Bring a Torch, Jeanette Isabella

F Dm Gm F C7 F Dm Dm7

Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabel Isabelle Bring a torch, come
Has ten now, good folk of the village, Has ten now, the

7 Gm C F Dm6 G7 F C

swiftly and run. Christ is born tell the folk of the village, Christ Child to see. You will find Him asleep in a manger,

13 Bb F Gm Gm7 F C7 Dm C F

Jesus is sleeping in His cradle, Ah, ah, beautiful Quietly come and whisper softly, Hush, hush, peacefully

20 C F C7 Dm Gm F C C7 F

is the mother, Ah, ah, beautiful is her Son. now He slumbers, Hush, hush, peacefully now He sleeps.
His Eye Is On The Sparrow

Charles Gabriel

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\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Why should I feel discouraged? Why should the shadows come?}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Why should my heart be lonely,}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{And long for heav'n and home,}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{When Jesus is my portion? My constant friend is He:}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{His}
\end{align*}
\]

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His Eye Is On The Sparrow

G

eye is on_ the sparrow,_ And I know He watches

G7

me,________ His eye is on the sparrow,________ And I

C

know He watches me.________ I sing because I'm

G7

happy,________ I sing because I'm free, His
His Eye Is On The Sparrow

Let not your hearts be troubled,
His tender word I hear,
And resting on His goodness,
I lose my doubts and fears,
Tho' by the path he lead-eth,
But one step I may see:
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me,
Hise eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me.

Whenever I am tempted,
Whenever the clouds arise,
When song gives place to sighing,
Whne hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to Him,
From care He sets me free,
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me,
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me.
Rock Of Ages

While I could tears for ever flow, Could my Rock of ages cleft for me, Let me
While I draw this fleet ing breath, When my

When I could not a - ter and the

Be of

And be - hold Thee on Thy

In my

for me, Let me

THEE.

sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I clinging.
ages cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in THEE.

From Thy wound - ed side which flowed, In my
Thou must save, and Thou a - lone; Rock of
A mighty fortress is our God,
Did we in our own strength confide,
And tho' this world with devils filled,
That word above all earthly pow'rs,

A bulwark never failing,
Our helper He amid the flood,
We're not the right man on our side,
We will not fear for God hath willed,

Of mortal ills prevailing,
The man of God's own choosing
His truth to triumph thru us,
Thru Him who with us sideth.
Let the Dost of goods prince ask still and of who our Am kin dark that an dred ness may be? Christ Jesus, it We trem ble not This mortal life

This We Christ Doth more to table sus, to it work it kill; His name, en dure, His pow’r great, His craft and

And armed with cruel hate,From age to age the same, For lo, his doom is sure; God's truth a bi deth still:

On earth is not His qual. And He must win the battle. One lit tle word shall fell him. His king dom is for ever.
Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory

William Steffe
Julia Ward Howe

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1. Oh mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord, He is
2. I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps, They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat, Hi is

trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
built an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can
sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat, Oh, be

loosed the faithful lighting of His terrible swift sword, His
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaming lamps, His
swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet, Our

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Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory

Am | G | D7 | G

truth is marching on

god is marching on

day is marching on

G | D | G

Glo-ry, glo-ry halle-lu-jah!

C | G | D

Glo-ry, glo-ry halle-lu-jah!  Glo-ry, glo-ry halle-

G | C | Am | G | D7 | G

Lu-jah! His truth is marching on.
Bringing In The Sheaves

Lyrics by: Knowles Shaw

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Going forth and weeping, sowing for the Master,

Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;

Waiting for our harvest, and the time of reaping,
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
Bringing in the sheaves,

Bringing in the sheaves,

We shall come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves.

We shall come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves.
O Happy Day That Fixed My Choice

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O Happy Day That Fixed My Choice

Happy day, Happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happ y day, Happy day.

Happy day, Happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away!

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O, How I Love Jesus

There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth:
It tells me of a Savior's love, Who in my ear, The sweetest name on earth.
It tells of One whose loving heart Can bears a part That sinner's perfect plea.

One of whose name's I can feel my deepest long:
I love to set me free: It tells me of His precious blood, The none can bear below.
Who in each sorrow Who in each sorrow:
It tells me of His bears a part That none can bear below.

O, how I love Jesus, O, how I love Jesus, O, how I love Jesus, O, how I love Jesus because He first loved me!

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Ah, Holy Jesus
Music by Johann Craer

Ah, holy Jesus, how have You of -
Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up -
For me, dear Jesus, was Your in - car -
There - fore, dear Jesus, since I can - not

fend - ed, That mor - tal judge - ment has on You de -
on You? It is my trea - son, Lord, that has un -
na - tion, Your mor - tal sor - row, and Your life's ob -
pay You, I do a - dore You, and will ev - er

scend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed, by Your own re -
done You. 'Twas I, Lord Je - sus, I it was de -
lala - tion, Your death of an - guish and Your bit - ter
praise You, Think on Your pit - y and Your love un -

ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed!
nied You. I cru - ci - fied You.
pas - sion, For my sal - va - tion.
swerv - ing, Not my de - serv - ing.
Hark, the loud rejoicing:

Holy God, we praise Thy name;

Lord of all, we bow before Thee;

All on earth and in the heavens acclaim,

All in unceasing adoration,

Lo, we raise the praise of our Lord;

Fill the heavens with Thy vast domain,

Cherubim and seraphim, 

Infinite Thy vast domain,
Lo! The apostolic train join Thy sacred name to hallow;
Prophets swell the glad refrain, and the white-robed martyrs follow;
And from morn to set of sun, through the church the song goes on.
And from morn to set of sun, through the church the song goes on.

Holy Father, Holy Son, Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee;
While in essence only one, undivided God we claim Thee,
And adoring bend the knee, while we sing our praise to Thee.
And adoring bend to knee, while we sing our praise to Thee.
Come Thou Almighty Kings

Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy Name;
Faith whose love unknown,
All things created own;
Build in our hearts thy throne,
Ancient of Days.

Come, thou incarnate Word,
Our prayers at tend;
FAther whose love unknown,
All things created own;
Stablish thy righteouness,
Salviour and friend.

Come, thou comforter,
In this glad hour;
Our prayers at tend;
Now rule in e v’ry heart,
And ne’er from us depart,
Spirrit of power.

To thee, great One in Three,
Hence ever more;
Hence e ver more;
May we in glo ry see,
And to eternit y Love and adore.
In God Will I Trust

The Lord in His temple shall
in
counselors say, God

The Lord is most righteous, the Lord loves the right, The

flee as a bird to your mountain away, The
throne is eternal, what "ever be tide, The
evil He hates and will surely return quite; The

wick ed are strong and the righteous are weak, Foun-
children of men He holds from on high, The
wick ed His anger will drive from their place, The

vations are shaken, yet God will I seek.
wick ed to punish, the righteous to try.
up right in rap ture shall gaze on His face.

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God Moves In Mysterious Ways

William Cowper - 1772

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Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.
Blest is He Who Loves God's Precepts

L Luther O. Emerson

1. Blest is he who loves God's precepts, Who from sin restrains his feet, He who will not stand with sinners, He who shuns the scorners' seat.

2. Blest is he who makes the statutes Of the Lord his chief delight, In the law of God resting.

3. He is like a tree well planted By the flowing river's side, Ever green of leaf and fruitful Thus shall all his works abide.

4. Like the driven chaff the wicked Shall be swept from off the land; With the just they shall not gather, Nor shall in the judgement stand.

5. Well the Lord will guard the righteous, For their way to Him is known; But the way of evildoers, Shall by Him be overthrown.

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Help, Lord, for Those Who Love Thee Fail

1. Help, Lord, for those who love Thee fail, Thy faithful faith.
2. Lord, may those flatter ing lips be lashed, The boast ing boast.
3. Be cause the poor have been op pressed, And in their in.

4. And what He saith is purified
   Like silver, sevenfold assayed.
   Though by this evil age defied,
   His word of truth shall be obeyed.

5. His promises shall stand secure,
   His saints are safe, though ill betide;
   He will protect His humble poor,
   Though rogues are honored far and wide.
Lord, Our Lord, Thy Glorious Name

1. Lord, Our Lord, Thy glorious Name
   All Thy wondrous works proclaim;

2. Infant lips Thou dost ordain
   Wrath and vengeance to restrain;

3. Moon and stars in shining height
   Nightly tell their Maker's might;

In the heavens with radiant signs
   E'er more Thy glory shines.

Weakest means fulfill Thy will,
   Mighty enemies to still.

Then I know how weak is man.

REFRAIN

How great Thy Name!
   Lord, our Lord, in all the earth,

How great Thy Name!

Thine the Name of matchless worth,
   Excellent in all the earth,

How great Thy Name!
O Lord, How Many They Who Deeply Trouble Me

1. O Lord, how many they who deeply trouble me; How great are they who multiplied glory, Lord, who do me injury.

2. There is no help for him, No help in God, they say; Thou art my certain stay.

3. I called to God, He heard From out His holy hill I fell asleep, I woke in peace For He sustained me still.

4. Arise and save, O Lord, For Thou didst smite my foe. Salvation cometh from the Lord; His saints His blessings know.

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1. O Lord, our Lord, in all the earth
   How excellent Thy Name!
2. From lips of children, Thou O Lord, Hast
   Mighty strength ordained,
3. When I regard the wondrous heavers, Thy
   Hand-i-work on high,
4. O what is man, in Thy regard
   To hold so large a place,
   And what the son of man, that Thou
   Dost visit him in grace?
5. For Thou hast made him little less
   Than Thy blest angels be;
   With honor Thou hast crowned his head
   And glorious dignity
6. Thou hast subjected all to him,
   And lord of all is he,
   Of flocks and herds, and beasts and birds,
   And all within the sea.
7. Thy mighty works and wondrous grace
   Thy glory, Lord, proclaim.
   O Lord, Our Lord, in all the earth
   How excellent Thy Name!

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On the Good and Faithful

On the good and faith-ful God has set His love;
Lay up-on God's al-tar Good and lov-ing deeds,
In God's love a-bid-ing, I have joy and peace;

When they call He sends them Bless-ings from a-bove,
And in all things trust Him To sup-ply your needs,
More than all the wick-ed, Through their wealth in-crease,

Stand in awe and sin-not, Bid your heart be still;
Anx-iou-s and de-spair-ing, Man-y walk in night;
In His care con-fid-ing, I will sweet-ly sleep,

Through the si-ent watch-es Think up-on His will,
But to those that fear Him, God will send His light.
For the Lord, my Sav-ior, Will in safe-ty keep.

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3. That man is nourished who, like a tree Set

4. The wicked like the driven chaff
   Are swept from off the land;
   They shall not gather with the just,
   Nor in the judgement stand.

5. The Lord will guard the righteous well,
   Their way to Him is known;
   The way of sinners, far from God,
   Shall surely be o'erthrown

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The God Who Sits Enthroned on High

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Johann Hermann Schein

1. The God who sits enthroned on high
   The foolish Lord with searching eye
   Looked down the corrupt part,

2. From heaven the righteous they all despised;
   Not one does good; corrupt are
   Sons of men to deny;

3. From righteousness they all search
   Corrupt are in their heart deny;
   Not one does good; corrupt are
   Sons of men to deny;

4. Has knowledge with the wicked failed,
   That they My people have assailed,
   That they delight in works of shame,
   And call not on Jehovah's name?

5. Thy lowly servant they despise,
   Because he on the Lord relies;
   But they shall tremble yet in fear,
   For to the righteous God is near.

6. O that from Zion, His abode,
   Salvation were on us bestowed!
   When God His exiles shall restore,
   They shall in song His grace adore.

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Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Louis Bourgeois, 1551

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.
Hear Our Prayer, O Lord

George Whelpton

Hear our prayer, O Lord,
Incline Thine ear to us
And grant us Thy peace.

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Glory Be to the Father

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther
and to the
Son and to the Ho - ly
Ghost; As it
was in the be - gin - ning, is now and ev - er

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All Ye That Fear Jehovah's Name

Frederick M. A. Venua

All ye that fear Jehovah's Name, His glory not spurned, Who unto A - mid Thy
The suffering One, He has not goodness makes Me raise
O Lord, Thy sufferings - good Thou - that - Thy

His praise pro - claim; Ye chil - dren of His
Him for - suc - cor - songs of praise; Be - fore all Him has not
people - songs of praise; Turned; From Him to all their

His - cho - sen race, His - hid - face, His - fear Thee, now I wor - ship Thee and pay -
Stand ye in awe be - fore His face, in grace, My vow,
But an - swered His re - quest in grace, My vow,
I wor - ship Thee - and pay My vow.

Stand ye in awe be - fore, His face.
But an - swered His re - quest in grace.
I wor - ship Thee - and pay My vow.

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4 For grace and mercy ever near,
    For foes subdued and victories won,
All nations of the earth shall hear
    My praise for what the Lord has done.

5 To David, His anointed King,
    And to his sons upon his throne,
The Lord will great salvation bring
    And ever make His mercy known

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I Love the Lord

S. Dyer

1. I love the Lord, His strength is mine;
   My prayer to God shall be raised.

2. My trust in God, I'll close me round;
   His grace, my shield divine, praised.

3 When, floods of evil raging near,
   Down nigh to death my soul was brought;
   I cried to God in all my fear;
   He heard and great deliverance wrought.

4 He came: the earth's foundations quake,
   The hills are shaken from their place,
   Thick smoke and fire devouring break
   In anger dread before his face.

5 Descending through the bending skies,
   With gloom and darkness under Him,
   Forth through the storm Jehovah flies
   As on the wings of cerubim.

6 Thick darkness hides Him from the view,
   And swelling clouds His presence veil,
   Until His glorious light breaks through
   In lightning flash and glistening hail.

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1. Jehovah hear thee in thy grief, Our fathers' God defend thee still, Send place relief, And
2. Thy sacrifice may He regard, And Thy heart's desire to thee accord, Ful
3. In thy salvation we rejoice, And Je - ho - vah hearken to thy voice, Ful

And our offerings bear in mind; Thy banners raise; Je - ho - vah hearken to thy accord, Ful
To thee from His holy name our prayers through all thou hast designed. Zion's hill.
Jehovah's Perfect Law

1. Jehovah's perfect law Restores the soul again; His
   They are Lord's commands pure, They light and joy restore; Jehovah's
   are to be desired Above the finest gold; Than

2. Lord's commands are pure, They light and joy restore; Jehovah's
   honey from the comb More sweetness far they hold; With warnings they Thy
   testimony sure Gives wisdom unto men; The precepts of the
   ho-ovah's fear is clean, Enduring ever more; His statutes, let the

3. They are to be desired Above the finest gold; Than
   world confess, Are wholly truth and righteous-ness.
   servant guard, In keeping them is great reward.

4. His errors who can know?
   Cleanse me from hidden stain;
   Keep me from wilful sins,
   Nor let them o'er me reign;
   And then I upright shall appear
   And be from great transgressions clear.

5. When Thou dost search my life,
   May all my thoughts within
   And all the words I speak
   Thy full approval win.
   O Lord, Thou art a rock to me,
   And my Redeemer Thou shalt be.

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Lord, Hear the Right

Frederic F. Bullard

1. Lord, hear the right, regard my cry, My prayer from lips sincere;
2. With sted-fast courage I design No wrong to speak or do;
3. O Thou that ever savest those Whose trust on Thee is stayed,

Send Thine approbation from on high, My righteousness make clear.
Thy path of life I choose for mine And walk with purpose true.
Preserving them from all their foes By Thine all-nightly aid,

Thou in the night my heart hast tried, Nor found it turned from Thee a-side.
For help, O God, I cry to Thee, Assured that Thou wilt answer me.
Let me Thy loving-kindness see, Thy wondrous mercy, full and free.

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My God, My God, I Cry to Thee

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Lowell Mason

1. My God, My God, I cry to Thee; O why hast Thou forsaken Me?
2. But Thou art holy in Thy ways, Enthroned upon Thy people's praise;
3. They cried, and trusting in Thy Name, Were saved, and were not put to shame;
4. My words a cause for scorn they make, The lip they curl, the head they shake,
5. My trust on Thee I learned to rest When I was on My mother's breast;
6. O let Thy strength and presence cheer, For trouble and distress are near;
7. Unnumbered foes would do Me wrong, They press about Me, fierce and strong,

Afar from Me, Thou dost not heed, Though day and night for help I plead.
Our fathers put their trust in Thee, Believed, and Thou didst set them free.
Our Lord's a cause for scorn they make, The lip they curl, the head they shake,
Their trust on Thee I learned to rest When I was on My mother's breast;
Our Lord's a cause for scorn they make, The lip they curl, the head they shake,
Our Lord's a cause for scorn they make, The lip they curl, the head they shake,
1. Now the King in Thy strength shall be joyful, O Lord, Thy salvation shall make Him rejoice;
   For the wished of His heart Thou didst
   fre
   ly accord, The request of His suppliant voice.

2. All the blessings of goodness Thou freely didst give; With the
   purest of gold He is crowned; When He asked of Thee life, Thou hast
   made Him to live While the ages shall circle around.

3. Through salvation from Thee has His fame spread abroad, Thou didst
   glory and honor impart; Thou hast made Him most blessed for
   ever, O God, And Thy presence has gladdened His heart.

4. For the King in the strength of Jehovah, Nost high didst
   wavering confidence place; On the Name of Jehovah He
   still will rely, And shall stand ever more in His grace.
Since with My God with Perfect Heart

Edward Miller

1. Since with my God with perfect heart I walk and
   The merciful shall know Thy grace, The perfect
   To smite the proud and bring them low, To save the

2. Thy perfection see, The Lord will cause my
   Thy de-light. The Lord will see Thine
   Word my guide, And from iniquity

3. His Word my guide, And from iniquity
   Thy perfection see, The Lord will cause my
   Thy perfection see, The Lord will cause my
   Thy perfection see, The Lord will cause my

4. From God the victory I receive;
   Most perfect is His holy way;
   His Word is tried, they who believe
   Will find the Lord their shield and stay.

5. For who is God, and strong to save,
   Beside the Lord, our God of might?
   'Tis He that makes me strong and brave,
   The Lord who guides my steps aright.

6. Thy free salvation is my shield,
   My sure defense in every strait;
   Thy hand upholds me, lest I yield;
   Thy gentleness has made me great

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The Earth And The Fullness With Which It Is Stored

Welsh Melody

1. The earth and the fulness with which it is stored,
2. What man shall the hill of Jehovah ascend,
3. That man ever the blest hill of Jehovah shall live,

The world and its dwellers belong to the Lord;
And who in the place of His presence at tend?
The God of salvation shall righteousness give;

For He on the seas its foundations has laid,
The man of pure heart and of hands without stain,
For this is the people, yea, this is the race,

And firm on the waters its pillars has stayed.
Who swears not to falsehood nor loves what is vain.
The Is-rael true that are seeking His face.

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The Ends of All the Earth Shall Hear

William H. Doane

1. The ends of all the earth shall hear
   And turn unto the king of kings.

2. For His the kingdom, His of right,
   He rules the nations.

Lord in fear;
by His might;
All kinds of the earth shall own
All earth to Him her homage brings,

And worship Him as God alone.
The Lord of lords, the King of Kings.

REFRAIN
All earth to Him her homage brings,
The Lord of lords, the King of kings.

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The Lord's My Shepherd

1. The Lord's my Shepherd. I'll not want; He makes me down to lie in pastures green; He leads me by.

2. My soul He doth restore again, And makes me to walk doth make With in the paths of righteousness E'en for His own Name's sake.

3. Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill, For Thou art with me, and Thy rod and staff me comfort still.

William H. Havergal

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The Spacious Heavens Declare

Uzziah C. Burnap

1. The spacious heavens declare The glory of our God, loud they do not speak, They utter forth no word, They tent to hold the sun.

2. The clouds of heaven are spread, A tent to hold the sun, Nor into language break, Their voice is never heard, And like a bridegroom fair, Comes forth the mighty one.

3. The firmament displays His handiwork abroad; Nor into language break, Their voice is never heard, And like a bridegroom fair, Comes forth the mighty one.

4. His daily going forth is from the end of heaven; The firmament to him is for his circuit given; His journey reaches to its ends, And everywhere his heat extends.

5. Jehovah's perfect law restores the soul again; His testimony sure gives wisdom unto men; The precepts of the Lord are right, And fill the heart with great delight.
To Thee, O Lord, I Fly

Henry A. Lewis

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1. To Thee, O Lord, I fly
And on Thy help depend;
Glory be to the Great I AM.

2. The lot to me that fell
Is beautiful and fair;
My heart instructs me in His love.

3. I keep before me still
The Lord whom I have proved;
My portion rich and full is He, My right He will maintain.

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When in the Night I Meditate

George N. Allen

1. When in the night I meditate On
   mine inmost being
   thills with joy

2. Forever in my thought the Lord Be-
   mercy multiplied My grateful heart in-
   fore my face shall stand; secure, un-moved, I
   gladness fills my breast; be cause on Him my

3. In the night I meditate On
   most being
   joys with joy

4. I know that I shall not be left
   Forgotten in the grave,
   That from corruption, Thou, O Lord,
   Thy Holy One wilt save.

5. The path of life Thou showest me;
   Of joy a boundless store
   Is ever found at Thy right hand,
   And pleasures evermore.

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A Little That the Righteous Hold

English Melody

1. A little that the righteous hold Is better than the wealth in-told
2. He knows the days the perfect live, To them a heritage will give
3. Although the wicked prospered seem, At last they vanish like a dream

Of many wicked men; Destroyed shall be their arm of pride,
Which ever shall abide; In evil times no shame they know,
And perish in a day; Jehovah's foes shall soon appear

But they who in the Lord confide Shall be upheld then.
And in the days of famine's woe They shall be satisfied.
Like fields once fair, now brown and sere; Like smoke they fade away.

4 They borrow oft and pay not back;
But righteous men do nothing lack,
And hive with gracious hand;
Those cursed by Him shall be destroyed,
But such as have His grace enjoyed,
They shall possess the land.

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Amid the Thronging Worshippers

Laura A. Tate

1. Amid the thronging worshippers Jehovah will I bless;
   He feeds with good the humble soul And satisfies the meek,

2. The burden of the sorrowful The Lord will not despise;
   He has not turned from those that mourn, He hearkest to their cries.

3. He burden of the worshipers Jehovah will I bless;
   He feeds with good the humble soul And satisfies the meek,

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Grace and Truth Shall Mark the Way

Alberto Randegger

1. Grace and truth shall mark the way. Where the Lord His own will lead,
   Thy Name's sake hear Thou me. For Thy mercy, Lord, I wait;
   Fear. In the path of truth shall go;
2. For He who walks in god-ly way. Where the Lord His own will lead,
   Thy Name's sake hear Thou me. For Thy mercy, Lord, I wait;
   Fear. In the path of truth shall go;
3. He who walks in god-ly way. Where the Lord His own will lead,
   Thy Name's sake hear Thou me. For Thy mercy, Lord, I wait;
   Fear. In the path of truth shall go;

4. They that fear and love the Lord Shall Jehovah's friendship know:
   He will grace to them accord, And His faithful covenant show.
5. Ever are my longing eyes On the Lord, whose watchful care.
   When my foes their plots devise, Keeps my feet from every snare.
6. Turn to me, Thy grace impart, I am desolate indeed;
   Save Thou me, O Lord, I plead.
7. Look on mine afflicted state, Freely all my sins forgive;
   Mark my foes, their cruel hate; Keep my soul and let me live.
8. Shame me not; I hide in Thee; Truth and right preserve me still;
   Mark Thy people, Lord my God, Save Thou them from every ill.

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Lord, I Lift My Soul to Thee

1. Lord, I lift my soul to Thee, O my God, I trust Thy might;
2. Lord, to me Thy ways make known, Guide in truth and teach Thou me;
3. Sins of youth remember not, Nor my trespasses record,

Let not foes exult o'er me, Shame me not before their sight.
Let not mercy be forgot, For Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Yea, may none be put to shame, None who wait for Thee to bless;
Lord, remember in Thy love, All Thy mercies manifold,
Just and good the Lord abides, He His way will sinners show,

But dishonored be their name, Who without a cause transgress.
Tender mercies from above, Changeless from the days of old.
He the meek in justice guides, Making them His way to know.
All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name

Music by Oliver Holden, 1792

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; bring
Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, ye censed from the gall, hail
Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget the worm-wood and the call; ex-
Crown him, ye mar-trys of your God, who from his altar fall! We'll
O that with yon-der sacred throng we at his feet may fall! We'll

Crown him Lord of all. Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, and
crown him Lord of all. Hail him who saves you by his grace, and
crown him Lord of all. Go spread your tro-phies at his feet, and
crown him Lord of all. Ex-
tol the Stem of Jes-se's Rod, and
crown him Lord of all. We'll
join the ev-er-
last-ing song, and
crown him Lord of all. We'll

C7 F C7 F C7 Dm F C7 F C

F Am Gm F C F C F C Dm C G C F

F C F Am Gm F C F C F C C F

F C F Am Gm F C F C F C Dm C G C F

F C F Am Gm F C F C F C Dm C G C F

C7 Dm F Bb F C C7 F

C7 Dm F Bb F C C7 F

C7 Dm F Bb F C C7 F

C7 Dm F Bb F C C7 F

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Be Thou My Judge

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

English Melody

1. Be Thou my Judge, O righteous Lord, Try Thou mine inmost heart;
   To prove me now; Thy mercy I adore;

2. O search me, Lord, and in innocence And seek Thine altar, Lord,
   Prove me now; Thy mercy I adore;

3. My hands I wash in righteousness And seek Thine altar, Lord,
   In innocence And seek Thine altar, Lord;

4. The habitation of Thy house Is ever my delight;
   To prove me now; Thy mercy I adore;
   Is lovely in my sight.

5. Let not the judgement fall on me
   For evil men decreed,
   For cruel men and violent,
   Inspired by bribes and greed.

6. But I in mine integrity
   Will humbly walk with Thee:
   O my Redeemer and my Lord,
   Be merciful to me.

7. Redeemed by Thee, I stand secure
   In peace and happiness;
   And in the Church, among Thy saints,
   Jehovah I will bless

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I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day

Words by
Henry Wordsworth Longfellow

Music by
John Baptiste-Calkin

1. I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

2. I thought how as the day had come,
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn the households born,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

3. Till, ringing, swinging on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

4. Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound, the carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

5. It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn the households born,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

6. And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no place on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

7. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men."

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Blessed Assurance
www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
Phoebe Palmer Kllapp, 1839-1908

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This is my story, this is my song, Prais-ing my

Saviour all the day long. This is my story, this is my

song, Prais-ing my Saviour all the day long.
Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Oliver Wesley. 1707-1788

John Zundel, 1815-1882

Love di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling,
Joy of hea'vn to earth come dwel-ling;
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwel-ling;
Je-sus, Thou are all com-passion;
Vis- it us with Thy sal-va-tion;

Breathe, oh, breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it,
In-to ev 'ry trou-bled breast;
Let us all in Thee in-her-it;
Let us find that sec-ond rest.
Take a-way our bent to sin-nig;
Pure, un-bounded love Thou art;
End of faith, as its Be-gin-ning,
Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.

Come, Al-might-y to De-liv'er;
Let us all Thy life re-ceive.
Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er,
Nev-er more Thy tem-ples leave.
Take a-way our bent to sin-nig;
Al-pha and Om-ga be;
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee,
Lost in won- der, trem-bling heart.

Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion;
Pure and spot-less let us be.
Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion,
Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee;
Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry,
Till in hea'vn we take our place.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee,
Lost in won- der, trem-bling heart.

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Come, Thou Fount

Robert Robinson, 1735-1790

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

John Wyeth, 1770-1858

Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace.

Here I raise my Ebenezzer; Hither by Thy help I'm come.

Oh, to grace how great a debt or Daily I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.

Let that grace, now like a fetter, Bind my yielded heart to Thee.

Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above.

Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;

Let me know Thee in Thy fulness; Guide me by Thy mighty hand.

Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it, Mount of God's unchanging love.

He to rescue me from danger, interposed His precious blood.

Till, transformed in Thine own image In Thy presence I shall stand.

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Fairest Lord Jesus

From the German, 17th Century

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

From "Schlesische Volkslieder"

F F Gm C F

Fair - est Lord Jesus! Rul - er of all na - ture!
Fair are the mead - ows; Fair - er still the wood - lands,
Fair si the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light,
Beau - ti - ful Sav - iour! Lord of all the na - tions!

F F Bb F C7 F C7 F C

O Thou of God and man the Son!
Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring.
And all the twin - kling star - ry host.
The Son of God and Son of Man!

F F Bb F D7 Gm Gm D7 Gm C7 F

Thee will I Cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou,
Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who
Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines pur - er, Than
Glo - ry and hon - or, Praise, ad - o - ra - tion, Now

Fma7 Dm F7 Bb F C7 F

my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown!
makes the woe - ful heart to sing!
all the an - gel's heav'n can boast!
and for - ev - er more be Thine!
Jesus, The Very Thought Of Thee

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee
No voice can sing, no heart can frame.
O Hope of ev 'ry con - trite heart,
But what to those who find? Ah, this

With sweet - ness fills my breast;
Nor can the mem'ry find;
O Joy of all pen - cn
Nor tongue nor joy the breast;

But sweet - er far Thy face to see,
A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name.
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
The love of Je - sus, what it is

And in Thy pres - ence rest.
O Sav - iour of those man - kind!
How good to those who seek!
None but His loved ones know.

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All for Jesus

Lyrics by Mary D James
Music by Asa Hull

1. All for Jesus, all for Jesus! All my being’s ransomed powers:
   Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways;
   Worldlings prize their gems of beauty, Cling to gilted toys of dust,
   Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus, I’ve lost sight of all beside;
   Oh, what wonder! how amazing! Jesus, glorious King of kings,

Chorus

All my thoughts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours. All for Jesus! All for
Let my eyes see Jesus only, Let my lips speak forth His praise.
Boast of wealth and fame and pleasure; Only Jesus will I trust.
So enchained my spirit’s vision, Looking at the Crucified.
Deigns to call me His beloved, Lets me rest beneath His wings.

Jesus! All my days and all my hours; All for Jesus! All for

Jesus! All my days and all my hours.

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Christ, The Lord, Is Risen Today

Charles Wesley

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen today, Alleluia!
   Sons of men and angels say, Alleluia!
   Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia!
   Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply, Alleluia!

2. Lives again our glorious King, Alleluia!
   Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!
   Once He died our souls to save, Alleluia!
   Where thy victory, O grave? Alleluia!

3. Love's redeeming work is done, Alleluia!
   Fought the fight, the battle won, Alleluia!
   Lo! the Sun's eclipse is over, Alleluia!
   Lo! He sets in blood no more, Alleluia!

4. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Alleluia!
   Follow our exalted Head, Alleluia!
   Made like Him, like Him we rise, Alleluia!
   Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Alleluia!

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1. I am weak, but Thou art strong; Je - sus, keep me from all wrong;
2. Through this world of toil and snares, If I fal - ter, Lord, who cares?
3. When my fee - ble life is o'er, Time for me will be no more;

I'll be sa - tis - fied as long____ As I walk, let me walk close to Thee.
Who with me my bur - den shares?____ None but Thee, dear Lord,____ none but Thee.
Guide me gent - ly, safe - ly o'er____ To Thy kin - gdom shore,____ to Thy shore.

Just a clo - ser walk with Thee,____ 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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Living for Jesus

C. Harold Lowden

F B♭ F C F7 B♭ F

1. Living for Jesus, a life that is true,
2. Living for Jesus, Who died in my place,
3. Living for Jesus, wherever I am,
4. Living for Jesus through earth’s little while,

Am C7 Am C7 F Fm7 G G7 C

5. Striving to please Him in all that I do;
Bear ing on Calvary my sin and disgrace;
Doing each duty in His holy Name;
My dearest treasure, the light of His smile;

F B♭ F C F7 B♭ Gm A

6. Yielding allegiance, glad hearted and free,
Such love constrains me to answer His call,
Will ing to suffer affliction and loss,
Seek ing the lost ones He died to redeem,

Gm E(b2) B♭7 F B♭6 F Am C7 F

7. This is the pathway of blessing for me. O
Follow His leading and give Him my all.
Deeming each trial a part of my cross.
Bring ing the weary to find rest in Him.

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Jesus, Lord and Savior, I give myself to Thee, For

Thou, in Thy atonement, didst give Thyself for me. I

own no other Master, my heart shall be Thy throne. My

life I give, henceforth to live, O Christ, for Thee alone.
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

Nahum Tate

George F. Handel

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground.

2. Fear not! said he, for mightily dreadful Had seized their troubled mind.

3. To you, in David's town, this day Is born of David's line.

4. The heavenly Babe you there shall find To human view disguise.

5. All glory be to God on high, And to the Earth be peace.

The angel of the Lord came down, And ground.

Glad tidings of great joy I bring To mind.

A Savior, who is Christ the Lord, And line.

All meanly wrapped in swathing bands, And played.

Good will henceforth from heaven to men Be peace.

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 manager laid, And in a manager laid.

Begin and never cease, Begin and never cease!

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Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee

1. Joyful, joyful we adore thee, God of glory, Lord of love!

2. Thou art giving and forgiving, Ever blessing, ever blest,

3. Mortals, join the happy chorus, Which the morning stars began;

4. Hearts unfold like flow'rs before thee, Opening to the sun above,

5. Stars and angels sing around thee, Center of unbroken praise.

6. Father love is reigning o'er us, Brother love binds man to man.

7. Melt the clouds of sin and sadness, Drive the dark of doubt away;

8. Field and forest, vale and mountain, Flowery meadow, flashing sea.

9. Thou our Father, Christ our Brother, All who live in love are thine;

10. Ever winging, march we onward, Victors in the midst of strife.

11. Giver of immortal gladness, Fill us with the light of day.

12. Chanting bird and flowing fountain, Call us to rejoice in thee.

13. Teach us how to love each other, Lift us to the joy divine.

Joyful music leads us sunward in the triumph song of life.
Jesus, Lover Of My Soul

Charles Wesley  www.sheetmusicdigital.com  Simeon B. Marsh

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How Great Thou Art

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The Old Rugged Cross

George Bennard

1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross, The emblem of suffering and shame; And I love that old cross where the dearest and best For a world of lost sinners was slain. So I'll

2. O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous attraction for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above, To bear it to dark Calvary. For a world of lost sinners was slain. So I'll

3. In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, A shame and reproach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far away, Where His glory forever I'll share.

4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true; Its emblems of suffering and shame; And I love that old cross where the dearest and best For a world of lost sinners was slain. So I'll
The Old Rugged Cross

cher - ish the old rug - ged
cross, Till my

tro - phies at last I lay
down; I will cling to the old rug - ged

cross, And ex - change it some day for a
crown.
Take Time To Be Holy

William D. Longstaff

1. Take time to be holy, speak oft with thy Lord;
2. Take time to be holy, the world rushes on;
3. Take time to be holy, let Him be thy Guide;
4. Take time to be holy, be calm in thy soul,

A - bide in Him al - ways, and feed on His Word.
Spend much time in se - cret, with Je - sus a - lone.
And run not be - fore Him, what - ever be - tide.
Each thought and each mo - tive be - neath His con - trol.

Make friends of God’s child - ren, 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 the Lord,
Thus led by His Spi - rit to foun - tains of love,

For - get - ting in noth - ing His bles - sing 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.
Leaning On The Everlasting Arms

Elisha A. Hoffman

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

Anthony J. Sholwalter

1. What a fellow-ship, what a joy di- vine, Lean- ing on the ev- er-last- ing arms;

2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean- ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms;

3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean- ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms;

What a bles-sed-ness, what a peace is mine, Lean- ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

O how bright the path grows from day to day, Lean- ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

I have bles-sed peace with my Lord so near, Lean- ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

Lean- ing, lean- ing, safe and se- cure from all a- larms;

Lean- ing, lean- ing, Lean- ing on the ev-ver-last-ing arms.

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All Glory, Laud, and Honor
Melchior Teschner

1. All glory, laud and honor, To Thee, Redeemer, King,
   All the angels Are praising Thee on High,
   Their hymns of praise;

2. The company of angels Are passion, They
   Sang their sweet hosannas ringing.
   And made re- stores;
   Mortal men and all things Created, Our melody we raise.

3. To Thee, before Thy passion, They
   Sang their sweet hosannas ringing.
   And made re- stores;
   Mortal men and all things Created, Our melody we raise.

To Whom the lips of children Made sweet hosannas ringing.
And mortal men and all things Created, Our melody we raise.

Gm C C7 F C7 Dm Gm F Bb13 C F
Thou art the King of Israel, Thou da-vi-d's royal Son, went;
The people of the Hebrews With palms before Thee bring,
Thou didst accept their praises; Accept the prayers we bring,

F Bb Eb Bb F F7 Bb Eb Bb Fsus4 F Bb
Who in the Lord's Name com- est, The King and Blessed One.
Our prayer and praise and anthems Be fore Thee we pre sent.
Who in all good light est, Thou good and gracious King.
Blessed Redeemer

Avis B. Christiansen

Harry Dixon Loes

1. Up Calvary's morn, one dreadful morn, Walked Christ my Saviour, weary and worn;
   Facing for sinners death on the cross, That He might save them from endless loss.
   Blessed Redeemer! Precious Redeemer! Seems I now see Him on Calvary's tree;

2. 'Fa ther for give them!' thus did He pray, E'en while His life-blood flowed fast away;
   Praying for sinners while in such woe, No one but Jesus ever loved so.
   Wounded and bleeding, for sinners pleading, Blind and unheeding dying for me.

3. O how I love Him, Savior and Friend, How can my praises ever find end!
   Through years unnumbered on heaven's shore, My tongue shall praise Him forevermore.

My heart was troubled, with sorrow and fear, And the dews of love fell like drops of the near;

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Christ Arose

1. Low in the grave He lay Jesus, my Savior!
2. Vainly they watch His bed Jesus, my Savior!
3. Death cannot keep his prey Jesus, my Savior!

4. Waiting the coming day Jesus my Lord!
5. Vainly they seal the dead Jesus my Lord!
6. He tore the bars away Jesus my Lord!

7. Up from the grave He arose, With a mighty triumph o'er His
8. He arose!
foes. He arose a Victor from the dark domain, And He

lives forever with His saints to reign, He arose! He arose!

rose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!

He arose!
Crown Him With Many Crowns

George J. Elvey

1. Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb upon His throne.
2. Crown Him the Lord of love, behold His hands and side,
3. Crown Him the Lord of life, who triumphed over the grave,
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heaven, enthroned in worlds above,

5. Hark! How the heavenly anthem dawns all music but its own.
Those wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.
And rose victorious in the strife for those He came to save.
Crown Him the King to Whom is given the wondrous name of Love.

10. Awake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for thee,
And no angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But His glories now we sing, Who died, and rose on high,
Crown Him with many crowns, as thrones before Him fall;

15. Hail Him as thy matchless King through all eternity.
Downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright.
Died eternal life to bring, and lives that death may die.
Him, ye kings, with many crowns, for He is King of all.
I Will Sing Of My Redeemer

Philip P. Bliss

James McGranahan

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1. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His wondrous love to me;
   won - drous love_ to me;_____ On_ the cruel cross_ He suffered,
   mer - cy, From_ the curse____ to set____ me free.___

2. I will tell the wondrous story, How my estate to save,_____ In_ His bound - less love_ and mercy, He_ the ran - som free _ ly gave.___
   lost_ es - tate_ to save,_____ In_ His bound - less love_ and mercy, He_ the ran - som free _ ly gave.___

3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His triumph saved me,_____ How_ the vic - to - ry_ He gave.____
   From_ the curse____ to set____ me free.___
   O - ver sin,_____ and death_ and hell.____

4. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His wondrous love to me;
   My dear Redeemer, His triumph saved me,_____ How_ the vic - to - ry_ He gave.____
   And_ His wondrous love to me;
   My dear Redeemer, His triumph saved me,_____ How_ the vic - to - ry_ He gave.____

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Sing, oh sing, of my Redeemer, With His blood, He purchased me, On the cross, He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt, and made me free.
O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

1. O Master, let me walk with Thee,
   Help me the slow of heart to move
2. Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
   In hope that sends a shining ray
3. In lowly paths of service free;
   By some clear, winning word of love;
4. Far down the future's broadening way,
   In closer, clearer, company,

Tell me Thy secret; help me bear The
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In
In peace that only Thou canst give, With

strain of toil, the fret of care.
guide them in the home-ward way.
trust that tri umphs over wrong.
Thee, O Master, let me live.
When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder

James M. Black

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,

When the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
And the glory of His resurrection share;
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;

When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,

And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

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When the roll, _____ is called up yonder, When the roll, _____ is called up yonder, When the roll, _____ is called up yonder, When the roll, _____ is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder I’ll be there.
A Charge To Keep I Have

Charles Wesley

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Lowell Mason

---

1. A charge to keep I have,
   A

2. To serve the present age,
   My

3. Arm me with jealous care,
   As

4. Help me to watch and pray,
   And

---

D7 Am D G C

God to glorify,
A

calling to fulfill:
O may it all my

in Thy sight to live;
And O Thy servant,

on Thy self rely,
Assured, if I my

---

F G7 C G C F Gsus G7 C

soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

powers engage To do my Master's will!

Lord, prepare A strict account to give!

trust betray, I shall forever die.

---

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The Way of the Cross Leads Home

Jessie Brown Pounds

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The Way of the Cross Leads Home

Charles H. Gabriel

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross,
   There’s no other way but this; I shall
   ne’er get sight of the gates of light,
   If the way of the cross I miss.

2. I must needs go on in the blood sprinkled way,
   The path that the Savior trod,
   if I ever climb to the heights sublime,
   Where the soul is at home with God.

3. Then I bid farewell to the way of the world,
   To walk in it never more;
   For the way of the cross leads home,
   The way of the cross leads home. It is

   It is sweet to know as I onward go,
   The way of the cross leads home.
Must Jesus Bear The Cross Alone?

Thomas Shepherd

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Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for everyone,
And mingled love, and min - ing -
step to wear, for there's a crown
That comes down, and bears my soul -

How happy are the saints above?
But now they taste un -
faith set me free; And then go home my -
res - sur - rec - tion day!
When Christ the Lord from
cross I'll bear when
pave - ment down At
taste me. -

The con - se - crat - ed cross
Joy - ful I'll cast my
re - sor - ci - tion day!
When Christ the Lord from
cross I'll bear when
pave - ment down At
taste me. -

Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment
Till the cross is paved -
up - on the crys - tal pave - ment
Till the cross is paved -

O precious cross!
O glo - rious crown!
O precious cross!
O glo - rious crown!
O precious cross!
O glo - rious crown!
O precious cross!
O glo - rious crown!
O precious cross!
O glo - rious crown!
O precious cross!
O glo - rious crown!
O precious cross!
O glo - rious crown!
O precious cross!
O glo - rious crown!
There Is A Fountain

William Cowper

There is a fountain filled with blood drawn
from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged be-
neath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

There dy - ing thief rejoiced to see that
fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dy - ng Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood shall
flow - ing wounds supply,
Church of God be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy
Thy power to save,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweet - er song, I'll
Lies silent in the grave.
And this poor lisp - ing,

When redeeming love has

When this poor lisp - ing,

And sinners plunged be -
There Is A Fountain

all their guilt-y stains, lose all their guilt-y stains;
all my sins away, washed all my sins away;
saved, to sin no more, be saved, to sin no more;
shall be till I die, and shall be till I die;
silent in the grave, lies silent in the grave;

And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose;
way; And there have I, though vile as he, washed;
more; Till all the ransomed church of God be;
die; Redeeming love has been my theme, and;
grave; When this poor lipping, stammering tongue lies;

all their guilt-y stains.
all my sins a-way.
saved, to sin no more.
shall be till I die.
silent in the grave.
Near the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain
   Free to all, a healing stream Flows from Calvary's mountain.
   In the cross, in the cross, Be my glory ever.
   Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me;
   There the bright and morning star Sheds its beams around me.
   Help me walk from day to day, With its shadows o'er me.
   Till I reach the golden strand, Just beyond the river.

3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me;
   Help me walk from day to day, With its shadows o'er me.
   Till I reach the golden strand, Just beyond the river.
   Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait Hoping, trusting ever,
   Hoping, trusting ever,
   Hoping, trusting ever,
   Hoping, trusting ever.
Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

Jennette Threfall

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Gesamtbuch, Wurtemberg

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1. "Hosanna, loud Hosanna," The little children sang; Through
   the pillared court and temple The lovely anthem rang. To
   Christ is our Redeemer, The Lord of heav'n, our King. O

2. From Olivet they followed 'Mid an exultant crowd, The
   victorious palm branch waving, And chanting clear and loud. The
   Christ is our Redeemer, The Lord of heav'n, our King. O

3. "Hosanna in the highest!" That ancient song we sing, For
   Je - sus, Who had blessed them Closefolded to His breast, The
   Lord of men and angels Rode on in lowly state, Nor
   may we ever praise Him With heart and life and voice, And

   scorned that little children Should on His bidding wait.
   in His blissful presence Eternally rejoice!
1. Thankful for the morning light, Shining over earth and sea; Thankful for the
2. Thankful for the power to hear; Thankful for the power to speak; Lord, to Thee I
3. Thanks I give for strength and health, Making all my pulses leap; Greater boon than
4. Greatest boon is heart of love; May at length this heart be mine; Lord, Thou send-est

gift of sight O Father, Lord, to Thee. To Thee with all the heart I pray, Now
bend my ear, Thy holy face I seek, To Thee my earliest thoughts are giv’n, Like
boundless wealth Is waking out of sleep. Content and glad for each new day, O
from above Thy love and truth divine. And they shall purge the willing soul Of

at the dawning of the day; I know Thou hast me in Thy care, And Thou wilt hear my prayer.
in-cense, may they rise to heav’n; And from Thee hence a blessing bear, In answer to my prayer.
father, Lord, to Thee I pray; I pray to Heav’n for Thou art there; And Thou art e-very-where.
earthly ills, and make it whole; For Thou didst come those ills to bear, And canst not spurn my prayer.
Star of the East

Oh Bethlehem's star,

Guiding us on to Heaven afar!

Sorrow and grief are lull'd by thy light, Thou

hope of each mortal, in death's lonely night

Fearless and tranquil, we look up to thee!
Star Of The East

Knowing thou beam'st thro' eternity!

Help us to follow where thou still dost guide,

Pilgrims of Earth so wide.

Star of the East, Thou hope of the soul.

While 'round us here the dark billows roll,
Star Of The East

lead us from sin to glory afar, Thou

star of the East thou sweet Beth-l'hem's star. Oh

Star that leads to God above! Whose

rays are peace and joy and love! Watch

o'er us still till life hath ceased, beam
3. Star of the East, oh Bethlehem's star,
What tho' the storms of riot gather loud
Faithful and pure thy rays beam to save
And bright o'er the grave

4. Smile of a Saviour are mirror'd in Thee
Glimpses of Heav'n in thy light we see
Guide us still onward to that blessed shore
After earth toil is o'er

5. Star of the East, thou hope of the soul
Oh star that leads to God above
Whose rays are peace and joy and love
Watch o'er us still till life hath ceased
Beam on, bright star, sweet Bethlehem star
Just As I Am

Charlotte Elliot
William B. Bradbury

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,

3. Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict,

4. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, bear rier down; Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,

5. Thy love unknown Hath broken every

6. And that Thou bids't me come to Thee,

7. many a doubt, Fightings and fears within, without,

8. Thy promise I believe,

9. Lamb of God, I come! I come! I come!


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Were You There?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
Were you there when He rose up from the dead?

Oh!
Oh!
Oh!
Oh!

Some times it causes me to
Some times it causes me to
Some times it causes me to
Some times I feel like shouting

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Were You There?

13 Fm  A\textsuperscript{b}  E\textsuperscript{b}

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Pass Me Not

Fanny J. Crosby

Pass me not, O gentle Savior, Hear my humble cry;
Let me at Thy throne of mercy Find a sweet relief,
Trust ing on ly in Thy merit, Would I seek Thy face;
Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me,

While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
Kneeling there in deep contrition; Help my unbelief.
Heal my wounded, broken spirit, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav’n but Thee?

Savior, Savior, Hear my humble cry;

While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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1. Some day the sil-VER cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall. I can-not tell how soon 'twill be;
3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro-sy tint-ed west,
4. Some day till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burn-ing bright,

But oh, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know-my All in All Has now a place in heav’n for me.
My bless-ed Lord will say, “Well done!” And I shall en-ter in-to rest.
That when my Sav-ior opens 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.
How Firm a Foundation

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
Even down to old age all My people shall prove
The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose

Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;

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How Firm a Foundation

What more can He say than to you,
I'll strength en and help thee, and cause thee to stand
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only de sign
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
That soul dm tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,

You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
Up held by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
I'll never, no never, no never for sake.

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O God, Our Help in Ages Past

Isaac Watts

O God, our help in ages past,
Our Helper, Thou art the same,
And our defender, Thou art our defence.

1. O God, our help in ages past,
   Our helper, Thou art the same,
   And our defender, Thou art our defence.

2. Under the shadow of Thy throne
   Our helper, Thou art the same,
   And our defender, Thou art our defence.

3. Before the hills in order stood,
   Our helper, Thou art the same,
   And our defender, Thou art our defence.

4. O God, our help in ages past,
   Our helper, Thou art the same,
   And our defender, Thou art our defence.
Lead Me To Calvary

Jennie E. Hussey

1. King of my life, I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glory be;
2. Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Tenderly mourned and wept;
3. Let me like Mary, through the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee;
4. May I be willing, Lord, to bear Daily my cross for Thee;

Lest I forget Thy thorn crowned brow, Lead me to Calvary.
Angels in robes of light arrayed Guarded Thee whilst Thou slept.
Show to me now the empty tomb, Lead me to Calvary.
Even Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.

Lest I forget Gethsemane, Lest I forget Thine agony;

Lest I forget Thy love for me, Lead me to Calvary.
When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts

1. When I survey the wondrous cross
   Whose blood can make me white from head to foot,
   Whose power can reach to my心里's core;
   I will not die as though I had never fought.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
   In things of which I am not worthy.
   O take me as I am, poor and earthly;
   Have mercy on me, wretched sinner!

3. See from His head, His hands, His feet,
   His precious side, His stripes, with which He won
   My soul from death, to life eternal;
   ‘Tis mercy great, that such a sinner saved!

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
   That were a present far too small;
   Send thanksgiving from land to land,
   Pray, grant me grace to say this word.

5. On which the Prince of glory died,
   Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast.
   Save in the death of Christ my God!
   Myest, that I should triumph over God!

6. Sorrows and love flow mingled down!
   My soul is full of sorrow and love;
   Save in the death of Christ my God!
   Myest, that I should triumph over God!

7. That were a present far too small;
   Send thanksgiving from land to land,
   Pray, grant me grace to say this word.
   ‘Tis mercy great, that such a sinner saved!

8. My richest gain I count but loss,
   All the vain things that charm me most,
   Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
   Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,

9. Love so amazing, so divine,
   My soul from death to life eternal;
   ‘Tis mercy great, that such a sinner saved!
   ‘Tis mercy great, that such a sinner saved!

10. And pour contempt on all my pride.
    I sacrifice them to His blood.
    Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
    Demands my soul, my life, my all!
Trust and Obey

John H. Sammis

1. When we walk with the Lord in the light of His Word, What a glory He drives it away! While we do His good will, He abides with us still,

2. Not a shadow can rise, not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly drives it away; Not a doubt or a fear, not a sigh or a tear,

3. Not a burden we bear, not a sorrow we share, But our toil He doth richly repay; Not a grief or a loss, not a frown or a cross,

4. But we never can prove the delights of His love Until all on the altar we lay; For the favor He shows, for the joy He bestows,

5. Then in fellowship sweet we will sit at His feet. Or we'll walk by His sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He abides with us still,

Trust and obey, for there's no other way To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

Daniel B. Towner

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Close to Thee

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915
Silas J. Vail, 1818-1884

1. Thou my everlasting portion, more than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me through the vale of shadows, bear me o'er life's fitful sea;

All along my pilgrim journey, Savior, let me walk with Thee.
Gladly will I toil and suffer, only let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life eternal may I enter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN
Close to Thee, close to Thee, close to Thee, close to Thee,
Jesus Will Walk With Me

Haldor Lillenas

1. Jesus will walk with me down thro' the valley; Jesus will walk with me
2. Jesus will walk with me when I am tempted, Giv - ing me strength as my
3. Jesus will walk with me, guard-ing me ev - er, Giv - ing me vic - t'ry thro'
4. Jesus will walk with me in life's fair morn - ing, And when the shad - ows of

If He goes with me I shall not com - plain.
I am up - held by His al - might - y hand.
O - ver the un - e - ven journ - ey of life.
Jesus will walk with me all the way home.

When in the shad - ow or when in the sun - shine,
need may de - mand. When in af - flic - tion His pres - ence is near me;
storm and thro' strife. He is my Com - fort - er, Coun - sel - or, Lead - er,
evening must come. Liv - ing or dy - ing. He will not for - sake me.

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Jesus Will Walk With Me

REFRAIN

Jesus will walk with me. He will talk with me; He will
Jesus, my Saviour, will
walk with me. In joy or in sorrow, to-

day and tomorrow, I know He will walk with me, will walk with me.
The First Noel

English Carol, 17th Century

Traditional Melody

The first Noel the angel did say Was to certain poor

They looked up and saw a star Shining in

D G C♯o D A7 D F♯m D Bm Asus4 A Em

Shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay

D F♯m G D G D Dmaj7 Em D G C♯o D A7 D F♯m

Keep ing thier sheep, On a cold winter’s night that was so deep. No -
gave great light, And so it con tin ued both day and night. No -
The First Noel

And by the light of that same star
Three Wise Men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

Refrain

Born is the King of Israel.

Between an ox stall and an ass,
This Child truly there He was;
For want of clothing they did Him lay
All in a manger, among the hay.

Refrain

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord;
That hath made heaven and earth of naught,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

Refrain

If we in our time shall do well,
We shall be free from death and hell;
For God hath prepared for us all
A resting place in general.

Refrain

Then entered in those Wise Men three,
Full reverently upon the knee,
And offered there, in His presence,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.
1. God rest ye merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay, Re-
    member Christ our Savour was born on Christmas Day; To
    layed with-in a man-ger up-on this blessed morn; The
    lay member

2. In Beth-le-hem, in Is-ra-el, this blessed Babe was born, And
    laid with-in a man-ger up-on this blessed morn; The
    un-to cer-tain shep-herds brought tid-ings of the same; How
    laid in a

3. From God our heaven-ly Fa-ther a blessed an-gel came; And
    un-to cer-tain shep-herds brought tid-ings of the same; How
    from

4. “Fear not, then,” said the an-gel, “Let nothing you a-fright This
    day is born a Sav-ior of a pure Vir-gin bright, To
    save us all from Sa-

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The shepherds at those tidings rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding in tempest, storm and wind,
And went to Bethl’em straightaway this blessèd Babe to find.

Refrain

But when to Bethlehem they came where our dear Savior lay,
They found Him in a manger where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling unto the Lord did pray.

Refrain

Now to the Lord sing praises all you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas all others doth deface.

Refrain

God bless the ruler of this house, and send him long to reign,
And many a merry Christmas may live to see again;
Among your friends and kindred that live both far and near—

That God send you a happy new year, happy new year,
And God send you a happy new year.
My Jesus, I Love Thee

William R. Featherstone

1. My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For
   Thy all the follies of sin I resign. My
   gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou; If
   ev'er I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

2. I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me, And
   pur chased my pardon on Calvary's tree. I
   love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow; If
   ev'er I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And
   praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath; And
   say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow, If
   ev'er I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

4. In mansions of glory and endless delight, I'll
   adore Thee in heav'n so bright; I'll
   sing with the glittering crown on my brow; If
   ev'er I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

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Glory Be To God The Father

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1. Glory be to God the Father, Glory be to God the Son, Glory be to

2. Glory be to Him Who loved us, Washed us from each spot and stain! Glory be to

3. Glory to the King of angels, Glory to the church’s King, Glory to the

4. “Glory, blessing, praise eternal!” Thus the choir of angels sings; “Honour, riches,

God the Spirit, Great Jehovah, Three in One! Glory, glory,
Him Who bought us, Made us kings with Him to reign! Glory, glory,
King of nations! Heaven and earth, your praises bring; Glory, glory,
power dominion!” Thus its praise creation brings; Glory, glory,

glory, glory, While eternal ages run!
glory, glory, To the Lamb that once was slain!
glory, glory, To the King of glory bring!
glory, glory, Glory to the King of kings!

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Away In A Manger

William J. Kirkpatrick

F Gm/Bb Dm

1. Away in a manger, no crib for a bed, The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.

2. The cattle are lowing, the Baa by a wakes, But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes; I

3. Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me forever, and love me, I pray; Bless

Bb C F9 F

little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head. The
little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes; I
by me forever, and love me, I pray; Bless

Bb13 G7 Bb C

stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay, The
love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky And
all the dear children in Thy tender care, And

Gm7 C7 Gm

love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky And

Gm7 C7 F

lit little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.

stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

fit us for heaven to live with Thee there.

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In The Sweet By-And-By

Sanford F. Bennett
Joseph P. Webster

There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it afar; For the
We shall sing on that beautiful shore The melodies of songs of the blessed; And our
To our bountiful Father above, We will offer our tribute of praise For the

Father waits over the way To prepare us a dwelling place there. In the
spirits shall sorrow no more, Not a sigh for the blessings of rest. In the
glorious gift of His love And the blessings that hollow our days.

We shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the
We shall meet on that beautiful shore. In the

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Take My Life And Let It Be

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Take my life, and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my hands, and let them move at the impulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing always, only for my King.
Take my silver and my gold; not a mite would I withhold.
Take my will, and make it Thine; it shall be no longer mine.
Take my love, my Lord, I pour at Thy feet its treasure store.

Take my moments and my days; let them flow in
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful
Take my lips, and let them be filled with message
Take my intellect, and use every power as
Take my heart, it is Thine own; it shall be Thy
Take myself, and I will be ever, only,

ceaseless praise. Let them flow in ceaseless praise
ful for Thee. Swift and beautiful for Thee.
es from Thee. Filled with message from Thee.
Thou shalt choose. Every power as Thou shalt choose.
royal throne. It shall be Thy royal throne.
all for Thee. Ever on ly all for Thee.

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O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hands

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand
Thou heard, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
And here Thy Name, O God of love,

Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
Their children's children still adore,

And when they trod the wintry strand,
Shall onward, through all ages bear
And, where their pilgrim feet have trod,
Till these eternal hills remove,

With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.
The memory of that holy hour.
The God they trusted guards their graves.
And spring adorns the earth no more.
My Savior's Love

Charles Gabriel

I stand amazed in the presence Of Jesus the Nazarene, And
For me it was in the garden He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine." He
In pity angels beheld Him, And came from the world of light To
He took my sins and my sorrows, He made them His very own; He
When with the ransomed in glory His face I at last shall see, 'Twill

wonder how He could love me, A sinner, condemned, unclean.
Had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.
Comfort Him in the sorrows He bore for my soul that night.
Bore the burden to Calvary, And suffered and died alone.
Be my joy through the ages To sing of His love for me.

How marvelous, How wonderful! And my song shall ever be:
O, how marvelous! O, how wonderful!

How marvelous, How wonderful! Is my Savior's love for me!
When my life work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide,
When the Oh, the soul thrilling rapture when I view His blessed face,
Through the gates to the city in a robe of spotless white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see;
lus - ter of His kindly beam ing eye;
parting at the river I recall;
lead me where no tears will ever fall;

know my Redeemer when I reach the other side,
full heart will praise Him for the mercy, love and grace,
sweet vales of Eden they will sing my welcome home;
glad song of ages I shall mingle with delight;

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My Savior First Of All

smile will be the first to welcome me. I shall know________ Him, I shall

pare for me a mansion in the sky.

long to meet my Savior first of all.

long to meet my Savior first of all.

know Him, And redeemed by His side____ I shall stand, I shall

know_______ Him, I shall know Him, By the print of the nails in His hand.
O That Will Be Glory

When all my labors and trials are o'er,
When, by the gift of His infinite grace,
Friends will be there I have loved long ago;

And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
I am accorded in Heaven a place,
Joy like a river around me will flow;

Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
Just to be there and to look on His face,
Yet just a smile from my Savior, I know;

Will through the ages be glory for me.
Will through the ages be glory for me.
Will through the ages be glory for me.
REFRAIN  faster

O that will be glory for me,
O that will be glory for me,

Glory for me, glory for me,
Glory for me, glory for me,

When by His grace I shall look on His face,

That will be glory, be glory for me.
Some day the sil- ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing; But oh, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal- ace of the King! And I shall 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 opens the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

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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Jesus, I Come

William T. Sleeper

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

George C. Stebbins

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Out of my bondage, sorrow, and night, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Out of my shameful failure and loss, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Out of unrest and arrogant pride, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;

Into Thy freedom, gladness, and light, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Into the glorious gain of Thy light, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Into Thy blessed will to abide, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Into the joy and light of Thy throne, Jesus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sickness, into Thy health, Out of my want and into Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair into raptures above,
Out of the depths of ruin untold, Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and into thyself, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Out of distress to jubilant psalm, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Upward for aye on wings like a dove, Jesus, I come to Thee;
Ever Thy glorious face to behold, Jesus, I come to Thee.

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My Faith Looks Up To Thee

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My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary,
May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart,
While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread,
When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream

Savior divine! Now hear me while I pray, take all my guilt away,
my zeal inspire! As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee,
be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to day, wipe sorrow's tears away,
over me roll; Bless Savior, then in love, fear and distrust remove;

O let me from this day be wholly Thine!
Pure warm, and changeless be, a living fire!
Nor let me ever stray from Thee a side!
O bear me safe above, a ransomed soul!
His Way with Thee

Cyrus S. Nusbaum

Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good?
Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call?
Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest?

Would you walk with Him within the narrow road?
Would you know the peace that comes by giving all?
Would you prove Him true in providential test?

Would you have Him bear your burden, carry all your load?
Would you have Him save you, so that you can never fall?
Would you in His service labor always at your best?
Let Him have His way with thee. His power can make you what you ought to be; His

Let Him have His way with thee. His power can make you what you ought to be; His

Let Him have His way with thee. His power can make you what you ought to be; His

His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and

you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.
Only Trust Him

G

Come, even 'ry soul by sin oppressed; There's
For Jesus shed His precious blood Rich
Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way, That
Come, then, and join this holy band, And
O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear, I'm

D7

mercy with the Lord, And
blessings to be stow; Plunge
leads you into rest; Be
on to glory go To
coming now to Thee; Since

G

He will surely give you rest By
now into the crimson flood That
lieve in Him without delay And
dwell in that celestial land Where
Thou hast made the way so clear And

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Only Trust Him

1. Trusting in His Word.
2. Washed white as snow.
3. You are fully blessed.
5. Full salvation free.

REFRAIN

9. Only trust Him, only trust Him, Only trust Him now;

13. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
The Comforter Has Come

Frank Bottome

O spread the tidings 'round, where every man is found, Wher-
The long, long night is past, the morning breaks at last, And
Lo, the great King of kings, with healing in His wings, To
O boundless love divine! How shall this tongue of mine To

ev 'ry human hearts and human woes abound; Let
hushed the dreadful wail and fury of the blast, As
ev 'ry captive soul a full deliverance brings; And
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine

that ev 'ry Christian tongue proclaim the joyful sound: The
o'er the golden hills the day advances fast! The
through the vacant cells the song of triumph rings; The
I, a child of hell, should in His image shine! The

Com for ter has come!
Com for ter has come!
Com for ter has come!
Com for ter has come!
The Comforter Has Come

---

Refrain

The Comforter has come, the Comforter has come! The Holy Ghost from Heav’n, the Father’s promise given; O spread the tidings ’round, wherever man is found — The Comforter has come!

---

20

Bb

Gm C7 F F7

---

24

Bb7 E♭

---

28

Bb

F7 Bb

---

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Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty

Reginald Heber

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D Bm A D G Em D

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!

A D A Bm E7 A D A E7 A7

Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast-ing down their gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea;
Though the eye of sin-ful man Thy glor-y may not see;
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

D Bm A D G Em6 D

Holy, holy, holy, mer-ci-ful and might-y!
Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim fall-ing down be-fore Thee,
On-ly Thou art holy; there is none be-side Thee,
Holy, holy, holy; mer-ci-ful and might-y!

Bm D D7 G D Dma7 G Em A7 D

God in three Per-sons, bless-ed Tri-ni-ty!
Who was, and is, and ev-er-more shall be.
Per-fect in power, in love, and pur-i-ty.
God in three Per-sons, bless-ed Tri-ni-ty!
Nothing But The Blood

Robert Lowry

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F     C     F     C7     F
What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
For my pardon, this I see, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
Nothing can for sin a-tone, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
This is all my hope and peace, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

F     C     F     C7     F
What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.  
For my cleansing this my plea, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.  
Naught of good that I have done, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.  
This is all my righteousness, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

F     C     F     C7     Dm     C     F
Oh! precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;  

C     F
No other fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
God Will Take Care of You

Be not dismayed what’er betide, God will take care of you; all the way;
Through days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
All you may need He will provide, God will take care of you;
No matter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be beneath His wings of love abide, God will take care of you.
When dangers fierce your path as sail, God will take care of you.
Nothing you ask will be denied, God will take care of you.
Lean, weary one, upon His breast, God will take care of you.

God will take care of you, Through every day, over all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.
The Love Of God

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Frederick M. Lehman

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The love of God is great far
When years of time shall pass away,
Could we with ink the ocean fill,

yond the highest star,
here refuse to pray,
stalk on earth a quill,

pair, bowed down with care,
sure, shall still endure,
love of God above,

The Love Of God

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The Love Of God

child He reconciled, And pardoned from his sin. O love of grace to Adam's race - The saints' and angels' song.

scroll contain the whole, Though stretched from sky to sky.

God, how rich and pure! How measureless and strong! It shall forevermore endure The saints and angels' song!
Battle Hymn Of The Republic

Lyricist: Julia W. Howe

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Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is
I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps They have
He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is
In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea, With a

Bb

trambling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
built an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can
deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal”; Let the
sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat; Oh, be
glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me: As He

E♭

loosed the faithful lighting of His terrible swift sword; His
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps; His
He, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel, Since
swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet; Our
died to make men holy, let us live to make men free; While

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Battle Hymn Of The Republic

7

\[\text{Eb} Cm \text{ Bb} F7 \text{ Bb}\]

truth is marching on.
day is marching on.
God is marching on.
God is marching on.
God is marching on.

9

\[\text{Bb}\]

Glor - ry! Glor - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

11

\[\text{Eb} \text{ Bb}\]

Glor - ry! Glor - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

13

\[\text{Eb} \text{ Cm} \text{ Bb} F7 \text{ Bb}\]

Glor - ry! Glor - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.
The Lord Bless You and Keep You

The Lord bless you and keep you, The

The Lord lift His countenance upon you, and give you peace,

And give you peace, and give you peace; The Lord

and give you peace; The Lord

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The Lord Bless You and Keep You

C
make_ His face to shine upon you, and be

E7

Am

make_ His face to shine upon you,

F
gracious unto you, be gracious.

Dm

C7

F

And be gracious, and be gracious,

C7

F11

A7

Dm

C

G

G7

C

The Lord be gracious, gracious unto you.
Be Thou My Vision

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Irish Folk Melody

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All Creatures Of Our God and King

St. Francis of Assisi

Geistliche Kirchengesange Cologne

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All creatures of our God and King
Thou rushing wind that art so strong
Let all things their Creator bless,

Lift up your voice and with us sing,
Clouds that sail in Heaven along,
Worship Him in humbleness,

Alleluia! Alleluia! Thou burning sun with praise Him! Alleluia! Thou rising moon, in praise Him! Alleluia! Praise, praise the Father,
gold - en beam,  Thou  sil - ver moon with soft - er
praise  re - joice,  Ye  lights of even - ing find a
praise the Son,  And  praise the Spir - it,  Three in

10  E♭  B♭  E♭  B♭  A♭  Cm7  A♭  B♭7  E♭  Fm7  Gm  A♭  B♭  Cm  B♭
gleam!  O____ praise Him!  O____ praise Him!  Al - le -
voice!  One!

13  E♭  F  B♭  E♭  Gm  E♭  Fm  B♭7  C7  Fm  E♭  A♭  B♭  Eb
lu - ia!  Al - le - lu - ia!  Al - le - lu - ia!
The God of Abraham Praise

The God of A-br'ham praise, Who reigns enthroned above; The
He by Him-self has sworn, I on His oath depend, We
The God Who reigns on high The great archangels sing, And
The whole triumphant host Give thanks to God on high; “Hail,

Ancient of eternal days, And God of Love; Jesus
shall, on eagles' wings upborne, To Heav'n ascend. We
“Holy, holy, holy!” cry, “Almighty King! Who
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,” They ever cry. Hail,

ho-vah, great I AM! By earth and heav'n confessed; We
shall behold His face; I shall His pow'r adore, And
was, and is, the same, And ever more shall be: E-
A-br'ham's God and mine! With heav'n our songs we raise: All

bow and bless the sacred name forever blessed.
sing the wonders of His grace for ever more.
ter-nal Father great I AM, we worship Thee!”
might and majesty are Thine, and endless praise.

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Now thank we all our God, with heart and hands and voices,
O may this bounteous God through all our life be near us,
All praise and thanks to God the Father now be given;

Who wondrous things has done, in Whom this world rejoices;
With ever joyful hearts and blessed peace to cheer us;
The Son and Him Who reigns with Them in highest Heaven;

Who from our mothers' arms has blessed us on our way
And keep us in His grace, and guide us when perplexed;
The one eternal God, Whom earth and Heav'n adore;

With countless gifts of love, and still is ours today.
And free us from all ills, in this world and the next!
For thus it was, is now, and shall be evermore.
Sing Praise to God Who Reigns Above

Johann J. Schültz

Bohemian Brethren’s Kirchengesänge

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Praise Ye the Lord, The Almighty

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!
Praise to the Lord, Who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in me adore Him!
Praise to the Lord, Who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;

O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustainth! All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him. Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee.

All ye who hear, now to His temple draw near; Hast thou not seen how all Thy longings have been Let the Amen sound from His people again, Ponder anew what the Almighty can do,

Praise Him in glad adoration! Grant ed in what He ordain eth? Gladly for aye we adore Him. If with His love He befriend thee.

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Behold the Savior of Mankind

Samuel Wesley Sr.

William Daman's Booke of Musicke

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Behold the Glories of the Lamb

Isaac Watts

F \ Bb \ C7 \ F

Dm

Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Eternal Father, who shall
Now to the Lamb that once was
Thou hast redeemed our souls with

Lamb amidst His Father's throne. Pre-
look into Thy secret will? Who
slain Be end less blessings paid; Sal-
blood, Hast set the prisoner free; Hast

pare new honors for. His Name, And
but the Son should take that Book And
vation, glory, joy remain For-
made us kings and priests to God, And

songs be fore un known.
open every seal?
ever Thy head.
shall reign with Thee.
Isaac Watts

Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed

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Hugh Wilson

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Alas! and did my Savior bleed
Was it for crimes that I had done
Well might the sun in darkness hide
Thus might I hide my blushing face
But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The

A - las! and did my_____ Sav - ior bleed And
Was it for crimes that_____ I had done He
Well might the sun in_____ dark - ness hide And
Thus might I hide my_____ blush - ing face While
But drops of grief can_____ ne’er re - pay The

did my_____ Sov - ereign die? Would He de - vote that
groaned up - on the tree? A - maz ing pi ty!
shut His_____ glo - ries in, When Christ, the might - y
His dear cross ap - pears, Dis - solve my heart in
debt of_____ love I owe: Here, Lord, I give my -

sa - cred head For sin - ners such_____ as I?
grace un - known! And love____ be - yond de - gree!
Ma - ker died, For man the crea - ture’s sin.
thank - ful - ness, And melt my_____ eyes to tears.
self a - way ’Tis all_____ that I can do.

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The Solid Rock

Edward Mote

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William B. Bradbury

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus’ blood and righteousness.
When darkness seems to hide His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace.
In His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whirling flood.
When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh may I then in Him be found.

Dressed dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly trust in Jesus’ Name.
ev’ry high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
All around my soul gives way,
He then is all my Hope and Stay.
In His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
I Sing the Mighty Power of God

Isaac Watts

I sing the mighty power of God that made the mountains rise, That
I sing the goodness of the Lord, who filled the earth with food, Who
There's not a plant or flower below, but makes Thy glories known, And

spread the flowing seas abroad and built the lofty skies. I
formed the creatures through the Word, and then pronounced them good. Lord,
clouds arise, and tempests blow, by order from Thy throne; While

sing the wisdom that ordained the sun to rule the day; The
how Thy wonders are displayed, wheresoe'er I turn my eye, If
all that borrows life from Thee is ever in Thy care; And

moon shines full at God's command, and all the stars obey.
I survey the ground I tread, or gaze up on the sky.
ev'rywhere that we can be, Thou, God art present there.

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Jesus Shall Reign

Isaac Watts

John Hatton

D       A7       D       G       D       A       E7       A       D       G       D       Em A7       D

Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive jour - neys
To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And prai - es throng to crown His
Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est
Bless - ings a - bound wher - e'er He reigns; The pris - oner leaps to lose his
Let ev - ery crea - ture rise and bring His great - ful hon - ors to our

A       D       A7       D       G       D       A7       D       A       G       D       A7       D       A

run; His king - dom stretch - from_ shore_ to_ shore,
head; His Name like sweet_ per - fume_ shall_ rise
song; And in - fant voic - es_ shall_ pro - claim
chains; The wear - y find_ e - ter - nal_ rest,
King; An - gels de - scend_ with_ songs_ a - gain,

D       G       A7       D       Em D       D       A       A7       D

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

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God Is The Refuge Of Our Saints

Isaac Watts

Lowell Mason

B♭ F7 Gm B♭ E♭ B♭ F F7 B♭ F

God is the refuge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis-
Let moun-tains from their seats be hurled Down to the deep, and
There is a stream, whose gen-tle flow Supplies the cit-y
That sac-red stream Thy ho-ly Word That all our rag-ing

B♭ F C7 F B♭ F7 Gm B♭ E♭ B♭

tress in- vade; Ere we can of- fer our com-plains, Be-
bur- ied there; Con- vul-sions shake the sol-id world: Our
of our God, Life, love, and joy, still guid-ing through, And
fear con-trols; Sweet peace Thy prom-i-ses af-for-d, And

F F7 B♭ C7 B♭ F7 B♭

hold Him pres-ent with His aid.
faith shall never yield to fear.
wat- ing our di-vine a-bode.
give new strength to faint-ing souls.

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Am I a Soldier of the Cross

Isaac Watts

G

D7

Em

D

Am I a soldier of the cross, A
Must I be carried to the skies, On
Are there no foes for me to face? Must
Sure I must fight if I would reign; In -
Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall
When that illustrious day shall rise, And

fol - lower of the Lamb,____ And shall I fear to
flowe - y beds of ease,____ While others fought to
I not stem the flood?____ Is this vile world a
conquer, though they die;____ They see the triumphant
all Thy armies shine____ In robes of victory

own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name?
win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?
friend to grace, To help me on to God?
dure the pain, Sup - por - ted by Thy Word.
from a - far, By faith’s discern - ing eye.
through the skies, The glory shall be Thine.

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And Can It Be That I Should Gain?

Charles Wesley

G D7 G Am D7 G Am D D7

And can it be that I should gain
An in - fer - nal rest?

He left His Fa - ther's throne above
So free, so

No con - dem - na - tion now I dread;
Je - sus, and

Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay,
Fast bound in

G D7 G D A7 D G D D7 G D G

in the Sa - vi - or's blood?
Died He for me,

in - fi - nite His grace
Emp - tied Him - self of all but love, And

all in Him, is mine;
A - live in Him,

sin and na - ture's night;
Thine eye dif - fused

6 G D7 G D A7 D G D D7 G D G

me, who Him to death pur - sued?
A - maz - ing love!

bled for A - dam's help - less race:
'Tis mer - cy all im - 

clothed in right - eous - ness di - vine,
Bold I ap - proach th'e - 

woke, the dun - geon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my

13 C G Am G D7 G D D7 G D G

me, who Him to death pur - sued?
A - maz - ing love!

bled for A - dam's help - less race:
'Tis mer - cy all im - 

bled for A - dam's help - less race:
'Tis mer - cy all im -

19 C A A7 D G C Am D D7

can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

-mense and free, For O my God, it found out me!

ter - nal throne, And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

heart was free, I rose, went forth and fol - lowed Thee.

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O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

Charles Wesley

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Carl. G. Gläser
Arranged by Lowell Mason

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O for a thousand tongues to sing
My Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
He breaks the power of sin, and sets us free;
My gracious Master and my God, As -

great Redeemer's praise, The glories of my
bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the
sets the prisoner free; His blood can make the
loosened tongues employ; Ye blind, behold your
sist me to proclaim, To spread through all the

3

God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
foulest clean, His blood availed for me.
Savior come, And leap, ye lame, for joy.
earth abroad The honors of Thy name.

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Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! The herald angels sing,  "Glory to the newborn King."

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  God and sinners reconciled!

Joyful, all ye nations rise,  Join the triumph of the skies;
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

2. Christ, by highest Heav'n adored;
   Christ the everlasting Lord;
   Late in time, behold Him come,
   Offspring of a virgin's womb.
   Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
   Hail th'incarnate Deity,
   Pleased with us in flesh to dwell,
   Jesus our Emmanuel.

Refrain

3. Hail the heav'nly Prince of Peace!
   Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
   Light and life to all He brings,
   Ris'n with healing in His wings.
   Mild He lays His glory by,
   Born that man no more may die.
   Born to raise the sons of earth,
   Born to give them second birth.

Refrain

4. Come, Desire of nations, come,
   Fix in us Thy humble home;
   Rise, the woman's conqu'ring Seed,
   Bruise in us the serpent's head.
   Now display Thy saving power,
   Ruined nature now restore;
   Now in mystic union join
   Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.

Refrain

5. Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,
   Stamp Thine image in its place:
   Second Adam from above,
   Reinstate us in Thy love.
   Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
   Thee, the Life, the inner man:
   0, to all Thyself impart,
   Formed in each believing heart.

Refrain
Hallelujah Chorus
from The Messiah
George Frideric Handel

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
O Come All Ye Faithful

1. O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, O

2. Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation; O

3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning:

come, ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem. Come and be-
sing, all ye citizens of heaven above. Glory to Je-
sus, to Thee be all glory given. Word of the

Refrain

hold Him, born the King of angels
God, all glory in the highest; O come, let us adore Him, O
Father, now in flesh appearing.

come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

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When morning gilds the skies
The night becomes as day
Ye nations of mankind,
Be this, while life is mine,

When morning gilds the skies my heart awakening
The night becomes as day when from the heart we
Ye nations of mankind, in this your concord
Be this, while life is mine, my canticle differs

cries: May Jesus Christ be praised!
say: May Jesus Christ be praised!
find; May Jesus Christ be praised!
vine: May Jesus Christ be praised!

like at work and prayer, to Jesus I
powers of darkness fear when this sweet chant they
all the earth around ring joyous with the
this eternal song through all the ages

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When you begin the day, O never fail to say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
And at your work rejoice, to sing with heart and voice,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Whene’er the sweet church bell peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
O hark to what it sings, as joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

My tongue shall never tire of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy, it never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Does sadness fill my mind? A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss? My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

To God, the Word, on high, the host of angels cry,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let mortals, too, upraise their voice in hymns of praise,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Be this at meals your grace, in every time and place;
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this, when day is past, of all your thoughts the last
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Other Verses:

When mirth for music longs, this is my song of songs:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evening shadows fall, this rings my curfew call,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

When sleep her balm denies, my silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest, with this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

My tongue shall never tire of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy, it never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Let all the earth around ring joyous with the sound:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
In Heaven’s eternal bliss the loveliest strain is this:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Sing, suns and stars of space, sing, ye that see His face,
Sing, Jesus Christ be praised!
God’s whole creation o’er, for aye and evermore
Shall Jesus Christ be praised!

In Heav’n’s eternal bliss the loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea and sky from depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

William Williams

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain,
When I tread the verge of Jordan,

G C G/B A7sus4 G G/B G/D D

Pil - grim through this bar - ren land.
Whence the heal - ing stream doth flow;
Bid my an - xious fears sub - side;

G C/E C Am7 G/D D7 G G C G/B

Thou - art might - y; Hold me with Thy power - ful hand.
cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through.
hell's de - struc - tion, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side.

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Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

9

D7

D/F#

G

G/B

Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
Songs of praises, songs of praises,

D7/A

D/F#

D

Feed me till I want no more;
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
I will ever give to Thee;

G/B

G

C

G/D

D

G

Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
I will ever give to Thee.
Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss

Anne Steele

D

Give me a calm and thankful heart, From
Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My

§ Bm §

sovereign will deliveries, every murmur free; and death attending,
life and death at tend,

§ D §

Accept ed at Thy throne, let Thy grace impose
The blessing of Thy grace through my journey
Thy presence through my journey's end.

§ G §

this My humble prayer, a rise:
part, And make me live to Thee.
shine, And crown my journey's end.

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O For a Closer Walk With God

William Cowper

1. O for a closer walk with God, A
   calm and heavenly frame,
   fresh ing view Of Jesus and His Word?
   on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

2. Where is the blessedness I knew, When
   first I saw the Lord?
   bright view Of Jesus and His Word?
   That leads me to the Lamb!

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How
   sweet their memory still!
   aching void The world can never fill.
   That leads me to the Lamb!

4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
   Sweet messenger of rest!
   I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
   And drove Thee from my breast.

5. The dearest idol I have known,
   Whate’er that idol be
   Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
   And worship only Thee.

6. So shall my walk be close with God,
   Calm and serene my frame;
   So purer light shall mark the road
   That leads me to the Lamb.

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Though Troubles Assail Us

John Newton

Though troubles assail us and dangers afraid,
Though the birds, without garner or storehouse, are fed;
From Satan assails us to stop up our path,
And no strength of our own and no goodness we claim;
Yet, friends should all fail us and foes all unite,
Yet them let us learn to trust God for our bread.
His courage all fails us, we triumph by faith.
He since we have known of the Savior's great Name,
In one thing secures us, what ever betide,
The saints what is fitting shall never be denied.
So can not take from us, though oft he has tried,
This this our strong tower for safety we hide:
This promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."
Long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."
Heart cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."
Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

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There is a balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole;
To heal the sick soul.

1. Sometimes I feel discouraged,
And think my work's in vain,
But then the Holy Spirit
Reveals my soul again.

2. If you can't preach like Peter,
If you can't pray like Paul,
Just tell the love of Jesus,
And say He died for all.

D.C. al Fine
Praise the Savior, ye who know Him!
Who can
Jesus is the Name that charms us,
He for
Trusted in Him, ye saints, forever,
He is
Keep us, Lord, O keep us cleaving To Thy -
Then we shall be where we would be,
Then we

tell how much we owe Him?
Gladly let us render
Conflict fits and arms us;
Nothing moves and nothing can
Faithful, changing never,
Neither force nor guile can
Self And still believing,
Till the hour of our re -
shall be what we should be,
Things that are not now, nor

to Him All we are and have.
Harms us While we trust in Him.
Sever Those He loves from Him.
Ceiving Promised joys with Thee.
Could be, Soon shall be our own.

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Angels, From The Realms Of Glory

James Montgomery

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Come and worship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

In His temple shall appear.

Ye who sang creation's story

Ye who sang creation's story

God with us is now residing;

Seek the great Desire of nations;

Seek the great Desire of nations;

Sudden ly the Lord, descending,

Sudden ly the Lord, descending,

Ev er more your voices raising To th'eternal Three in One.

Ev er more your voices raising To th'eternal Three in One.

Wing your flight o'er all the earth;

Wing o'er your flocks by night,

Brighter visions beam afar;

Watch long in hope and fear;

Watch long in hope and fear;

All creation, join in praising God, the Father, Spirit, Son,

Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

Ye have seen His natal star.

In His temple shall appear.

Three in One.

Three in One.

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Silent Night

Joseph Mohr

B♭

F7  F  B♭

Silent night, holy night, All is calm, all is bright
Silent night, holy night, Shepherds quake at the sight;
Silent night, holy night, Son of God, love’s pure light;
Silent night, holy night Wondrous star, lend thy light;

E♭

B♭

E♭  B♭

Round yon virgin mother and Child. Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Glories stream from heaven afar, Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
Radiant beams from Thy holy face With the dawn of redeeming grace,
With the angels let us sing, Alleluia to our King;

F7

B♭

F7  B♭

Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace.
Christ the Saviour is born, Christ the Saviour is born!
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth, Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.
Christ the Saviour is born, Christ the Saviour is born!

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Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

Henry F. Lyte

G Am11 G D D7 Bm

Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow Thee.
Let the world despise and leave me, they have left my Savior, too.
Haste then on from grace to glory, armed by faith, and winged by prayer,

G C G Am11 G D A7 D G Am G D7 G

Desolate, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shall be.
Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like them, untrue.
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there,

D D7 G9 Am11 D7 G D7 Bm

Perish every fond ambition, all I've sought or hoped or known.
And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission, swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;

G C G Am11 G D A7 D G Am G D7 G

Yet how rich is my condition! God and heaven are still mine own!
Foes may hate and friends disown me, show Thy face and all is bright.
Hope soon change to glad fruition, faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

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In The Cross Of Christ I Glory

John Bowring

In the cross of Christ I glory,
When the woes of life o'er take me,
When the sun of bliss is beaming,
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,

Tower ing o'er the wrecks of time;
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Light and love up on my way,
By the cross are sanctified;

All the light of sacred story
Never shall the cross for sake me,
From the cross the distance stream ing
Peace is there that knows no measure,

Gathers round its head sublime
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
Adds more luster to the day.
Joys that through all time abide.

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O For A Faith That Will Not Shrink

William H. Bathurst

O, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though that murmur nor complain.
A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When Lord, give me such a faith as this.
And pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble

neath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of

tempests rage with out;
That when in danger

then, what e'er may come,
I'll taste, e'en here, the

on the brink Of any earthly woe!
grief or pain, Will lean up on its God.
knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt.
halowed bliss Of an eternal home.

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My Country, 'Tis of Thee

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Samuel F. Smith

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
My native country, thee, Land of the noble free,
Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's

pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side, Let freedom ring!
templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
hoary light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.
Lead, Kindly Light

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the 'en-circling gloom, lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home; lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,

The distant scene; one step enough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

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O Worship The King

1. O worship the King, all glorious above, O
   gratefully sing His power and His love; Our
   Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days, Pa-
   viloned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose
   robe is the light, Whose can o py space, His
   chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form, And
   dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite? It
   breathes in the air, it shines in the light; It
   streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And
   mercies how tender, how firm to the end, Our

4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In
   Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy
   and Defender, the Ancient of Days, Pa-
   vil ioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
   sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
   Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

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I Heard The Voice Of Jesus Say

Horatius Bonar

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, “Come un- to Me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.”

2. I heard the voice of Jesus say, “Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, stoop down, and drink, and live.”

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, “I am this dark world’s Light; Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, and all thy day be bright.”

John B. Dykes

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Abide With Me

Henry F. Lyte

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W.H. Monk

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Abide with me: fast falls the evening tide;
I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Hold Thou Thy cross, before my closing eyes;

Thou need'st be with me: pres'nce fast-
Thy no Thy with
Thy no Thy with Thy
Thy no Thy with Thy

Hold I I A Eb
Thou f ear no foe, with
Thee at hand to bless;
Hold Thou Thy cross, before my clos ing eyes;

Gm Bb7
F7 Bb E7 F7 Bb

The dark ness deep ens; Lord, with me a bide;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempt er's pow'r?
I'll have no weight, and tears no bit ter ness;
Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies,

Bb7
F7 Bb E7 F7 Bb

When other help ers fail, and com forts flee,
Who like Thy self my guide and stay can be?
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, Thy vic to ry?
Heaven's morn ing breaks, and earth's vain sh adows flee;

Cm Eb
C C7 Fm

Help of the help less, O a bide with me;
Through cloud and sunshine O abide with me;
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me;
In life, in death, O Lord, a bide with me.

Eb Bb7
Eb Bb7 Cm Ab6 Eb

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1. It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
2. Still through the cloven skies they come with peaceful wings unfurled,
5. For lo! the days are hastening on, by prophet bards foretold,

From angels bending near the earth, to touch their harps of gold;
And still their heavenly music floats o'er all the weary world;
When with the ever circling years comes round the age of gold;

“Peace on the earth, good will to men, from heav'n's all gracious King.”
Above its sad and lowly plains, they bend on hovering wing,
When peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling.

The world in solemn stillness lay, to hear the angels sing;
And ever over its Babyl points the blessed angels sing.
And the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing.
Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
A lone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
Still, still with Thee, as to each new-born morning,
So shall it be at last, in that bright morning.

When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;

Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
A lone with Thee in breathless adoration,
So does this blessed consciousness, a wakening,
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning.

Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and Heaven.
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.
1. More love to Thee, O Christ, more love to Thee!
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, sought peace and rest;
3. Let sorrow do its work, come grief or pain;
4. Then shall my latest breath whisper Thy praise;

Hear Thou the prayer I make on bended knee.
Now Thee alone I seek, give what is best.
Sweet are Thy messengers, sweet their refrain,
This be the parting cry my heart shall raise;

This is my earnest plea: More love, O Christ, to Thee;
This all my prayer shall be: More love, O Christ to Thee;
When they can sing with me: More love, O Christ to Thee;
This still its prayer shall be: More love, O Christ to Thee;

More love to Thee, more love to Thee!
More love to Thee, more love to Thee!
More love to Thee, more love to Thee!
More love to Thee, more love to Thee!
Eternal Father, Strong To Save

William Whiting

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Eternal Father, strong to save, Whose
O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard And
Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood Up -
O Trinity of love and power! Our

arm hath bound the restless wave, Who bid'st the mighty
hushed their raging at Thy Word, Who walk'd on the
on the chaos dark and rude, And bid its angry
famil'y shield in danger's hour; From rock and tempest,

ocean deep Its own appointed limits keep; Oh,
foaming deep, And calm amidst its rage didst sleep; Oh,
tumult cease, And give, for wild confusion, peace; Oh,
fire and foe, Protect us where so ev'r we go; Thus

hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in peril on the sea!
hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in peril on the sea!
hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in peril on the sea!
ev - er - more shall rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

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I gave My life for thee, _My precious blood I shed_ That
My Father's house of light, _My glory circled throne_ I
I suffered much for thee, _more than thy tongue can tell_ Of
And I have brought to thee, _down from My home above_ Sal-

thou might ransomed be, _and raised up from the dead_ I
left for earthy night, _for wanderings sad and lone_ I
bit-terest agony, _to rescue thee from hell_ I've
va-tion full and free, _My pardon and My love_ I

gave, I gave _My life for thee, what hast thou given 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

gave, I gave _My life for thee, what hast thou given for Me?_
left, I left _it all for thee, hast thou left aught for Me?_
borne, I've borne _it all for thee, what hast thou borne for Me?_
bring, I bring _rich gifts to thee, what hast thou brought to Me?_
He leadeth me, O blessed thought! O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
What times mid scenes of deepest gloom,
And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vict'ry's won, E'en Lord, I would place my hand in Thine, Nor ever murmur nor re- pine; Con-
e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me. He waters still, over troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
Since, 'tis my God that leadeth me. God through Jordan leadeth me.
leadeth me, He leadeth me, By His own hand He leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.
Revive Us Again

We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For...
We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spirit of light, Who hath...
All glory and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who hath...
Revive us again; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each...

Jesus Who died, And is now gone above. Hallelujah! Thine the glory. Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah!
shown us our Savior, And scattered our night. Bb F C7 F
borne all our sins, And hath cleansed every stain. Bb F C7 F
soul be redeemed With fire from above. Bb F C7 F
For the Beauty of the Earth

Folliot S. Pierpoint

For the beauty of the earth, For the glory of each hour,
For the joy of human love, For Thy Church, that evermore
For Thyself, best gift divine, To our race so

For the skies, For the love which from our birth
of the night, Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
parent, child, Friends on earth and friends above,
hands above, Offering up on every shore
freely given; For that great, great love of Thine,

Over and around us lies.
Sun and moon, and stars of light.
For all gentle thoughts and mild.
Her peace pure sacrifice of love.
Peace on earth and joy in heaven.

Lord of all, to Thee we raise, This our hymn of grateful praise.
Shall We Gather at the River?

Robert Lowry

Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod,

On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray,

Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down;

Soon we'll reach the silver river, Soon our pilgrim age will cease;

With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?

We will talk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.

Grace our spirit will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.

Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river;

Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.

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Day by Day

Day by day, and with each passing moment, Strength I find, to meet my trials here; Trust in my Father's wise bestowment, I've no cause for worry or for fear. He Whose heart is kind beyond all measure, Gives unto each day what He deems best, Lovingly, its part of pain and pleasure, Minstling toil with peace and rest.

Ev'ry day, the Lord Himself is near me With a special mercy for each hour; All my cares He fain would bear, and cheer me, He Whose Name is Counselor and Pow'r; The precious, sweet consolation Offered me within Thy holy Word. Help me,

to the Lord, when toil and trouble meeting, Ever to take, as from a father's hand, One by one, the days, the moments fleeting, Till I reach the promised land.     

Eb   Fm    Bb   Bb7   Eb

Day by Day

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Jesus Paid It All

Elvina M. Hall

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I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength in deed is small; Child of
Lord, now in deed I find Thy power and Thine a lone, Can_
For noth ing good have I Where by Thy grace to claim, I'll_
And when before the throne I stand in Him com plete, "Je sus
weak ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
change the lep er's spots And melt the heart of stone.
wash my gar ments white In the blood of Cal v'ry's Lamb.
died my soul to save," My lips shall still re peat.

Jesus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.
Now the Day Is Over

Sabine Baring-Gould

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Nacht der Tag ist über

Joseph Barnaby

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Now the day is over,
Jesus, give the weary
Grant to little children
Through the long night watch
When the morning wakes,

Night is drawing nigh,
Calm and sweet repose;
Visions bright of Thee;
May Thine angels spread
Then may I arise

Evening stealing across the sky.
Blessing mine eyelids close.
Tossing me, watch round my bed.
Sinless in Thy holy eyes.

Shadows of the tenderest
With Thy ten thousand
Guard the sailors
Their white wings a -
Pure, and fresh, and
Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart

Edward H. Plumptre

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Rejoice, ye pure in heart;
Bright youth and snow crowned age,
With all the angel choirs,
Yes, on through life's long path,
Then on, ye pure in heart!

Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your glorious banner
men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, ex
chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by
Rejoice, give thanks and sing!
Your glorious banner

wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.
uliant song, God's wondrous praises speak.
joy and bliss, True rapture, no blest mirth.
night and day, In gladness and in woe.
wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.

Rejoice, re - joice, re - joice, Give thanks and sing.

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Safe in the Arms of Jesus

Fanny J. Crosby

Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast,
Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe from corroding care,
Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge, Jesus has died for me;

There by His love o'er shaded, sweetly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temptations, sin can not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of Ages, ever my trust shall be.

Hark! 'tis the voice of angels, borne in a song to me.
Free from the blight of sorrow, free from my doubts and fears.
Here let me wait with patience, wait till the night is over.

Over the fields of glory, over the jasper sea.
Only a few more trials, only a few more tears!
Wait till I see the morning break on the golden shore.
O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

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For Christ is born of Ma - ry, and gath - ered all a - bove, While
How si - lent ly, how si - lent ly, the won - drous Gift is giv'n; So
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 - dering 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 stars to - geth - er, pro - claim the ho - ly birth, And
ear may hear His com - ing, but in this world of sin, Where
hear the Christ - mas an - gels the great glad tid - ings tell; 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 on earth!
meek souls will re - ceive Him still, the dear Christ en - ters in.
come to us, a - bide with us, our Lord Em - man - u - el!

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Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

Andante

F C7 F C7 F Bb F C7 F

Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,
I sent thee late a ro-sy wreath, Not so much hon-ring thee,

F C7 F C7 F Bb F C7 F

Or leave a kiss with in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;
As giving it a hope that there It could not with-er'd be; The

F C Bb G7 F C

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di-
thou there on didst on-ly breathe, And send'st it back to me,

F C7 F C7 F Bb F C7 F

But might I of Jove's nec-tar sip, I would not change for thine
Since when it grows and smells, I swear Not of it-self but thee,
The King of Love My Shepherd Is

Henry W. Baker

John B. Dykes

The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose streams of living water flow My verse and foolish oft I strayed, But In death’s dark vale I fear no ill With And so through all the length of days Thy

good-ness fail-eth never, I nothing lack if ransomed soul He lead-eth, And where the verdant yet in love He sought me, And on His shoul-der Thee, dear Lord, beside me; Thy rod and staff my good-ness fail-eth never; Good Shepherd, may I

I am His And He is mine forever. pas-tures grow, With food celestial feed eth. gent-ly laid, And home, rejoicing, brought me. com-fort still, Thy cross before to guide me. sing Thy praise With in Thy house forever.

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The Ninety and Nine

Elizabeth C. Clephane
Ira D. Sankey

There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the
"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are_
But none of the ransomed ever knew How_
"Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way That mark
And all through the mountains, thunder riv'n And_

shelter of the fold. But_
they not enough for Thee?" But the
deep were the waters crossed; Nor how
out the mountain's track?" "They were
up from the rocky steep, There a_

one was out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of
Shepherd made answer "This of Mine Has wandered away from
dark was the night That the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was
shed for one who had gone astray Ere the Shepherd could bring him
rose a glad cry to the gate of Heav'n, "Rejoice! I have found My

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The Ninety and Nine

gold. A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare. A -
Me; And al - though the road be rough and steep, I
lost. Out in the des - e - r - t He heard its cry, I
back.” “Lord_ whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?” “They're
sheep!” And the an - gels ech - oed a - round the throne, “Re -

way from the ten - der Shep - herd’s care. A -
go to the des - e - r - t to find____ My sheep, I
Sick____ and help - less and read - y to die;____
pierced____ to - night____ by man - y a thorn; They're
joice, for the Lord____ brings back____ His own! Re -

way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care. A -
go to the des - e - r - t to find____ My sheep.
Sick____ and help - less and read - y to die.
pierced____ to - night____ by man - y a thorn.
joice, for the Lord____ brings back____ His own.
Rescue the Perishing

Fanny J. Crosby
William H. Doane

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from
Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting, Waiting the penitent
Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
Rescue the perishing, duty demands it; Strength for thy labor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
child to receive; Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
 grace can restore; Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Lord will provide; Back to the narrow way patiently win them;

Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
He will forgive if they only believe.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying, Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
Will the Circle Be Unbroken

Ada R. Habershon

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There are loved ones in the glory, Whose dear forms you often miss;
In the joyous days of childhood, Oft they told of wondrous love,
You remember songs of heaven Which you sang with childish voice,
You can picture happy gatherings 'Round the fireside long ago,
One by one their seats were emptied, One by one they went away;

When you close your earthly story, Will you join them in their bliss?
Pointed to the dying Savior; Now they dwell with Him above,
Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
And you think of tearful partings, When they left you here below.
Here the circle has been broken— Will it be complete one day?

Refrain

Will the circle be unbroken By and by, by and by?

In a better home awaiting In the sky, in the sky?
Let Him In

Barney E. Warren, 1900

Let the Savior in; Sin-ner, do not grieve the Lord a-way.
Let the Savior in; You have heard Him knock-ing o'er and o'er, Will you let Him in?
Let the Savior in; Don’t re-fuse the Lord who gives you breath,
Let the Savior in; Do not let your will thus dor-mant be,
Let the Savior in; Soon His blood for you will not a-tone,

Let Him in, let Him in, Sin-ner, rise, let Him in.
Let Him in, let Him in,

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A wake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me not withstanding all;
Though numerous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose,
When trouble like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundrer'd loud,
Soon I shall pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
Then let me mount and soar a way To the bright world of endless day;

He justly claims a song for me, His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost estate, His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
He safely leads my soul a long, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
Oh, may my last expiring breath His loving-kindness sing in death.
And sing with raptures and surprise, His loving-kindness in the skies.

Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness sing in death.
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His loving-kindness in the skies.
Lord, Speak to Me
Frances Ridley Havergal

Lord, speak to me that I may speak in
O teach me, Lord, that I may teach the
O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord, even me, just
O use me, Lord, use me, me,

living echoes of Thy tone;
precious things Thou dost impart;
til my very heart overflow
as Thou wilt, and when, and where,

Thou has sought, let me seek Thine
wing my words, that they may reach The
kindling thought and glowing word, Thy
Til Thy blessed face I see, Thy

err ing children lost and lone.
hidden depths many a heart.
love to tell, Thy praise to show.
rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

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Oh, how sublime is the life of the Christian, Filled with the glory of Jesus divine;
Once I was lost and a child of confusion, Over the mountains of folly I roamed;
God is my Father, and Jesus my Brother, Since I am doped by heavenly love;
Deep in his bosom he's joyfully conscious That he is born of a heavenly line.
But at the cross I have entered the kingdom, Glory to Jesus! His love is enthroned.
I am an heir in the kingdom of glory, And have a crown that is waiting above.

Refrain
I am a child, a child of the King,
I am a child, I am a child of the King.

I am a prince in the kingdom of love,
I am a child of the King.
There's a garden where Jesus is waiting, and I
There's a garden where Jesus is waiting, and He
There's a garden where Jesus is waiting.

There's a place that is wondrously fair,
For it glows with the light of His

just to learn from His lips words of

to bow and receive a new

'Tis the beautiful garden of prayer.
In the beautiful garden of prayer.
In the beautiful garden of prayer.
The Beautiful Garden of Prayer

10

Oh, the beau - ti - ful gar - den, the gar - den of prayer! Oh, the

13

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

16

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

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William M. Golden

Each day I’ll do a golden deed, By helping those who are in need;
To be a child of God each day, My light must shine along the way;
The only life that will endure, Is one that’s kind and good and pure;
I’ll help someone in time of need, And journey on with rapid speed;
While going down life’s weary road, I’ll try to lift some trav’ler’s load;

My life on earth is but a span, And so I’ll do the best I can.
I’ll sing His praise while ages roll, And strive to help some troubled soul.
And so for God I’ll take my stand, Each day I’ll lend a helping hand.
I’ll help the sick and poor and weak, And words of kindness to them speak.
I’ll try to turn the night to day, Make flowers bloom along the way.

Refrain

Life’s evening sun is sinking low, A few more days and I must go.
To meet the deeds that I have done, Where there will be no setting sun.

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Abiding and Confiding

Albert B. Simpson

Leander L. Pickett

I have learned the wondrous secret
Of abiding in the Lord;
I have found the strength and sweetness
Of confiding in His word;
I have tasted life’s pure fountain,
I am drinking of His blood,
I have lost myself in Jesus,
I am sinking into God.

2. I am crucified with Jesus,
And He lives and dwells in me,
I have ceased from all my struggling,
’Tis no longer I but He;
All my will is yielded to Him,
And His Spirit reigns within,
And His precious blood each moment
Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.

3. All my cares I cast upon Him,
And He bears them all away;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him,
All my needs from day to day,
Of my heart He is the portion,
Of my joy the ceaseless Spring,
And His very mind He gives me
And His faith and life and love.

4. For my words I take His wisdom,
For my works His Spirit’s pow’r;
I have learned the sweetness,
Of confiding in His word;
I have tasted life’s pure fountain,
I am drinking of His blood,
I have lost myself in Jesus,
I am sinking into God.
I'm abiding in the Lord, I'm abiding in the Lord,
And confiding in His word, and confiding in His word,
And I'm hiding, safely hiding, I am
And I'm hiding, safely hiding, In the bosom of His love.
Back to the Blessed Old Bible

1. Back to the bless-ed old Bi-ble, Back to the cit-y of God; Back to the one-ness of heav-en,
2. Back to the bless-ed old Bi-ble, Saints of Je-ho-vah, re-joice; Je-sus is call-ing His peo-ple
3. Back to the bless-ed old Bi-ble, Leav-ing con-fu-sion and strife; Flee-ing from Ba-bel to Zi-on,
4. Back to the bless-ed old Bi-ble, Back at the Mas-ter’s call, Back to the words of our Sav-i-or,

Back where the faith-ful have trod. Back from the land of con-fu-sion, Pass-ing the wrecks and the creeds;
Back to the land of their choice. Of-ten our fath-ers have sought it While we in Ba-bel a-bode,
Back to the joy of our life. O-ver the moun-tains we wan-dered, Look-ing in vain for the right;
Lov-ing, o bey-ing them all. Nev-er in sects to be scat-tered, Nev-er a-gain to do wrong;

Refrain

Back to the light of the morn-ing, Je-sus our Cap-tain leads.
Now we have found the fair cit-y—Church of the liv-ing God.
Now in the eve-ning we’ve found it: Truth of the gos-pel light.
U-ni-ty, ho-li-ness, heav-en, Ev-er shall be our song.

Back to the light of its word; Be on our ban-ners for-ev-er: “Ho-li-ness un-to the Lord.”

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Babel’s Fallen

1. Ba-bel’s walls, so long ob-scuring All the ways of truth and right,
2. Now are Zi-on’s walls erect-ed, And her watch-men fear the Lord;
3. Oft they told us that no mor-tal Could en-joy this per-fect peace;
4. Hail the day of heav’n-ly free-dom! Though so long has been the night,

Crum-ble now be-fore the shin-ing Of the glo-rious even-ing light.
From the heights of full sal-va-tion Loud pro-claim His ho-ly word.
But we’ve found a full fru-i-tion, And the year of sweet re-lease.
Bright-er seems the ra-diant splen-dor As we reach the even-ing light.

Refrain

Ba-bel’s fal-len, hal-le-lu-jah! Hear the saints in cho-rus sing;
From the sum-mit of Mount Zi-on, Hear their glad ho-san-nas ring.
Baptism of the Holy Spirit

Not too slow

Barney E. Warren

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1. Let cloven tongues of holy fire Baptize each soul with pow'r;
2. Come, blesséd Spirit, and restore God's image in my heart;
3. Come, blesséd Spirit, Comforter, Dwell in my heart, Thy throne;
4. Oh, let Thy glory, Lord, descend Upon my waiting soul;

Come, blesséd Spirit, sanctify With Jesus' blood this hour.
By faith now cleanse me, I implore, This crowning grace impart.
Make me o'er sin a conqueror, Oh, seal me for Thine own.
Preserve me spotless to the end, And every whit made whole.

Refrain faster

1, 2, 3 Like a peaceful dove From the courts above, Let Thy sacred presence steal
4 I believe just now, As I humbly bow, That the blood has been applied;

O'er my trusting soul, Taking full control, As I here in meekness kneel.
It is done, I know, For Thy word is so— I am wholly sanctified.

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Be an Overcomer

Charles W. Naylor

Andrew L. Byers

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1. Be an overcomer, on-ly cow-ards yield When the foe they meet on the battle-field;
2. Be an overcomer, He who stands with you Is a might-y One, who is al-ways true;
3. Be an overcomer, you are heav-en’s heir, And a crown of life you may ev-er wear;
4. Be an overcomer, for-ward bold-ly go, You are strong e-nough if you count it so-

We are blood-bought prin-ces of the roy-al host, And must fal-ter not, nor de-sert our post.
In the sor-est con-flict you shall win the day, Face the le-gions dark till they flee a-way.
So with cour-age press the bat-tle to the gates, Till you gain the prize which in heav-en waits.
Strong e-nough to con-quer through sus-tain-ing grace, And to o-ver-come eve-ry foe you face.

Refrain

O-ver-come, o-ver-come;
Nev-er yield a step in the hot-test fight, God will send you help from the realms of light;

In Je-ho-vah’s might put the foe to flight, And the vic-tor’s crown you shall wear at last.

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Jesus Heals

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J. E. Roberts

1. Have you heard the joyful sound? Jesus heals, Jesus heals;
2. He is just the same today, Jesus heals, Jesus heals;
3. Loud proclaim the jubilee, Jesus heals, Jesus heals;
4. Jesus heals and makes us whole, Jesus heals, Jesus heals;
5. Blow the trumpet loud and long, Jesus heals, Jesus heals;

Through the Spirit we have found Jesus heals, Jesus heals.
As before He went away, Jesus heals, Jesus heals.
Bear the news across the sea, Jesus heals, Jesus heals.
Heals the body and the soul, Jesus heals, Jesus heals.
Chant the sweet, melodious song, Jesus heals, Jesus heals.

Yes, He heals the blind and lame, And His pow’r is just the same
If in Him you safely hide, And His words in you abide,
“Lo, I’m with you to the end”—Blessed Jesus, what a Friend!
Yes, He heals the sick and sore, And our suffering days are o’er,
“I’m the Lord that heal’th thee,” Just believe and you’ll be free,

As when first to earth He came, Jesus heals, Jesus heals.
Ask in faith, you’ll be supplied, Jesus heals, Jesus heals.
One on whom we can depend, Jesus heals, Jesus heals.
Praise His name for evermore, Jesus heals, Jesus heals.
Praise His name, He heal’th me, Jesus heals, Jesus heals.

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Obedience

Daniel S. Warner

Andrew L. Byers, 1900

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Over Yonder
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Henry de Fluiter

1. Come let us sing of home-land, Down by the crys-tal sea;   Won-der-ful land where Je-sus
2. There is a won-drous cit-y, Streets of trans-pare nt gold;  Not half its glo-rious beau-ty
3. Wa-ter of life there flow-eth, Fruit in a-bun-dant store;  Cit-i-zens of that coun-try
4. Come go with me to home-land, Je-sus in-vites you there; Help spread the in-vi-ta-tion,

Refrain

Build-eth a man-sion for me. O-ver yon-der, Down by the crys-tal sea,
Has e’er to mor-tals been told. Down by the crys-tal sea,
Hun-ger and thirst nev-er more. Down by the crys-tal sea,
Tell it to men eve-ry where. Down by the crys-tal sea,

O-ver yon-der, There’s where I long to be; No more sor-row,
O-ver yon-der, There’s where I long to be; No more sor-row,

O-ver yon-der, In that home-land bright and fair, O-ver, o-ver there.
O-ver yon-der, In that home-land bright and fair, O-ver, o-ver there.

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Hail to the Brightness

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion’s glad morning!

2. Hail to the brightness of Zion’s glad morning!

3. Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,

4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,

Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Streams ever copious are gliding a long;
Praise to the Saviour ascending on high;

Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Load from the mountain tops echoes are ringing,
Fallen the engines of war and commotion;

Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
Generates and Jews the blest vision behold.
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Streams ever copious are gliding a long;
Praise to the Saviour ascending on high;

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Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

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Ye Must Be Born Again

Ye must be born again, Ye must be born again; His
Ye must be born again, Ye must be born again;

1. That heavenly Teacher, in words that are plain, This truth declared to men,
2. No mere reformation your sins can erase, You cannot remove their stain;
3. Good works will not answer, no penance will do, Morality, too, is vain,
4. In Adam we lost all our righteous estate, And would we it regain,

If ever they would to His kingdom attain, They must be born again.
If ever in heaven your soul has a place, Ye must be born again.
For naught will avail but a creature made new, Ye must be born again.
To Jesus must come and repent ere too late— Ye must be born again.

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His words are true, He speaks to you, Ye must be born again.

Ye must be born again (again), Ye must be born again (again);
be born from above,
be born from above,

His words are true, He speaks to you, Ye must be born again.

Ye must be born again; Ye must be born again from above,
from above,
Yield Not to Temptation

Horatio R. Palmer

1. Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin; Each vic'try will help you Some other to win;
2. Shun evil companions, bad language disdain, God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
3. To him that o'ercometh, God giveth a crown, Through faith we will conquer, though oft ten cast down;

Fight manifoldly onward, dark passions subdue; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
He who is our Savior, our strength will renew; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Refrain

Ask the Savior to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

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Yes, I Know!

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Yes, Whosoever Will

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Daniel S. Warner

Barney E. Warren

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1. Oh, why should I be lost, So careless meet my doom?
2. The Spirit and the bride, And angels 'round the throne,
3. I know that God is love, He freely gave His Son,
4. I hear the strong appeal From my Redeemer's throne,
5. Yes, whosoever will, Thy word, O Lord, I own;

I hear a loving voice Inviting me to come,
As sure I Jesus died That I may freely come,
Who intercedes above, That I may truly come,
And in my heart I feel That even I may come.
Though near the brink of hell, All heaven bids me come.

Refrain

Yes, whosoever will, May freely come to God;
Who-so-ever will, free-ly come to God;
'Tis mercy calling still, Come, sinner, to the blood.
'Tis mercy calling still, mer-cy call-ing still, Come, sinner, to the blood, come, sinner, to the blood.

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You May Have the Joy-Bells

J. Edward Ruark

William J. Kirkpatrick, c.1899

1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that from you nev-er will de-part;
2. Love of Je-sus in its full-ness you may know; And this love to those a-round you sweet-ly show;
3. You will meet with tri-als as you jour-ney home; Grace suf-fi-cient He will give to o-ver-come;
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus eve-ry day; Own His right to eve-ry ser-vice you can pay;

Walk the straight and nar-row way, Live for Je-sus eve-ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
Words of kind-ness al-ways say; Deeds of mer-cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
Though un-seen by mor-tal eye, He is with you e-ver nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
Sin-ners you can help to win If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.

Refrain

Joy-bells ring-ing in your heart; Joy-bells ring-ing in your heart;
You may have the joy-

Take the Sav-iour here be-low With you eve-ry-where you go; He will keep the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart.
You Ought to Sing

Ulysses Phillips

1. Jesus Christ has come to set the captive free, He died to take a way death's sting;
2. Jesus came our sorrows and our griefs to bear, What love divine, oh, praise His name;
3. Sinner, come to Jesus and be saved to day, His blood can cleanse the crimson stain;
4. If you will be faithful through this pilgrim land, And live to glorify His name,

His blood as a ransom He gave for thee, Then praise to Him you ought to sing.
He says, "Cast on Me all thy load of care," Then praise to Him you ought to sing.
He's ready to wash all your sins away; Then praise to Him you ought to sing.
You'll find a sweet welcome at His right hand; Then praise to Him you ought to sing.

You ought to sing high praises to the Lamb of God, Who has washed us in His blood;

Refrain

You ought to sing to the Lamb Who has washed us in His blood;

He's our Lord and our King; To His name you ought to sing.

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I Am Coming, Lord, to Thee

Barney E. Warren

1. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee with my bro-ken heart; I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee for rest;
2. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee with re-len-tis-ing will, I will glad-ly lay my bur-den down;
3. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, and with an-guish riv’n, I am wea-ry, worn, and tired of sin;
4. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee with an ach-ing breast, And I know that Thou wilt hear my cry;
5. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, for I’m sick and sore, Do not turn from me Thy smil-ing face;

Wilt Thou hear my hum-ble plea, bid my sins de-part? Oh, re-lease me, Sav-ior, I’m op-pressed.
I will con-se-crate to Thee and Thy law ful-fill, I will bear the cross, and wear a crown.
Lord, I press my ur- gent plea, may I be for-giv’n! While I knock, O Sav-ior, let me in.
I will leave the paths of sin, for my heart’s dis-tressed, Save me, or I per-ish, Lord, and die.
Lord, for mer-cy now I call, I will sin no more, Wilt Thou hear and save me by Thy grace?

Refrain

1. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, wilt Thou hear my hum-ble plea? I am com-ing with my heart op- pressed;
2. I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee, for rest.

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Jesus All to Me
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Daniel S. Warner

Barney E. Warren

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Jesus All to Me

love (by His love), Filled with glory streaming from above.
sweet (oh, how sweet)! Far above the world in love complete.
God (unto God), Who redeemed us by the precious blood.

Refrain

Jesus' love has won my heart (has won my heart),
Jesus now is all to me (all to me); For His

love all else depart (depart), Only Jesus 'bide with me.
Jesus Bids Us Shine

www.sheetmusicdigital.com

W. E. M. Hackleman

Susan B. Warner

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1. Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light,
   Like a little candle burning in the night;
   In this world of darkness, we must shine,
   You in your small corner, and I in mine.

2. Jesus bids us shine, first of all for Him;
   Well He sees and knows it if our light is dim;
   He looks down from heaven, sees us shine,
   You in your small corner, and I in mine.

3. Jesus bids us shine, then, for all around;
   Many kinds of darkness in this world abound;
   Sin, and want, and sorrow— we must shine,
   You in your small corner, and I in mine.
Angels We Have Heard on High

1. Angels we have heard on high, Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
   While angels bend their wings, In excelsis Deo!

2. Shepherds, why this jubilee? Why your joyful strains prolong?
   Echoing their joyous strains, In excelsis Deo!

3. Come to Bethlehem and see Christ Whose birth the angels sing;
   While our hearts in love we raise. In excelsis Deo!

4. See Him in a manger laid, Whom the choirs of angels praise;
   Merry Christmas, Christ the King. In excelsis Deo!

And the mountains in reply, What the glad some tidings be;
Come, adore on bended knee, Christ the Lord, the newborn King.
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid, While our hearts in love we raise.

Refrain

Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

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Abiding in Jesus

Barney E. Warren

E

A E

A B A B

1. I’m a-biding in Je-sus, what a bless-ed place! I am sure He kind-ly cares for me;
2. I’m a-biding in Je-sus, what a cheer-ing thought! Earth-ly joys grow dim and pass a-way;
3. I’m a-biding in Je-sus eve-ry-where I go, In His sweet em-brace, I’m safe from harm;
4. I’m a-biding in Je-sus, oh, His rest is sweet! And His grace will foil the tempt-er’s pow’r;

E

A E

A E B E

He will ne-ver for-sake me if I trust His grace, In His cleans-ing blood, I now am free.
I am hap-py in know-ing that His grace has brought Pleas-ures rich that nev-er will de-cay.
Of His spir-it in full-ness we may sure-ly know, I am lean-ing on the Sav-ior’s arm.
Life e-ter-nal with glad-ness in my soul com-plete, Is a source of bliss to me each hour.

Refrain

E

A E B

B7 E

I’m a-bid- ing in the Sav-ior’s love, He kind-ly cares for me;
I’m a-bid-ing, I’m a-bid-ing, He kind-ly cares for me;

E

A E

A E B7 E

I’m a-bid- ing in the Sav-ior’s love; In Him my soul is free.
I’m a-bid-ing, I’m a-bid-ing
Make Me Clean

1. I have wandered in sin, and my soul is defiled, But I know Jesus died on the tree;
2. Lord, I give up my sin, and I turn unto Thee, From Thy love do not cast me away;
3. There’s no hope but in Thee; to Thy promise I flee, There to anchor my storm-driven soul;
4. How I loathe all the sins that have burdened my heart, And have filled it with sadness and woe,

And the Father in mercy will make me His child, For the blood, it will cleanse even me.
Though my guilt is so great, hear my heart’s ear nest plea—Have compassion, and save me today.
Let Thy favor and love be extended to me, Through the all-cleansing blood make me whole.
Now in Calvary’s stream bid uncleanness depart, Make me white, yes, whiter than snow.

Refrain

Make me clean, make me clean, Though defiled and so sinful I am;

Make me clean, make me clean, Make me clean in the blood of the Lamb.

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Able to Keep

William T. Meyer

1. Je - sus, my Lord, my life, my all, In Thee I trust, in
2. The storms of life are fierce and dark, And hosts of Sa - tan
3. Though hard the cross, the bur - den great, And I so weak, so
4. The bat - tle, Lord, is Thine, and we, Though foe may kill us;

Thee I hide; I know Thou wilt not let me fall
press me hard; But still Thy strength can keep my bark,
poor, un - done; Yet on Thy side I'll stand and wait,
yet I see Thy blood sets poor dead cap - tives free,

Refrain

If I stay by Thy side.
Though bro - ken and sin - marred. In Thy dear hands of love I lay,
Till vic - to - ry is won. Ful - fill Thy

pur - pos - es in me; Teach me to say from day to day, Thy will be done in me.
The Coventry Carol

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Gm  D  Gm  F  Gm  D  Gm  D  E♭  Cm  D  G

1. Lul - lay, Thou lit - tle ti - ny Child,
2. O sis - ters, too, how may we do,
3. Her - od the King, in his rag - ing,
4. Then woe is me, poor Child, for Thee,

By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay. Lul - lay, Thou lit - tle
For to pre - serve this day; This poor Young - ling for
Charg - ed he hath this day; His men of might, in
And ev - er mourn and say; For Thy part - ing, nor

whom we sing, By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay.
his own sight, All child - ren young, to slay.
say nor sing, By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay.

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A Call to Harvest

Ella V. Phillips

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1. Up, away to the harvest field, Gather in the golden yield;
2. Always take with you faith's bright shield, And your sickle bravely wield;
3. Keep up lifted the word of truth, Spreading light to hopeful youth;
4. Take with you holy peace and love, Lift despairing souls above;

Gird your armor and faithful be, For the Master calleth thee.
Stand against cunning foes you see, For the Master calleth thee.
Bowed to Him must be every knee, For the Master calleth thee.
Toil to make sinful mortals free, For the Master calleth thee.

Refrain

Thrust your sickle in, the harvest time is here, Labor with your might, the judgment day is near;

Thrust your sickle in, the grain is falling fast, Haste, ere harvest time is past.

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A Call to Prayer

Clara M. Brooks

1. Softly the evening ves - pers Hal - low the clos - ing day;
2. Come, ere the shad - ows length - en, Bring Him thy bur - dened heart;
3. Smiles of His love a - wait thee, Light - ing His love - ly face;
4. Bold - ly we may ap - proach Him, Mer - cy and grace to own;

Sweet - ly the Sav - ior whis - pers, “Come to the throne and pray.”
Come where His grace may strength - en, Come from thy cares a - part.
Just to be - hold His beau - ty, Dwell in the se - cret place.
Tempt - ed like us, He bid us Come to the Fa - ther’s throne.

Refrain

Soft - ly I hear Him call - ing, Call - ing at close of day;
Sweet - ly His tones are fall - ing, “Come to the throne and pray.”
Amazing Grace

When 'Twas a Wretch
How I Was Lost, but
'Tis Grace
We've No Less
Em\G

When we've been dangers, there ten thousand years, Bright!

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