TO WALK

words by
Eliza E. Hewitt, 1890

music by
William J. Kirkpatrick, 1890

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
 2. Press - ing more close - ly to Him who is lead - ing, When we are tempt - ed to
 3. Walk - ing in foot - steps of gen - tle for - bear - ance, Foot - steps of faith - ful - ness,
 4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Up - ward, still up - ward we'll

Sav - ior and King, Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
 turn from the way, Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
 mer - cy and love; Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom - ised,
 fol - low our Guide. When we shall see Him, the King in His beau - ty,

Hap - py, how hap - py the songs that we bring! }
 Hap - py, how hap - py our prais - es each day! } How beau - ti - ful to walk in the
 Hap - py, how hap - py our jour - ney a - bove! }
 Hap - py, how hap - py our place at His side! }

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C G7 C/G G C

steps of the Sav - ior, Step - ping in the light, step - ping in the light! How

F C G7 C

beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Led in paths of light!

STILL SWEETER EVERY DAY

words by
W.C. Martin, 1899

music by
C. Austin Miles, 1899

Ab Ab7 Db Ab

1. To Je - sus ev - 'ry day I find my heart is clos - er drawn; He's
 2. His glo - ry broke up - on me when I saw Him from a - far; He's
 3. My heart is some - times heav - y, but He comes with sweet re - lief; He

Ab/C Eb Bb Bb7 Eb

fair - er than the glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn; He's
 fair - er than the lil - y, bright - er than the morn - ing star. He
 folds me to His bos - om when I droop with blight - ing grief. I

Ab Ab7 Db Ab

all my fan - cy pic - tures in its fair - est dreams and more. Each
 love and the Christ, who all my bur - dens in His bod - y bore. Each

Db Eb7/Bb Ab Db Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab/Eb Eb Ab Refrain

day He grows still sweet - er than He was the day be - fore. }
 day He grows still sweet - er than He was the day be - fore. } The
 day He grows still sweet - er than He was the day be - fore. }

Db F7/C Bb Bb7/D Eb

half can - not be fan - cied this side the gold - en shore. O

Ab Ab/C Db Ab/Eb Ebsus Eb7 Ab

there He'll be still sweet - er than He ev - er was be - fore.

THE STRIFE IS O'ER, THE BATTLE DONE

Traditional Latin text, c. 1695
tr. by Francis Pott, 1861

VICTORY
music by
Giovanni P. da Palestrina, 1591

D G D Bm F#m D/F# D A D

Al - le - lu ia, al - le - lu ia, al - le - lu ia

G D F#m G6 Bm A/C# D Bm F#m D Em Bm

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; Now is the vic - tor's tri - umph
 2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gions hath dis -
 3. The three sad days have quick - ly sped, He ris - es glo - rious from the
 4. Lord, by the stripes which wound - ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy serv - ants

A F#m D G D F#m G6 Bm A/C# D A D

won't Now be the song of praise — be — gun, Al - le - lu ia!
 persed. Let shouts of ho - ly joy — out - burst. Al - le - lu ia!
 dead. All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al - le - lu ia!
 free, That we may live and sing — to Thee. Al - le - lu ia!

G D Bm F#m D/F# D A D

Al - le - lu ia, al - le - lu ia, al - le - lu ia

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SUNLIGHT IN MY SOUL

words by
Judson W. Van DeVenter, 1897

music by
Winfield S. Weeden, 1897

Eb

1. I wan - dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me, And How
 2. Though clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lous round me roll, And
 3. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The light that came to me, Be -

A# Eb Bb/F F7 Bb E

with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark - ness flee.
 ev - er dark the clouds may be I've sun - light in my soul. } Sun - light, sun - light
 hold the bright - ness of His face Through-out e - ter - ni - ty. }

Bb/F Bb7 Eb

in my soul to-day, Sun - light, sun - light all a-long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me,

Bb7 Eb F#m/Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

Took a - way my sin, I have had the sun - light of His love with - in.

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SUNSHINE IN MY SOUL

SUNSHINE

music by

John R. Sweney, 1887

words by
Eliza E. Hewitt, 1887

G C G G/D D7

1. There is sun - shine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and
 2. There is mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my
 3. There is spring - time in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is
 4. There is glad - ness in my soul to - day, And hope and love and

G C G D/A Em/A A7

bright Than glows in an - y earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my
 King. And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing can hear The songs I can not
 near The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap -
 praise, For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys in fu - ture

Refrain

D D7/F# G C G D7/F# G

light }
 sing. }
 pear. }
 days. }
 O there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine, When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments

D G C/G G C G G/B C6 G/D D7 G

roll; When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun - shine in my soul.

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SWEET BY AND BY

music by

Joseph P. Webster (1819-1875)

words by
Sanford F. Bennett (1836-1898)

G C G D

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day And by faith we can see it a - far, For the
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the blest, And our
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise For the

G C G C G/D D G

Fa - ther waits o - ver the way To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there, } In the
 spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest. }
 glo - ri - ous gift of His love And the bless - ings that hal - low our days. }

D D7 G

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. In the

G7/B C G/D D7 G

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

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SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

SWEET HOUR

music by

William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

words by
William W. Walford (1772-1850)

C F C

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a
 2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy joy I feel, the
 3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe-
 4. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con- so-

G CG G C F

world of care, And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make
 bliss I share, Of Those whose whose spir - its burn With
 la - tion share, Till from Mount Pis - gah's loft - y height En - I

C CG G7 C G7/D C/E F

all my wants and wish es known. In sea - sons of dis -
 strong de - sire for thy re - turn. With such I has ten
 gage the wait ing soul to bless. And since He bids me
 view my home and take my flight. This robe of flesh I'll

C G7/D C/E F C G C

ress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief And oft es - caped the
 to the place Where God, my Sav - ior, shows His face, And glad - ly take my
 seek His face, Be - lieve His Word and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my
 drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize, And shout while pass - ing

F C CG G7 C

tempt - er's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
 sta - tion there To wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
 ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
 through the air, "Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of prayer!"

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SWEET WILL OF GOD

SWEET WILL

music by

Lelia N. Morris, 1900

words by
Lelia N. Morris, 1900

A \flat E \flat 7

1. My stub - born will at last hath yield - ed; I would be
 2. I'm tired of sin, foot - sore and wea - ry; The dark - some
 3. Thy pre - cious will, O con - qu'ring Sav - ior, Doth now em
 4. Shut in with Thee, O Lord, for ev - er, My way - ward

A \flat C Fm B \flat m6/D \flat

Thine, and Thine a lone. And this the prayer my lips are
 path hath drea - ry grown. But now a light has ris'n to
 brace and com - pass me; All dis - cords hushed, my peace a
 feet no more to roam; What pow'r from Thee my soul can

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C Bbm Fm/C D \flat Ddim7 Ab/E \flat Eb7 Ab Refrain Eb7/B \flat Eb7

bring - ing: "Lord, let in me Thy will _____ be done." }
 cheer me; I find in Thee my Star, _____ my Sun. }
 riv - er, My soul a pris - oned bird _____ set free. }
 sev - er? The cen - ter of God's will _____ my home. }

Ab Eb7/B \flat Eb7 Ab Ab/C

God, still fold _____ me _____ clos er, Till I am

D \flat Ab/E \flat Eb7 Ab Eb7 D \flat /A \flat A \flat

whol - ly lost in Thee. Sweet will _____ of _____ God, _____ still

E \flat 7 D \flat /A \flat Ab Ab7/C D \flat Ab D \flat Ab/E \flat Eb7 Ab

fold _____ me _____ clos - er, Till I _____ am whol - ly lost in Thee.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Traditional Spiritual

SWING LOW
Traditional Spiritual

F Dm Gm7 C7 Dm Am Gm7 C7

Swing low, sweet char i - ot, _____ Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

F F7 B \flat maj7 Gm7 C7 F/A B \flat F/C To Coda \oplus C7 F

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, _____ Com - ing for to car - ry me home. | 1. I
2. If

B \flat maj7 C7 Dm Am Gm7 C7 F Dm

looked o - ver Jor - dan and what did I see? _____ Com - ing for to car - ry me home, A band - of an - gels
 you get there be - fore I do, _____ Com - ing for to car - ry me home, Tell all my friends I'm

Gm7 C7 F/A B \flat maj7 C7

com - ing af - ter me, _____ Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
 com - ing too, _____ Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

1 F 2 F D.C. al Coda CODA \oplus F

home. home.

SUN OF MY SOUL

HURSLEY

music from

Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, c. 1774

words by
John Keble (1792-1866)



1. Sun of my soul, — Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night — if Thou — be near;
 2. A - bide with me — from morn — till eve, For with - out Thee — I can — not live;
 3. Be near to bless — me when — I wake, Ere through the world — my way — I take;



O may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
 A - bide with me when night is night, For with - out Thee I dare — not die.
 A - bide with me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n — a - bove.

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SWEETER AS THE YEARS GO BY

SWEETER

music by

Lelia N. Morris, 1912

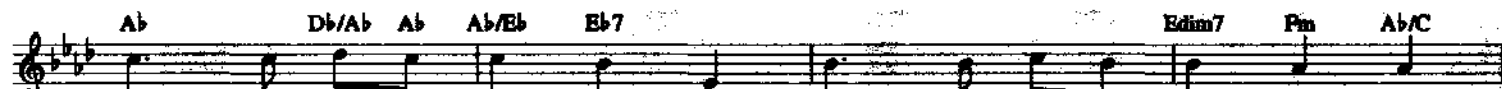
words by
Lelia N. Morris, 1912



1. Of Je - sus' love that sought me When I was lost in sin; Of
 2. He trod in old Ju - de a Life's path - way long a - go; The
 3. 'Twas won - drous love which led Him For us to suf - fer loss — To



won - drous grace that bro't me Back to His fold a - gain; Of
 peo - ple thronged a - bout Him, His sav - ing grace to know. He
 bear with - out a mur - mur The an - guish of the cross. With

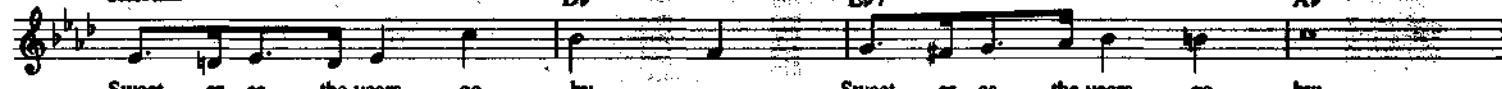


heights and depths of mer - cy, Far And deep - er than the sea, And
 healed the bro - ken heart - ed, Let us our our voic - es raise, And
 saints re - deemed in glo - ry, Let us our our voic - es raise, And
 Till



high - er than the heav - ens, My theme shall ev - er be.
 still His great heart yearn - eth In love for e - ven me.
 heav'n and earth re - ech - o With our Re - deem - er's praise.

Refrain



Sweet - er as the years go by, Sweet - er as the years go by;



Rich - er, full - er, deep - er, Je - sus' love is sweet - er, Sweet - er as the years go by.

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TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE

CONSECRATION HYMN
music by
William H. Jude (1851-1922)

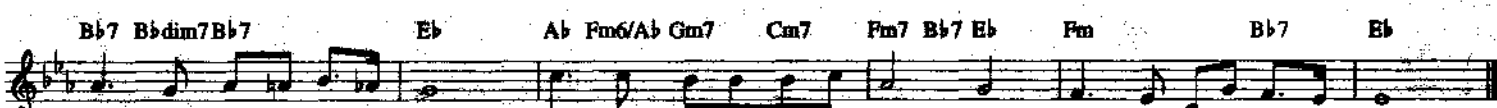
words by
Frances B. Havergal (1836-1879)



1. Take my life and let it be	Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;	Take my mo - ments and my
2. Take my voice and let me sing	Al - ways, on - ly for my King.	Take my lips and let them
3. Take my will and make it Thine,	It shall be no long - er mine.	Take my heart, it is Thine



days, _____	Let them flow in cease - less praise.	Take my hands and let them move
be _____	Filled with prais - es, Lord, to Thee.	Take my sil - ver and my gold,
own, _____	It shall be Thy roy - al throne.	Take my love, my Lord, I pour



At the im - pulse of Thy love.	Take my feet and let them be _____	Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
Not a mite would I with - hold.	Take my tal - ents, Lord, and use _____	Ev - 'ry one as Thou shalt choose.
At Thy feet its treas - ure store.	Take my - self, and I will be _____	Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

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TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE

HENDON
music by
Henry A. César Malan, 1827

words by
Frances R. Havergal, 1874



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 _____
4. Take my sil - ver _____	and my gold	Not a mite _____
5. Take my will _____ and _____	make it Thine	It shall be _____
6. Take my love; _____ my _____	Lord, I pour	At Thy feet _____



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 - sa
I with - hold;	Take my in - tel - lect _____	and use _____	Ev - 'ry pow'r as
long - er _____ mine;	Take my heart it _____	is Thine own, _____	It shall be Thy
treas - ure _____ store;	Take my self and _____	I will be _____	Ev - er, on - ly,



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

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TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE

MESSIAH

music by

Louis J.F. Hérold, 1839

arr. by George Kingsley, 1839

words by
Frances R. Havergal, 1874

1. Take my life, and let it be con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee.
 2. Take my voice, and let me sing, al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 3. Take my will, and make it thine; it shall be no long - er mine.

Take my mo - ments and my days; let them flow in cease - less praise.
 Take my lips, and let them be filled with mes - sag - es from thee.
 Take my heart, it is thine own; it shall be thy roy - al throne.

Take my hands, and let them move at the im - pulse of thy love.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold; not a mite would I with - hold.
 Take my love, my Lord, I pour at thy feet its trea - sure - store.

Take my feet, and let them be swift and beau - ti - ful for thee.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use ev - ery power as thou shalt choose.
 Take my - self, and I will be ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.

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TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE

MOZART (II)

music attr. to

Wolfgang A. Mozart, *Twelfth Mass*, 1821

words by
Frances R. Havergal, 1874

1. Take my life, — and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my hands, — and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
 3. Take my voice, — and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
 4. Take my sil - ver and my gold: Not a mite — would I with - hold;
 5. Take my love, — my Lord, I pour At Thy feet — its treas - ure store;

Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow — in cease - less praise.
 Take my feet, — and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
 Take my lips, — and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from Thee.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r — as Thou shalt choose.
 Take my - self — and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee!

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TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE

YARBROUGH

music by

William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

words by
Frances R. Havergal (1836-1879)

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee; Take my
 3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold; Take my
 4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine; Take my

hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love. } Lord, I give my life to
 voice, and let me sing, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
 heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

Thee, Thine for - ev - er more to be; Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er more to be.

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TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS WITH YOU

PRECIOUS NAME

music by

William H. Doane (1832-1915)

words by
Lydia Baxter (1809-1874)

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
 3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate at His feet,

It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
 If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer,
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em - ploy,
 King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete.

name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious

name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.

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TAKE THOU OUR MINDS, DEAR LORD

words by
William H. Foulkes, c. 1918

HALL
music by
Calvin Weiss Laufer, 1918

1. Take Thou our minds, dear Lord, we hum - bly pray; Give us the
 2. Take Thou our hearts, O Christ, they are Thine own; Come Thou with -
 3. Take Thou our wills, Most High! Hold Thou full sway; Have Thou in our sur -
 4. Take Thou our selves, O Lord, heart, mind, and will; Through our sur -

mind of Christ each pas - ing day; Teach us to know the truth
 in our souls and claim Thy throne; Help us to shed a - broad
 in - most souls Thy per - fect way; Guard Thou each sa - cred hour
 ren - dered souls Thy plans ful - fill. We yield our - selves to Thee -

that sets us free; Grant us in all our thoughts to hon - or Thee.
 Thy death - less love; Use us to make the earth like heaven a - bove.
 from self - ish ease; Guide Thou our or - dered lives as Thou dost please.
 time, tal - ents, all; We hear, and hence - forth heed, Thy sov - ereign call.

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TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY

words by
William D. Longstaff, c. 1882

HOLINESS
music by
George C. Stebbins, 1890

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; _____
 2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on; _____
 3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy guide, _____
 4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul; _____

A bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word. _____
 Much time spend in se - cret With Je - sus a lone; _____
 And run not be - fore Him What ev - er be - tide; _____
 Each thought and each mo - tive Be neath His con - trol; _____

Make friends of God's chil - dren; Help those who are weak; _____
 By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be; _____
 In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low thy Lord, _____
 Thus led by His Spir - it To foun - tains of love, _____

For get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek. _____
 Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see. _____
 And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word. _____
 Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For ser - vice a bove. _____

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TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY

SLANE

Irish Folk melody

words by
William D. Longstaff, 1882

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak of ten with God; Find rest in Him
 2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush es on; Much time spend in
 3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy guide, And run not be

al - ways And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's chil - dren; Help
 se - cret With Je - sus a lone. By look ing to Je - sus, Like
 fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide. In joy or in sor - row, Still

those who are weak, For - get - ting in noth - ing His - bless - ing to seek.
 Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy con - duct His - like - ness shall see.
 fol - low thy Lord, And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still - trust in His Word.

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TAKE UP THY CROSS, THE SAVIOR SAID

BOURBON

music attr. to
Freeman Lewis (1780-1859)

words by
Charles W. Everest, 1833

1. Take up thy cross, the Sa - vior said, If
 2. Take up thy cross, let not its weight Fill
 3. Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame, Nor
 4. Take up thy cross, and fol - low Christ, Nor

thou wouldst my dis - ci - ple be; de - ny thy self, the
 thy weak spir - it with a - larm; His strength shall bear thy
 let thy fool - ish pride re - bel; Thy Lord for thee the
 think till death to lay it down; For on - ly those who

world for sake, And hum - bly fol - low af - ter me.
 spir - it up, And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
 cross en - dured, To save thy soul, from death and hell.
 bear the cross May hope to wear the glo - rious crown.

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TAKE UP THY CROSS, THE SAVIOR SAID

GERMANY

music from

William Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815

words by
Charles W. Everest, 1833

B♭ F7/C B♭/D Cm/E♭ F7 F#dim7 Gm C7 F/C C/B♭
 "Take up thy cross," the Sav ior said, "if thou wouldst
 "Take up thy cross," the let not its weight fill thy weak
 "Take up thy cross," the nor heed the low shame, nor let thy
 "Take up thy cross," the and fol the Christ, nor think thy

F/A Dm Gm/B♭ F/C C F B♭ F7/C Cm6
 my dis ci ple be; de ny thy self, the
 spir it with a be; His strength thy self, the
 fool ish to pride re larm; thy Lord shall bear the
 death to lay it down; thy for on ly those who

B♭/D B♭ E♭ Edim7 F F#dim7 Gm Cm/E♭ B♭/F F7 B♭
 world for sake, and hum bly fol low af ter me."
 spir it up, and brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.
 cross en dured, to save thy soul from death and hell.
 bear the cross may hope to wear the glo rious crown.

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TALK WITH US, LORD

SOHO

music by

Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

G D7 D7/F# G Em7 A7 D G7
 1. Talk with us, Lord, thy self re-veal, While here o'er earth we rove; Speak
 2. With Thee con-versing, we for-get All time and toil and care; La
 3. Here, then, my God, vouch safe to stay, And bid my heart re-joice; My
 4. Thou call-est me to seek Thy face, 'Tis all I wish to seek; To at
 5. Let this my ev-'ry hour em-ploy, Till I Thy glo-ry see; En-

C Am6 B B7/D# Em C G/D C/D Bm/D D7 G
 to our hearts, and let us feel The kin-dling of thy love.
 bor is rest and pain is sweet If Thou my God, art here.
 bound-ing heart shall own Thy sway And ech-o to Thy voice.
 tend the whis-pers of Thy grace And hear Thee in-ly speak.
 ter in-to my Mas-ter's joy And find my heav'n in Thee.

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TEACH ME, MY GOD AND KING

CARLISLE

music by

Charles Lockhart (1745-1815)

words by
George Herbert (1593-1633)

B♭/D Cm A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭ A♭/C E♭/B♭ A♭ E♭/G A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭
 1. Teach me, my God and King, in all things thee to see, and
 2. All may of thee par-take; in noth-ing can be so mean, which
 3. A ser-vant with this clause makes drud-ger-y di-vine; who
 4. This is the fa-mous stone that turn-eth all to gold; for

E♭ A♭ Fm B♭ Gm A♭/C E♭/B♭ A♭ Ddim/F Cm A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭7 E♭
 what I do in an-y thing, to do it as for thee.
 with this tinc-ture, "for thy sake," will not grow bright and clean.
 sweeps a room, as for thy laws, makes that and th'ac-tion fine.
 that which God doth touch and own can not for less be told.

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TEACH ME THY WAY, O LORD

CAMACHA

music by

B. Mansell Ramsey, 1919

words by
B. Mansell Ramsey, 1919

1. Teach me Thy way, O Lord, Teach me Thy way! Thy guid - ing grace af - ford
 2. When I am sad at heart, Teach me Thy way! When earth - ly joys de - part,
 3. When doubts and fears a - rise, Teach me Thy way! When storms o'er spread the skies,
 4. Long as my life shall last, Teach me Thy way! Wher - e'er my lot be cast,

Teach me Thy way! Help me to walk a - right, More by faith,
 Teach me Thy way! In hours of lone li - ness, In times of
 Teach me Thy way! Shine through the cloud and rain, through sor - row,
 Teach me Thy way! Un - til the race is run, Un - til the

less by sight; Lead me with heav'n - ly light, Teach me Thy way!
 dire dis - tress, In fail - ure or suc - cess, Teach me Thy way!
 toil and pain; Make Thou my path way plain, Teach me Thy way!
 jour - ney's done, Un - til the crown is won, Teach me Thy way!

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TELL IT TO JESUS

DAYTON

music by

Edmund S. Lorenz, 1877

words by
Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1876

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y - heart - ed?
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den?
 3. Do you fear the gath - 'ring clouds of sor - row?
 4. Are you trou - bled at the thought of dy - ing?

Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;

{ Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Have you sins that to men's eyes are hid - den?
 Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 For Christ's com - ing king - dom are you sigh - ing? }

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

Tell, it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend that's well - known;

You've no oth - er such a friend or bro - ther, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

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TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY

EVANGEL
music by

words by
A. Catherine Hankey, 1866

William H. Doane, 1869

Bb Eb/Bb Bb Gm Bb/F F F7

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in fear That
 3. Tell me the same old sto - ry When you have cause to _____

Bb Eb Bb/F F Bb

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
 won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's re - me - dy for sin.
 this world's emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear.

F F7 Bb C7 F F7

Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For
 Tell me the sto - ry of - ten, For I for - get so soon, The
 Tell me the sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In

Bb Eb Bb/F F Bb

I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.
 ear - ly dew of morn - ing Has passed a way at noon.
 an - y time of trou - ble, A com - fort - er to me.

Refrain Eb Bb F7 Bb

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,

Bb7 Eb Bb/F F7 Bb

Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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TELL ME THE STORIES OF JESUS

STORIES OF JESUS
music by

words by
William H. Parker, 1885

Frederic A. Challinor, 1903

C C/G C C/G G/D G

1. Tell me the sto - ries of the Je - sus I love to hear;
 2. First let me hear how the chil - dren Stood round His knee,
 3. In - to the cit - y I'd fol - low The chil - dren's band,

C/G C A7/C# G/D D7 G

Things I would ask Him to tell me If He were here;
 And I shall fan - cy His bless - ing Rest ing on me;
 Wav - ing a branch of the palm tree High in my hand;

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G7 C C7 A7/C# Dm

Scenes by the way side, Tales of the sea,
 Words full of His kind ness, Deeds full of grace,
 One of His her aids, Yes, I would sing

G7 Am Adim7 C/G G7 C

Sto ries of Je sus, Tell them to me.
 All in the love light Of Je sus' face.
 Loud est ho san nas, "Je sus is King!"

TELL ME THE STORY OF JESUS

words by
 Fanny J. Crosby, 1880

STORY OF JESUS
 music by
 John R. Sweney, 1880

D A A7 D

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
 2. Fast - ing a - lone in the des ert, Tell of the days that are past;
 3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writ - ing in an - guish and pain;

D/C G/B D/A G D A A7 D

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.
 How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um - phant at last.
 Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how he liv - eth a - gain.

G G/D D A A7 D

Tell how the an - gels in cho - rus Sang as they wel - comed His birth,
 Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
 Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see:

G G/D D A/E E7 A/E E7 A A7/C#

"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."
 He was de - spised and af - flict - ed, Home - less, re - ject - ed and poor.
 Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.

D A A7 D

Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;

D/C G/B D/A G D A A7 D

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.

THAT BEAUTIFUL NAME

words by
Jean Perry, 1916

BEAUTIFUL NAME
music by
Mabel Johnston Camp, 1916

G B7 D/C C Cdim7 C D7

1. I know of a name, A beau - ti - ful name, That an - gels bro't
2. I know of a name, A beau - ti - ful name, That un - to a
3. The One of that name, My Sav - ior be - came, My Sav - ior of
4. I love that blest name, That won - der - ful name, Made high - er than

Gdim G B7 D/C C Cdim C

down to earth; They whis - pered it low, One night long a - go, To a
Babe was giv - en. The stars glit - tered bright Thro' - out that glad night, And a
Cal - va - ry. My sins nailed Him there; My bur - dens He bare. He
all in heav - en. 'Twas whis - pered, I know, In my heart long a - go - To

C#dim7 G/D D7 G Refrain G7 C Cm G

maid - en of low ly birth. That beau - ti - ful name, That
an - gels praised God in heav'n. }
suf - fered all this for me.
Je - sus my life I've giv'n.

B Em A7 D G D/A G/B

beau - ti - ful name From sin has pow'r to free us! That beau - ti - ful

D/A G/B D/C G/B D7/A G7 C C#dim7 G/D Eb7 G/D D7 G

name, That won - der - ful name, That match - less name is Je - sus!

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THEE WE ADORE, O HIDDEN SAVIOR

words by
Thomas Aquinas (1227-1274)
tr. by James R. Woodford (1820-1885)

ADORO TE DEVOTE
music from
Processionale, Paris, 1697

B D6 Dsus2 Dsus D5 D D6 Dsus2 Dsus Dm

1. Thee we a dore, O hid - den Sav - ior, Thee. Who in Thy Sac - ra - ment are pleased to be;
2. O blest me - mo - rial of our dy - ing Lord, Who liv - ing bread to us shall here af - ford;
3. Foun - tain of good - ness, Je - sus, Lord and God; Cleanse us, un - clean, with Thy most cleans - ing blood;
4. O Christ, whom now be - neath a veil we see: May what we thirst for soon our por - tion be,

F#m Bm Bm/D Em Asus2 A D D6 D Dsus D5

Both flesh and spir - it in Thy pres - ence fail, Yet here Thy pres - ence we de - vout - ly hail.
Oh, may our souls for - ev - er feed on Thee, And Thou, O Christ, for - ev - er pre - cious be.
In - crease our faith and love, that we may know The hope and peace which from Thy pres - ence flow.
To gaze on Thee un - veiled, and see Thy face, The vi - sion of Thy glo - ry and Thy grace.

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THEE WE ADORE, ETERNAL LORD

MENDON

music by

F.D. Allen, *New York Selections*, 1822

Latin text, 4th or 5th century
tr. by Thomas Cotterill (1779-1823)

1. Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal Lord! We praise Thy
 2. To, Thee a - loud all an - gels cry, The heav'ns and
 3. Th'a - pos - tles join the glo - rious throng, The proph - ets
 4. From day to day, O Lord, we hum - bly do pray, High - ly ex -
 5. Vouch - safe, O Lord, we hum - bly do pray, To keep us

name all swell alt safe with the th'im and from one pow'r mor hon sin ac on tal or this cord; high; song, thee; day; Thy The Thy Have saints, ho mar name mer who ly, tyrs' we cy, here ho no wor Lord, Thy ly, ble ship we

good ho ar and trust ness ly my a in see, King, raise dore, Thee; Through Lord E World Oh, all God ter with let the of nal out us world do they them for con wor ev to ev found ship er Thy er ed Thee. sing! praise. more! be!

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THEE WILL I LOVE, MY STRENGTH

ICH WILL DICH LIEBEN

music by

J.B. König, *Harmonischer Lieder-Schatz*, 1738

words by
Johann Scheffler (1624-1677)
tr. by John Wesley (1703-1791)

1. Thee will I love, my strength, my tow'r; Thee will I love, my joy, my crown!
 2. I thank Thee, un - cre - a - ted sun, That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
 3. Up - hold me in the doubt - ful race, Nor suf - fer me a gain to stray;
 4. Thee will I love, my joy, my crown; Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!

Thee will I love with all my pow - er, In all Thy works, and Thee a - lone;
 I thank Thee, who hast o - ver - thrown My foes and healed my wound - ed mind;
 Strength - en my feet with stead - y pace Still to press for - ward in Thy way,
 Thee will I love, be - neath Thy frown Or smile, Thy scep - ter or Thy rod.

Thee will I love, till the pure fire Fills all my soul with chaste de - sire.
 I thank Thee, whose en - liv - ning voice Bids my freed heart in Thee re - joice.
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.
 What though my flesh and heart de - cay? Thee shall I love in end - less day!

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THERE IS A BALM IN GILEAD

BALM IN GILEAD
African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual

There is a balm in Gil - e - ad To make the wound - ed
whole, There is a balm in Gil - e - ad To heal the sin - sick
soul. { 1. Some times I feel dis - cour - aged, And think my work's in
2. Don't ev - er feel dis - cour - aged, For Je - sus is your
3. If you can not preach like Pe - ter, If you can - not pray like
vain, But then the Ho - ly Spir - it Ré - vives my soul a - gain.
friend, And if you lack for know - ledge, He'll not re - fuse to lend.
Paul, You can tell the love of Je - sus And say, "He died for all."

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THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN
Traditional American melody
arr. by Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

words by
William Cowper (1731-1800)

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins, And
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day, And
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r, Till
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply, Re
5. When this poor lisp - ing, stam - m'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave, Then
sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a way, Wash
all the ran - somed Church of God Be saved to sin no more, Be
deem - ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die, And
in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll
all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains, And
all my sins a way, Wash all my sins a way, And
saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more, Till
shall be till I die, And shall be till I die, Re
sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, Then
sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a way.
all the ran - somed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
deem - ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

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THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

words by
W. Cowper (1731-1800)

HORSLEY
music by
W. Horsley (1774-1858)

A D G/B D/A D/F# G A A/C# D Bm A/E E A

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And
 2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, And
 3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r Till
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Re
 5. When this poor lisp'ing, star-m'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave, Then

G/B A7/C# D Gmaj7 Em/G F# G Em/G D/A A7 D

sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins - a way.
 all the ran - somed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 deem - ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
 in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

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THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY

words by
Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)

HORSLEY
music by
William Horsley (1774-1858)

A D G/B D D/F# G A D Bm A/E E7 A

1. There is a green hill far a - way, with - out a ci - ty wall, Where
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell, what pains he had to bear, But
 3. He died that we might be for - giv'n, he died to make us good, That
 4. There was no o - ther good e - nough to pay the price of sin, He
 5. O dear - ly, dear - ly has he loved! And we must love him too, And

G/B A7/C# D Gmaj7 G6 F# G Em/G D/A A7 D

the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, who died to save us all.
 we be - lieve it was for us he hung and suf - fered there.
 we might go at last to heav'n, saved by his pre - cious blood.
 on - ly could un - lock the gate of heav'n and let us in.
 trust in his re - deem - ing blood, and try, his works to do.

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THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY

words by
Cecil F. Alexander (1823-1895)

WINDSOR
music from
Daman's Booke of Musicke, 1591

Gm F Bb F Gm Cm D Gm Bb/D Cm/Eb Bb/F F

1. There is a green hill far a - way, Out - side a ci - ty
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to
 3. He died that we might be for - giv'n: He died to make us
 4. There was no oth - er good was e - nough to pay the price of
 5. O dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him

Bb Eb Bb F Gm Dm Eb Cm D Gm Adim/C Cm/Eb Dsus D Gm

wall, Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 bear, But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
 good, That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
 sin, He on - ly could un - lock the gate of heav'n and let us in.
 too, And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

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THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

VARINA
music by
George F. Root (1820-1895)

1. There is a land of the pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In
2. Sweet fields be-yond of the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green; So

fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain. There
to the Jews old Can-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween. Could

ev-er last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with-ering flowers; Death,
we but climb where Mos-es stood, And view the land-scape o'er. Not

like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav-en-ly land from the ours.
Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright-as from the shore.

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THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD

words by
Lewis E. Jones, 1899

POWER IN THE BLOOD
music by
Lewis E. Jones, 1899

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin?
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride?
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow?
4. Would you do ser-vice for Je-sus, your King?

There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood.

{ Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win?
Come for a cleans-ing to Cal-va-ry's tide.
Sin-stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow.
Would you live dai-ly His prais-es to sing? }

There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is

pow'r, pow'r, won-der-work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb. There is

pow'r, pow'r, won-der-work-ing pow'r in the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.

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THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING

SHOWERS OF BLESSING

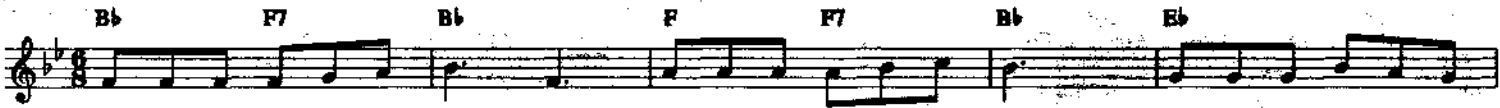
music by

James McGranahan (1840-1907)

words by

Daniel W. Whittle (1840-1901)

based on Ezekiel 34:26



1. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing: This is the prom-ise of love. There shall be sea-sons re-
 2. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing, Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain; O-ver the hills and the
 3. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing; Send them up-on us, O Lord. Grant to us now a re-
 4. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing; O that to-day they might fall, Now as to God we're con-



fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a-bove. } Show-ers of bless-ing,
 val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain. }
 fresh-ing, Come and now hon-or Your Word. }
 fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!



Show-ers of bless-ing we need. Mer-cy-drops 'round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

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THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING

GREAT DAY COMING

music by

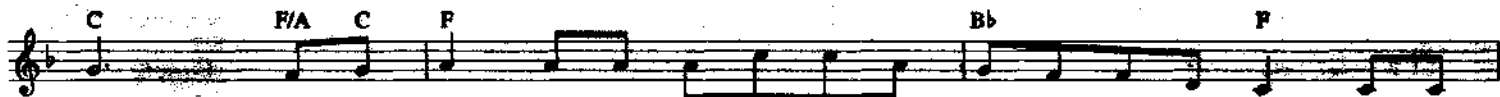
Will L. Thompson (1847-1909)

words by

Will L. Thompson (1847-1909)



1. There's a great day com-ing, a great day com-ing; There's a great day com-ing by and
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, a bright day com-ing; There's a bright day com-ing by and
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, a sad day com-ing; There's a sad day com-ing by and



by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left. Are you
 by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord. Are you
 by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom: "De-part, I know you not!" Are you



read-y for that day to come? }
 read-y for that day to come? } Are you read-y? Are you read-y?
 read-y for that day to come? }



Are you read-y for the judg-ment day? For the judg-ment day?

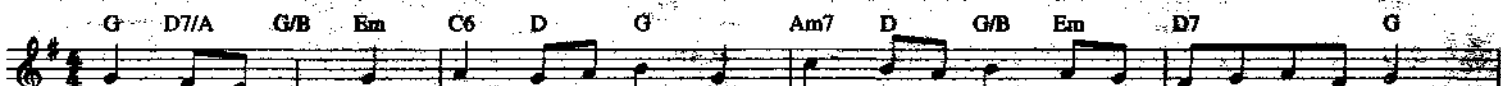
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THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY

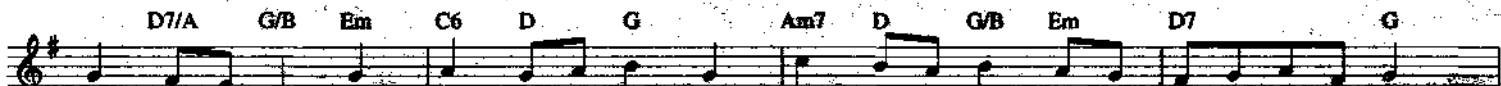
IN BABILONE

Dutch Folk Tune, 18th century

words by
Frederick William Faber, 1854



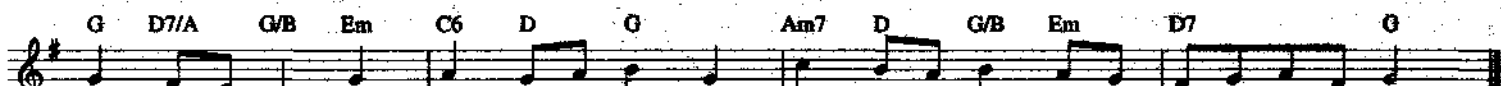
1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
2. For the love of God is broad - er Than the mea - sures of the mind;



There's a kind - ness in God's jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.



There is no place where earth's sor - rows Are more felt than up in heav'n;
If our love were but more faith - ful, We would glad - ly trust God's Word;



There is no place where earth's fail - ings Have such kind - ly judg - ment - giv'n.
And our lives re - flect thanks - giv - ing For the good - ness of our Lord.

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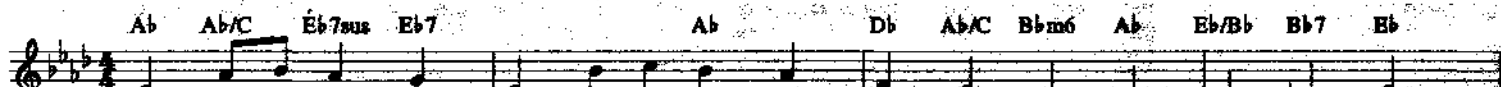
THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY

WELLESLEY

music by

Lizzie S. Tourjee, 1877

words by
Frederick W. Faber, 1854



1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy like the wide - ness of the sea;
2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, and more grac - es for the good!
3. For the love of God is broad - er than the meas - ure of our mind;
4. If our love were but more sim - ple, we should rest up - on God's word;



there's a kind - ness in God's jus - tice, which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior; there is heal - ing in His blood.
and the heart of the E - ter - nal is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
and our lives would be il - lu - mined by the pres - ence of our Lord.

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THERE IS NO NAME SO SWEET ON EARTH

words by
George W. Bethune (1805-1862)

GOLDEN CHAIN (Refrain only)
music by
William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

I love to sing of Christ, ^{my}our King. And hail Him, bless - ed Je - sus; For
there's no word ear - ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as "Je - sus." We "Je - sus."

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THINE IS THE GLORY

words by
Edmund Louis Budry, 1834
tr. by Richard Birch Hoyle

MACCABEUS
music by
George Frederick Handel, 1748

1. Thine is the glo - ry, Ris - en, con - quering Son;
2. Lo! Je - sus meets us, Ris - en from the tomb;
3. No more we doubt Thee, Glo - rious Prince of life!

End - less is the vic - tory Thou o'er death hast won.
Lov - ing - ly He greets us, Scat - ters fear and gloom.
Life is nought with out Thee, Aid us in our strife.

An - gels in bright rai - ment Rolled the stone a - way.
Let the church with glad - ness Hymns of Thy tri - umph sing,
Make us more than con - querors Through Thy death - less love;

Kept the fold - ed grave - clothes Where thy bod - y lay.
For the Lord now liv - eth; Death hath lost its sting.
Bring us safe through Jor - dan To Thy home a - bove.

Refrain (last time only)
Thine is the glo - ry, Ris - en, con - quering Son;
End - less is the vic - tory Thou o'er death hast won.

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THINE ARM, O LORD, IN DAYS OF OLD

ST. MATTHEW

words by
Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821-1891)

music by
William Croft (1678-1727)

A C#m F#m A/C# Bm/D A/E E A E/G# C#m

1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to
 2. And lo! Thy touch brought life and health, Gave speech and
 3. Be Thou our great De-liv-'rer still, Thou Lord of

F#m/A E/B B E E/D A/C# A Bm/D F#m Esus E E/D

heal and save; It tri-umphed o'er dis-ease and death, O'er
 strength, and sight; And youth re-newed dis-and zy calmed Owned
 life and death; Re-store and quick-en, soothe and bless, With

A/C# A Bm/D A/E B A C#7/G# F#m F#m/A F#m/C# C# D G#dim/B F#m/C# C#

dark-ness and the grave. To Thee they sent, the blind, the
 Thee, the Lord of light: And To now, O Lord, be near to
 Thine al-might-y breath: To hands that work and eyes that

F#m C# F#m D#dim7 C#m/E F#m C#m/G# G#7 C#m E7/B A A/C#

dumb, the pal-sied and the lame, The lep-er ed
 bless, Al-might-wis-y as heav'n ly yore, In crowd and
 see, Give wis-dom's heav'n-ly lore, That whole and

D F#7/C# Bm Esus E E/D A/C# A Bm/D A/E B A

with his taint-ed life, The sick with fe-vered frame.
 street, by rest less couch, As by praise Gen-nes-aret's shore.
 sick and weak and strong, May Thee ev-er more.

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THIS IS LIKE HEAVEN TO ME

LIKE HEAVEN TO ME

words by
J.E. French, 1903

music by
J.E. French, 1903

F Bb/F F F/C C F/C C7

1. We find man-y peo-ple who can't un-der-stand Why we are so hap-py and
 2. So when we are hap-py we sing and we shout, Some don't un-der-stand us, I
 3. We've heard the sweet mu-sic, the heav-en-ly chord, From glo-ry-land o-ver the
 4. We're look-ing for Je-sus with glo-ry to come; 'Tis Je-sus who died on the

F C7/G F/A Bb Bbm

free. We've crossed o-ver Jor-dan to Ca-naan's fair land,
 see. We're filled with the Spir-it, there is-n't a doubt,
 sea; A soul-thrill-ing mes-sage from Je-sus, our Lord, } (1.-3.) And
 tree. A cloud of bright an-gels to car-ry me home } (4.) O

F/C C7 F Refrain

this is like heav-en to me. O this is like heav-en to
 that will be heav-en to me. O that will be heav-en to

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C7 F/C C7 F/C C7 F

me. _____ Yes, this is like heav - en to me. _____ I've
me. _____ Yes, that will be heav - en to me. _____ A

Bb Bbm F/C C7 F Bb/F F

crossed o - ver Jor - dan to Ca - naan's fair land, And this is like heav - en to me. _____
cloud of bright an - gels to car - ry me home— Yes, that will be heav - en to me. _____

THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

TERRA BEATA

music by

Franklin L. Sheppard, 1915

words by
Malibie D. Babcock, 1901

Eb Gm/Bb Bb7 Eb Ab/Eb Eb Bb Bb7

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

Eb Gm/Bb Bb7 Gm/Bb Bb7 Eb Bb Eb Bb7

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

Eb Ab Bb7/F Eb Eb/G Ab Eb Bb7

is my Fa - ther's world: I rest me in the thought Of
is my Fa - ther's world: He shines in all that's fair; In the
is my Fa - ther's world: The bat - tle is not done; Je -

Eb Gm/Bb Bb7 Gm/Bb Bb7 Eb Bb Bb7 Eb

rocks and trees, of skies and seas His hand the won - ders wrought.
rus - sian who grass I shall be hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev - 'ry where.
sus who died shall be sat - is - fied, And earth and heav'n be one.

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THIS IS THE DAY THE LORD HATH MADE

ARLINGTON

music by

Thomas A. Arne (1710-1778)

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

G D7 Em D G G/B D/A G G/D D

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own; Let
2. To - day He rose and left the dead, And Sa - tan's em - pire fell; To
3. Ho - san - na to th'a - noint - ed King, To Da - vid's ho - ly Son: Help
4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men With mes - sag - es of grace; Who

G C G G/B Am/C Am G/D D7 G

heaven re - joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur - round the throne.
day the saints His tri - umph spread, And all his won - ders tell.
us, O Lord! de - scend and bring Sal - va - tion from Thy throne.
comes, in God His Fa - ther's name, To save our sin - ful race.

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THIS IS THE DAY THE LORD HATH MADE

NUN DANKET ALL' UND BRINGET EHR'

words by
Isaac Watts, 1719

music by
Johann Crüger, 1647

F Edim/G F/A Bb Edim/G F F/A C F F/A Gm/Bb F/C C C7 F

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own;
 2. To day He rose and left the dead; And Sa-tan's em-pire fell;
 3. Ho-san-na to the a-noint-ed King, To Da-vid's ho-ly Son;
 4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men With mes-sag-es of grace,
 5. Ho-san-na in the high-est strains The Church on earth can raise.

F/A Bb F/A Edim/G F C Am/C Dm Gm F/A C C7 F

Let heaven re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur-round the throne.
 To day the saints His tri-umph spread, And all His won-ders tell.
 Help us, O Lord! de-scend and bring Sal-va-tion from Thy throne.
 Who comes in God His Fa-ther's Name, To save our sin-ful race.
 The high-est heavens, in which He reigns Shall give Him no-bler praise.

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THIS IS THY WILL, I KNOW

TRENTHAM

words by
Charles Wesley, 1749

music by
Robert Jackson, 1894

F F7 Bb/F Bbm/F F F/A C7/G F Bb Dm/B C

1. This is Thy will, I know— That I should ho-ly be,
 2. O might I now em-brave Thy all-suf-fi-cient pow'r,

F Bb/F Gm6 F/A F Bb Gm Bb F/C C F/C C7 F

Should let my sins this mo-ment go, This mo-ment turn to Thee.
 And nev-er more to sin give place, And nev-er grieve Thee more!

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THIS JOYFUL EASTERTIDE

VRUECHTEN

words by
George R. Woodward (1848-1934)

music from
David's Psalmen, Amsterdam, 1684

Eb Ab/C Bb Eb Ab

1. This joy-ful East-er tide, a way with sin and
 2. Death's flood hath lost its chill, since Je-sus crossed the
 3. My flesh in hope shall rest, and for a sea-son

Bb/D Eb Bb Eb Ab/C Bb

sor-ri-er, My Love, the Cru-ci-fied, hath
 riv-er, My Lov-er of soul, ci-fied, ill my
 slum-ber, till trump from east to west shall

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Ab Bb/D Eb Bb Eb Refrain Bb Ab Eb

sprung to life this mor row. Had Christ, that once was
 pass ing soul de liv er. ber.)

Bb Ab/C Bbm Ab Eb Fsus F Bb Ab C7

slain, ne'er burst his three-day pris on, our faith had been in

Fm Eb/G Bb Eb Ab Bb Gm Cm

vain; but now is Christ a ris en, a ris en, a

Ab Bb Eb/G Ab Bb Eb/Bb Bb Eb

ris en, a ris en.

THOU ART THE WAY

DUNDEE
music from

words by
George Washington Doane (1799-1859)

The CL Psalms of David, Edinburgh, 1615

D G/B A D/F# C#dim/E D G D A Bm G A D

1. Thou art the Way; to Thee a lone From sin and death we flee; And
 2. Thou art the Truth; Thy Word a lone True wis dom can im part; Thou
 3. Thou art the Life; the rend ing tomb Pro claims Thy con qu'ring arm; And
 4. Thou art the Way; the Truth the Life; Grant us that Way to know, That

A Bm A/C# Bm7/D E A D Em D/F# Em/G A D

he who would the Fa ther seek Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
 on ly canst in the in the mind And pu ri fy hell shall heart.
 those who put their that Life to win, Nor death nor e ter nal harm.
 Truth to keep, that the in to Thee flow.

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THOU ART THE WAY

ST. JAMES
music by

words by
George Washington Doane (1799-1859)

Raphael Courteville (d. 1735)

F#m E A A/C# D6 E7 A B7 E A B7 E

1. Thou art the Way; to Thee a lone from sin and death we flee; And
 2. Thou art the Truth; Thy word a lone true wis dom can im part; Thou
 3. Thou art the Life; the rend ing tomb pro claims Thy con qu'ring arm; And
 4. Thou art the Way; the Truth, the Life; grant us that Way to know That

A A/C# E7/B A D Bm E A/C# A Bm E A

he who would the Fa ther seek must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
 on ly canst in the in the mind and pu ri fy hell shall heart.
 those who put their that Life to win, whose death nor e ter nal harm.
 Truth to keep, that the in to Thee flow.

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THOU HALLOWED CHOSEN MORN OF PRAISE

MACH'S MIT MIR, GOTT

music by

Bartholomäus Gesius (c. 1555-1613)

words by
John of Damascus, 8th century
tr. by John Mason Neale (1818-1866)

D Bm A D G D A E/G# A D A Esus B A

1. Thou hal - lowed cho - sen morn of praise, That best and great - est shin - est;
2. Come, let us taste the vine's new fruit, For heav'n - ly joy pre - par - ing;
3. Rise, Zi - on, rise, and look - ing forth, Be - hold thy chil - dren 'round thee!
4. O Fa - ther, O co - e - qual Son, O co - e - ter - nal Spir - it,

D Bm A D G D A E/G# A D A Esus B A

La - dy and queen and day of days, Of things di - vine, di - vin - est!
To - day the branch - es with the root In res - ur - rec - tion shar - ing;
From east and west, from south and north, Thy scat - tered sons have found thee;
In per - sons Three, in sub - stance One, And One in pow'r and mer - it;

D Bm F#m G D Em D/F# A D/F# G D A Em D/F# A D

On thee our prais - es Christ a - dore For - ev - er and for - ev - er - more.
Whom as true God, our hymns a - dore For - ev - er and for - ev - er - more.
And in thy bos - om Christ a - dore For - ev - er and for - ev - er - more.
In Thee bap - tized, we Thee a - dore For - ev - er and for - ev - er - more.

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THOU HIDDEN LOVE OF GOD

VATER UNSER

music from

Geistliche Lieder, 1539

words by
Gerhard Tersteegen, 1729
tr. by John Wesley, 1749

G/B Cm Fm/A# Eb Cm/G G Cm Eb/G Bb Eb/D Eb Ab Fm/A# G Cm

1. Thou hid - den love of God, whose height, whose depth un - fath - omed no one knows, I
2. 'Tis mer - cy all that thou hast brought my mind to seek its peace in Thee; yet
3. Is there a thing be - neath the sun that strives with Thee my heart to share? Ah, chase
4. O Love, Thy sov - ereign aid im - part to save me from low - thought - ed care; chase
5. Each mo - ment draw from earth a - way my heart that low - ly waits Thy call; speak

Gm Fm Eb G7 A# G C F Bb D7/A Gm Cm D Cm/Bb D Gm F

see from — far Thy beau - teous light, and in - ly sigh for Thy re - pose; my
while I — seek, but find Thee not, no peace my wan - dering soul shall see. O
tear it — thence and reign a - lone, the Lord of ev - ery mo - tion there; then
this self - will from all my heart, from all its hid - den maz - es there; then
to my — in - most soul and say, "I am thy love, thy God, thy all!" To

Bb/D Cm6 Bb Cm Cm/A# Bb Eb C/E Fm G+ G7 Ab Fm6 Cm/G G7 C

heart is pained, nor can it be at rest, till — it finds rest in Thee.
when shall my heart from earth wan - derings be end, and all my — steps to - ward Thee.
shall my heart from earth child that I cease - less may — "Ab - ba, Fa - ther" cry.
me Thy du - teous to hear Thy voice, to taste Thy — love, be all my choice.
feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice, to taste Thy — love, be all my choice.

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THOU HIDDEN SOURCE OF CALM REPOSE

ST. PETERSBURG

music attr. to

Dimitri S. Bortniansky, 1825

words by
Charles Wesley, 1749

C C/E F6 C/G C F C G/B C

1. Thou hid - den source of calm re - pose, Thou all suf - fi - cient love di -
 2. Thy might - y name sal - va - tion is, and keeps my hap - py soul a -
 3. Je - sus, my all in all, Thou art, my rest in toil, my ease in
 4. In want my plen - ti - ful sup - ply, in weak - ness my al - might y

G C C/E F6 C/G G C F C G/B C

vine, my help and ref - uge from my foes, se - cure I am if Thou art
 bove; com - fort it brings, and power and peace, and joy and ev - er - last - ing
 pain, the heal - ing of my bro - ken heart, in war my peace, in loss my
 power, in bonds my per - fect lib - er - ty, my light in Sa - tan's dark - est

G G7 C/G G7 C/G G G7 C F/C C Dm/F C/G G7 C

mine; and lo! from sin and grief and shame I hide me, Je - sus, in Thy name.
 love; to me with Thy dear name are given par - don and ho - li - ness and heaven.
 gain, my smile be - neath the ty - rant's frown, in shame and my glo - ry and my crown.
 hour, in grief my joy un - speak - a - ble, my life in death, my heaven in hell.

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THOUGH TROUBLES ASSAIL AND DANGERS AFFRIGHT

COBERN

music by

Henry J. Gauntlett (1805-1876)

words by
John Newton (1725-1807)

G G/B C G G/B C G Em Am7 D

1. Though trou - bles as - sail and dan - gers af - fright, Though friends should all
 2. The birds with - out barn or store - house, are fed; From them let us
 3. No strength of our own, nor good - ness, we claim; Our trust is all
 4. When life sinks a - pace and death is in view, The word of His

G/B G D/A A7 D G/B G G/D D G C/E G/D C

fail, and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing se - cures us, what - ev - er be
 learn to trust for our bread: His saints what is fit - ting shall ne'er be
 thrown on Je - sus's name: In this our strong tow - er for safe - ty we
 grace shall com - fort us through: Not fear - ing or doubt - ing, with Christ on our

G G7 E7/G# Am D7/F# G Am/C G/D D G

tide, The prom - ise as - sures us, "The Lord will pro - vide."
 nied, So long as 'tis writ - ten, "The Lord will pro - vide."
 hide, The Lord is our pow - er, "The Lord will pro - vide."
 side, We hope to die shout - ing, "The Lord will pro - vide."

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THOU, WHOSE ALMIGHTY WORD

ITALIAN HYMN

words by
John Marriott (1780-1825)

music by
Felice de Giardini (1716-1796)

F F/A Gm/Bb F/C C F C/E F C7/G C7/E F C N.C.

1. Thou, whose al - might - y Word Cha - os and dark - ness heard And took their flight;
 2. Thou who didst come — to bring, On Thy re - deem - ing wing, Heal - ing and sight;
 3. Spir - it of truth and love, Life - giv - ing, ho - ly Dove, Speed forth Thy flight;
 4. Ho - ly and bless - ed Three, Glo - ri - ous Trin - i - ty, Wis - dom, Love, Might!

C F/C C7 F C7/E F Gm/Bb D/A Gm Asus A Dm F Dm C F Bb/F F Gm/Bb F/C C7 F

Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And where the Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray,
 Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the in - ly blind: O now, to all man - kind,
 Move on the wa - ter's face, Bear - ing the lamp of grace, And in earth's dark - est place } Let there be light!
 Bound - less as o - cean's tide, Roll - ing in full - est pride, Through the earth, far and wide,

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THRONED UPON THE AWFUL TREE

ARFON

words by
John Ellerton, 1875

French and Welsh melody

Gm Dsus D D/C Gm/Bb D Gm D7/F# Gm D Eb Cm7 Gm/D D Gm

1. Throned up - on the aw - ful tree, Lamb of God, Your grief - I see.
 2. Si - lent through those three dread hours, Wres - tling with the e - vil powers,
 3. Hark, that cry that peals a - loud, Up - ward through the whelm - ing cloud!
 4. Lord, should fear and an - guish roll, Flood - ing o'er my sin - ful soul,

D/F# Gm Gm/Bb F#dim/A Gm D Gm/Bb F#dim/A Gm Gm/F Cm/Eb Cm7 Gm/D D

Dark - ness veils Your an - guished face; None its lines of woe can trace.
 Left a lone with hu - man sin, Gloom a - round You and with in,
 You, the Fa - ther's on - ly Son, You, His own a - noint - ed one,
 You, who once were thus be - refit That Your own might ne'er be left,

D/C Gm/Bb D7sus/A D7/A D/C Gm/Bb D Gm D7/F# Gm D Eb Cm7 Gm/D D7 Gm

None can tell what pangs un - known Hold You si - lent and a lone—
 Till the ap - point - ed time is nigh, Till the Lamb of God may die.
 You are ask - ing can it be "Why have You for sak - en Me?"
 Teach me by that bit - ter cry In the gloom to know You nigh.

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THY KINGDOM COME, O GOD!

ST. CECILIA

words by
Lewis Hensley (1824-1905)

music by
Leighton George Hayne (1836-1883)

C/E G G/D D7 Em D/F# D D/A A7

1. Thy king - dom come, O God! Thy rule, O Lord, be
 2. Where is thy reign, of peace, pu - ri - ty, and
 3. When comes the prom - ised time, that and that shall be
 4. We pray thee, Lord, a - rise, and come in Thy great

D D/C G/B Am7 D G G/B C G/B Dsus D7 G

gin! Break with Thy right - eous rod the tyr - an - nies of sin!
 love? When shall all ha - tred cease, as in the realms a - bove?
 more, Op - pres - sion, lust, and crime, shall flee Thy face be - fore?
 might, Re - vive our long - ing eyes, which lan - guish for Thy sight.

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"THY KINGDOM COME!" ON BENDED KNEE

ST. FLAVIAN
music from
Day's Psalter, 1562

words by
Frederick Lucian Hosmer (1840-1929)

Chords: Csus, C, F, Dm, Gm7/Bb, C, F, Bb/D, F, Bb, Gm/Bb

1. "Thy king - dom come!" on bend - ed knee The pass - ing to ag - es
 2. But the slow watch es of the night The Not less to God be
 3. And lo, al - read - y on the hills The flags of dawn ap -
 4. The day to whose clear shin - ing with light All wrong shall stand re
 5. When know - ledge, hand in hand with peace, Shall walk the earth a

Chords: A, F, Bb/D, C, Am/C, Dm, C, F, C, Dm, Gm7/Bb, C, F

pray; And faith - ful souls have yearned to see On earth that king - dom's day.
 long; And for the ev - er last - ing right The si - lent stars are strong.
 pear; And Gird up your loins, ye proph - et souls, Pro - claim the day is near:
 veiled, When jus - tice shall be throned in might, And ev - 'ry hurt be healed;
 broad; The day of per - fect right - eous - ness, The prom - ised day of God.

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THY MERCY AND THY TRUTH, O LORD

TALLIS' ORDINAL
music by
Thomas Tallis, c. 1567

Author unknown
based on Psalm 36

Chords: Eb, Ab/C, Bb, Eb, Ab, Ab/C, Eb, Bb/D, Adim/C, Bb/D, Eb6, F

1. Thy mer - cy and Thy truth, O Lord, Tran - scend the loft - y
 2. Lord, Thou pre - serv - est man and beast; Since Thou art ev - er
 3. With the a - bun - dance of Thy house life We shall be sat - is -
 4. The foun - tain that know Thee may Thy love And mer - cy ne'er de -
 5. From those that know Thee may Thy love And mer - cy ne'er de -

Chords: Bb, Eb, Ab/C, Bb, Eb, Ab, Ab/C, Eb, Cm, Ab, Eb, Bbsus, Bb, Eb

sky, Thy judg - ments are a might - y deep, And as the moun - tains high.
 kind, Be - neath the shad - ow of Thy wings We may a ref - uge find.
 fied, From riv - ers of un - fail - ing joy Our thirst shall be sup - plied.
 Thee, And in the bright - ness of Thy light We clear - ly shall see.
 part, And may Thy jus - tice still pro - tect And bless the up - right heart.

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'TIS FINISHED! THE MESSIAH DIES

OLIVE'S BROW
music by
William Bradbury, 1853

words by
Charles Wesley, 1762

Chords: Ab, Db, Ab/Eb, Eb, Ab, Fm, Eb, Ab, Db, Eb, Eb7

1. 'Tis fin - ished! the Mes - si - ah dies, cut off for sins, but not His
 2. The veil is rent; in Christ a lone the liv - ing way to heaven is
 3. 'Tis fin - ished! All my guilt and pain, I want no sac - ri - fice be
 4. The reign of sin and death is o'er, and all may live from sin set

Chords: Ab, Eb, Bb, Bb7/D, Eb, Eb/Db, Ab/C, Db, Ab/Eb, Eb7, Ab

own. Ac - com - plished is the sac - ri - fice, the great re - deem - ing work is done.
 seen; the mid - dle wall is bro - ken down, and all the world may en - ter in.
 side; for me, for me the Lamb is slain; 'tis fin - ished! I am jus - ti - fied.
 free; Sa - tan hath lost his mor - tal power; 'tis swal - lowed up in vic - to - ry.

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'TIS MIDNIGHT, AND ON OLIVE'S BROW

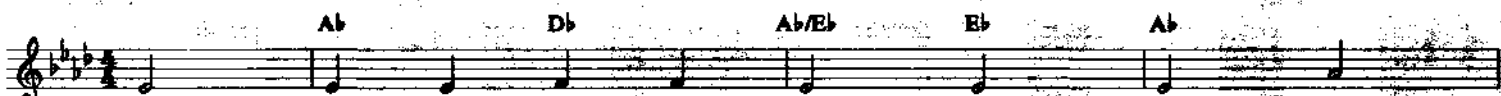
OLIVE'S BROW

music by

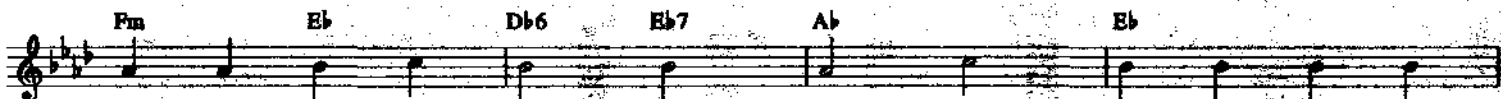
William B. Bradbury (1816-1868)

words by

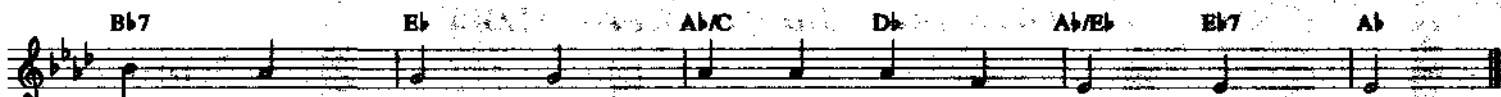
William B. Tappan (1794-1849)



1. 'Tis mid - night, and on Ol ive's brow The
 2. 'Tis mid - night, and from all re moved, The
 3. 'Tis mid - night, and for oth ers' guilt The
 4. 'Tis mid - night, and from heav'n ly plains Is



star is dimmed that late ly shone; 'Tis mid - night, in the
 Sav - ior wres - tles lone with fears; E'en dis - ci - ple
 Man of Sor - rows weeps an - gels; Yet He that hath in
 borne the song that an - gels know; Un - heard by mor - tals



gar - den now The suf - fering Sav - ior prays a lone.
 whom He loved Thee His not His Mas - ter's grief and tears.
 an - guish He knelt Is not for - sak - en by His God.
 are the strains That sweet - ly soothe the Sav - ior's woe.

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'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS

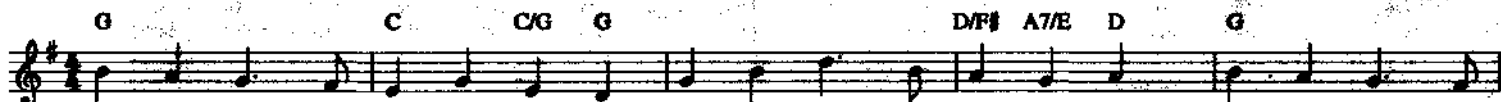
TRUST IN JESUS

music by

William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921)

words by

Louisa M.R. Stead (1850-1917)



1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word, Just to rest up -
 2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans - ing blood, Just in sim - ple
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease, Just from Je - sus that
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre - cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend; And I know that



on His prom - ise, Just to know: "Thus saith the Lord."
 faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleans - ing flood! Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him!
 Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the peace. end.



How I've proved Him o'er and o'er! Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

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TO BE LIKE JESUS

Traditional words

Traditional music

1. To be like Je - sus, to be like Je - sus! My de - sire, to be like
 2. To be like Je - sus, to be like Je - sus! My de - sire, to be like

Him! All thro' life's jour - ney from earth to glo - ry, My de - sire, to be like Him.
 Him! So meek and low - ly, so pure and ho - ly; How I long to be like Him.

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TO BLESS THE EARTH

CHRISTUS, DER IST MEIN LEBEN

words from
 The Psalter, 1912
 based on Psalm 65

music by
 Melchoir Vulpus, 1609

1. To bless the earth, God send eth From His a bun - dant
 2. The seed by the earth, God pro vid ed Is sown o'er hill - dant
 3. The year with good He crown est, The earth His mer - cy
 4. With corn the vales are cov ered, The flocks in pas - tures

store The wa - ters of the spring - time, En - rich - ing it once more.
 plain, And with the gen - tile show - ers Doth bless the spring - ing grain.
 fills, The wil - der - ness is fruit - ful, And joy - ful are the hills.
 graze; All na - ture joins in sing - ing A joy - ful song of praise.

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TO CHRIST, THE PRINCE OF PEACE

NARENZA

words from
 Paris Breviary, 1736
 tr. by Edward Caswall (1814-1876)

Liesentritt's *Catholicum Hymnologium Germanicum*, 1584
 adapt. by William H. Havergal (1793-1870)

1. To Christ, the Prince of peace, And Son of God most high, The
 2. O Je - su, vic - tim less, blest, What else but love di - vine Could
 3. O Fount of end - less life, O Spring of wa - ters clear, O
 4. Hide me in Thy dear heart, For Thine er - do I fly; There
 5. Deep in His heart for us The wound of love He bore; That

Fa - ther of the world to come, Sing we with ho - ly joy.
 Thee con - strain to pen - thus, That sa - cred heart of Thine?
 Flame ce - les - tial, cleans - ing all Who un - to Thee draw near!
 seek Thy grace through life, in death Thine im - mor - tal i - ty.
 love which still He kin - dles in The hearts that Him a - dore.

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'TIS THE GIFT TO BE SIMPLE

(Simple Gifts)

SIMPLE GIFTS
Traditional Shaker melody

Shaker song, 18th century



G Em Bm Em Am
 'Tis the gift to be sim - ple, 'tis the gift to be free, 'tis the gift to come down
 D G D/F# Bm Bm
 where we ought to be, and when we find our - selves in the place just right, 'twill
 Am/C D G Bm Em
 be in the val - ley of love and de - light. When true sim -
 Bm C G D G C
 plic - i - ty is gained to bow and to bend we shan't be a-shamed, to turn, turn, will.
 G Am/C D G C G
 be our de - light till by turn - ing, turn - ing we come round right.

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TO GOD BE THE GLORY

words by
Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

music by
William H. Doane (1832-1915)



G G/B D7 G G/B D G C
 1. To God be the glo - ry, great things He hath done! So loved He the
 2. O per - fect re - demp - tion, the pur - chase of blood; To ev - 'ry be
 3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our re -
 G A D G G/B D7 G G/B
 world - ly that He gave us His Son, Who yield - ed His life an a
 liev - er, the prom - ise of the Son, God. The vil - est of - fend - er who
 joic - ing through Je - sus, the Son. But pur - er and high - er and
 D G G7 C G/D D G/D D7 G
 tone - ment for sin And o - pened the life - gate that all may go in.
 tru - ly be - lieves, That mo - ment from Je - sus a par - don re - ceives. } Praise the
 great - er will be Our won - der, our trans - port, when Je - sus we see. }
 G/B D/A G D
 Lord! Praise the Lord! Let the earth hear His voice! Praise the Lord! Praise the

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G/B D7/A G G/B D7 G G/B D

Lord! Let the peo - ple re - joice! O - come to the Fa - ther through Je - sus, the

G G7 C G/D D G/D D7 G

Son, And give Him the glo - ry; great things He hath done!

TO THE NAME OF OUR SALVATION

Latin text, 15th century
tr. in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861

ORIEL
music by
Caspar Ett (1788-1847)

Ab Db Ab/C Fm Eb Ab/C Bbm7 Eb7/Bb Ab Fm6/Ab Eb/G Fm/Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

1. To the Name of our sal - va - tion laud and hon - or let us pay,
 2. Je - sus is the Name we trea - sure; Name be - yond what words can tell;
 3. 'Tis the Name that who - so preach - eth speaks like mu - sic to the ear;
 4. There - fore we, in love a - dor - ing, this most bless - ed Name re - vere,

Ab Db Ab/C Fm Eb Ab Db Ab Eb/G Fm/Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

which for man - y a gen - er - a - tion hid in God's fore - know - ledge lay;
 Name of glad - ness, Name of plea - sure, ear and heart de - light - ing well;
 who in prayer this Name be - seech - eth sweet - est com - fort find - eth near;
 ho - ly Je - sus, thee im - plor - ing so to write it in us here

G7/D Cm G/B Cm Fm Eb7 Fm Db Db/F Ab Bbm/Db Ab/Eb Eb Ab

but with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion we may sing a - loud to - day.
 Name of sweet - ness, pass - ing mea - sure, sav - ing us from sin and hell.
 who its per - fect wis - dom reach - eth, heav - en - ly joy pos - sess - eth here.
 that here - af - ter, heav - en - ward soar - ing, we may sing with an - gels there.

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TODAY THY MERCY CALLS US

words by
Oswald Allen, 1861

ANTHES
music by
Friedrich K. Anthes, 1847

A E F#m E A A/C# D Bm7 A/E E A E F#m E

1. To - day Thy mer - cy calls us To wash a - way our sin. How - ev - er great our
 2. To - day Thy gate is o - pen, And all who en - ter in Shall find a Fa - ther's
 3. To - day our Fa - ther calls us, His Ho - ly Spir - it waits; His bless - ed an - gels
 4. O all - em - brac - ing Mer - cy, O ev - er - o - pen Door, What should we do with -

A A/C# D Bm7 A/E E A EA/G# C# F#m B E

tres - pass, What - ev - er we have been, How - ev - er long from mer - cy Our
 wel - come And par - don for their sin. The past shall be for - got - ten, A
 gath - er A - round the heav'n - ly gates. No ques - tion will be asked us How
 out Thee When heart and eye run o'er? When all things seem a - gainst us, To

B/D# E A/C# E/B A F#m G# F#m/A F#7/A# Bsus B E A D A/E E A

hearts have turned a - way, Thy pre - cious blood can cleanse us And make us white to - day.
 pres - ent joy be giv'n, A fu - ture grace be prom - ised, A glo - rious crown in heav'n.
 of - ten we have come; Al - though we oft have wan - dered, It is our Fa - ther's home.
 drive us to des - pair, We know one gate is o - pen, One ear will hear our prayer.

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TRUST AND OBEY

words by
John H. Sammis, 1887

music by
Daniel B. Towner, 1887

F C7 F C F

1. When we walk with the Lord in the light of His Word, What a
2. Not a shadow can rise, not a cloud in the skies, But His
3. Not a burden den we bear, not a sorrow row we share, But our
4. But we never can prove the delights of His love, Un-til
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet we will sit at His feet, Or we'll

Bb F C F C7 F

glo-ry He sheds on our way! While we do His good will He a-
smile quick-ly drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, not a-
toil He doth rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, not a
all on the al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows and the
walk by His side in the way; What He says we will do, where He

C F Bb F/C C7 F Refrain C

bides with us still, And with all who will trust and o-bey.
sigh nor a tear, Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
frown nor a cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.
joy He be-stows, Are for them who will trust and o-bey.
sends we will go Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey. } Trust and o-

F D Gm C7 F F/C C7 F

bey, for there's no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, But to trust and o-bey.

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TRUSTING JESUS

words by
Edgar Page Stites (1836-1921)

music by
Ira D. Sankey (1840-1908)

F Bb/F F Am/C C7 F Bb F C

1. Sim-ply trust-ing ev-ry day, Trust-ing through a storm-ny way;
2. Bright-ly doth his Spir-it shine In-to this poor heart-of mine.
3. Sing-ing if my way is clear, Pray-ing if the path be drear;
4. Trust-ing Him while life shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth be past;

F Bb/F F Gm/Bb Bb F Am/C C7 F

E-ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je-sus that is all.
While he leads I can not fall, Trust-ing Je-sus that is all.
If in dan-ger, for Him call, Trust-ing Je-sus that is all.
Till with-in the jas-per wall, Trust-ing Je-sus that is all.

Refrain F/C C A A/C# Dm G G/B C

Trust-ing as the mo-ments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by:

F/A F C F F7 Bb F/A Bb F/C Dm F/C C7 F

Trust-ing Him what-e'er be-fall, Trust-ing Je-sus that is all.

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TURN YOUR EYES UPON JESUS

LEMMEL
music by

words by
Helen H. Lemmel, 1922

Helen H. Lemmel, 1922

F Fdim F Bb/D F7/C Bbmaj7 Gm/Bb F/C C F/C

1. O soul, are you weary and troubled? No light in the
 2. Through death in to life ev er last ing passed, and we
 3. His word shall not fail you, He prom ised; Be lieve Him, and

Am/C C7 F Fdim F Bb/F F Dm6/F C/E C

dark - ness you see? There's light for a look at the Sav ior, And
 fol - low Him there. O - ver us sin no more hath do - min ior, And
 all will be well. Then go to a world that is dy ing, ion, For His

F G/F D7/F# C/G G7 C Refrain F C C7

life more a - bun - dant and free! Turn your eyes up - on
 more than con - qu'rors we are! }
 per - fect sal - va - tion to tell!

Dm F7/C Bb Bm7b5 C F

Je sus; Look full in His won - der - ful face, And the things of

Cdim7 Dm F7/C Bb Dm Bbm6/Db F/C C F/C C7 F

earth will grow strange - ly dim In the light of His glo - ry and grace.

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'T WAS ON THAT DARK, THAT DOLEFUL NIGHT

ST. CROSS
music by

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

John B. Dykes (1823-1876)

Dm C F Bb F/C C7 F Dm Bb

1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole - ful - night When pow'rs of
 2. Be fore the my mourn - ful scene be gan, the of
 3. "This is the my bod - y, broke for sin; He took the and
 4. "Do this," he said, "till time shall end, In mem - 'ry
 5. Je - sus, Thy feast we cel - e - brate; We show Thy

F/A Dm F/C C7 F Dm Gm/Bb A

earth and hell a - rose A - gainst the Son of
 bread and the blessed and ing brake. What love through all His
 eat the your dy - ing food." Then took the the cup and
 of death, we sing Thy friend; name, Meet at My re - turn - ble and

Dm Gm/Bb A Bb Gm Dm/F Edim/G Dm/A A7 Dm

God's de - tions - light, And friends be - trayed Him to His foes.
 blessed the the wine: What won - drous words of grace He spake!
 and re - cord "Tis the new cov - 'nant in My blood."
 we shall eat The love of your sup - per of ed the Lord." Lamb.

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THE UNCLOUDED DAY

words by
J.K. Alwood

music by
J.K. Alwood

G C G Em D D7

1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they tell me of a home far a - way; O they
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that land far a - way, Where the
 3. O they tell me of a King in His beau - ty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold Where He
 4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His smile - drives their sor - rows all a - way; And they

G C G G/B C6 G/D D7 G

tell me of a home where no storm - clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day.
 tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fra - grance through the un - cloud - ed day.
 sits on the throne that is whit - er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
 tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain In that love - ly land of un - cloud - ed day.

D D7

O the land of cloud - less day! O the land of an un - cloud - ed day! O they

G C G G/B C6 G/D D7 G

tell me of a home where no storm - clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day.

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UNTO THE HILLS

words by
John Campbell (1845-1914)

SANDON
music by
Charles H. Purday (1799-1885)

F Bb/F F C7 F Dm Gm/Bb C7 F

1. Un - to the hills a - round do I lift up My long - ing eyes;
 2. He will not suf - fer that thy foot be moved; Safe shalt thou be.
 3. Je - ho - vah is Him - self thy keep - er true, Thy change - less shade;
 4. From ev - 'ry e - vil shall He keep thy soul, From ev - 'ry sin;

Bb/F F C7 F Dm Gm/Bb C7 F

Oh, whence for me shall my sal - va - tion come, From whence a - rise?
 No care - less slum - ber shall His eye - lids close, Who keep - eth thee.
 Je - ho - vah thy de - fense on thy right hand, Him - self hath made.
 Je - ho - vah shall pre - serve thy go - ing out, Thy com - ing in.

C C7 F/C C7 F/A C7/G F C F F/A

From God the Lord doth come my cer - tain aid, From
 Be hold, He sleep - eth not, He shall slum - b' - reth ne'er, Who
 A - bove thee watch - ing, He whom we a - dore No
 Shall

Bb F/A C7/G F Gm/Bb F/C C7 F

God keep the Lord, who heav'n and earth hath made.
 moon the eth is harm - less in His ho - ly care.
 keep thee thee hence forth, yea, for ev - er night more.

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UNDER HIS WINGS

HINGHAM

music by

Ira D. Sankey, 1896

words by
William O. Cushing, 1896

1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing. Tho' the night deep - ens and
 2. Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart yearn - ing - ly
 3. Un - der His wings, O what pre - cious en - joy - ment! There will I hide till life's

tem - pests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I know He will keep me. He has re - deemed me, and
 turns to His rest! Of - ten when earth has no balm for my heal - ing, There I find com - fort, and
 tri - als are o'er; Shel - tered, pro - tect - ed, no e - vil can harm me. Rest - ing in Je - sus, I'm

Refrain
 I am His child. } Un - der His wings, un - der His wings, Who from His love can
 there I am blest. }
 safe ev - er - more. }

sev - er? Un - der His wings my soul shall a - bide, Safe - ly a - bide for - ev - er.

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UNSEARCHABLE RICHES

music by

John R. Sweney (1837-1899)

words by
Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

1. O the un - search - a - ble rich - es of Christ! Wealth that can nev - er be
 2. O the un - search - a - ble rich - es of Christ! Who shall their great - ness de -
 3. O the un - search - a - ble rich - es of Christ! Free - ly, how free - ly they
 4. O the un - search - a - ble rich - es of Christ! Who would not glad - ly en -

told! Rich - es ex - haust - less of mer - cy and grace, Pre - cious, more pre - cious than
 clare? Jew - els whose lus - ter our lives may a - dorn, pearls that the poor - est may
 flow, Mak - ing the souls of the faith - ful and true hap - py wher - ev - er they
 dure Tri - als, af - flic - tions, and cross - es on earth, Rich - es like these to se -

Refrain
 gold! } Pre - cious more pre - cious, Wealth that can nev - er be told!
 wear! }
 go! }
 cure! }

O the un - search - a - ble rich - es of Christ! Pre - cious, more pre - cious than gold!

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THE UNVEILED CHRIST

words by
N.B. Herrell (1877-1954)

music by
N.B. Herrell (1877-1954)

Chorus:

1. Once our bless-ed Christ of beau-ty Was veiled off from hu-man view;
 2. Now He is with God the Fa-ther, In-ter-ced-ing there for you;
 3. Ho-ly an-gels bow be-fore Him, Men of earth give prais-es due;
 4. Through-out time and end-less a ges, Heights and depths of love so true;

Verse:

But through suf-fring, death and sor-row He has rent the veil in two.
 For He is the might-y Con-q'ror Since He rent the veil in two.
 He a-lone can be the Giv-er Since He rent the veil in two.

Bridge:

O be-hold the Man of Sor-rows, O be-hold Him in plain view;
 Lo! He is the might-y Con-q'ror, Since He rent the veil in two.

Final Verse:

Lo! He is the might-y Con-q'ror, Since He rent the veil in two.

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VERILY, VERILY, I SAY UNTO YOU

words by
James McGranahan (1840-1907)

VERILY
music by
James McGranahan (1840-1907)

Verse:

1. O, what a Sav-ior, that He died for me! From con-dem-na-tion He hath
 2. All my in-iq-ui-ties on Him were laid, All my in-deb-ted-ness by
 3. Though poor and need-y, I can trust my Lord, Though weak and sin-ful, I be-

Chorus:

made me free; "He that be-liev-eth on the Son," saith He,
 Him was paid; All who be-lieve on Him, the Lord hath said,
 lieve His Word; O joy-ful mes-sage! Ev-'ry child of God } "Hath ev-er-last-ing

life." "Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly, I say un-to you, Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly,"

mes-sage ev-er new; "He that be-liev-eth on the Son," 'tis true, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."

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VICTIM DIVINE, THY GRACE WE CLAIM

DAS NEUGEBORNE KINDELEIN

music by

Melchior Vulpius (c. 1560-1615)

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

1. Vic - tim Di - vine, Thy grace we claim, While thus Thy
 2. Thou stand - est in the ho - liest place, As now for
 3. We need not now go up to heaven To bring the

pre - cious death we show; Once of - fered up, a spot - less
 guilt - y sin - ners slain; Thy blood of sprin - kling speaks - and
 long - sought Sav - ior down; Thou art to all al - read - y

Lamb, In Thy great tem - ple here be - low, Thou didst for
 prays given, All - prev - a - lent now for help - less man; Thy Blood is
 Thou dost e'en now Thy ban - quet crown: To ev - 'ry

all man - kind a - tone; And stand - est now be - fore the throne.
 still our ran - som found, And spreads sal - va - tion all a - round.
 faith - ful soul ap - pear, And show Thy re - al Pres - ence here.

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VICTORY ALL THE TIME

words by
Lelia N. Morris, 1901

music by

Lelia N. Morris, 1901

1. They who know the Sav - ior shall in Him be strong, Might - y in the con - flict of the
 2. In the midst of bat - tle be thou not dis - mayed, Tho' the pow'rs of dark - ness 'gainst thee
 3. Brave to bear life's test - ing, strong the foe to meet, Walk - ing like a he - ro midst the

right 'gainst wrong. This is bless - ed prom - ise giv - en in God's Word,
 are ar - rayed. God, thy Strength, is with thee, caus - ing thee to stand;
 fur - nace heat, Do - ing won - drous ex - ploits with the Spir - it's Sword,

Do - ing won - drous ex - ploits, they who know the Lord,
 Heav - en's al - lied ar - mies wait at thy com - mand. } Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
 Win - ning souls for Je - sus, praise, O praise the Lord!

bless - ed, blood - bo't vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - t'ry all the time!

As Je - ho - vah liv - eth, Strength di - vine He giv - eth Un - to those who know Him vic - t'ry all the time!

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THE VOICE OF GOD IS CALLING

MEIRIONYDD

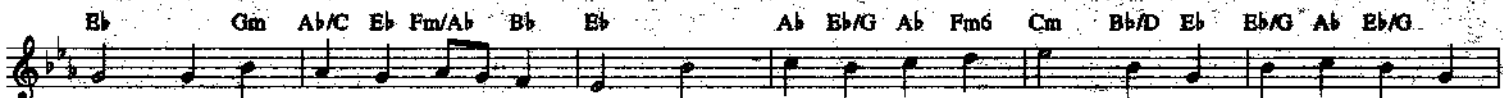
music by

William Lloyd, 1840

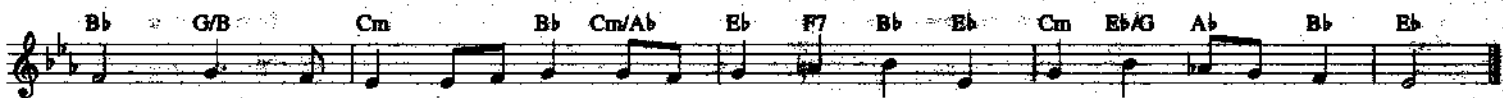
words by
John Haynes Holmes, 1913



1. The voice of God is calling its summons in our day; I sa-iah heard in
2. "I hear my peo-ple cry-ing in slum and mine and mill; no field or mart is
3. We heed, O Lord, Your sum-mons, and an-swer: Here are we! Send us up on your
4. From ease and plen-ty save us; from pride of place ab-solve; purge us of low de-



Zi-on, and we now hear God say: "Whom shall I send to suc-cor my peo-ple in their
si-lent, no cit-y street is still. I see my peo-ple fall-ing in dark-ness and de-
er-rand, let us your ser-vants be. Our strength is dust and ash-es, our years a pass-ing
sire; lift us to high-re-solve; take us, and make us ho-ly; teach us Your will and



need? Whom shall I send to loos-en the bonds of shame and greed?
spair. Whom shall I send to shat-ter the fet-ters which they bear?"
hour; but you can use our weak-ness to mag-ni-fy your power.
way. Speak, and be-hold! we an-swer; com-mand, and we ob-ey!

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WAKE, AWAKE, FOR NIGHT IS FLYING

WACHET AUF

music by

Philipp Nicolai, 1599

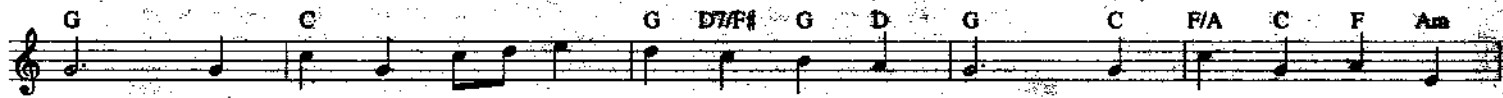
words by
Philipp Nicolai, 1599
tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1858



1. Wake, a-wake, for night is fly-ing; the watch-men on the heights are cry-ing
2. Zi-on hears the watch-men sing-ing; and all her heart with joy is spring-ing
3. Now let all the heavens a-dore Thee, and saints and an-gels sing be-fore



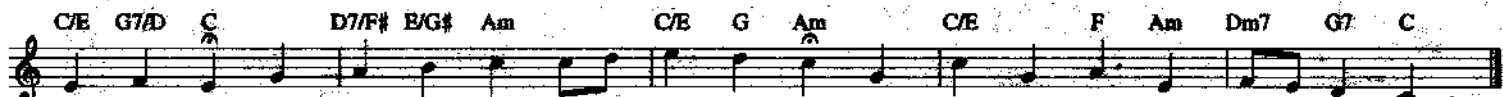
ing: A-wake, Je-ru-sa-lem, at last! Mid-night hears the wel-come voice
ing; she wakes, she ris-es from her gloom; for her Lord comes down all-
thee, with harp and cym-bal's clear-est tone; of one pearl each shin-ing por-



es and at the thrill-ing cry re-joic-es; come forth, ye vir-gins,
rious, the strong in grace, in truth vic-to-ri-ous. Her Star is risen; her
tal, where we are with the choir im-mor-tal of an-gels round Thy



night is past; the Bride-groom comes, a-wake; your lamps with glad-ness take: Al-
Light is come. Ah come, Thou bless-ed One, God's own be-lov-ed Son: Al-
daz-zling throne; nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath at-tained to hear what



le-lu-ia! And for his mar-riage-feast pre-pare, for ye must go and meet him there.
le-lu-ia! We fol-low till the halls we see where Thou hast bid us sup-with Thee.
there is ours; but we re-joice and sing to Thee our hymn of joy e-ter-nal-ly.

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WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY

KING'S HIGHWAY
music by
Florence Horton, 1906

words by
Florence Horton, 1906

E♭ B♭7/F E♭/G B♭ E♭ A♭/E♭ E♭ B♭7/D E♭

1. We shall see the des - ert as the rose, Walk - ing in the King's high -
2. We shall see the glo - ry of the Lord, Walk - ing in the King's high -
3. There the rain shall come up - on the ground, Walk - ing in the King's high -
4. There no rav - 'nous beast shall make a - fright, Walk - ing in the King's high -
5. No un - clean thing shall pass o'er here, Walk - ing in the King's high -

B♭ E♭ B♭7/F E♭/G B♭ E♭

way; There'll be sing - ing where sal - va - tion goes,
way; And be - hold the beau - ty of His Word,
way; And the springs of wa - ter will be found,
way; For the pu - ri - fied the way was made,
way; But the ran - somed ones with - out a fear,

E♭/G A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭7 E♭ Refrain

Walk - ing in the King's high - way. There's a high - way there and a

A♭/E♭ E♭ A♭/E♭ E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭7/F

way, Where sor - row shall flee a - way; And the

E♭ E♭7/G A♭ B♭/A♭ A♭ E♭ E♭/G A♭ E♭ B♭7 E♭

light shines bright as the day, Walk - ing in the King's high - way.

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WALKING WITH JESUS

Traditional words

Traditional music

A♭ D♭ B♭m/D♭ E♭7 A♭

Walk - ing with Je - sus; Walk - ing ev - 'ry day, walk - ing all the way.
(Walk - ing in the sun - light, walk - ing in the shad - ows.)

D♭ B♭m/D♭ E♭7 A♭

Walk - ing with Je - sus, Walk - ing with Je - sus a - lone.
(Walk - ing in the sun - light, walk - ing in the sha - dows.)

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THE WAY OF THE CROSS LEADS HOME

WAY OF THE CROSS
music by
Charles H. Gabriel, 1906

words by
Jessie B. Pounds, 1906

G C/G G C/G G G/B C Cdim C G

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall
 2. I must needs go on in the blood - sprin - kled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I
 3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my

D7/A D7 G D/A A7 D Refrain

ne'er get sight of the gates of light, If the way of the cross I miss.
 ev - er climb to the heights of sub - lime, Where the soul is at home with God.
 Lord says, "Come," and I seek my home, Where He waits at the o - pen door. } The

G C/G G C/G G

way of the cross leads home, The way of the cross leads home; It is

D7 G D7/A G/B C G/B C G/D D7 G

sweet to know as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

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WAYFARING STRANGER

Southern American Folk Text

Southern American Folk Melody

Dm Gm

1. I am a poor way - far - ing stran - ger While trav - 'ling through this world of
 2. I know dark clouds will ga - ther round me, I know my way is rough and
 3. I'll soon be free from ev - 'ry tri - al, My bod - y sleep in the church

A Dm

woe, Yet there's no sick ness, toil nor dan - ger In that bright
 steep; But gold - en fields lie out be fore me Where God's re -
 yard; I'll drop the cross of self - de ni - al And en - ter

Gm Dm Bb C7

world to which I go. I'm go - ing there to see my
 deemed shall ev - er sleep. I'm go - ing there to see my
 on my great re - ward. I'm go - ing there to see my

F Bb C7 Dm

Fa - ther, I'm go - ing there no more to roam; } I'm on - ly
 moth - er, She said she'd meet me when I come;
 Sav - ior, To sing His praise for - ev - er more;

Gm Dm

go - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I'm on - ly go - ing o - ver home.

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WE ALL BELIEVE IN ONE TRUE GOD

WIR GLAUBEN ALL' AN EINEN GOTT
music from

Kirchengesangbuch, Darmstadt, 1699
As in *Allgemeines Choral-Melodienbuch*, 1793

words by
Tobias Clausnitzer, 1668
tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

D D/F# G D Asus A D A D G/B D/A Em/G A D

1. We all be - lieve in one true God, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,
 2. And we be - lieve in Je - sus Christ, Son of man, and Son of God;
 3. And we con - fess the Ho - ly Ghost, Who from both for - ev - er flow;

G/B A G/B D A D A D/F# Em D/F# Em/B A D

Strong De - liv - 'rer in our need Praised by all the heaven - ly host,
 Who, to raise us up com - forts us, Left in his throne and bore our load;
 Who up - holds and Trin - i - ty, in the midst of fears and woes.

Bm Bm/D F#sus F#m G G/B D A/C# D G/B D Asus A D

By whose might - y power a - lone All is made and wrought and done.
 By whose cross and death are we Res - cued shall from our mis - er - y.
 Blest and ho - ly Trin - i - ty, Praise shall be brought to Thee!

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WE ARE CLIMBING JACOB'S LADDER

JACOB'S LADDER
Traditional Spiritual

Traditional Spiritual

D A

1. We are climb - ing Ja - cob's lad - der. We are
 2. Ev - 'ry high - er, high - er. Ev - 'ry
 3. Sin - ner, do you love my Je - sus? Sin - ner,
 4. If you love Him, why not serve Him? If you
 5. We are climb - ing high - er, high - er. We are

A7 G/D D D7

climb - ing Ja - cob's lad - der. We are climb - ing
 round goes high - er, high - er. Ev - 'ry round goes
 do you love my Je - sus? Sin - ner, do you
 love Him, why not serve Him? If you love Him,
 climb - ing high - er, high - er. We are climb - ing

G/D D D/A G/A A7 D

Ja - cob's lad - der, Sol - diers of the cross.
 high - er, high - er, Sol - diers of the cross.
 love my Je - sus? Sol - diers of the cross.
 why not serve Him? Sol - diers of the cross.
 high - er, high - er, Sol - diers of the cross.

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WE GATHER TOGETHER

words from
Nederlandsch Gedencklanck, 1626
tr. by Theodore Baker, 1894

KREMSEK
Netherlands Folk melody
arr. by Edward Kremser, 1877

C F/C C C/E Dm7 G C G/B

1. We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless - ing; He chas - tens and
2. Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing, Or dain - ing, main
3. We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Lead - er tri - um - phant, And pray that Thou

Am7 D G Am D7 G G/F C/E Dm7 G7

has - tens His will to make known; The wick - ed op - press - ing now cease from dis -
tain - ing His king - dom di - vine; So from the be - gin - ing the fight we were
still our De - fend - er wilt be. Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape trib - u -

C F/A F G/B C Dm G7 C

tress - ing, Sing prais - es to His name He for - gets not His own.
win - ning; Thou, Lord, name wast at our side, all glo - ry make His be -
la - tion: Thy name be ev - er praised! O Lord, make us free!

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WE GIVE THEE BUT THINE OWN

words by
William W. How (1823-1897)

SCHUMANN
music from
Mason and Webb's *Cantica Lauda*, 1850

G C G G7 C D

1. We give thee but thine own, What e'er the gift my be; All
2. May we thy boun - ties thus, As stew - ards true re - ceive, And
3. Oh, hearts are bruised and dead, And homes are bare and cold, And
4. To com - fort and to bless, To find a balm for woe, To
5. The cap - tives to re - lease, To God the lost to bring, To
6. And we be - lieve thy word, Though dim our faith may be; What

G C Em D G C G/D D7 G

that glad - ly, have is thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from thee.
glad - ly, have is thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from thee.
lamb - ly, have is thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from thee.
tend - ly, have is thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from thee.
teach - ly, have is thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from thee.
e'er - ly, have is thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from thee.

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WE BELIEVE IN ONE TRUE GOD

RATISBON
music from

words by
Tobias Clausnitzer, 1668
tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1863

J.G. Werner's Choralbuch, 1815
arr. by William H. Havergal, 1861

D D/F# G A7/E D A G/B Bm A/C# D G A D A D G/B A7/C# D

1. We be - lieve in one true God, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, ev - er - pres - ent help in need,
 2. We be - lieve in Je - sus Christ, Son of God and Ma - ry's Son, who de - scend - ed from His throne
 3. We con - fess the Ho - ly Ghost, who from both for - e'er pro - ceeds; who up - holds and com - forts us

Bm F#7 G Em6 F# Bm G A Bm Em7 A7/E F# Bm/D Bm A/C# D G A D

praised by all the heav - en - ly host; by whose might - y power a - lone all is made and wrought and done.
 and for us sal - va - tion won; by whose cross and death are we res - cued from sin's mis - er - y.
 in all tri - als, fears, and needs. Blest and Ho - ly Trin - i - ty, praise for - ev - er be to Thee!

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WE HAVE AN ANCHOR

ANCHOR
music by

words by
Priscilla J. Owens, 1882

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1882

F Bb F/C F G Dm/F

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un - fold their
 2. It is safe - ly moored; 'twill the storm with - stand, For 'tis well - se - cured by the
 3. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - 'ring night The cit - y of gold, our

C/G G7 C C7/E F C C7 F

wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain, Will your
 Sav - ior's hand. Tho' the tem - pest rage and the wild winds blow, Not an
 har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'n - ly shore, With the

F7 Bb F/C C7 F Refrain

an - chor drift or firm re - main?
 an - gry wave shall our bark o'er - flow. } We have an an - chor that
 storms all past for ev - er more.

Bb/F F C F F7/Bb

keeps the soul Stead - fast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fas - tened to the Rock which

Bb/D F/C Bb C F C Bb F/C C7 F

can - not move, Ground - ed firm and deep in the Sav - ior's love.

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WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD, OUR REDEEMER

KREMSE

Netherlands Folk Song

arr. by Edward Kremser, 1877

words by
Julia C. Cory, 1902

1. We praise Thee, O God, our Redeemer, Creator, a savior; In
 2. We wor-ship Thee, God of our fathers; we bless Thee, Thro'
 3. With voice - es u - nit - ed our prais - es we of - fer, And

glate life's glad ful storm ly de and our vo tem songs tion pest of our true trib guide wor ute Thou ship we hast bring. been. raise. We When Thy

lay per strong it ils arm be o'er will fore take guide Thee; us; we Thou our kneel wilt God and not is a for be - side dore sake side Thee. us. We And To

bless with Thee, Thy our ho help, great ly O Re name; Lord, glad life's for prais bat ev es tles er we we we sing. win. praise.

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WE PLOW THE FIELDS AND SCATTER

WIR PFLÜGEN

music by

Johann A.P. Schultz (1747-1800)

words by
Matthias Claudius (1740-1815)
tr. by Jane M. Campbell (1817-1878)

1. We plow the fields and scat - ter The good seed on the land; But
 2. He on - ly is, and the O mak - er Of all things near bright and far; He
 3. We thank Thee then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good, The

it paints the fed way and side wa tered By God's al - might - y hand. He
 seed - time and the the flow har vest, Our lights life, our health, our star. The
 Ac

sends the snow waves in win - ter, The warmth to swell birds the grain, The
 winds and the gifts we bey of Him; By For Him all Thy love are im - parts, Much
 cept the we of fer For all Thy love are im - parts, And

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A D A Bm7 E7 A

breezes and the sun shine, And soft re-fresh-ing rain.
 more to us, His chil-dren, He gives our dai-ly bread.
 what Thou most de-sir-est, Our hum-ble, thank-ful hearts.

Refrain E A E

All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heav'n a-bove. Then

A E A F#m C# F#m Bm A/B E A

thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord For all His love.

WE SING THE GLORIOUS CONQUEST

words by John Ellerton (1826-1893)

MUNICH music from Neu-vermehrtes Gesangbuch, Meiningen, 1693

D G A A7/C# D D/F# G Asus A7 D

1. We sing the glo-ri-ous con-quest Be-fore Da-mas-cus' gate, When
 2. O Glo-ry most ex-cel-ling That smote a cross his path! O
 3. O Wis-dom, ord-er-ing all things In or-der strong and sweet, What
 4. Lord, teach Thy Church the les-son, Still in her dark-est hour Of

G A A7/C# D D/F# G Asus A7 D A

Saul, the Church's spoil-er, Came breath-ing threats and hate; The
 light that pierced and blind-ed The zeal-ot in his wrath! O
 no-bler spoil was ev-er Cast at the Vic-tor's feet? What
 weak-ness and of dan-ger To Thy hid-den power. Thy

Em/G D#dim/F# Em Em7 F#sus F# Bm Bm/D Bm Em/D E7 A A7/C#

rav-ning wolf rushed for-ward Full ear-ly to the prey; But
 Voice that spake with in him The calm re-prov-ing word! O
 wis-er mas-ter-build-er E'er wrought at thine em-ploy, Than
 grace by ways mys-te-rious The wrath of man can bind, And

D D/C G/B D7/A G D/F# G/B D/A G A7 D

lo! the Shep-herd met him, And bound him fast to his day.
 Love that sought and held him The bond-man of his Lord!
 he, till now so fu-ri-ous Thy build-ing to de-stroy!
 in Thy bold-est foe-man Thy cho-sen Saint can find!

WE SHALL SEE THE KING SOMEDAY

SEE THE KING
music by
Lewis E. Jones, 1906

words by
Lewis E. Jones, 1906

C G G7 Gdim7 G7 F/G G7 C

1. Tho' the way we jour - ney may be of - ten drear, We shall see the King some - day (some - day).
 2. Af - ter pain and an - guish, af - ter toil and care, We shall see the King some - day (some - day);
 3. Af - ter foes are con - quered, af - ter bat - tles won. We shall see the King some - day (some - day).
 4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the King some - day (some - day).

C/E F G7 C F/C C

On that bless - ed morn - ing clouds will dis - ap - pear.
 Thro' the end - less a - ges joy and bless - ings share. } We shall see the King some - day.
 Af - ter strife is o - ver, af - ter set of sun,
 Sor - row past for - ev - er on that peace - ful shore,

Refrain

G7/D G7 C

We shall see the King some - day. We will shout and sing some - day.

F/C C F G7 C F/C C

Gath - ered round the throne, When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some - day.

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WE SING THE PRAISE OF HIM WHO DIED

WINDHAM
music attr. to
Daniel Read (1757-1836)

words by
Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)

Dm C F Am/C Dm A Dm Gm Dm A Dm F/A C Dm A A/C#

1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up on the cross. The
 2. In - scribed up - on the cross we see In shin - ing let - ters, "God is love." He
 3. The cross! It takes our guilt a - way; It holds the faint - ing spir - it up; It
 4. It makes the cow - ard spir - it brave And nerves the fee - ble arm for fight; It
 5. The balm of life, the cure of woe, The meas - ure and the pledge of love, The

Dm Gm F Dm Gm A Dm A/C# Dm Gm Dm/F Edim/G Dm/A A Dm

sin - ner's hope let all de - ride; For this we count the world but loss.
 bears our sins up on the tree; He brings us mer - cy from a - bove.
 cheers with hope the gloom - y day And sweet - ens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.
 takes the ter - ror from the grave And gilds the bed of death with light.
 sin - ner's ref - uge here be - low, The an - gel's theme in heav'n a - bove.

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WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

KINGS OF ORIENT

words by
John H. Hopkins, Jr. (1820-1891)

music by
John H. Hopkins, Jr. (1820-1891)

Em B7 Em B7 Em

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are; Bear - ing gifts we tra - verse a - far,
 2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem's plain, Gold I bring to crown him a - gain,
 3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I; In - cense owns a De - i - ty nigh;
 4. Myrrh is mine; its bit - ter per - fume Breathes a life of gath - er - ing gloom;
 5. Glo - rious now, be - hold Him a - rise, King and God and Sac - ri - fice!

D G G/B D7/A G Am Em/B B7 Em Refrain D D7

Field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain, Fol - low - ing you - der star.
 King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign.
 Prayer and prais - ing, all men rais - ing, Wor - ship Him God on high.
 Sor - r'wing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone - cold tomb.
 Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Earth to heav'n re - plies. } O _____

G C G C G

star of won - der, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,

Em D G C G D G C G

West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light.

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WE WORSHIP AND ADORE YOU

WORSHIP AND ADORE
Traditional music

Traditional words

C Cdim C Cdim C G Gdim G Gdim G

We wor - ship and a - dore You, Bow - ing down be - fore You,

D Ddim D Ddim D D7 G

Songs of prais - es sing - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah ring - ing, Hal - le -

C/G G B/F# B7 Em C C/G G D7 G

la - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

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WE WOULD SEE JESUS

words by
Anna B. Warner

music by
Franklin E. Belden

1. "We would see Je sus," for the shad - ows length en
 2. "We would see Je sus;" Rock of our sal va tion,
 3. "We would see Je sus;" oth er lights are pal ing,
 4. "We would see Je sus;" this is all we're need - ing

A cross the lit - tle land - scape of our life;
 Where on our feet were set with sov - reign grace;
 Which for long years we did re - joice to see;
 Strength, joy, and will - ing - ness come with the sight;

We would see Je sus, our weak faith to strength en
 Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i ta tion,
 The bless - ings of this world - ly sin - dy - ing, are i - fail - ing,
 We would see Je sus, dy - ing, ris - en, plead - ing,

For the last con - flict, in this mor - tal strife.
 Can the re - move us, gaz - ing on His face.
 We would not mourn them, in ex - change for Thee.
 Soon to re - turn and end this mor - tal night!

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WE'LL UNDERSTAND IT BETTER BY AND BY

words by
Charles A. Tindley

BY AND BY
music by
Charles A. Tindley

1. Tri - als dark on ev - 'ry hand, And we can - not un - der - stand All the ways that God would lead us to that
 2. Oft our cher - ished plans have failed, Dis - ap - point - ments have pre - vailed, And we've wan - dered in the dark - ness, heav - y -
 3. Temp - ta - tions, hid - den snares Of - ten take us un - a - wares, And our hearts are made to bleed - for some

bles - sed Prom - ised Land. But He'll guide us with His eye, And we'll fol - low till we die; We will
 heart - ed and a - lone. But we're trust - ing in the Lord, And ac - cord - ing to His Word, We will
 thought - less word or deed; And we won - der why the test When we try to do our best, But we'll

un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by. }
 un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by. } By and by, when the morn - ing comes,
 un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by. }

When the saints of God are gath - ered home, We will tell the sto - ry
 how we've o - ver - come; We will un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.

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WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES

O LAND OF REST

words by
Elizabeth Mills, 19th century

music by
William Miller, 19th century

E \flat B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat

O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come — When I shall lay my
To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; — He bade me cease to roam, — And lean for com - fort
I sought at once my Sav - ior's side; — No more my steps shall roam. — With Him I'll brave death's

B \flat E \flat B \flat 7 E \flat /B \flat B \flat 7 G \flat /B \flat E \flat Refrain A \flat E \flat

ar - mor by — And dwell in peace at home? } We'll work till Je - sus comes. We'll
on His breast Till He con - duct me home. }
chill - ing tide — And reach my heav'n - ly home. }

B \flat E \flat A \flat E \flat B \flat 7 G \flat /B \flat E \flat

work till Je - sus comes. We'll work till Je - sus comes, — And we'll be gath - ered home.

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WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION

MARCHING TO ZION

words by Isaac Watts, 1707 (verses)
and Robert Lowry, 1867 (refrain)

music by
Robert Lowry, 1867

G D7 G D

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields, A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

G C G D A7 D

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or
march - ing thru Im - man - uel's ground, We're march - ing thru Im - man - uel's ground, To

G D G C6 G/D D7 G Refrain

thus sur round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne. } We're
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad. }
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets. }
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high. }

D

march - ing to Zi - on, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're

G C G/D D7 G

march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful ci - ty of God.

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WE'VE A STORY TO TELL TO THE NATIONS

MESSAGE

music by

H. Ernest Nichol, 1896

words by
H. Ernest Nichol, 1896

E \flat Edim7 B \flat 7/F Gm/B \flat E \flat E \flat dim7 E \flat E \flat dim7

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions That shall turn their hearts to the
 2. We've a song to be sung to the na tions That shall lift their hearts to the
 3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na tions That the Lord who reign eth a
 4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na tions Who the path of sor - row hath

E \flat E \flat /G B \flat 9/A \flat B \flat 7/F E \flat B \flat /D B \flat 7/A \flat E \flat /G B \flat /F E \flat B \flat 7

right, A sto - ry of truth and mer - cy, A
 Lord, Hath song that shall con quer - e vil And
 trod, That sent all of His Son to save us, And
 the great peo - ples Might

Cm F F7/A B \flat E \flat F7/C F7 B \flat Refrain

sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
 shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
 show us that God is love, And show us that God is love. For the
 come to the truth of God. God.)

E \flat B \flat 7 Gm/B \flat B \flat /A \flat E \flat /G B \flat /A \flat E \flat /G B \flat 7/F

dark - ness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawn - ing to noon - day bright, And

E \flat E \flat /G A \flat A \flat dim7 E \flat /B \flat G/B Cm Fm7 E \flat /B \flat A \flat maj7/B \flat B \flat 7 E \flat

Christ's great king - dom shall come to earth, The king - dom of love and light.

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WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING!

FORTUNATUS

music by

Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872

words by
Venantius Fortunatus, 590
tr. by John Ellerton, 1868

G D G C G Am G/B C6 D G G/B C G/B

1. "Wel - come, hap - py morn - ing!" age to age shall say; Heil to - day is
 2. Earth her joy con - fess - es, cloth - ing her for spring, All good gifts re -
 3. Months in due suc - ces - sion, days of length - ening light, Hours and pass - ing
 4. Loose the souls long pris - oned, bound with e - vil's chain; All that now is

D7/A G D/F# G D/A A7 D Bm Bm/D F# F#7 Bm

van - quished, Heav'n is won to day! Lo! the dead are liv - ing,
 turned with her re - turn - ing King: Bloom the in ev - ry mead - ow,
 mo - ments praise Thee in their flight; Bright - ness of the morn - ing,
 fall - en, raise to life a - gain. Show Thy face in bright - ness,

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Em/B Em Em/G Bm Em7 D/A A/G D/F# A7/C# D G D/A A7

liv - ing ev - er more! God, their true Cre - a - tor, all His works a
 leaves on ev - 'ry bough, Speak His sor - rows - ed, hail His tri - umph
 sky, and fields and sea, Van - quish - er of dark - ness, bring His praise - turns
 bid the na - tions see; Bring a - gain our day - light; day re - turns with

Refrain
 D G G/B C G/B G D7 Em Am/C G/D D7 G

dore!
 now.
 Thee.
 Thee.

"Wel - come, hap - py morn - ing!" age to age shall say.

WELCOME, WELCOME

words by
Lelia N. Morris

WELCOME
music by
Daniel Read

D A7 D G D/F# G D A

Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come, wel - come! Ho - ly Ghost we wel - come Thee.

D G D/F# G D A Bm D/A G D/F# G D/A A7 D

Come in power and fill this tem - ple; Ho - ly Ghost we wel - come Thee.

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WERE YOU THERE?

Traditional Spiritual

Traditional Spiritual

Eb Bb Cm Gm/Bb Bb7 Eb Gm

1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? _____ Were you there when they
 2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? _____ Were you there when they
 3. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? _____ Were you there when they
 4. Were you there when He rose up from the dead? _____ Were you there when He

Cm Bb/D Eb Bb Eb/G Ab Eb Ab Eb G/B Cm Ab

cru - ci - fied my Lord? O! _____ Some - times it caus - es me to trem - ble,
 nailed Him to the tree? O! _____ Some - times it caus - es me to trem - ble,
 laid Him in the tomb? O! _____ Some - times it caus - es me to trem - ble,
 rose up from the dead? O! _____ Some - times I feel like shout - ing glo - ry,

Eb/G Ab Bb Ab Eb/Bb Bb Cm Gm/Bb Bb7 Eb

trem - ble, trem - ble! _____ Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? _____
 trem - ble, trem - ble! _____ Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? _____
 trem - ble, trem - ble! _____ Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? _____
 glo - ry, glo - ry! _____ Were you there when He rose up from the dead? _____

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WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

CONVERSE

words by
Joseph M. Scriven (1820-1886)

music by
Charles C. Converse (1832-1918)

F Bb/F F Bb F C

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?

F Bb/F F Bb F/C C7 F

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 - ior, still our Ref - uge; Take it to the Lord in prayer.

C F Bb F/A F C7/E F C

O what peace we of - ten for - feit, O 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.

F Bb/F F Bb F/C C7 F

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.

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WHAT A WONDERFUL SAVIOR!

BENTON HARBOR

words by
Elisha A. Hoffman, 1891

music by
Elisha A. Hoffman, 1891

D G D Em/G D/A A7 D/A A A7/C#

1. Christ has for sin a - tone - ment made. What a won - der - ful Sav - ior! We
 2. I praise Him for the cleans - ing blood— What a won - der - ful Sav - ior! That
 3. He cleansed my heart from all sin— What a won - der - ful Sav - ior! And
 4. He gives me o - ver - com - ing pow'r— What a won - der - ful Sav - ior! And
 5. To Him I've giv - en all my heart. What a won - der - ful Sav - ior! The

D G D Em/G D/A A A7 D Refrain Dsus

are re - deemed; the price is paid. What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 rec - on - ciled my soul to God. What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 now He reigns and rules there - in. What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 tri - umph in each try - ing hour! What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 world shall nev - er share a part. What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!

D Dsus D A A7 Bm A D

won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Je - sus! What a

D D/F# G D E7/B D/A A A7 D

won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Lord!

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WHAT A MIGHTY GOD WE SERVE

MIGHTY GOD
Composer unknown

Author unknown

Musical notation for the first two staves of the song. The first staff has chords D, G, D, A7, D, Bm7, Em7, A7. The second staff has chords D, G/D, D, G/D, D, D/F#, G, D/A, A7, D. The lyrics are: "What a mighty God we serve, What a mighty God we serve; An-gels bow be-fore Him, Heav-en and earth a-dore Him, What a mighty God we serve."

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WHAT CHILD IS THIS?

GREENSLEEVES

Traditional English melody, 16th century

words by
William C. Dix (1837-1898)

Musical notation for the song 'What Child is This?'. The lyrics are: "1. What Child is this, who laid to rest, On
2. Why lies He in such mean es, Where
3. So bring Him in cense, gold and myrrh; Come,
Mar-y's lap is sleep ing? Whom
ox and ass are to feed own ing? Him. Good
peas ant king, to own Him. The
an-gels greet with an them sweet While
King tian, of fear, for sal sin ners here The
Kings kings, sal va tion brings; Let
shep-herds watch are keep ing? This,
si-lent Word is plead ing. Him.
lov-ing hearts en throne Him.
this is Christ the King, Whom shep-herds
guard and an-gels sing: Haste haste to
bring him laud, The Babe, the Son of Mar-y."

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WHAT IF IT WERE TODAY

SECOND COMING

music by

Lelia N. Morris (1862-1929)

words by
Lelia N. Morris (1862-1929)

1. Je - sus is com - ing to earth a - gain - What if it were to - day? _____
 2. Sa - tan's do - min - ion will then be o'er - O that it were to - day! _____
 3. Faith - ful and true would He find us here, If He should come to - day? _____

Com - ing in pow - er and love to reign - What if it were to - day? _____
 Sor - row and sigh - ing shall be no more - O that it were to - day! _____
 Watch - ing in glad - ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day? _____

Com - ing to claim His cho - sen Bride, All the re - deemed and pu - ri - fied.
 Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies;
 Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn - ing light breaks in east - ern sky;

O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide, What if it were to - day? _____
 When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day? _____
 Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh, What if it were to - day? _____

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Joy to my heart 'twill bring, Glo - ry, glo - ry!

When we shall crown Him King: Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre - pare the

way; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus will come some day.

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WHAT WONDROUS LOVE IS THIS

WONDROUS LOVE

music from

William Walker's *Southern Harmony*, 1835

American Folk Hymn Text

1. What won - drous love is this, O my soul, O my
 2. When I was sink - ing the, down, sink - ing down, sink - ing
 3. To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, on, I will sing
 4. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing

soul! What won - drous love is this, O my soul!
 down, When I was sink - ing the, down, sink - ing down,
 sing, To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, on,
 on, And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing

What won - drous love is this, That caused the Lord of
 When I was sink - ing the, down, Be - neath the God's right - eous
 To God and to the Lamb, Who is the great "I
 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joy - ful

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bliss frown, Am, be, To Christ While And bear laid mil thro' the a lions e dread side join ter His the ni curse crown theme, ty for for I I'll my my will sing sing, on, soul, soul, sing, on, for for I I'll my my will sing

soul, soul, sing, on, To Christ While And bear laid mil thro' the a lions e dread side join ter His the ni curse crown theme, ty for for I I'll my my will sing sing, on, soul, soul, sing, on.

WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD

WINCHESTER OLD
music attr. to
George Kirbye (c. 1560-1634)

words by
Joseph Addison (1672-1719)

1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur -
2. Ten thou - sand thou - sand pre - cious gifts My dai - ly thanks em -
3. Through ev - 'ry per - iod of my life Thy good - ness I'll pur -
4. When na - ture fails and day and night Di - vide Thy works no
5. Through all e - ter - ni - ty, to Thee A joy - ful song I'll

veys; Trans - port ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
poe; Nor is the least a cheer - ful heart That tastes those gifts with joy.
sue; And af - ter death, in dis - tant worlds, The glo - rious theme re - new.
more; My ev - er grate - ful heart, O Lord, Thy mer - cies shall a -
raise; But, oh, e - ter - ni - ty's too short To ut - ter all Thy praise!

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WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR

PISGAH
Traditional American melody
from Kentucky Harmony, 1816

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies, I'll bid fare - well to
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled, Then I can smile at
3. Let cares like a wild de - luge come, And storms of sor - row fall! May I but safe - ly
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest, And not a wave of

ev - 'ry fear And wipe my weep - ing eyes. And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And
Sa - tan's rage And face a frown - ing world. And face a frown - ing world, And
reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all. My God, my heav'n, my all, My
trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast. A - cross my peace - ful breast, A -

wipe my weep - ing eyes, I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
face a frown - ing world, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage And face a frown - ing world.
God, my heav'n, my all, May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
cross my peace - ful breast, And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

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WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD

PASSOVER

words by
John Foote, 19th century

music by
John Foote, 19th century

1. Christ our Re-deem - er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
 2. Chief - est of sin - ners, Je - sus will save; All He has prom - ised,
 3. O - great com - pas - sion! O bound - less love! O lov - ing kind - ness,

paid all his due; Sprin - kle your soul with the blood of the Lamb, And I will pass, will
 that He will do; Wash in the foun - tain o - pened for sin, And I will pass, will
 faith - ful and true! Find peace and shel - ter un - der the blood, And I will pass, will

pass o - ver you. }
 pass o - ver you. } When I see the blood, When I see the
 pass o - ver you. }

blood, When I see the blood I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.

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WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

HAMBURG

words by
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

music arr. by
Lowell Mason (1792-1872)
based on plainsong

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross
 2. For bid it, Lord, His should be, feet,
 3. See, from His head, His should be, foot,
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,

On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 Save in the the death of Christ, my God;
 Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
 That were a pres - ent far too small;

My rich - est gain I count but loss,
 All the vain things that charm me most
 Did e'er such a love ma - zing, so di - vine,
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,

And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 I sac - ri - fice them blood.
 Or thorns com - pose my crown?
 De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

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WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

ROCKINGHAM
music from

words by
Isaac Watts, 1707

Second Supplement to *Psalmody in Miniature*, 1783
arr. by Edward Miller, 1790

Bm/D G A7/C# D Bm D/F# G D Bm G/B D/F# G A/G D/F# A/C# D D/A A

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

F#m E A A/G D/F# Bm/D E7 A D/F# Em D A Bm G D/A A7 D

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

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WHEN IN THE HOUR OF UTMOST NEED

WENN WIR IN HÖCHSTEN NÖTEN SEIN

words by
P. Eber (1511-1569)
tr. by C. Winkworth (1827-1878)

music by
L. Bourgeois (c. 1510-c. 1561)

F Dm C F C Gm Edim/G F/A Csus C F Bb F C Dm A Dm C

1. When in the hour of ut-most need We know not where to look for aid;
 2. Then this our com-fort is a-lone: That we may meet be-fore Thy throne
 3. For Thou hast prom-ised gra-cious-ly To hear all those who cry to Thee
 4. And thus we come, O God, to-day And all our woes be-fore Thee lay;
 5. Ah! hide not for our sins Thy face, Ab-solve us through Thy bound-less grace;
 6. That so with all our hearts we may To Thee our glad thanks-giv-ing pay,

F/A Bb F Gm Am F G C F Bb F C Dm Am F/A Csus C F

When days and nights of anx-ious thought Nor help nor coun-sel yet have brought.
 And cry, O faith-ful God, to Thee For res-cue from our mis-er-y;
 Through Him whose name a-lone is great, Our Sav-ior and our Ad-vo-cate.
 For sore-ly tried, cast down, we stand, Per-plexed by fears on ev-'ry hand.
 Be with us in our an-quish still; Free us at last from ev-'ry ill.
 Then walk o-be-diant to Thy Word, And now and ev-er praise Thee, Lord.

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WHEN IN THE NIGHT I MEDITATE

ST. FLAVIAN

words from
The Psalter, 1912
based on Psalm 16

music from
Day's Psalter, 1562

Csus C F Dm Bb C F Bb/D F Bb Gm/Bb A F

1. When in the night I med-i-tate On mer-cies mul-ti-plied, My
 2. For-ev-er in my thought the Lord Be-fore my face shall stand; My
 3. My in-most be-ing thrills with joy And glad-ness fills my breast; Be
 4. I know that I shall not be left For-got-ten in the grave, And
 5. The path of life Thou show-est me; Of joy a bound-less store Is

Bb/D C Am/C Dm C F C Dm Gm7/Bb C F

grate-ful heart in spires my tongue To bless the Lord, my guide.
 cure, un-moved I shall re-main, With God at my right hand.
 cause on God my trust is stayed, My flesh in hope shall rest.
 from cor-rupt-ion, Thou, O Lord, Thy ho-ly one wilt save.
 ev-er found at Thy right hand, And pleas-ures ev-er more.

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WHEN ISRAEL WAS IN EGYPT'S LAND

(Go Down, Moses)

GO DOWN, MOSES
African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual

1. When Is - rael was in E - gypt's land, }
 2. "Thus saith the Lord," bold Mo - ses said: } Let my peo - ple go! } Op
 3. "No more shall they in bond - age toil," } "If
 "Let
 pressed so hard they could not stand,
 not, I'll smite your first - born dead," } Let my peo - ple go! Go down, Mo - ses,
 them come out with E - gypt's spoil," }
 Way down in E - gypt's - land, - Tell - old Phar - aoh, - Let my peo - ple go!

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WHEN JESUS WEPT

words by
William Billings, 1770

music by
William Billings, 1770

When Je - sus wept, the fall - ing tear In
 mer - cy flowed be - yond all bound; When
 Je - sus groaned, a trem - bling fear Seized
 all the guilt y world a round.

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WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKIES

LAUDES DOMINI
music by
Joseph Barnby, 1868

words from
Katholisches Gesangbuch, Würzburg, 1828
tr. by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing
 2. The night be - comes as day, When from the heart we
 3. Ye na - tions of man is kind, In this your con - cord
 4. Be this, while life is mine, My can ti - cle di
 cries, May Je - sus Christ be praised! A
 say, May Je - sus Christ be praised! The
 find, May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let
 vine, May Je - sus Christ be praised! Be

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C/E G7/D F/C G7 C D7

like at work and prayer To Je sus I re
 pow'rs of dark ness a fear When this sweet chant they
 all the earth ter a nal round song Thro' joy all ous the with a ges
 pair, hear, May Je sus Christ be praised!
 sound, May Je sus Christ be praised!
 long, May Je sus Christ be praised!

WHEN MORNING LIGHTS THE EASTERN SKIES

ST. STEPHEN
music by
William Jones, 1789

words from
The Psalter, 1912
based on Psalm 143

D/F# G Em C D C#dim/E D G G/B Em G/D D7

1. When morn - ing lights the east - ern skies, O Lord, Thy mer - cy
 2. Teach me the way that I should go; I lift my soul to
 3. Thou art my God; to Thee I pray: Teach me Thy will to
 4. For Thy name's sake, O gra - cious Lord, Re - vive my soul and

G C/E D/F# G C/E G/B C D F#dim G Em G/D D7 G

show; On Thee a lone may hope is - lies, Let me Thy kind - ness know.
 Thee; For ref - uge from my cru - el foe To Thee, O Lord, I flee.
 heed; And in the right and per - fect way May Thy good Spir - it lead.
 bless, And in Thy faith - ful ness and love Re - deem me from dis - tress.

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WHEN WE ALL GET TO HEAVEN

HEAVEN
music by
Emily D. Wilson, 1898

words by
Eliza E. Hewitt, 1898

C G7 C

1. Sing the won - d'rous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace; In the man - sions
 2. While we walk the pil - grim path - way Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky; But when trav - 'ling
 3. Let us then be true and faith - ful, Trust - ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day; Just one glimpse of
 4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold, Soon the pearl - y

F F#dim7 C/G G7 C

bright and bless - ed He'll pre - pare for us a place.
 days are o - ver, Not a shad - ow, not a sigh.
 Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
 gates will o - pen; We shall tread the streets of gold.

When we all get to heav - en, What a

C/E D7 G7 C C7/E F F#dim7 C/G G7 C F/C C

day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all see Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.

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WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER

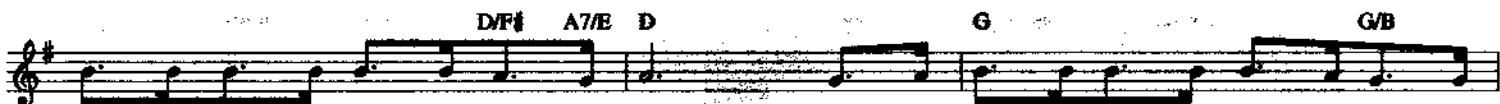
ROLL CALL

words by
James M. Black, 1892

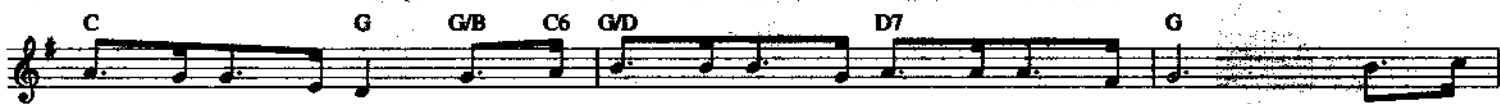
music by
James M. Black, 1892



1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more, And the
 2. On that bright and cloud - less morn - ing when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun; Let us



morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver
 glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gath - er to their
 talk of all His won - drous love and care. Then when all of life is o - ver and our



on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
 home be - yond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. } When the
 work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.



roll _____ is called up yon - der, When the roll _____ is called up yon - der, When the



roll _____ is called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

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WHERE CROSS THE CROWDED WAYS OF LIFE

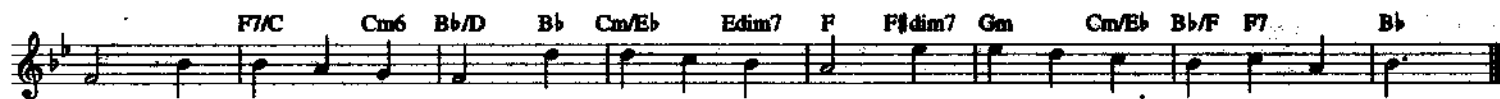
GERMANY

words by
Frank Mason North, 1903

music from
William Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815



1. Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, where sound the cries of race and clan, a
 2. In haunts of wretch - ed - ness and need, on shad - owed thresh - olds dark with fears, from
 3. From ten - der child - hood's help - less - ness, from wom - an's grief, man's bur - dened toil, from
 4. The cup of wa - ter given for You still holds the fresh - ness of Your grace; yet
 5. O Mas - ter, from the moun - tain - side make haste to heal these hearts of pain; a
 6. Till all the world shall learn Your love and fol - low where Your feet have trod, till,



bove the noise of self - ish strife, we hear Your voice, O Son of man.
 paths where hide the lures of greed, we catch the vi - sion of your tears.
 fam - ished souls, from sor - row's stress, Your heart has nev - er known re - coil.
 long these mul - ti - tudes to view the sweet com - pas - sion of Your face.
 mong these rest - less throngs a - bide; O tread the cit - y's streets a - gain,
 glo - rious from Your heaven a - bove, shall come the cit - y of our God!

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WHERE HE LEADS I'LL FOLLOW

OGDEN
music by

William A. Ogden, 1885

words by
William A. Ogden, 1885

E♭ A♭ E♭ E♭/B♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭ E♭

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es; kind is the Word, Dear - er far than an - y mes-sage man ev - er heard. Pure was the mind of Christ-
 2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweet-er far than an - y love that mor - tals have known. Kind to the err-ing one,
 3. List to His lov-ing words: "Come un - to me." Wea - ry, heav-y - lad-en, there is sweet rest for thee. Trust in His prom-is - es,

A♭ E♭ E♭/B♭ B♭7 E♭ B♭ B♭7 E♭ Refrain A♭ E♭

sin - less, I see. He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me. }
 faith - ful is He, He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me. }
 faith - ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se - cure. }
 Where — He leads I'll fol - low,

B♭ E♭ A♭ E♭ B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭7 E♭

Fol - low all the way. Where — He leads I'll fol - low, Fol - low Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

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WHERE HE LEADS ME I WILL FOLLOW

NORRIS
music by

J.S. Norris (1849-1907)

words by
E.W. Blandy, 19th century

F B♭/F F F/C C7 F

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can
 2. I'll go with Him thru the gar - den, I'll go with Him thru the gar - den, I'll go
 3. I'll go with Him thru the judge - ment, I'll go with Him thru the judge - ment, I'll go
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will

F7 B♭ B♭/D B♭m6/D♭ F/C C7 F

hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
 with Him thru the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. }
 with Him thru the judge - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. }
 give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. }
 Where He

B♭/F F F/C C7 F

leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He

F7 B♭ B♭/D B♭m6/D♭ F/C C7 F

leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

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WHERE THEY NEED NO SUN

NO SUN

music by

Haldor Lillenas, 1912

words by
Haldor Lillenas, 1912

C G7/D G7 G/F C/E G7/D G G7

1. When my earth - ly day is wan - ing and my mor - tal robes I fold, With the dawn - ing of e - ter - ni - ty be -
 2. O'er the fields of end - less glo - ry I shall wan - der with de - light, For with sad - ness and with pain I shall be
 3. With the count - less blood-washed mil - lions I shall sing be - yond the skies Praise to God and to the Lamb for sin - ners

C G7/D G G7 Gdim7 G7

gun. I shall en - ter gates of pearl to walk on streets of shin - ing gold in that cit - y where they need no
 done. No more sor - row, no more sick - ness in that home so pure and bright, In that cit - y where they need no
 slain. As the sound of man - y wa - ters this tri - um - phant song shall rise And re - sound thro' - out God's vast do -

C Refrain F/C Fm/C C C/E F A7/E Dm D D7 G D7/A G7

sun. } In that cit - y where they need no sun, When at last my earth - ly race is run, I shall
 sun! }
 main. }

C C/E F A7/E D F#dim C/G Ab7 C/G G7 C F/C C

see my Sav - ior's face, Rev - el in His love and grace In that cit - y where they need no sun.

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WHEREFORE, O FATHER, WE THY HUMBLE SERVANTS

LOBET DEN HERREN

music by

Johann Crüger (1598-1662)

words by
William Henry Hammond Jervois (1852-1905)

C G D G/B C F/A G/B C/E G7sus/D G7/D C G D G

1. Where - fore, O Fa - ther, we Thy hum - ble ser - vants here bring be -
 2. See now Thy chil - dren, we mak - ing in - ter - ces - sion through Him our

C D G C/E D G/B Dsus D G C G Am G/B C

fore Thee vior, Christ Son Thy of well - be - lov - ed, All for per - fect Thy Of peo - fering, ple,

F C/E G Am Esus E A C F C G C

sac - ri - fice and im - mor - tal, spot - less ing ob - la - tion.
 liv - ing and de - part ed, plead - ing be - fore Thee.

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WHEREWITH, O LORD, SHALL I DRAW NEAR

RIVAULX

music by

John B. Dykes (1823-1876)

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

D A7/C# D G D D D/F# G G6 D/F# Em7 A7

1. Where - with, O Lord, shall I draw near, And bow my - self be - fore Thy
2. Who - e'er to Thee them - selves ap - prove Must take the path Thy - self hast
3. But though my life hence - forth be Thine, Pres - ent for past can ne'er a
4. What have I then where - in to trust? I noth - ing have, I noth - ing
5. Guilt - y I stand be - fore Thy face; On me I feel Thy wrath a

D G F#sus F#7 Bm Asus A7 D Bm Dmaj7/A G D/F# A7/E D A7 D

face? How in Thy pur - er eyes ap - pear? What shall I bring to gain Thy grace?
showed: Jus - tice pur - sue, and mer - cy love, And hum - bly walk by faith with God.
tone; Though I to Thee the whole re - sign, I on - ly give Thee back Thine own.
am; Ex - clud - ed is my ev - 'ry boast, My glo - ry swal - lowed up in shame.
bide; 'Tis just the sen - tence should take place, 'Tis just, but O, Thy Son hath died!

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WHILE JESUS WHISPERS TO YOU

COME, SINNER, COME

music by

Horatio R. Palmer (1834-1907)

words by
W.E. Witter

F Bb F/C C F

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y - la - den? Come, sin - ner, come!
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!

Bb F/C C C7 F

While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!

F/C C7 F/C C C7 F Gm/Bb F/C C F

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!

F/C C7 F/C C C7 F Gm/Bb F/C C C7 F

Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

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WHISPER A PRAYER

PRAYER

Traditional music

Traditional words

G C/G G G/D D7 G D7 G

1. Whis - per a prayer in the morn - ing, Whis - per a prayer at noon; _____
 2. God an - swers prayer in the morn - ing, God an - swers prayer at noon; _____

C C/G G C6 E7/B Am G/D D7 G

Whis - per a prayer in the eve - ning, To keep your heart in tune. _____
 God an - swers prayer in the eve - ning, So keep your heart in tune. _____

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WHITER THAN SNOW

FISCHER

music by

William G. Fischer (1835-1912)

words by
James L. Nicholson (1828-1876)

A^b E^b A^b E^b7 A^b

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Your throne in the skies; And
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; most I
 4. Lord Je - sus, be fore You I pa - tient - ly wait; Come

E^b A^b E^b7 A^b

want Thee for ev er to live in my soul. Break
 help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice. I
 wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet. By
 now and with in me a new heart cre - ate. To

A^b/C D^b A^b

down ev 'ry i dol, cast out ev er 'ry foe; }
 give up my self and what ev er I know; }
 faith, for my cleans - ing I see Your blood; }
 those who have sought - You, You nev er said, "No"; } Now

A^b/E^b E^b7 A^b

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

Refrain
E^b7 Fm D^b A^b

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now

D^b A^b/E^b E^b7 A^b

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

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WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS

CHRISTMAS

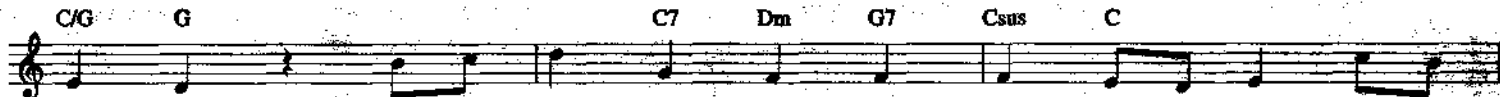
music by

George Frederick Handel (1685-1759)
from Weyman's *Melodia Sacra*, 1815

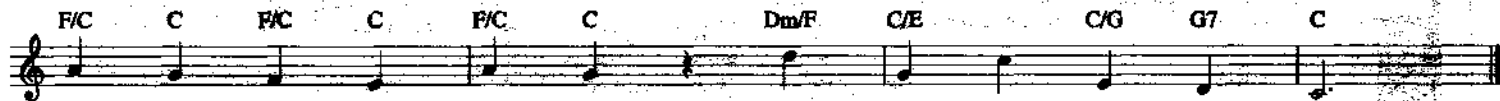
words by
Nahum Tate (1652-1715)



1. While shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the
 2. "Fear not!" said he, for might-y dread Had seized their trou-bled
 3. "To you in Da-vid's town this day Is born of Da-vid's
 4. "The heav'n ly Babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-
 5. Thus spake the ser-aph, and forth with Ap-peared a shin-ing
 6. "All glo-ry be to God on high, And on the earth be



ground, The an-gel of the great Lord came down, And
 mind, "Glad tid-ings of who is joy I bring, To
 line A Sav-ior, who great Christ the Lord, And
 played, All mean-ly wrapped in swath-ing bands, And
 thron'g Of an-gels prais-ing from God on high, Who
 peace; Good will hence forth from heav'n to earth Be



glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round.
 you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind.
 this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign.
 in a man-ger laid, And in a man-ger laid.
 thus ad-dressed their song, Who thus ad-dressed their song.
 gin and nev-er cease, Be gin and nev-er cease!"

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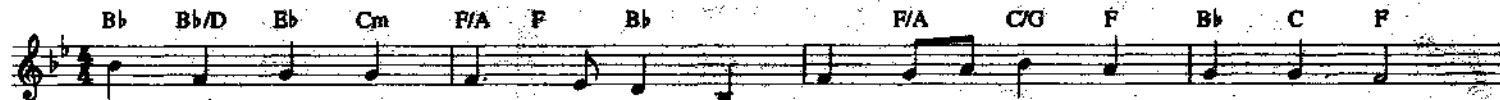
WHO ARE THESE LIKE STARS APPEARING

ZEUCH MICH, ZEUCH MICH

music from

Geistreiches Gesang-buch, 1698

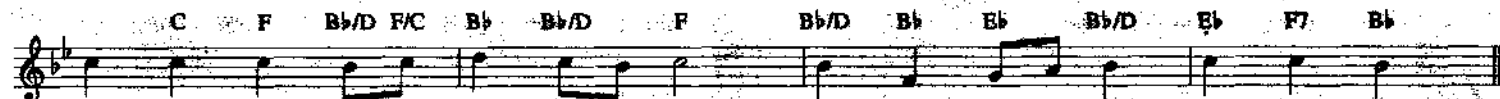
words by
Theobald Heinrich Schenck (1656-1727)
tr. by Frances Elizabeth Cox (1812-1897)



1. Who are these, like stars ap-pear-ing, These be-fore God's throne who stand?
 2. Who are these of daz-zling bright-ness, These in God's own truth ar-rayed,
 3. These are they who have con-tend-ed For their Sa-voir's hon-or long,
 4. These are they whose hearts were riv-en, Sore with woe and an-guish tried,
 5. These like priests have watched and wait-ed, of-fering-up to Christ their will;



Each a gold-en crown is wear-ing; Who are all this glo-rious band?
 Clad in robes of pur-est white-ness, Robes whose lus-tre ne'er shall fade,
 Wres-ting on till life was end-ed, Fol-lowing not the sin-ful throng;
 Who in prayer full oft have striv-en, with the God they glo-ri-fied;
 Soul and bod-y con-se-crat-ed, Day and night to serve Him still:



Al-le-lu-ya, hark! they sing, Prais-ing loud their heav-en-ly King.
 Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand- Whence comes all this glo-rious band?
 These, who well the fight sus-tained, Tri-umph through the Lamb have gained.
 Now, their pain-ful con-flict o'er, God has bid them weep no more.
 Now, in God's most ho-ly place, Blest they stand be-fore His face.

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WHISPERING HOPE

words by
Alice Hawthorne, 1868

music by
Septimus Winner, 1868

1. Soft as the voice of an angel
2. If, in the dusk of the twilight,
3. Hope, as an an-chor so stead- fast,

Breath- ing a les- son un-
Dim- be the re- gion a-
Rends the dark veil for the

heard, _____
far, _____
soul, _____

Hope Will with a gen- tle per- sua- sion
Whith- er the deep- en- ing dark- ness
Mas- ter has en- tered,

Whis- pers her com- fort - ing word: _____
Bright - en the glim- mer - ing star? _____
Rob - bing the grave of it's goal. _____

Wait till the dark - ness is
Then when the night is up
Come then, O come, glad fru-

o ver, Wait till the tem- pest is done,
on us, Why should the the heart - pest sink a way?
i - tion, Come to my sad wear - y heart.

Hope for the sun - shine to - mor - row Aft - er the show - er is
When the dark mid - night is o - ver, Watch for the break - ing of
Come, O Thou blest hope of glo - ry, Nev - er, O nev - er de-

gone. _____
day. _____
part. _____

Whis - per - ing hope, _____ O how

wel - come Thy voice, _____ Mak - ing my

heart _____ in its sor - row re - joice. _____

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WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

words by
Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)

ARMAGEDDON
music by
C. Luise Reichardt (1780-1826)

1. Who is on the Lord's side?
2. Not for weight of glory,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, flict,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict,

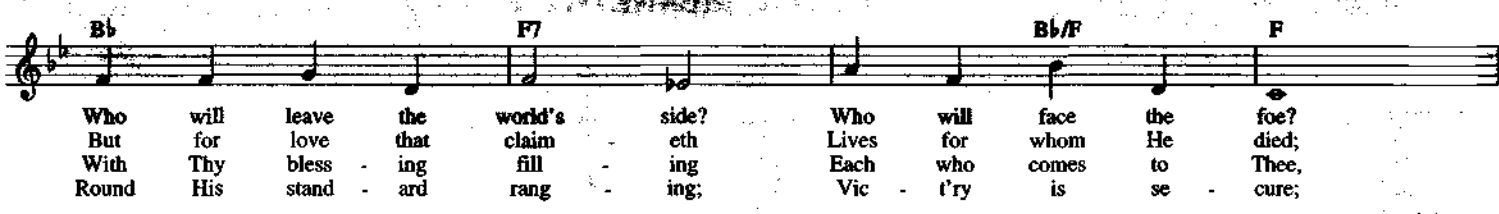
Who will serve the King?
Not for crown and palm,
Not with gold or gem,
Strong may be the foe,

Who will be His help - ers,
En - ter we the ar - my,
But with Thine own life - blood,
But the King's own ar - my

Oth - er lives to bring?
Raise the war - rior psalm;
For Thy di - a - dem,
None can o - ver - throw.

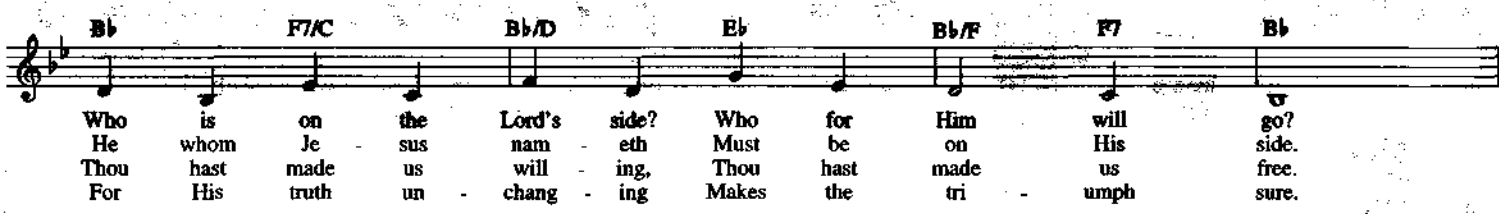
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Bb **F7** **Bb/F** **F**



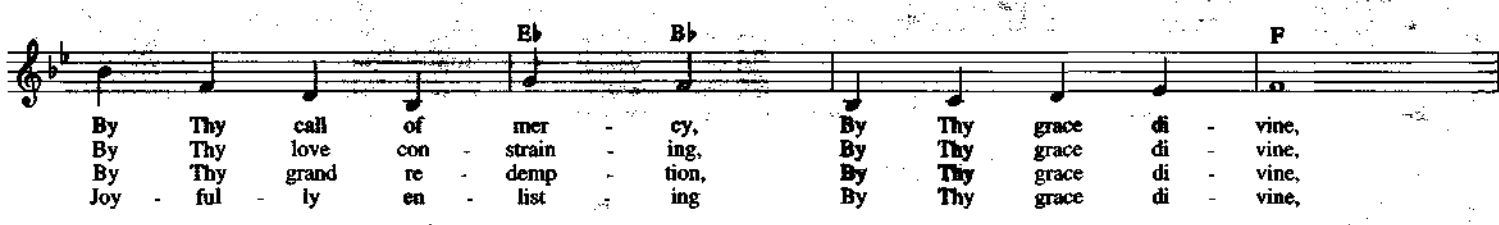
Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
But for love that claim eth ing; Lives for whom He died;
With Thy bless ing fill rang ing; Each who comes to se;
Round His stand ard ard rang ing; Vic t'ry is se cure;

Bb **F7/C** **Bb/D** **Eb** **Bb/F** **F7** **Bb**



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
He whom Je sus nam eth Must be hast on His side.
Thou hast made us un chang ing, Thou Makes the tri umph free.
For His truth un chang ing, Makes the tri umph sure.

Eb **Bb** **F**



By Thy call of mer cy, By Thy grace di vine,
By Thy love con strain ing, By Thy grace di vine,
By Thy grand re demp tion, By Thy grace di vine,
Joy ful ly en list ing, By Thy grace di vine.

Gm **Eb** **Bb** **F7** **Bb**



We are on the Lord's side, Sav ior, we are Thine.
We are on the Lord's side, Sav ior, we are Thine.
We are on the Lord's side, Sav ior, we are Thine.
We are on the Lord's side, Sav ior, we are Thine.

WHO TRUSTS IN GOD, A STRONG ABODE

WAS MEIN GOTT WILL

music by

Claude de Sermisy (c. 1490-1562)

v. 1 by Joachim Magdeburg (c.1525-c.1583)
v. 2, 3 from *Harmonia Cantorium*, Leipzig, 1597
tr. by Benjamin H. Kennedy (1804-1899)

Gm **Bb/D** **Eb** **Bb** **Bb/D** **Bb/F** **F** **Bb** **Gm** **Dm** **Eb** **Cm** **F** **Gm/Bb** **D** **Gm**



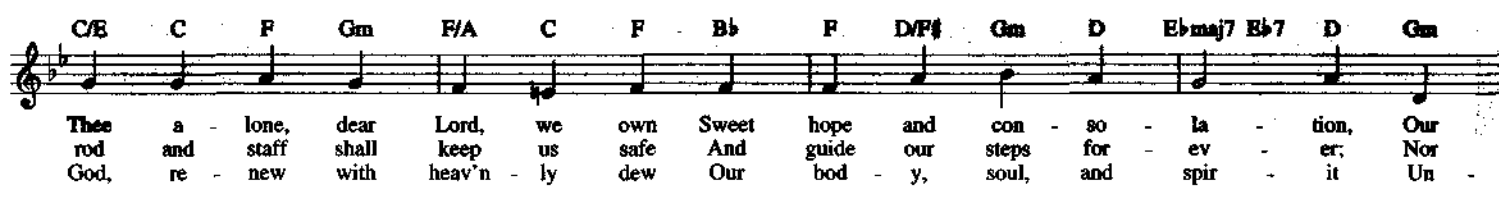
1. Who trusts in God, a strong a-bode In heav'n and earth pos sess es; Who
2. Tho' Sa-tan's wrath be set our path And world ly scorn as sail us, While
3. In all the strife of mor tal life Our feet shall stand se cure ly; Temp

Bb/D **Eb** **Bb** **Bb/D** **Bb/F** **F** **Bb** **Gm** **Dm** **Eb** **Cm** **F** **Gm/Bb** **D** **Gm**



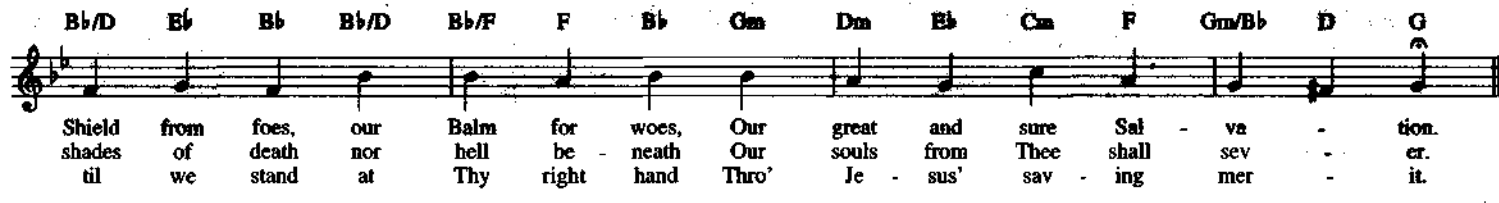
looks in love to we Christ a-bove, No fear his heart op press es. In
Thou are near, shall lose not its pow'r, For Thou shalt guard us sure ly. Thy
ta tion's hour shall lose not its pow'r, For Thou shalt guard us sure ly. Thy O

C/E **C** **F** **Gm** **F/A** **C** **F** **Bb** **F** **D/F#** **Gm** **D** **Ebmaj7** **Eb7** **D** **Gm**



Thee a-lone, dear Lord, we own Sweet hope and con-so-la-tion, Our
rod and staff shall with keep us safe And Our guide our steps for-ev-er; Nor
God, re-new with heav'n ly dew And Our bod y, soul, and spir it Un

Bb/D **Eb** **Bb** **Bb/D** **Bb/F** **F** **Bb** **Gm** **Dm** **Eb** **Cm** **F** **Gm/Bb** **D** **G**



Shield from foes, our Balm for woes, Our great and sure Sal-va-tion.
shades of death nor at Thy right hand Thro' Our souls from Thee shall sev-er.
er. til we stand at Thy right hand Thro' Our souls from Thee shall sev-er.
er. it.

"WHOSOEVER" MEANETH ME

words by
J. Edwin McConnell, 1914

McCONNELL
music by
J. Edwin McConnell, 1914



1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been rolled a - way; For the
 2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has filled my soul; I've been
 3. O what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should die for me; I was

Sav - ior said, "Who - so - ev - er will," May come with Him to stay.
 lift - ed up, and from sin set free, His blood hath made me whole.
 lost in sin, for the world I pined, But now I am set free.

"Who - so - ev - er" sure - ly mean - eth me, Sure - ly mean - eth me, O sure - ly mean - eth me;

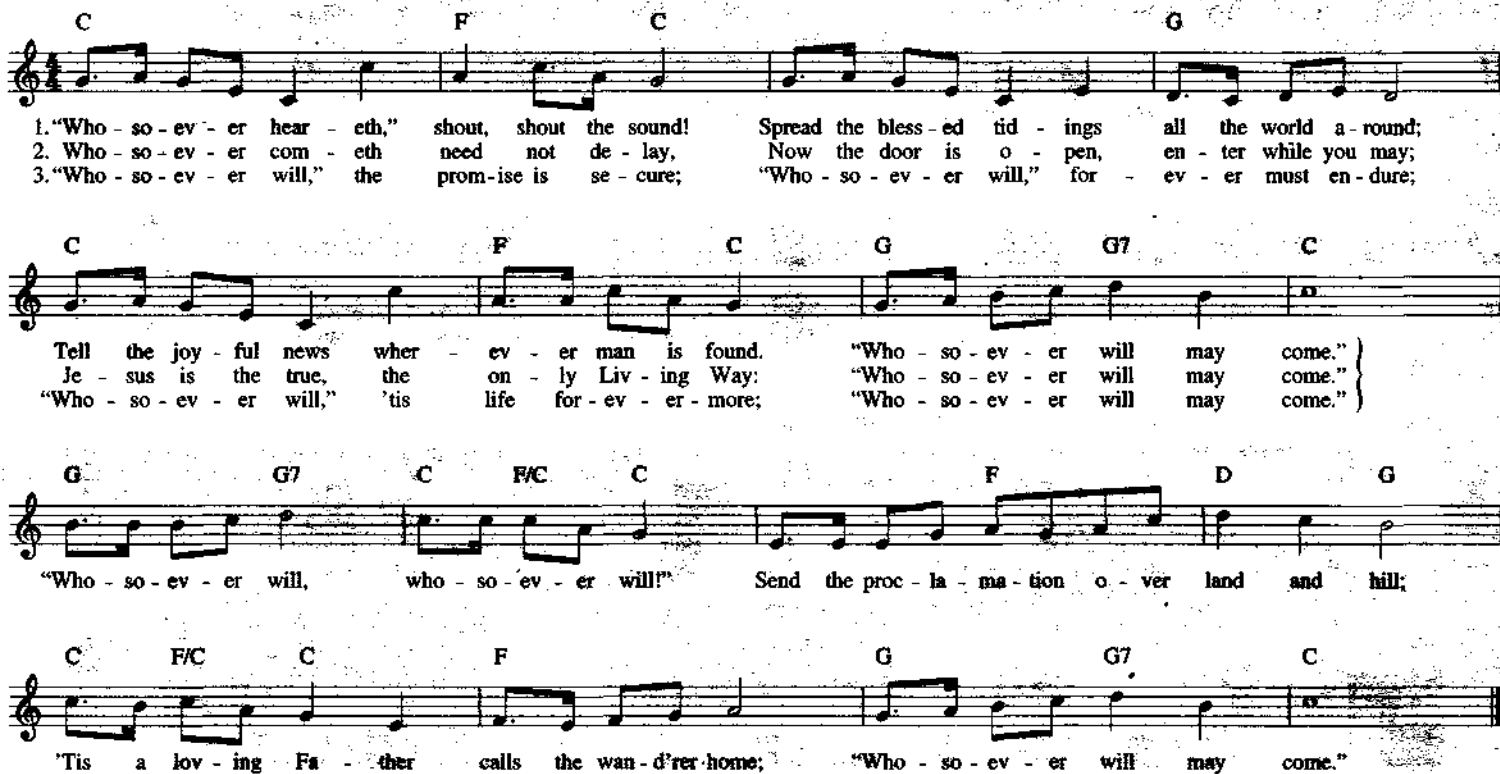
"Who - so - ev - er" sure - ly mean - eth me, "Who - so - ev - er" mean - eth me.

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WHOSOEVER WILL

words by
Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

WHOSOEVER
music by
Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)



1. "Who - so - ev - er hear - eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless - ed tid - ings all the world a - round;
 2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen, en - ter while you may;
 3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the prom - ise is se - cure; "Who - so - ev - er will," for - ev - er must en - dure;

Tell the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found. "Who - so - ev - er will may come."
 Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way: "Who - so - ev - er will may come."
 "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er - more; "Who - so - ev - er will may come."

"Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will!" Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver land and hill;

'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther calls the wan - d'rer home; "Who - so - ev - er will may come."

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WIDE OPEN ARE THY HANDS

LEOMINSTER

music by

George W. Martin (1828-1881)

words attr. to
Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153)
tr. by Charles Porterfield Krauth (1823-1883)

1. Wide o - pen are Thy hands Pay - ing with more than gold The
 2. Wide o - pen are Thine arms, A fall - en world t'em - brace, To
 3. Draw all my mind and heart Up to Thy throne on high, And

aw - ful debt of guilt - y men, For - ev - er and of old. Ah,
 take to love and end - less rest Our whole for - sak - en race. Lord,
 let Thy sa - cred Cross ex - alt My spir - it to the sky. To

let me grasp those hands, That But we may nev - er part, And
 these, Thy might - y hands, My bound spir - it is I Thy re - grace; Give
 Liv -

let the pow - er of their blood Sus - tain my faint - ing heart.
 me the soul - trans - form - ing joy For which I seek Thy face.
 ing, I live a - lone to Thee; And dy - ing, I am Thine.

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WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING

DOANE

music by

William H. Doane (1832-1915)

words by
Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser - vants, Wheth - er it be noon or night,
 2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us one by one,
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best?
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing, In His glo - ry they shall share;

Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing, With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
 When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents, Will he an - swer you, "Well done?"
 If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us, We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night, Will He find us watch - ing there?

O can we say we are read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home?

Say, will He find you and me still watch - ing, Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?

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WILL YOU NOT TELL IT TODAY?

IN THE NAME OF THE SAVIOR

words by
Jessie Brown Pounds, 1887

music by
James H. Fillmore, 1887

1. If the name of the Sav - ior is pre - cious to you, If His
 2. If your faith in the Sav - ior has brought its re - ward, If a
 3. If the souls all a - round you are liv - ing in sin, If the

care has been con - stant and ten - der and true, If the light of His pres - ence has
 strength you have found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a rest in His
 Mas - ter has told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in - vi - ta - tion they

bright - ened your way, O will you not tell of your glad - ness to - day?
 pal - ace is sweet, O will you not, broth - er, the sto - ry re - peat? } O
 nev - er have heard, O will you not tell them the cheer - bring - ing word? }

will you not tell it to - day? Will you not tell it to - day? If the

light of His pre - sence has bright - ened your way, O will you not tell it to - day?

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WONDERFUL PEACE

words by
W.D. Cornell, 19th century

music by
W.G. Cooper, 19th century

1. Far a way in the depths of my spir - it to - night Rolls a
 2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
 3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
 4. And me thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the
 5. Ah, — soul, are you here with - out com - fort or rest, March - ing

mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; _____ In ce - les - tial - like strains it un
 deep in the heart of my soul; _____ So se - cure that no pow - er can
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; _____ For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, _____ That one strain of the song which the
 down the rough path - way of time? _____ Make — Je - sus your friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fl - nite calm. _____
 mine it a way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll. _____
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul. _____
 ran - somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be: _____
 shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime. _____

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Peace! Peace! won - der - ful peace, Com - ing down from the Fa - ther a -
 bove, Sweep o - ver my spir - it for
 ev - er, I pray, In fath - om - less bil - lows of love.

WONDERFUL GRACE OF JESUS

WONDERFUL GRACE
music by
Haldor Lillenas, 1918

words by
Haldor Lillenas, 1918

1. Won - der - ful grace of Je - sus, Great - er than all my sin. How shall my tongue de - scribe it?
 2. Won - der - ful grace of Je - sus, Reach - ing to all the lost. By it I have been par - doned,
 3. Won - der - ful grace of Je - sus, Reach - ing the most de - filed. By its trans - form - ing pow - er,

Where shall its praise be - gin? Tak - ing a - way my bur - den, Set - ting my spir - it free; _____
 Saved to the ut - ter - most. Chains have been torn a - sun - der, Giv - ing me lib - er - ty; _____ } For the
 Mak - ing him God's dear child. Pur - chas - ing peace and heav - en For all e - ter - ni - ty; _____ }

won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me. Won - der - ful the match - less grace of

Je - sus; Deep - er than the might - y roll - ing sea. High - er than the moun - tain; spar - kling like a foun - tain;

All suf - fi - cient grace for e - ven me. Broad - er than the scope of my trans - gres - sions;

Great - er far than all my sin and shame. O mag - ni - fy the pre - cious name of Je - sus; Praise His name!

WILT THOU FORGIVE THAT SIN

words by
John Donne (1573-1631)

DONNE
music by
John Hilton (c. 1599-1657)

Em B/E Em B Em B/D# Em B G G/B

1. Wilt Thou for-give that sin, where I be-gun, Which is my sin, though
2. Wilt Thou for-give that sin, by which I've won Oth-ers to sin, and
3. I have a sin of fear that when I've spun My last thread, I shall

C G/B Am7 F#dim/A G D/F# D7 Em B/D# Em

it were done be-fore? Wilt Thou for-give those sins through which I
made my sin on their door? Wilt Thou for-give that that sin at my death Thy
per-ish on that shore; Swear by Thy-self, that at my death Thy

Bsus B Em D/F# G G/B C G Dsus D G

run, And do run still, though still I do de-
shun A Shall year or as He but wal-lowed in-
Son Shall shine as He shines now, and here a-
score?

Em Em/G B C G/B G Em Bsus B

When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done, For I have more.
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done, For I have more.
And hav-ing done that, Thou hast done, I fear no more.

1, 2 Em 3 E

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WONDERFUL SAVIOR

words by
J.M. Harris, 1905

music by
J.M. Harris, 1905

F F/A C F Bb Bbm

1. Je-sus, my King, my won-der-ful Sav-ior, All of my life is giv-en to
2. Free-dom from sin, O won-der-ful sto-ry, All of its stains washed whit-er than
3. Je-sus, my Lord, I'll ev-er a-dore Thee, Lay at Thy feet my treas-ures of
4. When in that bright and beau-ti-ful cit-y I shall be-hold Thy glo-ries un-

F Fdim F Bb Gm/Bb Bdim7

Thee. _____ I am re-joic-ing in Thy sal-va-tion; Thy pre-cious
snow! _____ Je-sus has come to live in His tem-ple, And with His
love. _____ Lead me in ways to show forth Thy glo-ry, Ways that will
told, _____ I shall be like Thee, won-der-ful Sav-ior, And I will

Refrain

F/C C7 F C C7 F/C C

blood now mak-eth me free. _____ } Won-der-ful Sav-ior, won-der-ful
love. my heart is a-glow. _____ }
end in heav-en a-bove. _____ }
sing while a-ges un-fold. _____ }

F C/G G7 C C7 F Bb/F F

Sav-ior, Thou art so near, so pre-cious to me! _____ Won-der-ful

Bb/F F Bb Gm/Bb Bdim7 F/C C7 F

Sav-ior, won-der-ful Sav-ior, My heart is filled with prais-es to Thee! _____

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WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE

STORY OF LOVE

words by
J.M. Driver, 19th century

music by
J.M. Driver, 19th century

Bb **F** **F7** **Bb**

1. Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! _____ Tell it to me a - gain. _____
 2. Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! _____ Tho' you are far a - way _____
 3. Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! _____ Je - sus pro - vides a rest - _____

Bb/F **F7** **Bb** **Eb**

Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! _____ Wake the im - mor - tal strain! _____ An - gels with rap - ture an -
 Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! _____ Still He doth call to - day: _____ Call - ing from Cal - va - ry's
 Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! _____ For all the pure and blest. _____ Rest in those man - sions a -

Eb/Bb **Bb** **C7** **F7** **Bb** **Bb7** **F/C** **Bb/D** **Cm/Eb** **Eb**

nounce it; Shep - herds with won - der re - ceive it; Sin - ner, O won't you be - lieve it?
 moun - tain, Down from the crys - tal - bright foun - tain, E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion -
 bove us, With those who've gone on be - fore us, Sing - ing the rap - tur - ous cho - rus:

Bb/F **Bb/D** **F7** **Bb** **Eb/Bb** **Bb** **Eb/Bb**

RefRAIN

Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! _____ } Won - der - ful! _____ Won - der -
 Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! _____ }
 Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! _____ }

Bb **Bb7** **Cm/Eb** **Eb** **Bb/F** **Bb/D** **F7** **Bb**

full _____ Won - der - ful! _____ Won - der - ful sto - ry of love! _____

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WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL JESUS

NEW ORLEANS

words by
Anna B. Russell

music by
Ernest O. Seillers

G **D7/A** **G/B** **G** **C** **E7/B**

1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, There is nev - er a night so
 2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, There is nev - er a weight of
 3. There is nev - er a care or bur - den, There is nev - er a grief or
 4. There is nev - er a guilt - y sin - ner, There is nev - er a wan - d'ring

Am **D** **D/C** **G/B** **G** **D/A** **F#m/A** **A7**

long, _____ But the soul that is trust - ing Je - sus Will some - where find a
 woe, _____ But that Je - sus will help to car - ry Be - cause He lov - eth
 loss, _____ But that Je - sus in love will light - en When car - ried to the
 one, _____ But that God can in mer - cy par - don Thro' Je - sus Christ, His

D **G** **G/B** **Am7** **D7** **Ddim7** **D7** **G**

RefRAIN

song. _____ } Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Je - sus, In the heart He im - plant - eth a song, _____ A
 so. _____ }
 cross. _____ }
 Son. _____ }

G/B **D** **D/C** **G/B** **G** **G7/B** **C** **G/D** **G/B** **Gdim/Bb** **Am7** **D** **D7** **G**

song of de - liv - 'rance, of cour - age, of strength; In the heart He im - plant - eth a song. _____

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WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING

words by
Annie Coghill (1836-1907)

WORK SONG
music by
Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

1. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work through the morn - ing hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work through the sun - ay noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing; Un - der the sun - set skies;

Work while the dew is spar - kling; Work mid spring - ing flowers;
 Fill bright - est hours with spar - kling; Rest comes sure and soon.
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.

Work when the day grows bright er; Work in the glow - ing sun;
 Give ev - ery fly ing min - ute; Some - thing to keep in store;
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

Work, for the night is com - ing; When man's work is done.
 Work, for the night is com - ing; When man works no more.
 Work while the night is dark - ening, When man's work is o'er.

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THE WORLD IS VERY EVIL

words by
Bernard of Cluny, (Morlas) 12th century
tr. by John M. Neale (1818-1866)

EWING
music by
Alexander C. Ewing (1830-1895)

1. The world is ver - y e - vil, The times are wax - ing late; Be so - ber and keep
 2. A - rise, a - rise, good Chris - tian, Let right to wrong suc - ceed; Let pen - i - ten - tial
 3. Brief life is here our por - tion; Brief sor - row, short - lived care; The life that knows no
 4. And now we fight the bat - tle, But then shall wear the crown; Of full and ev - er
 5. But He whom now we trust in Shall then be seen and known; And they that know and
 6. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and bless - ed

vig - il, The Judge is at the gate; The Judge that comes in mer - cy, The
 sor - row, To heav'n - ly glad - ness lead there. To light that hath no eve - ning, That
 end - ing, The tear - less life, is there. O hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion: Short
 last - ing, And pas - sion - less re - nown; And now we watch and strug - gle, And
 see Him Shall have him for their own; And there is Da - vid's foun - tain, And
 coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To

Judge that comes with might, To ter - mi - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right.
 knows no moon nor sun, The light so new and gold - en, The light that is but one.
 toil, e - ter - nal rest; For mor - tals and for sin - ners A man - sion with the blest!
 now we live in hope, And Zi - on in her an - guish With Bab - y - lon must cope.
 life in full - est glow; And there the light is gold - en, And milk and hon - ey flow.
 that dear land of rest, Who are, with God the Fa - ther And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

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WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE

WORDS OF LIFE
music by
Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

words by
Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876)

F FAC C7 F

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life; _____
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life; _____
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life; _____

FAC C7 F

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life; _____
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life; _____
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life; _____

Bb/F F Bb/F F

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty; }
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en: }
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er: }

Refrain
C7 F C7 F

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. _____

C7 F C7 F

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. _____

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WOUNDED FOR ME

FOR ME
music by
W.G. Ovens

words by W.G. Ovens (v. 1)
and Gladys W. Roberts (v. 2-5)

Eb Eb/dim Eb Ab Bb7 Eb Bb/D

1. Wound - ed for me, wound - ed for me, There on the
 2. Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me, There on the
 3. Ris - en for me, ris - en for me, Up from the
 4. Liv - ing for me, liv - ing for me, Up in the
 5. Com - ing for me, com - ing for me, One day to

Cm Bb/F F7 Bb Eb Ab/Eb Eb Bb7/D Eb

cross He was wound - ed for me; Gone my trans - gres - sions, and
 cross He was dy - ing for me; Now in His death my re -
 grave He has ris - en for me; Now ev - er more from death's
 skies He is liv - ing for me; Dai - ly He's plead - ing and
 earth He is com - ing for me; When with what joy His dear

Ab6 C7/G Fm Adim7 Eb/Bb Bb7/D Eb Ab6 Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

now I am free, All be - cause Je - sus was wound - ed for me.
 demp - tion I see, All be - cause Je - sus was dy - ing for me.
 sting I am free, All be - cause Je - sus has ris - en for me.
 pray - ing for me, O, how I praise Him, He's liv - ing for me.
 face I shall see, O, how I praise Him, He's com - ing for me!

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YE HOLY ANGELS BRIGHT

DARWALL'S 148TH
music by
John Darwall (1715-1789)

words by
Richard Baxter (1615-1691)
rev. by John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862)

C G/B C Am Em/G F C/E G7/D C G

1. Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, who wait at God's right hand, or
 2. Ye bless - ed souls at rest, who who - ran at this earth - ly race and
 3. Ye saints, who toil be - low, a - dore your in heaven - ly King, and
 4. My soul, bear thou thy part, a tri - dore umph in God a - bove: and

C Am G/B D D7/C G/B C G/D D D7 B C F Bdim/D

through the realms of light fly at your Lord's com - mand, as - sist our
 now, from sin re - leased, be - hold the Sa - vior's face, God's prais - es
 on - ward as ye go some joy - ful an - them sing; take what he
 with a well - tuned heart sing thou the songs of love! Let all thy

Am C/E G/D C F/A C F Bdim/D C/E Dm/F C/G G G7 C

song, for else the theme too high doth seem for mor - tal tongue.
 sound, as in his sight with sweet de - light ye do a bound.
 gives and praise him still, through good or ill, ye ev - er a - lives!
 days till life shall end, what - e'er he send, be filled with praise.

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YESTERDAY, TODAY, FOREVER

HYACK
music by
James H. Burke, 19th Century

words by
Albert B. Simpson (1843-1919)
based on Hebrews 13:8

G C G D

Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same.

G C G/D C Bm/D D7 G C D7/A G

All may change, but Je - sus nev - er! Glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry to His name!

C/G G D D/C G/B G D/A G/B C Am7b5 G/D D7

Glo - ry to His name! All may change, but Je - sus nev - er! Glo - ry to His name! name!

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YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION

PALMER
music by
Horatio R. Palmer, 1868

words by
Horatio R. Palmer, 1868

Ab Eb7 Fm C7

1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin;
 2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Nor Bad lan - guage dis - dain;
 3. To him that o'er - com - eth, God giv - eth a crown,

Db Ab Eb Ab

Each vic - tory will help you Some oth - er to win;
 God's name hold in rever - ence, Nor take it in vain;
 Through faith we shall con - quer, Though oft - en cast down;

Eb7 Fm C7

Fight man - ful - ly on ward, Dark pas - sions sub - due;
 Be thought - ful and ear - nest, Kind heart - ed and true;
 He, who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will re - new;

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Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

Refrain

Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com - fort, strength - en, and keep you;
 He is will - ing to aid you, His will car - ry you through.

YE RANSOMED SINNERS, HEAR

words by Charles Wesley, 1742

LENOX music by Lewis Edson, 1782

1. Ye ran - sored sin - ners, hear, The pris - 'ners of the Lord; And wait till Christ ap -
 2. In God we put our trust; If we our sins con - fess, Faith - ful He is, and
 3. Sure - ly in us the hope Of glo - ry shall ap - pear; Sin - ners, your heads lift
 4. The Word of God is sure, And nev - er can re - move; We shall in heart be
 5. Then let us glad - ly bring Our sac - ri - fice of praise; Let us give thanks and

pear just, up, pure, sing
 Ac - cord - ing to His Word. Re - joice in hope; re - joice with me. Re -
 From all un - right - eous - ness. To cleanse us all, both you and me; To
 And see re - demp - tion near. A - gain I say; re - joice with me. A -
 And per - fect - ed in love. Re - joice in hope; re - joice with me. Re -
 And glo - ry in His grace. Re - joice in hope; re - joice with me. Re -

joice in hope; re - joice with me.
 cleanse us all, both you and me.
 gain I say; re - joice with me.
 joice in hope; re - joice with me.
 joice in hope; re - joice with me. } We shall from all our sins be free.

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YE SERVANTS OF GOD

words by Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

PADERBORN music from *Catolisch-Paderbornisches Gesang-buch*, 1765

1. Ye ser - vants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a -
 2. God rul - eth on high, al - might - y to save; And still He is -
 3. "Sal - va - tion to God who sits on the throne," Lets all cry a -
 4. Then let us a - dore, and give Him His right: All glo - ry and

broad night, loud, power,
 His Name; The Name all - vic - to - rious of
 His pres - ence we have. The great con - gre - ga - tion His
 and hon - or the Son. The prais - es of Je - sus the
 all wis - dom and might, All hon - or and bless - ing, with

Je - sus ex - tok; His king - dom is glo - rious; He rules o - ver all.
 tri - umph shall sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus our King.
 an - gels pro - claim, Fall down on their fac - es, and wor - ship the Lamb.
 an - gels a - bove, And thanks nev - er ceas - ing, and in - fi - nite love.

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YE SERVANTS OF GOD

HANOVER

music by

William Croft (1678-1727)

words by
Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

1. Ye ser - vants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim, and
 2. God rul - eth on high, al - most might - y to save, and
 3. "Sal - va - tion to the God, who sits on the throne!"
 4. Then let us a - dore, and give him his right, Let all

pub - lish a broad his won - der - ful name; the
 still he is nigh, his pres - ence we have; the
 all cry a loud and and hon - or the Son; the
 glo - ry and power, all wis - dom and might; all

name all vic - to - rious of Je - sus ex - tol, his
 great con - gre - ga - tion his tri - umph shall sing, as
 prais - es of Je - sus the an - gels pro - claim, the
 hon - or and bless - ing with an - gels a - bove, fall and

king - dom is glo - rious and rules o - ver all.
 crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus, our King.
 down on their fac - es and wor - ship the Lamb.
 thanks nev - er ceas - ing and in fi - nite love.

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YE WATCHERS AND YE HOLY ONES

LASST UNS ERFREUEN

music from

Geistliche Kirchengesänge, 1623

words by
John Athelstan Laurie Riley, 1906

1. Ye watch - ers and ye ho - ly ones, bright ser - aphs, cher - u - bim, and thrones, raise the
 2. O high - er than the cher - u - bim, more glo - rious than the ser - a - phim, lead their
 3. Re - spond, ye souls in end - less rest, ye pa - tri - archs and proph - ets blest, Al - le -
 4. O friends, in glad - ness let us sing, su - per - nal an - thems ech - o - ing, Al - le -

glad strain, Al - le - lu - ia! Cry out, do - min - ions, prince - doms, powers, vir
 prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia! Thou bear - er of th'e - ter - nal Word, most
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Ye ho - ly twelve, ye mar - tyr's strong, all
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! To God the Fa - ther, God the Son, and

Refrain
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -

in - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

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