



# THEN SINGS MY SOUL

THE STORY *of* OUR SONGS:  
DRAWING STRENGTH *from*  
*the* GREAT HYMNS *of* OUR FAITH

BOOK 3

ROBERT J. MORGAN

A PDF COMPANION TO THE AUDIOBOOK

© 2011 Robert J. Morgan

All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, scanning, or other—except for brief quotations in critical reviews or articles, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Published in Nashville, Tennessee, by Thomas Nelson. Thomas Nelson is a registered trademark of Thomas Nelson, Inc.

Thomas Nelson, Inc., titles may be purchased in bulk for educational, business, fund-raising, or sales promotional use. For information, please e-mail [SpecialMarkets@ThomasNelson.com](mailto:SpecialMarkets@ThomasNelson.com).

Unless otherwise noted, Scripture quotations are taken from the Holy Bible, New International Version®, NIV®, Copyright © 1973, 1978, 1984 by Biblica, Inc.™ Used by permission of Zondervan. All rights reserved worldwide. [www.zondervan.com](http://www.zondervan.com)

Scripture quotations marked *kjv* are from the King James Version.

Scripture quotations marked *nkjv* are from THE NEW KING JAMES VERSION. © 1982 by Thomas Nelson, Inc. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

Scripture quotations marked *tlb* are from The Living Bible. © 1971 by Tyndale House Publishers, Wheaton, IL. All rights reserved.

**Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data** is available

ISBN-13: 978-0-8499-4713-1

*Printed in the United States of America*

11 12 13 14 15 LB 6 5 4 3 2 1

# All Creatures of Our God and King

St. Francis of Assisi

*Geistliche Kirchengesänge* Cologne

1. All crea- tures of our God and King, Lift up your voice and with us  
2. Let all things their Cre - a - tor bless, And wor-ship Him in hum-ble-

sing. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou burn - ing sun with  
ness. O praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise, praise the Fa - ther,

gold - en beam, Thou sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam, O praise Him  
praise the Son, And praise the spir - it, Three in One! O praise Him

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

# God Will Take Care of You

Civilla D. Martin

W. Stillman Martin

1. Be not dis-mayed what - e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;  
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;  
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;  
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.  
When dan - gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.  
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.  
Lean, wea - ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.


God will take care of you. Thro' ev - ery day, o'er all the way,

He will take care of you; God will take care of you.

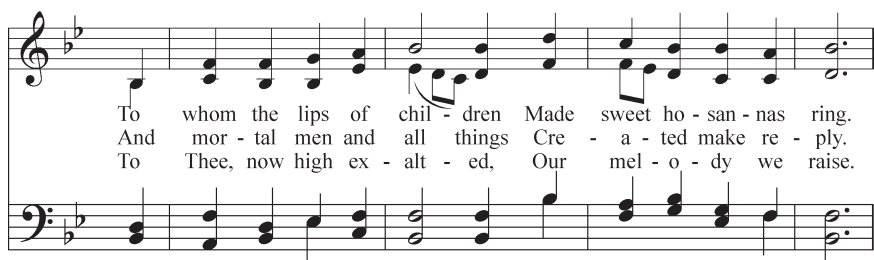
# All Glory, Laud, and Honor

Theodulph of Orleans

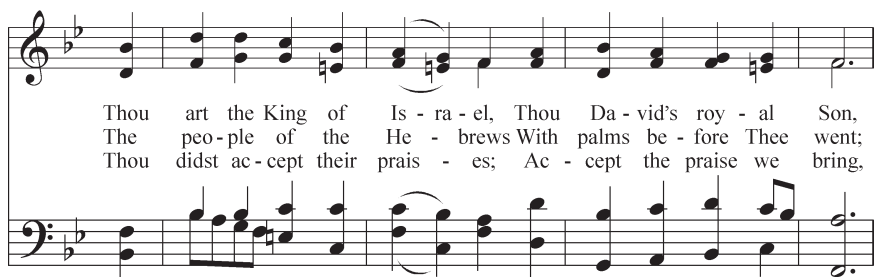
Melchior Teschner



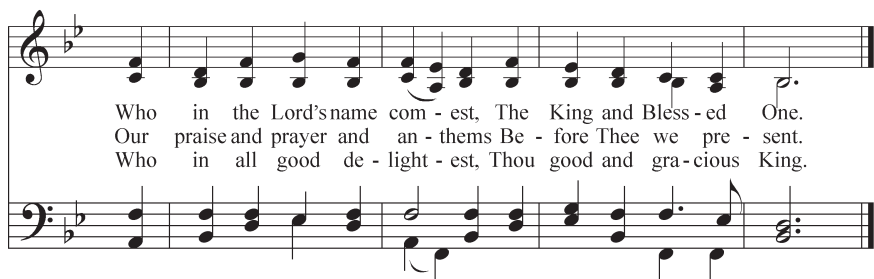
1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King.  
2. The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are prais - ing Thee on high.  
3. To Thee, be - fore Thy pas - sion, They sang their hymns of praise;



To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.  
And mor - tal men and all things Cre - a - ted make re - ply.  
To Thee, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.



Thou art the King of Is - ra - el, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,  
The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went;  
Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the praise we bring,

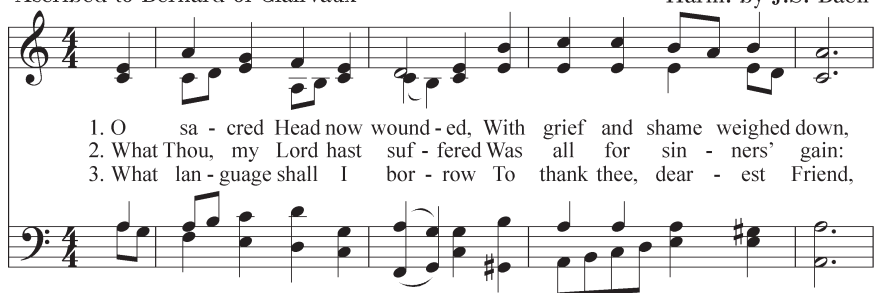


Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.  
Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.  
Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.

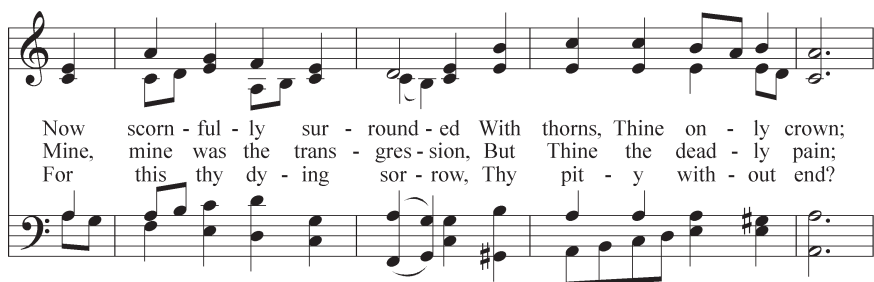
# O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Based on Medieval Latin poem  
Ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux

Hans Leo Hassler  
Harm. by J.S. Bach



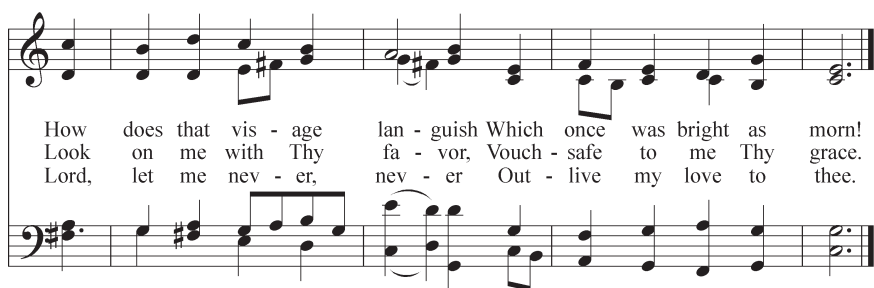
1. O sa - cred Head now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,  
2. What Thou, my Lord hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain:  
3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank thee, dear - est Friend,



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;  
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain;  
For this thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?



How pale thou art with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn!  
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;  
O make me thine for - ev - er, And should I faint - ing be,

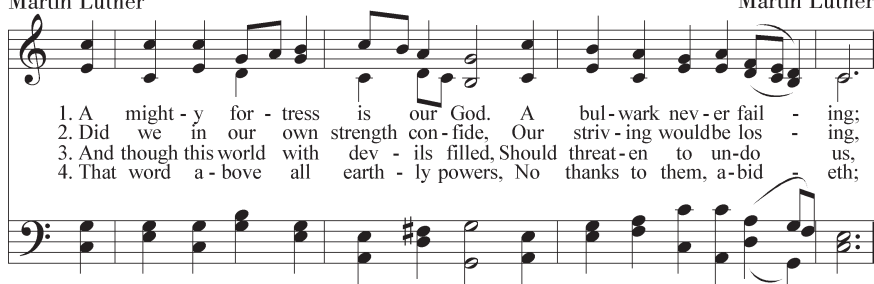


How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!  
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.  
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to thee.

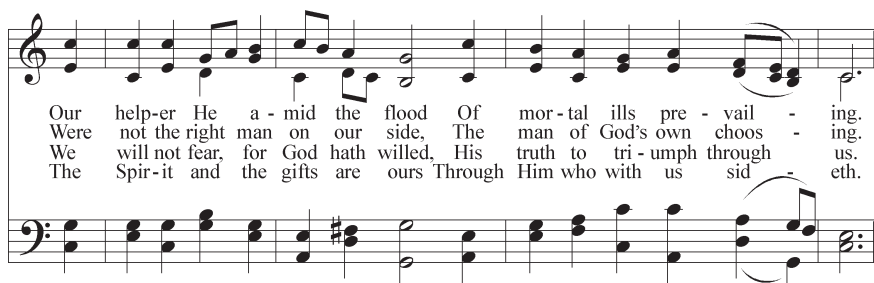
# A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Martin Luther

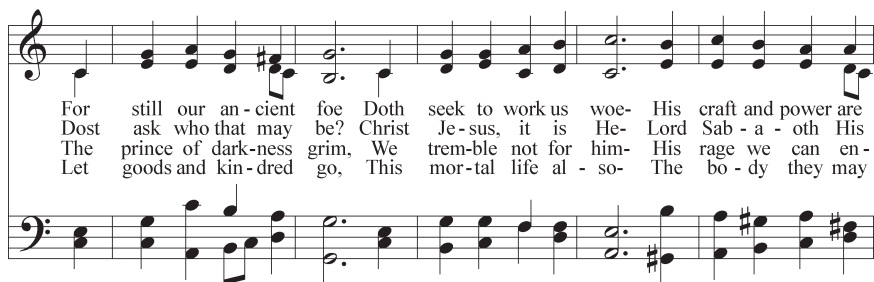
Martin Luther



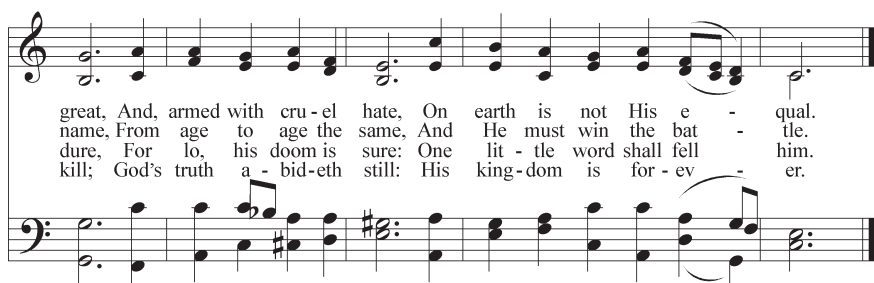
1. A might - y for - tress is our God. A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;  
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing;  
 3. And though this world with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un - do us,  
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them,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



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



For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe - His craft and power are  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He - Lord Sab - a - oth His  
 The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him - His rage we can en -  
 Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so - The bo - dy they may



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

# Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness

Nickolaus von Zinzendorf

William Gardiner

1. Je - sus, Thy blood and righ - teous - ness  
 2. Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,  
 3. Lord, I be - lieve Thy pre - cious blood,  
 4. Lord, I be - lieve were sin - ners more

My beau - ty are, my glo - rious dress; 'Midst  
 For who aught to my charge shall lay? Ful -  
 Which, at the mer - cy seat of God, For -  
 Than sands up - on the o - cean shore, Thou

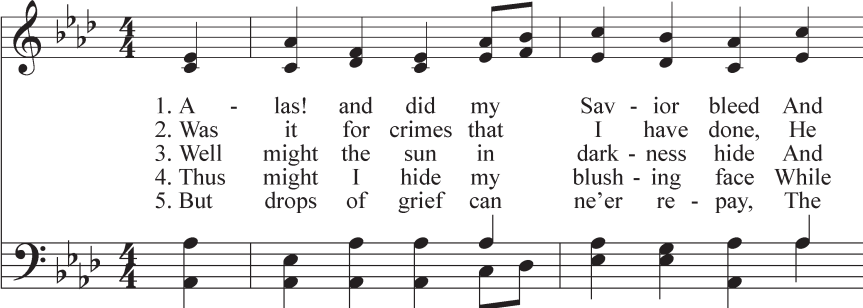
flam - ing worlds, in these ar - rayed, With  
 ly ab - solved through these I am, From  
 ev - er doth for sin - ners plead, For  
 hast for all a ran - som paid, For

joy shall I lift up my head.  
 sin and fear, from guilt and shame.  
 me, e'en for my soul, was shed.  
 all a full a - tone - ment made.

# Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed

Isaac Watts

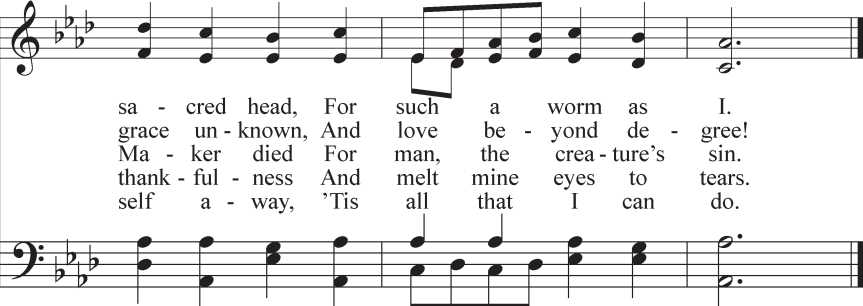
Hugh Wilson



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



did my Sov - er - eign die? Would He de - vote that  
suf - fered 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 such a worm 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 mine eyes to tears.  
self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

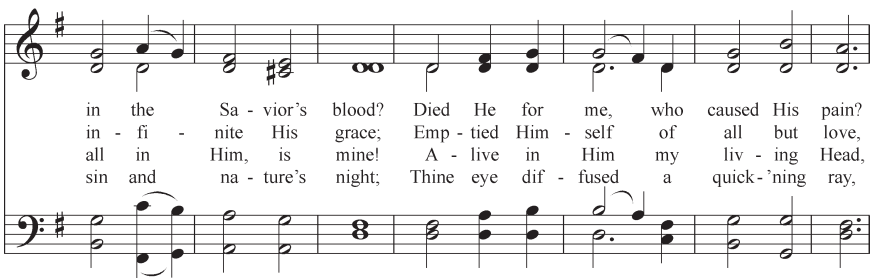
# And Can It Be That I Should Gain?

Charles Wesley

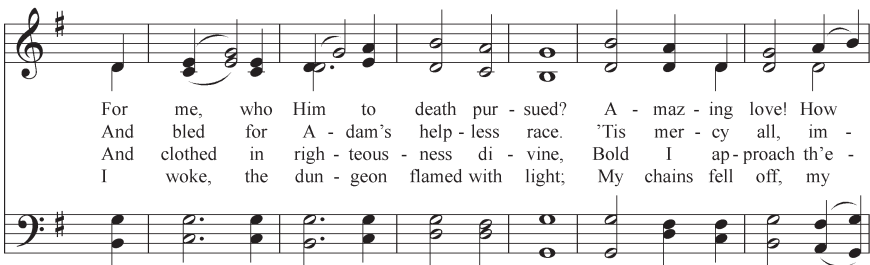
Thomas Campbell



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



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



For me, who Him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing love! How  
 And bled for A - dam's help - less race. 'Tis mer - cy all, im -  
 And clothed in righ - teous - ness di - vine, Bold I ap - proach th'e -  
 I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light; My chains fell off, my

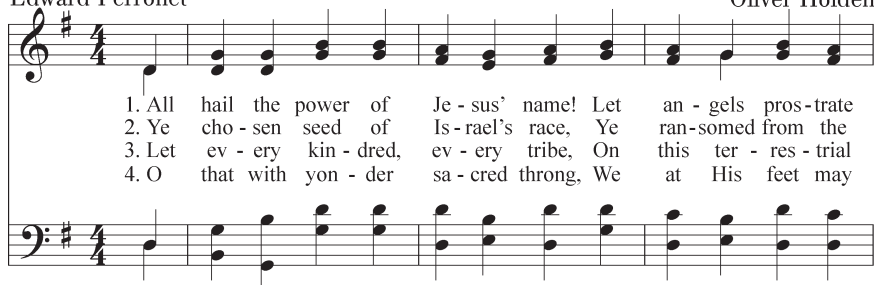


can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?  
 mense and free! For, O my God, it found out me!  
 ter - nal throne, And claim the crown, through Christ my own.  
 heart was free; I rose, went forth and fol - lowed Thee.

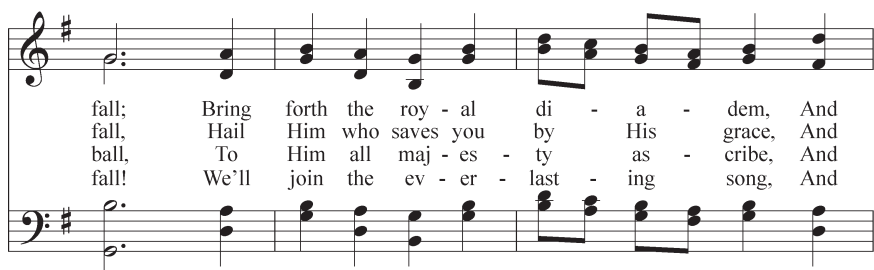
# All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

Edward Perronet

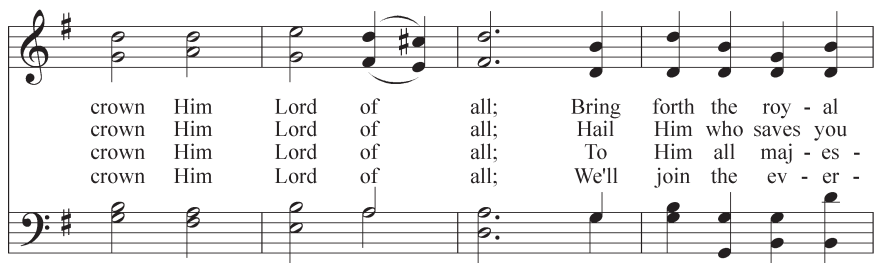
Oliver Holden



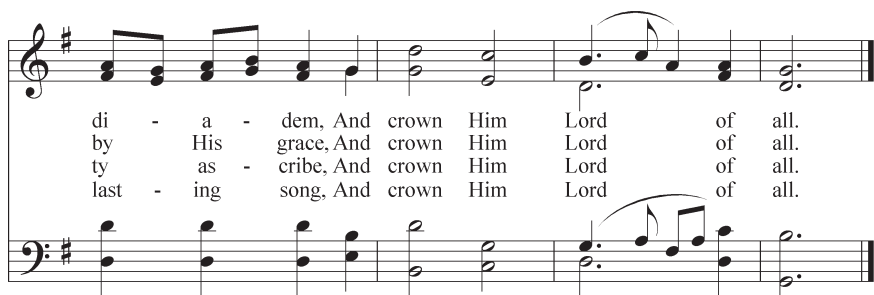
1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate  
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - sored from the  
 3. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial  
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may



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



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



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

# Glory Be to the Father

Traditional

Henry W. Greatorex  
GLORIA PATRI

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, And to the Son, and to the

The first system of music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin-ning, Is now and ev - er

The second system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

shall be, World with-out end. A - men, A - men.

The third system of music concludes the hymn. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

# O Trinity of Blessed Light

Attr. to Ambrose of Milan  
Trans. by John M. Neale

Jeremiah Clarke  
BROMLEY

1. O Trin - i - ty of bless - ed light,  
2. To Thee our morn - ing song of praise  
3. All laud to God the Fa - ther be,

O U - ni - ty of prince - ly might,  
To Thee our eve - ning prayer we raise;  
All praise, e - ter - nal Son to Thee,

The fier - y sun now goes his way;  
O grant us with Thy saints on high  
All glo - ry, as is ev - er meet,

Shed Thou with - in our hearts a ray.  
To praise Thee through e - ter - ni - ty.  
To God the Ho - ly Par - a - clete.

# Come, Thou Redeemer of the Earth

Ambrose of Milan  
Translated by John M. Neale

Trier manuscript  
PUER NOBIS NASCITUR

1. Come, Thou Re - deem - er of the earth, And man - i -  
2. Be - got - ten of no hu - man will, But of the  
3. The vir - gin womb that bur - den gained With vir - gin  
4. Forth from His cham - ber go - eth He, That roy - al  
5. From God the Fa - ther He pro - ceeds, To God the  
6. O e - qual to the Fa - ther, Thou! Gird on Thy  
7. Thy cra - dle here shall glit - ter bright, And dark - ness  
8. All laud to God the Fa - ther be, All praise, e -

fest Thy vir - gin birth: Let ev - ery age a -  
Spir - it, Thou art still The Word of God in  
hon - or all un - stained; The ban - ners there of  
home of pur - i - ty, A giant in two - fold  
Fa - ther back He speeds; His course He runs to  
flesh - ly man - tle now; The weak - ness of our  
breathe a new - er light, Where end - less faith shall  
ter - nal Son, to Thee; All glo - ry, as is

dor - ing fall; Such birth be - fits the God of all.  
flesh ar - rayed, The prom - ised Fruit to man dis - played.  
vir - ture glow; God in His tem - ple dwells be - low.  
sub - stance one, Re - joic - ing now His course to run.  
death and hell, Re - turn - ing on God's throne to dwell.  
mor - tal state With death - less might in - vig - or - ate.  
shine se - rene, And twi - light nev - er in - ter - vene.  
ev - er meet To God the Ho - ly Par - a - clete.

# Of the Father's Love Begotten

Aurelius C. Prudentius

Trans. by John M. Neale and Henry W. Baker

Plainsong

Arr. by C. Winfred Douglas

DIVINUM MYSTERIUM

1. Of the Fa-ther's love be-got - ten, Ere the worlds be-gan to be,  
2. O ye heights of heaven, a-dore Him; An-gel hosts, His prais-es sing;  
3. Christ, to Thee with God the Fa-ther, And, O Ho-ly Ghost, to Thee,

He is Al-pha and O-me-ga, He the Source, the End-ing He  
powers, do-min-ions, bow be-fore Him And ex-tol our God-and King;  
hymn and chant and high thanks-giv-ing, And un-wea-ried-prais-es be:

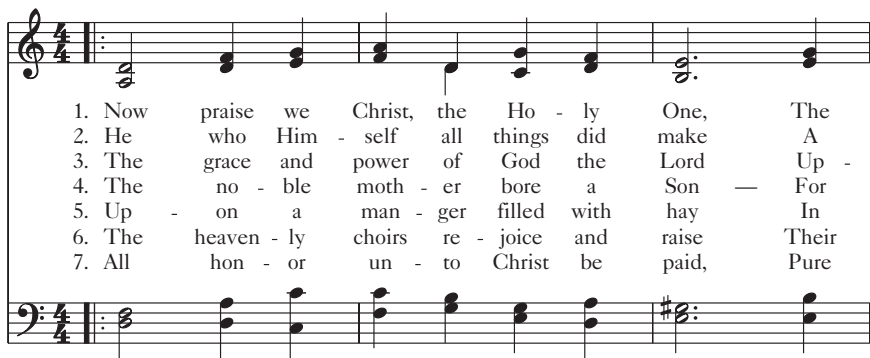
of the things that are that have been,  
let no tongue on earth be si-lent;  
hon-or glo-ry and do-min-ion

and that fu-ture years shall see, ev-er-more and ev-er-more.  
ev-ery voice in con-cert ring, ev-er-more and ev-er-more.  
and e-ter-nal vic-to-ry, ev-er-more and ev-er-more.

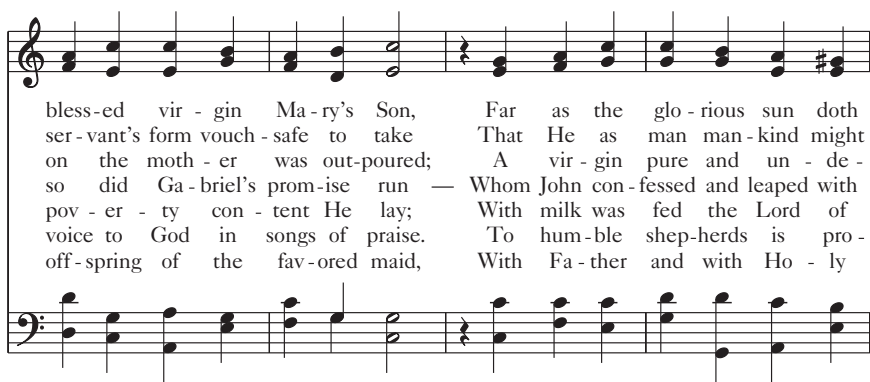
# Now Praise We Christ, The Holy One

Caelius Sedulius  
Trans. by Martin Luther

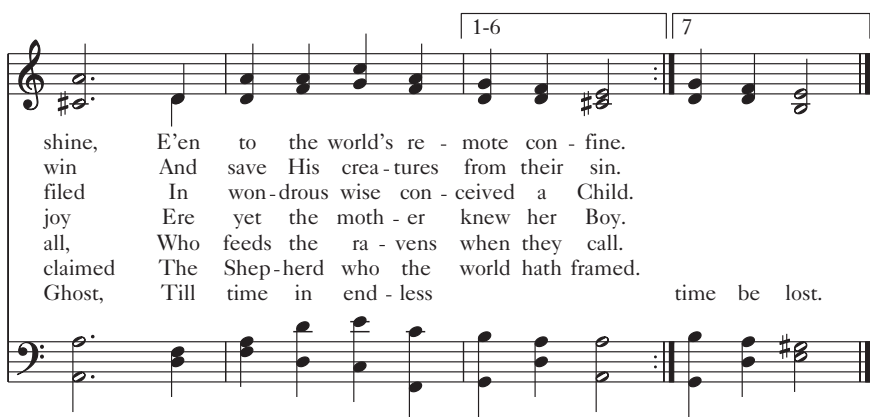
*Eyn Enchiridion*  
CHRISTUM WIR SOLLEN LOBEN SCHON



1. Now praise we Christ, the Ho - ly One, The  
 2. He who Him - self all things did make A  
 3. The grace and power of God the Lord Up -  
 4. The no - ble moth - er bore a Son — For  
 5. Up - on a man - ger filled with hay In  
 6. The heaven - ly choirs re - joice and raise Their  
 7. All hon - or un - to Christ be paid, Pure



bless - ed vir - gin Ma - ry's Son, Far as the glo - rious sun doth  
 ser - vant's form vouch - safe to take That He as man man - kind might  
 on the moth - er was out - poured; A vir - gin pure and un - de -  
 so did Ga - briel's prom - ise run — Whom John con - fessed and leaped with  
 pov - er - ty con - tent He lay; With milk was fed the Lord of  
 voice to God in songs of praise. To hum - ble shep - herds is pro -  
 off - spring of the fav - ored maid, With Fa - ther and with Ho - ly



shine, E'en to the world's re - mote con - fine.  
 win And save His crea - tures from their sin.  
 filed In won - drous wise con - ceived a Child.  
 joy Ere yet the moth - er knew her Boy.  
 all, Who feeds the ra - vens when they call.  
 claimed The Shep - herd who the world hath framed.  
 Ghost, Till time in end - less time be lost.

# Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation

Latin Hymn, 7th century  
Translated by John M. Neale

Henry T. Smart  
REGENT SQUARE

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G minor, 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of staves, each with a vocal line and a basso continuo line. The lyrics are in Latin and English, with the English translation provided below the Latin text. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

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

cor - ner - stone, Cho - sen of the Lord and pre - cious,  
hosts, to - day. With ac - cus - tomed lov - ing-kind - ness  
Thee to gain, What they gain from Thee for - ev - er  
to the Son. Laud and hon - or to the Spir - it;

Bind - ing all the Church in one, Ho - ly Zi - on's  
Hear Thy peo - ple as they pray, And Thy full - est  
With the bless - ed to re - tain, And here - af - ter  
Ev - er Three and ev - er One. One in might and

help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.  
ben - e - dic - tion Shed with - in its walls al - way.  
in Thy glo - ry Ev - er - more with Thee to reign.  
One in glo - ry While un - end - ing a - ges run.

# Commit Whatever Grieves Thee

Paul Gerhardt

Hans L. Hassler  
Harm. by Johann Sebastian Bach  
PASSION CHORALE

1. Com - mit what - ev - er grieves thee In - to the gra - cious hands  
2. On Him place Thy re - li - ance If thou wouldst be se - cure;  
3. Thy truth and grace, O Fa - ther, Most sure - ly see and know  
4. Thy hand is nev - er short - ened, All things must serve Thy might;

Of Him who nev - er leaves thee, Who heaven and earth com - mands.  
His work thou must con - sid - er If thine is to en - dure.  
Both what is good and e - vil For mor - tal man be - low.  
Thine ev - ery act is bless - ing, Thy path is pur - est light.

Who points the clouds their cours - es, Whom winds and waves o - bey,  
By anx - ious sighs and griev - ing And self - tor - ment - ing care  
Ac - cord - ing to Thy coun - sel Thou wilt Thy work pur - sue;  
Thy work no man can hin - der, Thy pur - pose none can stay,

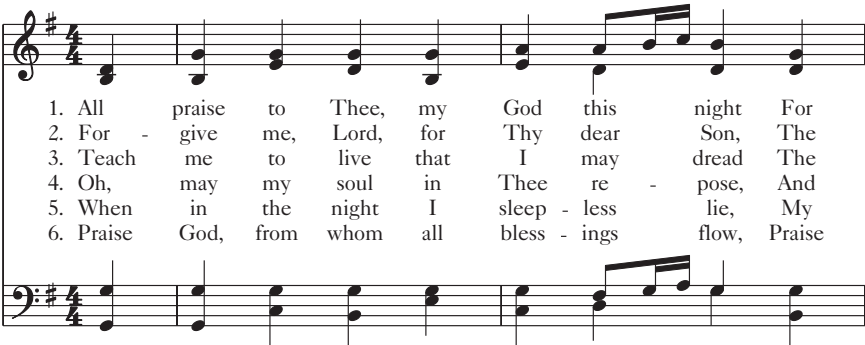
He will di - rect thy foot - steps And find for thee a way.  
God is not moved to giv - ing; All must be gained by prayer.  
And what Thy wis - dom choos - eth Thy might will al - ways do.  
Since Thou to bless Thy chil - dren Wilt al - ways find a - way.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a basso continuo. It is in 4/4 time and G major. The lyrics are in German and English. The English lyrics are provided below the German lyrics. The score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal staff and a basso continuo staff. The lyrics are placed between the vocal staves. The first system contains the first four lines of the hymn. The second system contains the next four lines. The third system contains the next four lines. The fourth system contains the final four lines. The score ends with a double bar line.

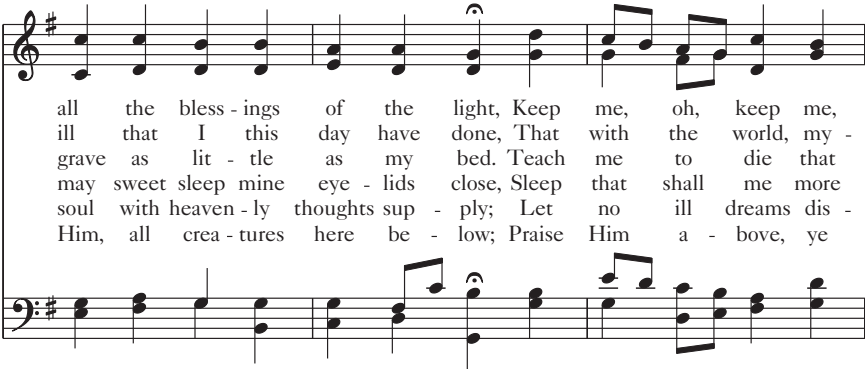
# All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night

Thomas Ken

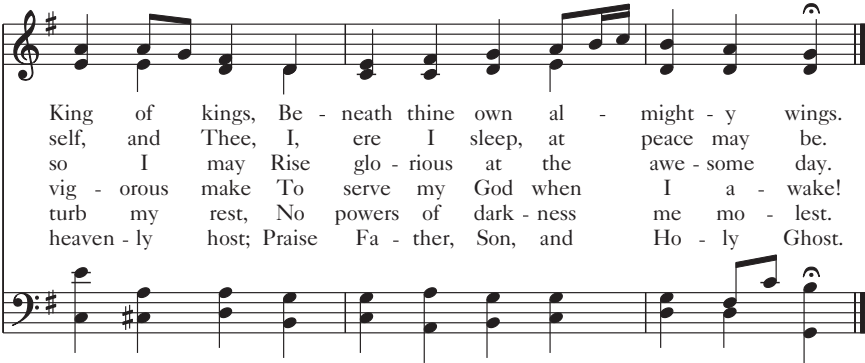
Arr. from Thomas Tallis  
TALLIS' CANON



1. All praise to Thee, my God this night For  
2. For - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The  
3. Teach me to live that I may dread The  
4. Oh, may my soul in Thee re - pose, And  
5. When in the night I sleep - less lie, My  
6. Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise



all the bless - ings of the light, Keep me, oh, keep me,  
ill that I this day have done, That with the world, my -  
grave as lit - tle as my bed. Teach me to die that  
may sweet sleep mine eye - lids close, Sleep that shall me more  
soul with heaven - ly thoughts sup - ply; Let no ill dreams dis -  
Him, all crea - tures here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, ye

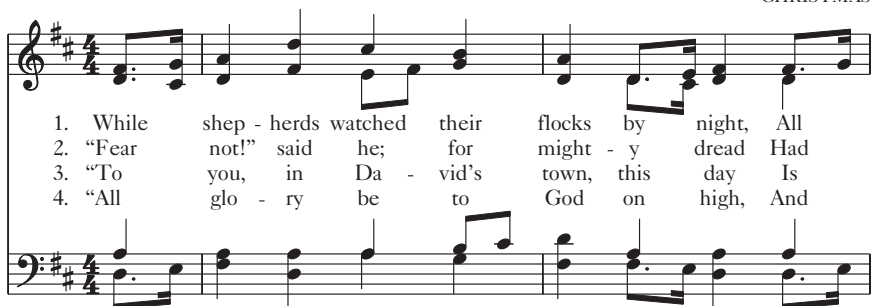


King of kings, Be - neath thine own al - might - y wings.  
self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.  
so I may Rise glo - rious at the awe - some day.  
vig - orous make To serve my God when I a - wake!  
turb my rest, No powers of dark - ness me mo - lest.  
heaven - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

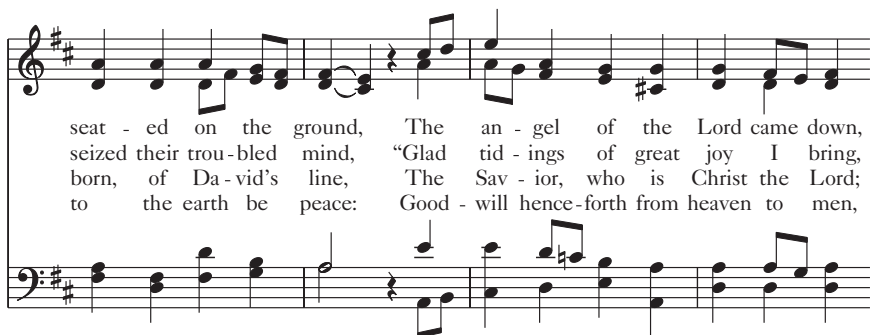
# While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

Nahum Tate

George F. Handel  
CHRISTMAS



1. While shep - herds watched their flocks by night, All  
2. "Fear not!" said he; for might - y dread Had  
3. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day Is  
4. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And



seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down,  
seized their trou - bled mind, "Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring,  
born, of Da - vid's line, The Sav - ior, who is Christ the Lord;  
to the earth be peace: Good - will hence - forth from heaven to men,



And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.  
To you and all man - kind, To you and all man - kind.  
And this shall be the sign: And this shall be the sign:  
Be - gin and nev - er cease, Be - gin and nev - er cease!"

# When I Can Read My Title Clear

Isaac Watts

Traditional American melody  
PISGAH

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies,  
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled,  
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall!  
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heaven - ly rest,

I'll bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes;  
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world;  
May I but safe - ly reach my home, my God, my heaven, my all;  
And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast,

And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes,  
And face a frown - ing world, And face a frown - ing world,  
My God, my heaven, my all, My God, my heaven, my all,  
A - cross my peace - ful breast, A - cross my peace - ful breast,

I'll bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.  
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.  
And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

# Lo, He Comes with Clouds Descending

Charles Wesley and Martin Madan  
Based on John Cennick

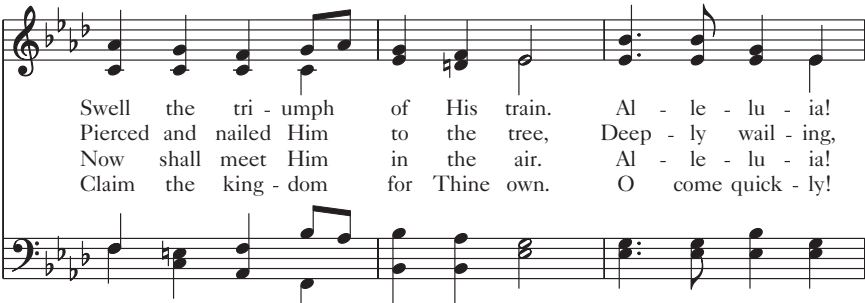
Henry T. Smart  
REGENT SQUARE



1. Lo, He comes with clouds de-scend - ing, Once for fa - vored  
2. Ev - ery eye shall now be - hold Him, Robed in dread - ful  
3. Now the Sav - ior long - ex - spect - ed, See in sol - emn  
4. Yes, a - men! let all a - dore Thee, High on Thine e -



sin - ners slain; Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing  
maj - es - ty! Those who set at naught and sold Him,  
pomp ap - pear. All His saints, by man re - ject - ed,  
ter - na throne. Sav - ior, take the power and glo - ry;



Swell the tri - umph of His train. Al - le - lu - ia!  
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree, Deep - ly wail - ing,  
Now shall meet Him in the air. Al - le - lu - ia!  
Claim the king - dom for Thine own. O come quick - ly!

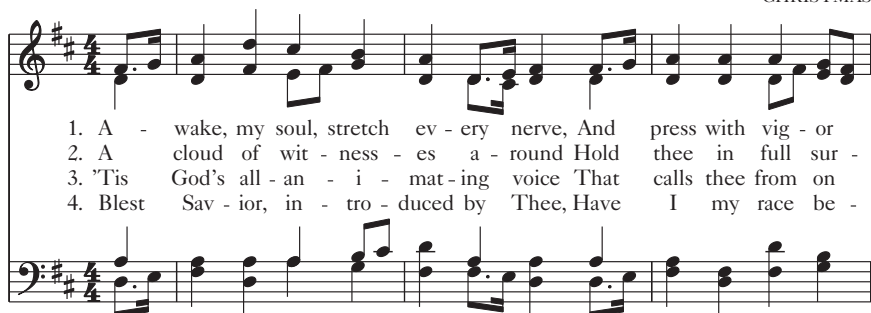


Al - le - lu - ia! God ap - pears on earth to reign.  
deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.  
Al - le - lu - ia! See the day of God ap - pear.  
O come quick - ly! Ev - er - last - ing God come down!

# Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve

Philip Doddridge

Arr. from George F. Handel  
CHRISTMAS



1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or  
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur -  
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on  
4. Blest Sav - ior, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my race be -



on! A heaven - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And  
vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And  
high; 'Tis His own hand pre - sents the prize To  
gun; And, crowned with vic - tory, at Thy feet I'll



an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.  
on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.  
thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.  
lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down.

# Come, Thou Almighty King

Unknown

Felice de Giardini  
ITALIAN HYMN



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



Help us to praise: Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy  
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in  
Hence, ev - er - more! Thy sov - ereign maj - es - ty May we in

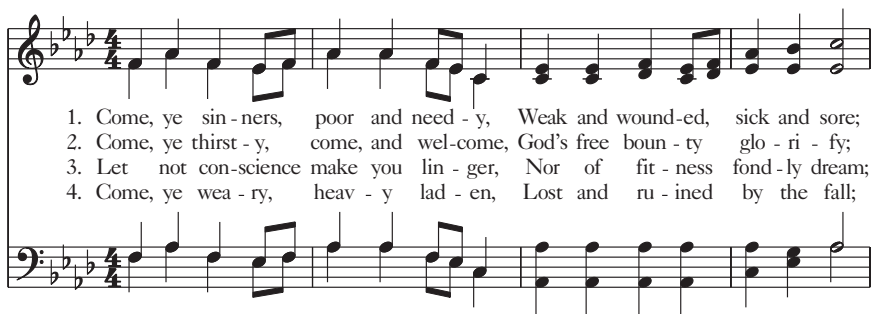


to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.  
word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.  
ev - ery heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.  
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

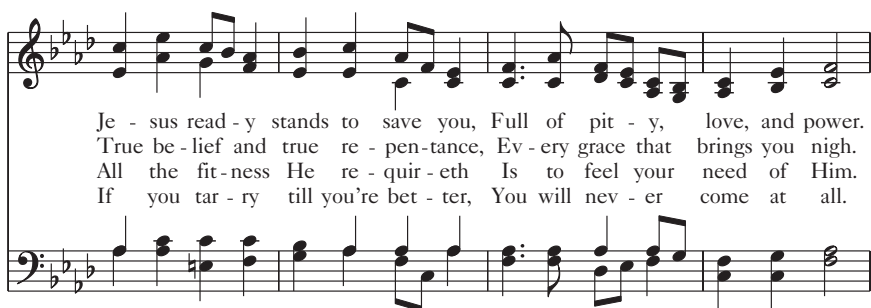
# Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

Joseph Hart  
Refrain, unknown

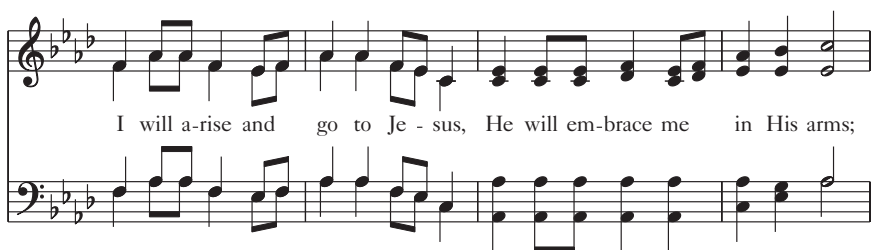
Traditional American melody  
Walker's *Southern Harmony*  
ARISE



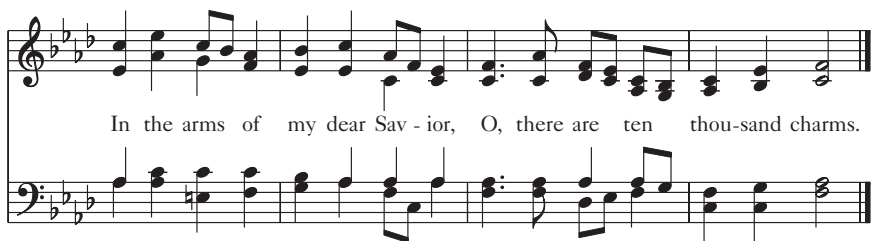
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;  
2. Come, ye thirst - y, come, and wel-come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;  
3. Let not con-science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;  
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y lad - en, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power.  
True be - lief and true re - pen-tance, Ev - ery grace that brings you nigh.  
All the fit-ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.  
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.



I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;



In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, O, there are ten thou-sand charms.

# I Know That My Redeemer Lives!

Samuel Medley

John Hatton  
DUKE STREET

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives! What com - fort  
 2. He lives tri - um - phant from the grave; He lives e -  
 3. He lives to bless me with His love; He lives to  
 4. He lives, my kind, wise, heaven - ly friend; He lives and  
 5. He lives, all glo - ry to His name! He lives, my

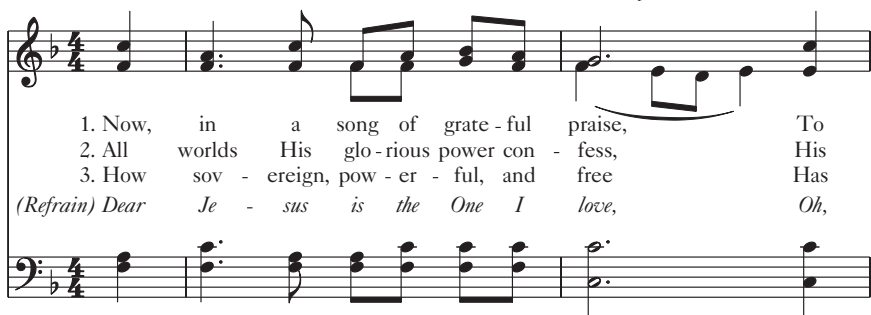
this as - sur - ance gives! He lives, He lives, who  
 ter - nal - ly to save; He lives ex - alt - ed,  
 plead for me a - bove; He lives my hun - gry  
 loves me to the end; He lives, and while He  
 Sav - ior, still the same; what com - fort this as -

once was dead; He lives my ev - er - liv - ing Head!  
 throned a - bove; He lives to rule His church in love.  
 soul to feed; He lives to help in time of need.  
 lives, I'll sing; He lives, my Proph - et, Priest, and King!  
 sur - ance gives: I know that my Re - deem - er lives!

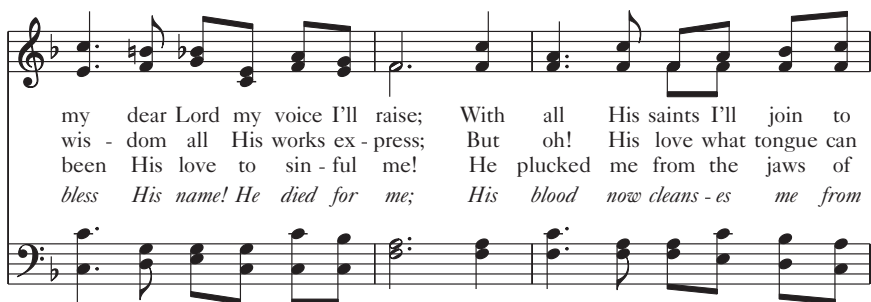
# Now, In a Song of Grateful Praise

Samuel Medley

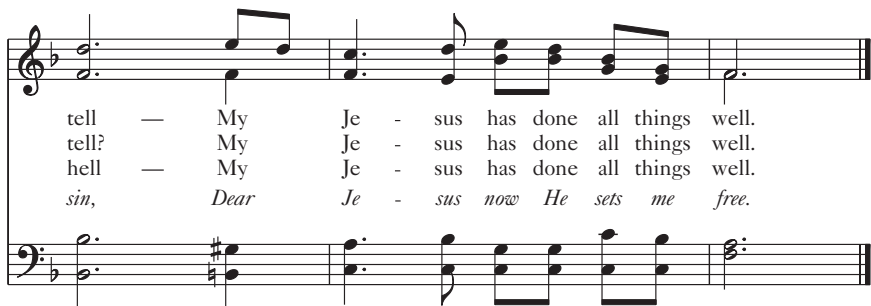
Unknown  
DEAR JESUS IS THE ONE I LOVE



1. Now, in a song of grate - ful praise, To  
2. All worlds His glo - rious power con - fess, His  
3. How sov - ereign, pow - er - ful, and free Has  
(Refrain) Dear Je - sus is the One I love, Oh,



my dear Lord my voice I'll raise; With all His saints I'll join to  
wis - dom all His works ex - press; But oh! His love what tongue can  
been His love to sin - ful me! He plucked me from the jaws of  
bless His name! He died for me; His blood now cleans - es me from



tell — My Je - sus has done all things well.  
tell? — My Je - sus has done all things well.  
hell — My Je - sus has done all things well.  
sin, Dear Je - sus now He sets me free.

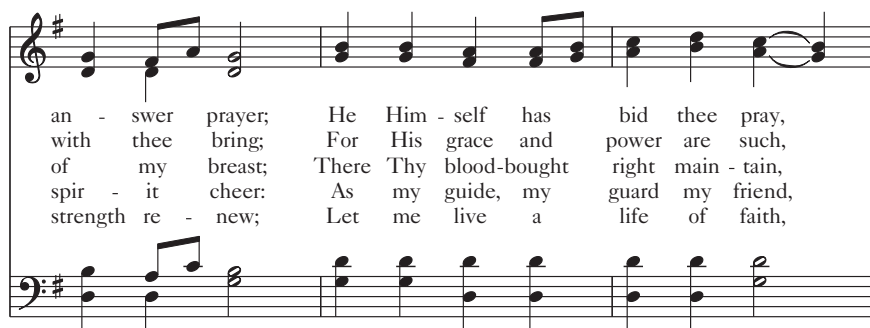
# Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare

John Newton

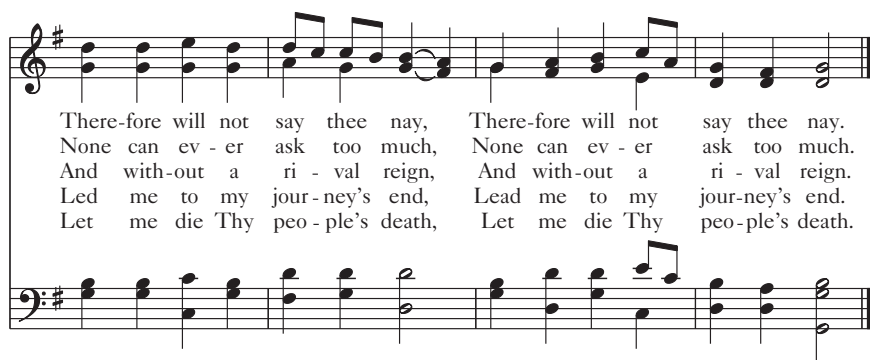
Henri A. César Malan  
HENDON



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to  
 2. Thou art com - ing to a King; Large pe - ti - tions  
 3. Lord, I come to Thee for rest; Take pos - ses - sion  
 4. While I am a pil - grim here, Let Thy love my  
 5. Show me what I have to do; Ev - ery hour my



an - swer prayer; He Him - self has bid thee pray,  
 with thee bring; For His grace and power are such,  
 of my breast; There Thy blood-bought right main - tain,  
 spir - it cheer: As my guide, my guard my friend,  
 strength re - new; Let me live a life of faith,



There-fore will not say thee nay, There-fore will not say thee nay.  
 None can ev - er ask too much, None can ev - er ask too much.  
 And with-out a ri - val reign, And with-out a ri - val reign.  
 Led me to my jour-ney's end, Lead me to my jour-ney's end.  
 Let me die Thy peo - ple's death, Let me die Thy peo - ple's death.

# Holy Bible, Book Divine

John Burton

William B. Bradbury  
ALETTA

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious  
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to  
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suf - fering  
4. Mine to tell the joys to come, And the

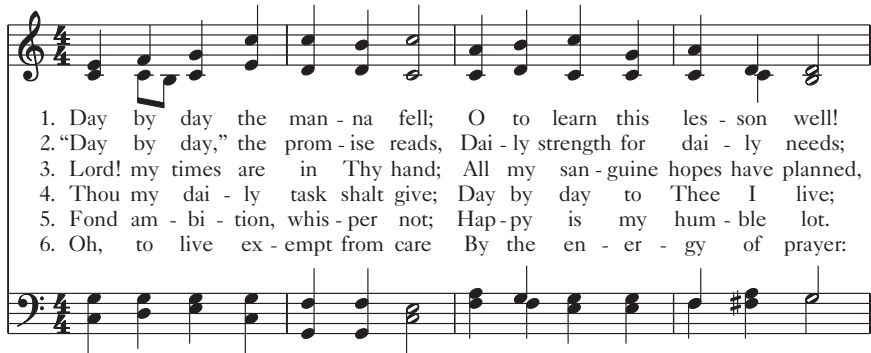
trea - sure, thou art mine; Mine to tell me whence I  
show a Sav - ior's love; Mine thou art to guide and  
in this wil - der - ness; Mine to show, by liv - ing  
reb - el sin - ner's doom; O thou ho - ly book di -

came; Mine to teach me what I am;  
guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward;  
faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death;  
vine, Pre - cious trea - sure, thou art mine.

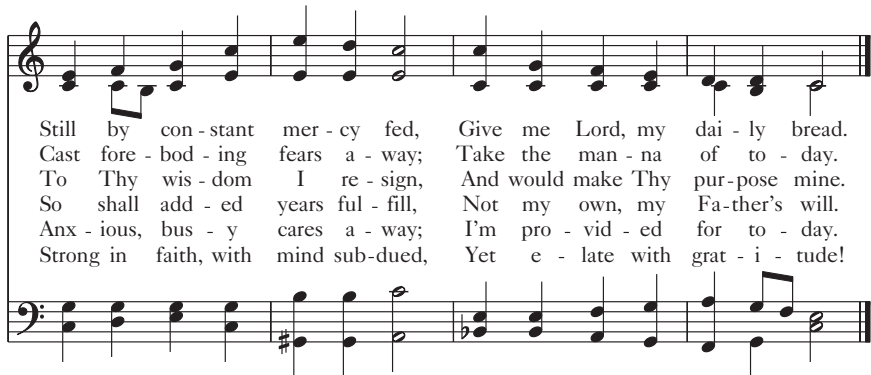
# Day by Day the Manna Fell

Josiah Conder

John B. Calkin  
MUNUS



1. Day by day the man - na fell; O to learn this les - son well!  
2. "Day by day," the prom - ise reads, Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs;  
3. Lord! my times are in Thy hand; All my san - guine hopes have planned,  
4. Thou my dai - ly task shalt give; Day by day to Thee I live;  
5. Fond am - bi - tion, whis - per not; Hap - py is my hum - ble lot.  
6. Oh, to live ex - empt from care By the en - er - gy of prayer:



Still by con - stant mer - cy fed, Give me Lord, my dai - ly bread.  
Cast fore - bod - ing fears a - way; Take the man - na of to - day.  
To Thy wis - dom I re - sign, And would make Thy pur - pose mine.  
So shall add - ed years ful - fill, Not my own, my Fa - ther's will.  
Anx - ious, bus - y cares a - way; I'm pro - vid - ed for to - day.  
Strong in faith, with mind sub - dued, Yet e - late with grat - i - tude!

# Once in Royal David's City

Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander

Henry John Gauntlett  
Harm. by Arthur Henry Mann  
IRBY

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y stood a low - ly cat - tle  
2. He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is God and Lord of  
3. And, through all His won - drous child - hood, He would hon - or and o -  
4. For He is our child - hood's pat - tern, day by day like us He  
5. And our eyes at last shall see Him, through His own re - deem - ing  
6. Not in that poor low - ly sta - ble, with the ox - en stand - ing

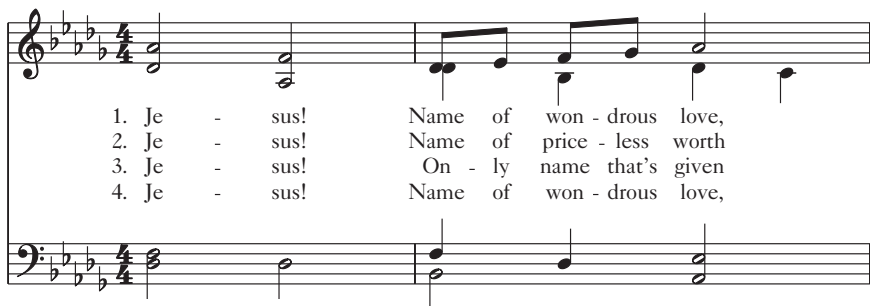
7. shed, where a moth - er laid her Ba - by in a man - ger for His bed;  
8. all, and His shel - ter was a sta - ble, and His cra - dle was a stall;  
9. bey, love and watch the low - ly maid - en in whose gen - tle arms He lay;  
10. grew; He was lit - tle, weak and help - less, tears and smiles like us He knew;  
11. love; for that Child so dear and gen - tle, is our Lord in heaven a - bove,  
12. by, we shall see Him; but in heav - en, set at God's right hand on high;

13. Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.  
14. with the poor, and mean, and low - ly lived on earth our Sav - ior ho - ly.  
15. Chris - tian chil - dren all should be kind, o - be - dient, good as He.  
16. and He feel - eth for our sad - ness, and He shar - eth in our glad - ness.  
17. and He leads His chil - dren on to the place where He is gone.  
18. when like stars His chil - dren crowned, all in white shall wait a - round.

# Jesus! Name of Wondrous Love

William How

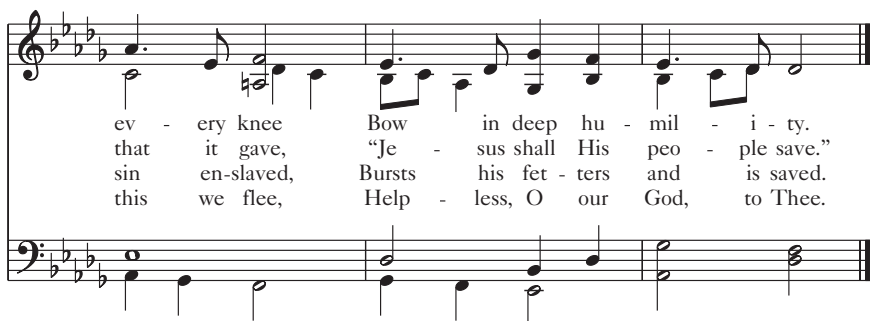
Everett Titcomb  
CARLSON



1. Je - sus! Name of won - drous love,  
 2. Je - sus! Name of price - less worth  
 3. Je - sus! On - ly name that's given  
 4. Je - sus! Name of won - drous love,



Name all oth - er names a - bove, Un - to which must  
 To the fall - en sons of earth, For the prom - ise  
 Un - der all the might - y heaven Where-by man, to  
 Hu - man name of God a - bove: Plead - ing on - ly



ev - ery knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty.  
 that it gave, "Je - sus shall His peo - ple save."  
 sin en-slaved, Bursts his fet - ters and is saved.  
 this we flee, Help - less, O our God, to Thee.


# Spirit of God, Descend upon My Heart

George Croly

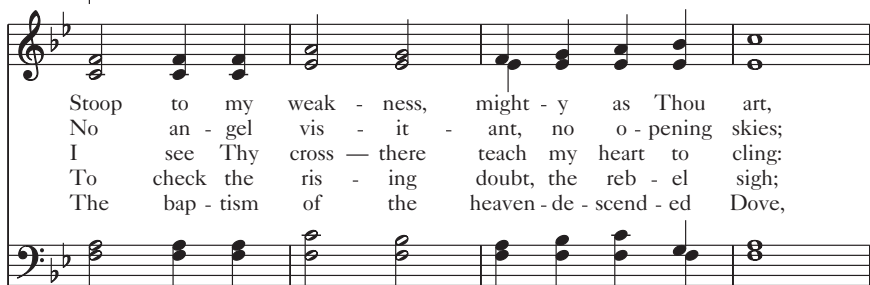
Frederick C. Atkinson  
MORECAMBE



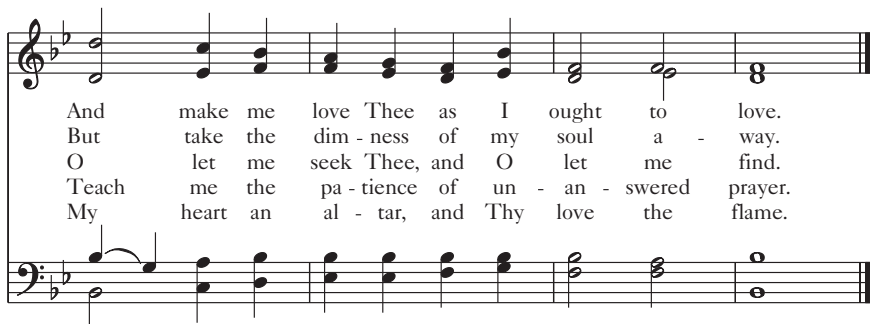
1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart;  
2. I ask no dream, no proph - et ec - sta - sies,  
3. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?  
4. Teach me to feel that Thou art al - ways right;  
5. Teach me to love Thee as Thine an - gels love,



Wean it from earth, through all its puls - es move;  
No sud - den rend - ing of the veil of clay,  
All, all Thine own soul, heart and strength and mind.  
Teach me the strug - gles of the soul to bear,  
One ho - ly pas - sion fill - ing all my frame;



Stoop to my weak - ness, might - y as Thou art,  
No an - gel vis - it - ant, no o - pening skies;  
I see Thy cross — there teach my heart to cling;  
To check the ris - ing doubt, the reb - el sigh;  
The bap - tism of the heaven - de - scend - ed Dove,

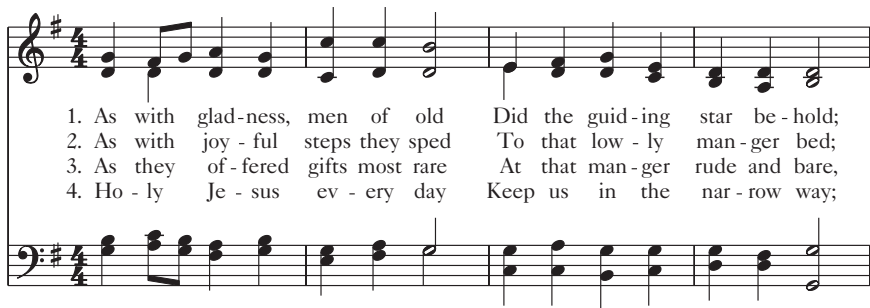


And make me love Thee as I ought to love.  
But take the dim - ness of my soul a - way.  
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.  
Teach me the pa - tience of un - an - swered prayer.  
My heart an al - tar, and Thy love the flame.

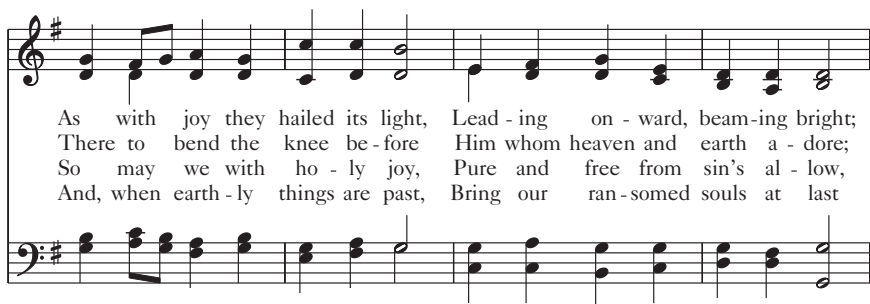
# As with Gladness, Men of Old

William C. Dix

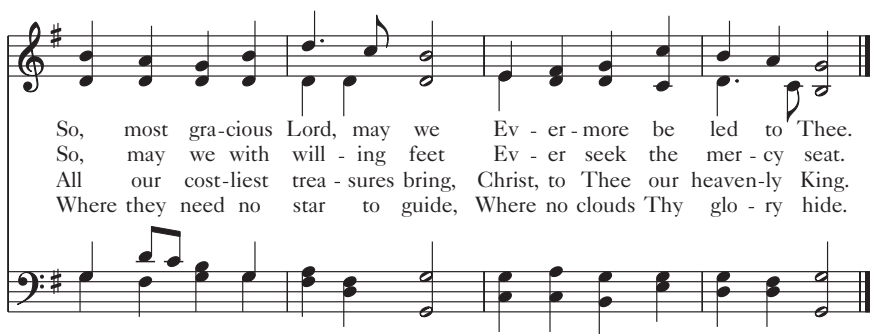
Conrad Kocher  
DIX



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



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

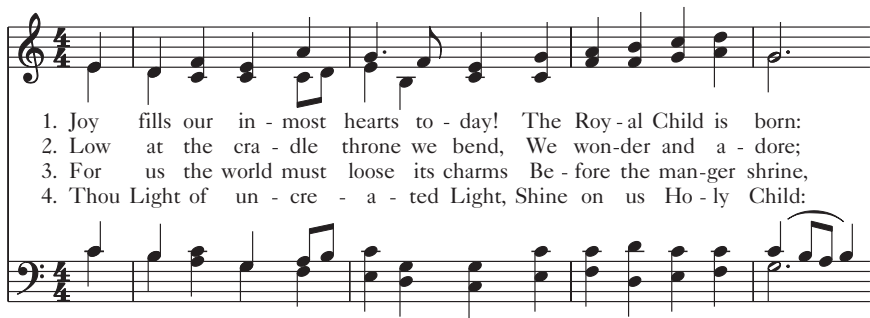


So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.  
So, may we with will-ing feet Ev-er seek the mer-cy seat.  
All our cost-liest trea-sures bring, Christ, to Thee our heaven-ly King.  
Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo-ry hide.

# Joy Fills Our Inmost Hearts Today

William C. Dix

Samuel Smith  
GAUDETE



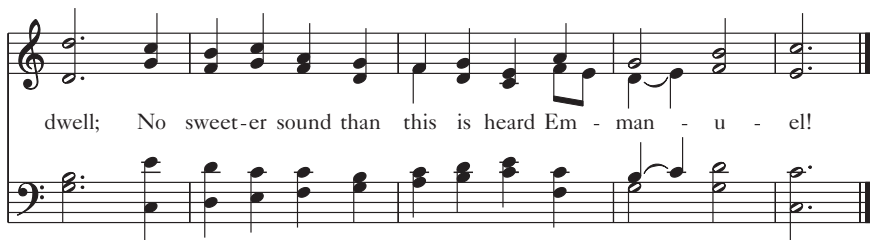
1. Joy fills our in - most hearts to - day! The Roy - al Child is born:  
2. Low at the cra - dle throne we bend, We won - der and a - dore;  
3. For us the world must loose its charms Be - fore the man - ger shrine,  
4. Thou Light of un - cre - a - ted Light, Shine on us Ho - ly Child:



And an - gel hosts in glad ar - ray His ad - vent keep this morn.  
And fell no bliss can ours tran - scend, No joy was sweet be - fore.  
When fold - ed in Thy moth - er's arms, We see Thee, Babe di - vine.  
That we may keep Thy birth - day bright, With ser - vice un - de - filed.



Re - joice, re - joice! Th'In - car - nate Word Has come on earth to  
Re-joyce, Th'In-car-nate

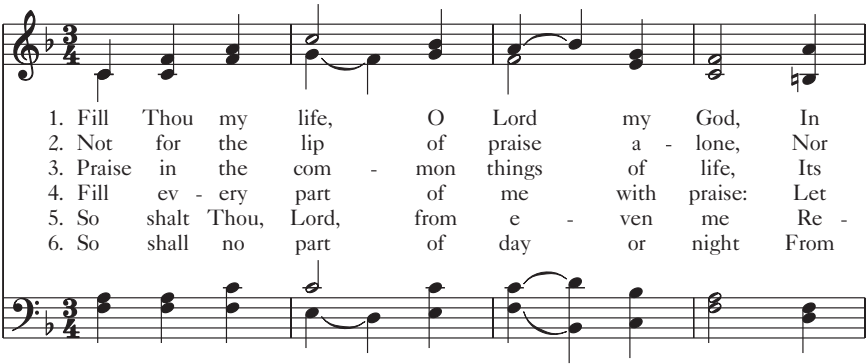


dwell; No sweet - er sound than this is heard Em - man - u - el!

# Fill Thou My Life, O Lord My God

Horatius Bonar

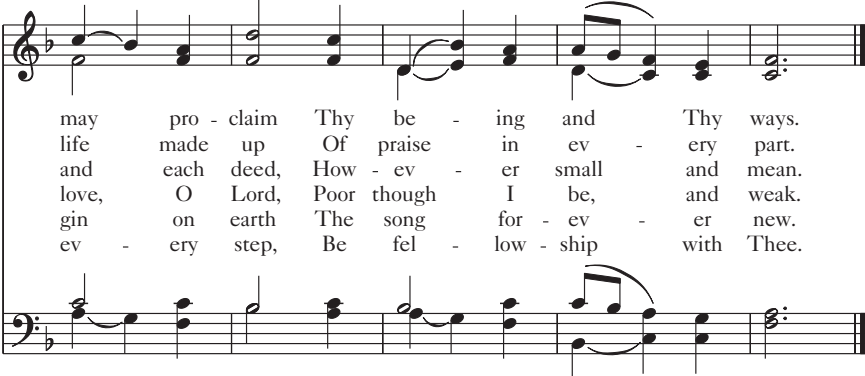
Thomas Haweis  
RICHMOND



1. Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God, In  
 2. Not for the lip of praise a - lone, Nor  
 3. Praise in the com - mon things of life, Its  
 4. Fill ev - ery part of me with praise: Let  
 5. So shalt Thou, Lord, from e - ven me Re -  
 6. So shall no part of day or night From



ev - ery part with praise, That my whole be - ing  
 for the prais - ing heart; I ask Thee for a  
 go - ings out and in; Praise in each du - ty  
 all my be - ing speak Of Thee and of Thy  
 ceive the glo - ry due; And so shall I be -  
 sa - cred - ness be free; But all my life, in



may pro - claim Thy be - ing and Thy ways.  
 life made up Of praise in ev - ery part.  
 and each deed, How - ev - er small and mean.  
 love, O Lord, Poor though I be, and weak.  
 gin on earth The song for - ev - er new.  
 ev - ery step, Be fel - low - ship with Thee.

# O Word of God Incarnate

William W. How

*Neuvermehrtes Gesangbuch*  
Arr. by Felix Mendelssohn  
MUNICH

1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,  
2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift di - vine  
3. It float - eth like a ban - ner Be - fore God's host un - furled;  
4. O make Thy Church, dear Sav - ior, A lamp of pur - est gold,

O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;  
And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine.  
It shin - eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling world.  
To bear be - fore the na - tions Thy true light as of old.

We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,  
It is the gold - en cas - ket Where gems of truth are stored;  
It is the chart and com - pass That o'er life's surg - ing sea,  
O teach Thy wan - dering pil - grims By this their path to trace,

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.  
It is the heaven - drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.  
'Mid mists and rocks and quick - sands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.  
Till, clouds and dark - ness end - ed, They see Thee face to face.

# At the Name of Jesus

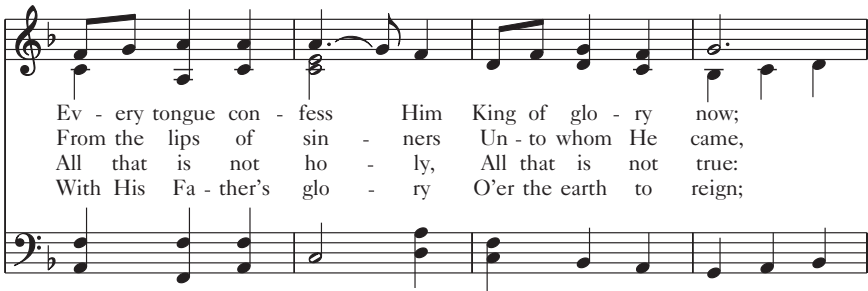
Caroline M. Noel

Ralph Vaughan Williams  
KING'S WESTON

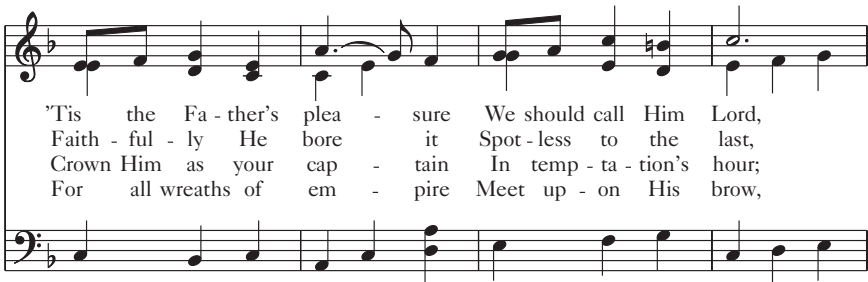
*Unison*



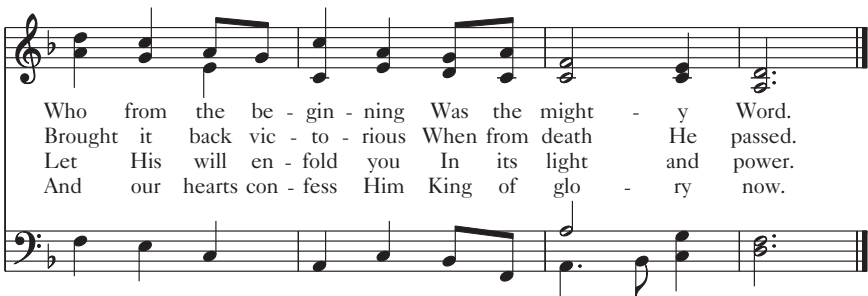
1. At the name of Je - sus Ev - ery knee shall bow,  
2. Hum-bled for a sea - son, To re-ceive a name  
3. In your hearts en - throne Him; There let Him sub - due  
4. Broth-ers, this Lord Je - sus Shall re - turn a - gain,



Ev - ery tongue con - fess Him King of glo - ry now;  
From the lips of sin - ners Un - to whom He came,  
All that is not ho - ly, All that is not true:  
With His Fa - ther's glo - ry O'er the earth to reign;



'Tis the Fa - ther's plea - sure We should call Him Lord,  
Faith - ful - ly He bore it Spot - less to the last,  
Crown Him as your cap - tain In temp - ta - tion's hour;  
For all wreaths of em - pire Meet up - on His brow,



Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might - y Word.  
Brought it back vic - to - rious When from death He passed.  
Let His will en - fold you In its light and power.  
And our hearts con - fess Him King of glo - ry now.

From *Enlarged Songs of Praise* by permission of Oxford University Press.

# I Am Not Skilled to Understand

Dora Greenwell

William J. Kirkpatrick  
GREENWELL

1. I am not skilled to un - der - stand What  
2. I take Him at His word in - deed: "Christ  
3. That He should leave His place on high And  
4. And, oh, that He ful - filled may see The  
5. Yes, liv - ing, dy - ing, let me bring My

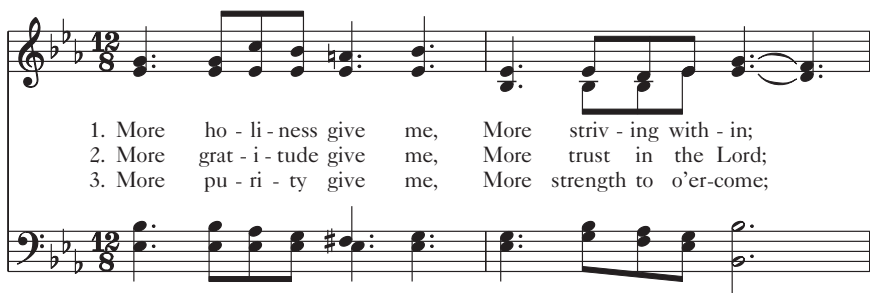
God has willed, what God has planned; I on - ly know at  
died for sin - ners," this I read; For in my heart I  
come for sin - ful man to die, You count it strange? so  
tra - vail of His soul in me, And with His work con -  
strength, my sol - ace from this spring; That He who lives to

His right hand Is One who is my Sav - ior!  
find a need Of Him to be my Sav - ior!  
once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav - ior!  
test - ed be, As I with my dear Sav - ior!  
be my King Once died to be my Sav - ior!

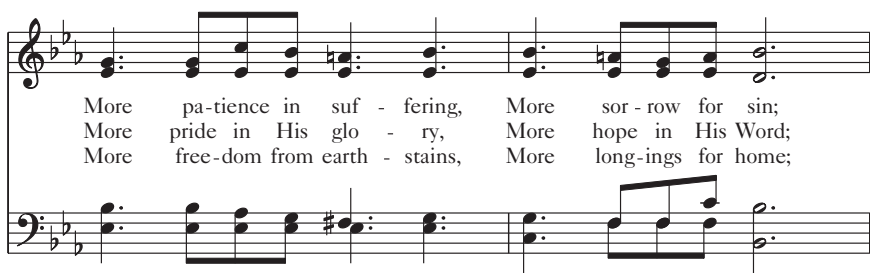
# More Holiness Give Me

Philip P. Bliss

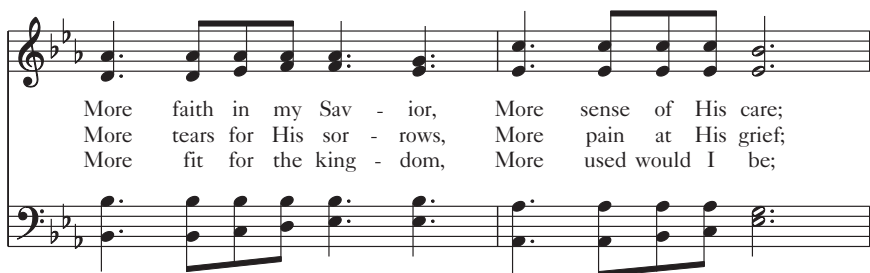
Philip P. Bliss



1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ing with - in;  
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord;  
3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er-come;



More pa-tience in suf - fering, More sor - row for sin;  
More pride in His glo - ry, More hope in His Word;  
More free-dom from earth - stains, More long-ings for home;



More faith in my Sav - ior, More sense of His care;  
More tears for His sor - rows, More pain at His grief;  
More fit for the king - dom, More used would I be;

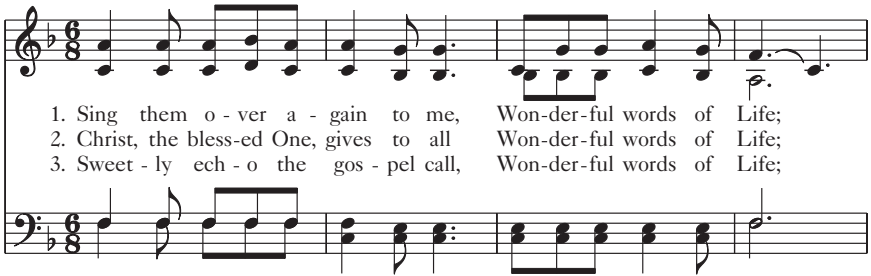


More joy in His ser - vice, More pur-pose in prayer.  
More meek-ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.  
More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - ior, like Thee.

# Wonderful Words of Life

Philip P. Bliss

Philip P. Bliss  
WORDS OF LIFE



1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;  
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life;  
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;



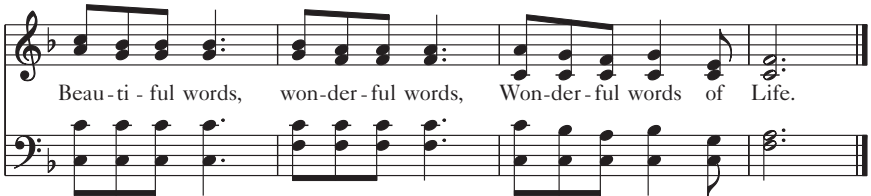
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.  
Sin - ner list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.  
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.



Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:  
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:  
Je - sus on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:



Beau-ti - ful words, won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life.



Beau-ti - ful words, won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life.

# Breathe on Me, Breath of God

Edwin Hatch

Robert Jackson  
TRENTHAM

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

The first system of the musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, while the piano line begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are aligned under the vocal line.

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

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a double bar line. The piano line continues with a key signature change to one flat (B-flat) and ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are aligned under the vocal line.

# Redeemed, How I Love to Proclaim It

Fanny Jane Crosby

William James Kirkpatrick  
REDEEMED

1. Re-deemed, how I love to pro-claim it! Re-deemed by the  
2. Re-deemed, and so hap-py in Je-sus, No lan-guage my  
3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of Him  
4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty The King in whose

blood of the Lamb; Re-deemed through His in-fi-nite mer-cy,  
rap-ture can tell; I know that the light of His pres-ence  
all the day long; I sing, for I can-not be-si-lent;  
law I de-light; Who lov-ing-ly guard-ed my foot-steps

His child, and for-ev-er I am.  
With me doth con-tin-ual-ly dwell. Re-deemed, re-  
His love is the theme of my song. re-deemed,  
and giv-eth me songs in the night.

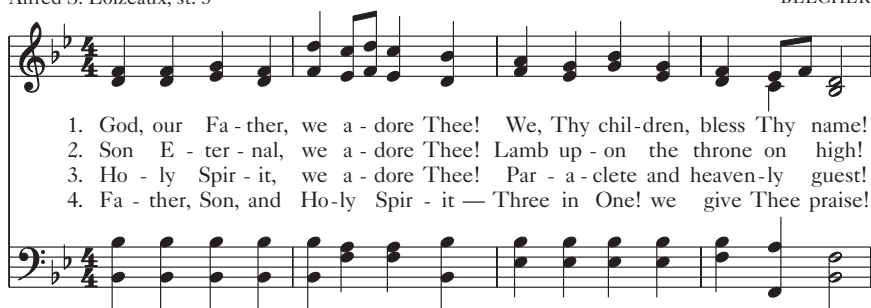
deemed, re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb; re-deemed,  
re-deemed, re-deemed,

re-deemed, His child, and for-ev-er I am.  
re-deemed,

# God, Our Father, We Adore Thee

George W. Frazer  
Alfred S. Loizeaux, st. 3

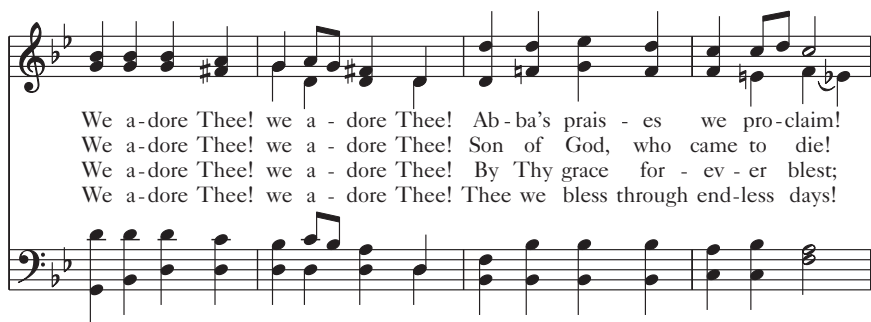
John Zundel  
BEECHER



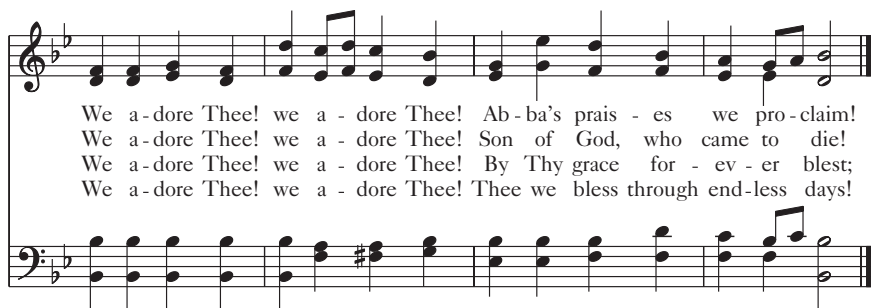
1. God, our Fa - ther, we a - dore Thee! We, Thy chil - dren, bless Thy name!  
2. Son E - ter - nal, we a - dore Thee! Lamb up - on the throne on high!  
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, we a - dore Thee! Par - a - clete and heaven - ly guest!  
4. Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it — Three in One! we give Thee praise!



Cho - sen in the Christ be - fore Thee, We are "ho - ly, with - out blame."  
Lamb of God, we bow be - fore Thee, Thou has brought Thy pe - ple nigh!  
Sent from God and from the Sav - ior, Thou hast led us in - to rest.  
For the rich - es we in - her - it, Heart and voice to Thee we raise!



We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! Ab - ba's prais - es we pro - claim!  
We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! Son of God, who came to die!  
We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! By Thy grace for - ev - er blest;  
We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! Thee we bless through end - less days!



We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! Ab - ba's prais - es we pro - claim!  
We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! Son of God, who came to die!  
We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! By Thy grace for - ev - er blest;  
We a - dore Thee! we a - dore Thee! Thee we bless through end - less days!

# The Birthday of a King

William Harold Neidlinger

William Harold Neidlinger

Arr. by Robert F. Douglas

NEIDLINGER

1. In the lit - tle vil - lage of Beth - le - hem, There lay a Child one  
2. 'Twas a hum - ble birth - place, but O how much God gave to us that

day, And the sky was bright with a ho - ly light O'er the  
day; From the man - ger bed what a path has led, What a

place where Je - sus lay. Al - le - lu - ia! O how the  
per - fect, ho - ly way.

an - gels sang. Al - le - lu - ia! How it rang! And the sky was bright with a

ho - ly light, 'Twas the birth - day of a King.

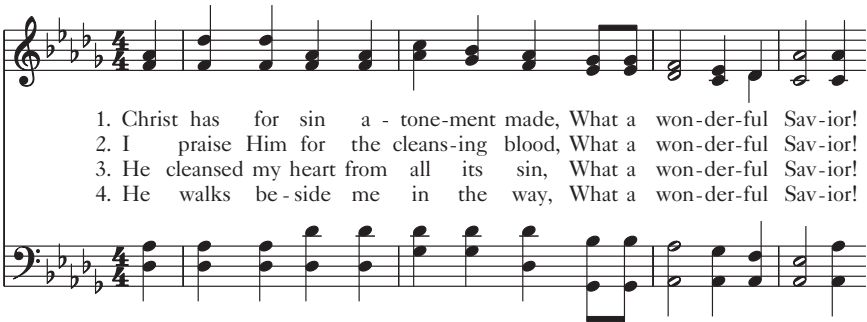
The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features two staves: a treble staff for the voice and a bass staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes two verses of lyrics. The first verse begins with '1. In the lit - tle vil - lage of Beth - le - hem, There lay a Child one'. The second verse begins with '2. 'Twas a hum - ble birth - place, but O how much God gave to us that'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. There are also some performance markings like 'Al - le - lu - ia!' and 'O how the'. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Arr. © copyright 1986 by Word Music (a div. of WORD MUSIC). All rights reserved. Used by permission.

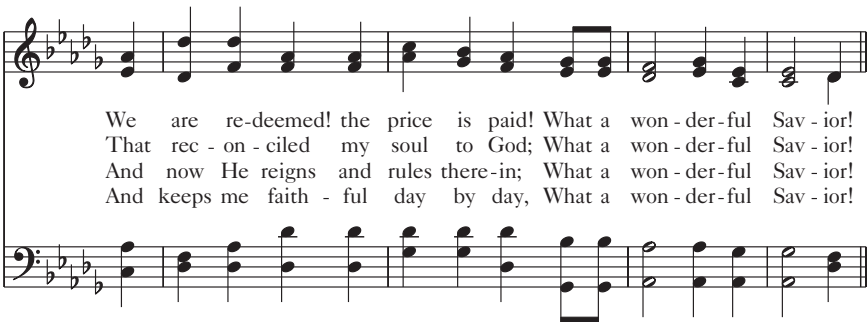
# What a Wonderful Savior

Elisha A. Hoffman

Elisha A. Hoffman



1. Christ has for sin a - tone-ment made, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
2. I praise Him for the cleans - ing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
4. He walks be - side me in the way, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!



We are re - deemed! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
That rec - on - ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
And now He reigns and rules there - in; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
And keeps me faith - ful day by day, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!



What a won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Je - sus!

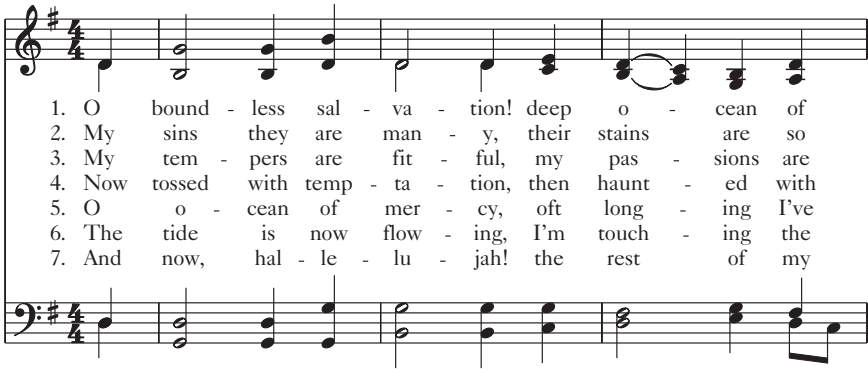


What a won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Lord!

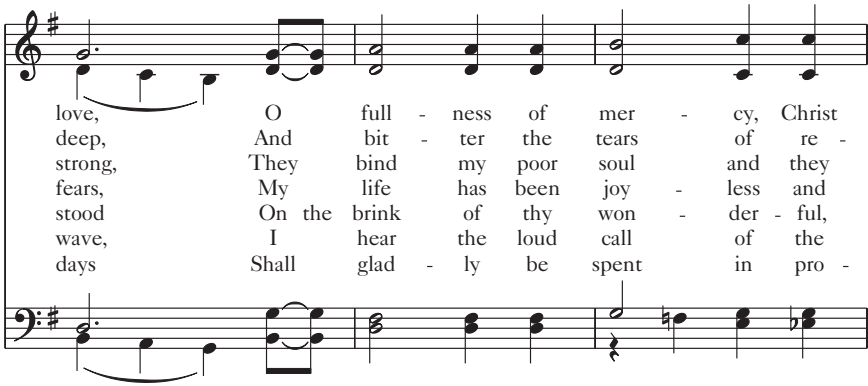
# Boundless Salvation

William Booth

J. Ellis  
MY JESUS I LOVE THEE



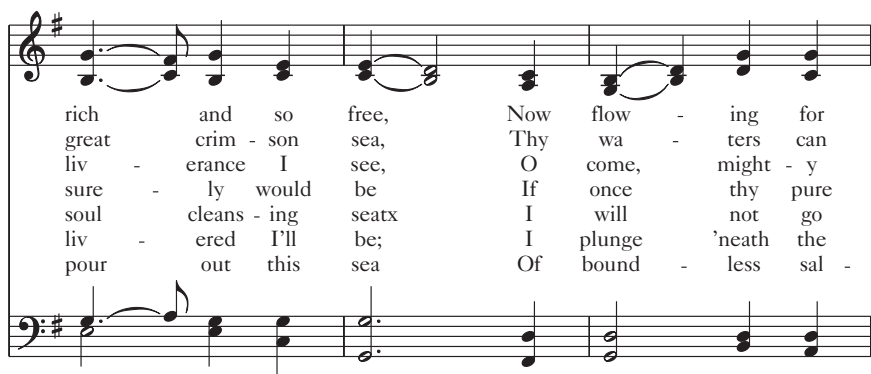
1. O bound - less sal - va - tion! deep o - cean of  
 2. My sins they are man - y, their stains are so  
 3. My tem - pers are fit - ful, my pas - sions are  
 4. Now tossed with temp - ta - tion, then haunt - ed with  
 5. O o - cean of mer - cy, oft long - ing I've  
 6. The tide is now flow - ing, I'm touch - ing the  
 7. And now, hal - le - lu - jah! the rest of my



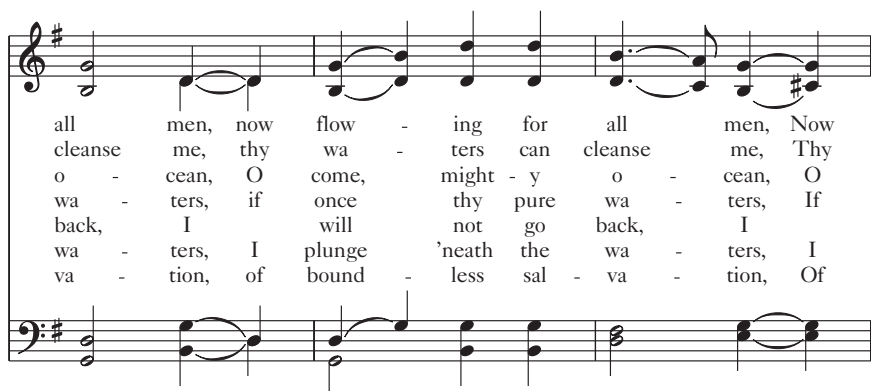
love, O full - ness of mer - cy, Christ  
 deep, And bit - ter the tears of re -  
 strong, They bind my poor soul and they  
 fears, My life has been joy - less and  
 stood On the brink of thy won - der - ful,  
 wave, I hear the loud call of the  
 days Shall glad - ly be spent in pro -



brought from a - bove, The whole world re - deem - ing, so  
 morse that I weep; But use - less is weep - ing; thou  
 force me to wrong; Be - neath thy blest bil - lows de -  
 use - less for years; I feel some thing - bet - ter most  
 life - giv - ing flood! Once more I have reach - ed this  
 Might - y to save; My faith's grow - ing bold - er, de -  
 mot - ing His praise Who o - pened His bos - om to



rich and so free, Now flow - ing for  
 great crim - son sea, Thy wa - ters can  
 liv - erance I see, O come, might - y  
 sure - ly would be If once thy pure  
 soul cleans - ing seatx I will not go  
 liv - ered I'll be; I plunge 'neath the  
 pour out this sea Of bound - less sal -



all men, now flow - ing for all men, Now  
 cleanse me, thy wa - ters can cleanse me, Thy  
 o - cean, O come, might - y o - cean, O  
 wa - ters, if once thy pure wa - ters, If  
 back, I will not go back, I  
 wa - ters, I plunge 'neath the wa - ters, I  
 va - tion, of bound - less sal - va - tion, Of



flow - ing for all men, come, roll o - ver me!  
 wa - ters can cleanse me, come, roll o - ver me!  
 come, might - y o - cean, and roll o - ver me!  
 once thy pure wa - ters would roll o - ver me.  
 will not go back till it rolls o - ver me.  
 plunge 'neath the wa - ter they roll o - ver me.  
 bound - less sal - va - tion for you and for me.

# We've a Story to Tell to the Nations

H. Ernest Nichol

H. Ernest Nichol

MESSAGE

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions That shall  
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions That shall  
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions That the  
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions Who the

turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and mer - cy,  
lift their hearts to the Lord, A song that shall con - quer e - vil  
Lord who reign-eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us,  
path of sor - row hath trod, That all of the world's great peo - ples

A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.  
And shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.  
And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.  
Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.

For the dark-ness shall turn to dawn-ing, And the dawn-ing to noon-day bright,

And Christ's great king-dom shall come to earth, The king-dom of love and light.

# We Praise Thee, O God, Our Redeemer

Julia Cady Cory

Netherlands Folk song  
Arr. by Edward Kremser  
KREMSER



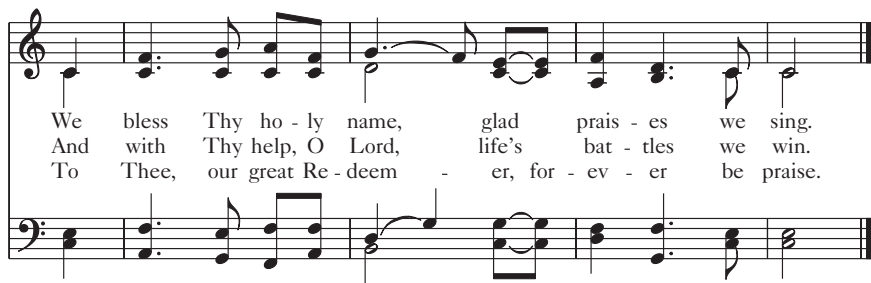
1. We praise Thee, O God, our Re - deem - er, Cre - a - tor;  
2. We wor - ship Thee, God of our fa - thers, we bless Thee;  
3. With voic - es u - nit - ed our prais - es we of - fer,



In grate - ful de - vo - tion our trib - ute we bring.  
Through life's storm and tem - pest our guide Thou hast been.  
And glad - ly our songs of true wor - ship we raise.



We lay it be - fore Thee; we kneel and a - dore Thee;  
When per - ils o'er - take us, Thou wilt not for - sake us,  
Thy strong arm will guide us; our God is be - side us.



We bless Thy ho - ly name, glad prais - es we sing.  
And with Thy help, O Lord, life's bat - tles we win.  
To Thee, our great Re - deem - er, for - ev - er be praise.

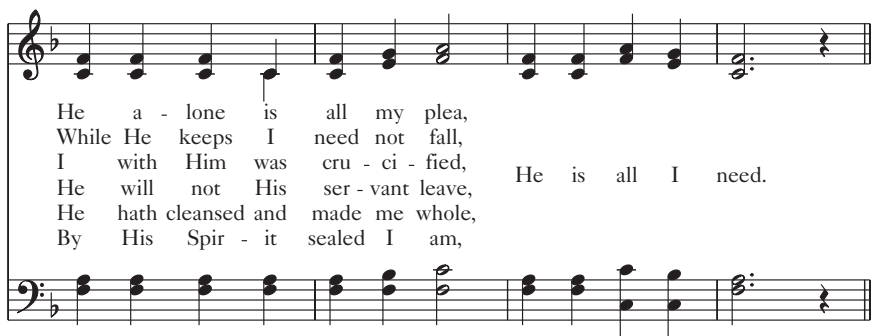
# All I Need

Charles P. Jones

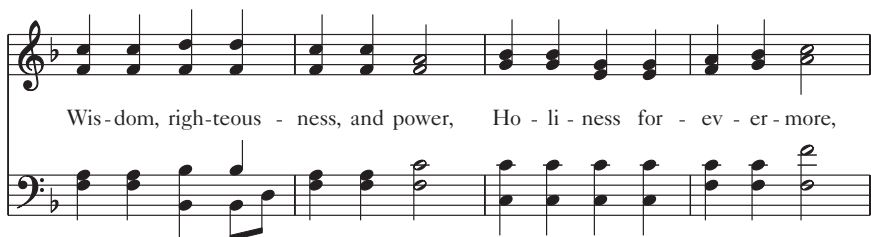
Charles P. Jones  
ALL I NEED



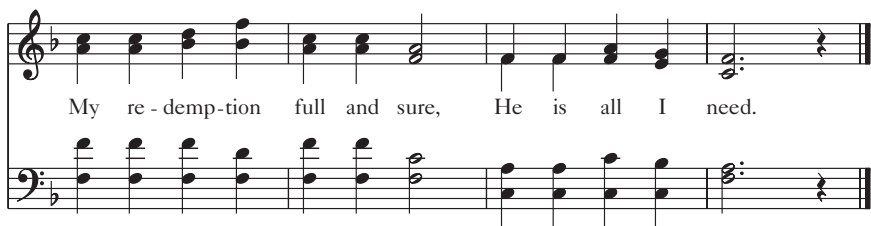
1. Je - sus Christ is made to me,  
2. Je - sus is my all in all,  
3. He re-deemed me when He died, All I need, all I need;  
4. To my Sav - ior will I cleave,  
5. He's the trea - sure of my soul,  
6. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb,



He a - lone is all my plea,  
While He keeps I need not fall,  
I with Him was cru - ci - fied, He is all I need.  
He will not His ser - vant leave,  
He hath cleansed and made me whole,  
By His Spir - it sealed I am,



Wis - dom, righ - teous - ness, and power, Ho - li - ness for - ev - er - more,



My re - demp - tion full and sure, He is all I need.

# Thy Word Have I Hid in My Heart

From Psalm 119

Ernest O. Sellers

Adapt. by Ernest O. Sellers

1. Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al -  
2. For - ev - er, O Lord, is Thy Word Es - tab - lished and fixed on  
3. At morn - ing, at noon, and at night I ev - er will give Thee  
4. Through Him whom Thy Word hath fore - told, The Sav - ior and Morn - ing

way, To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the  
high; Thy faith - ful - ness un - to all men A - bid - eth for -  
praise; For Thou art my por - tion, O Lord, And shall be through  
Star, Sal - va - tion and peace have been brought To those who have

heaven - ly way.  
ev - er night. Thy Word have I hid in my heart (in my heart), That  
all my days! strayed a - far.

I might not sin a - gainst Thee (a - gainst Thee); That I might not sin, That

I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.

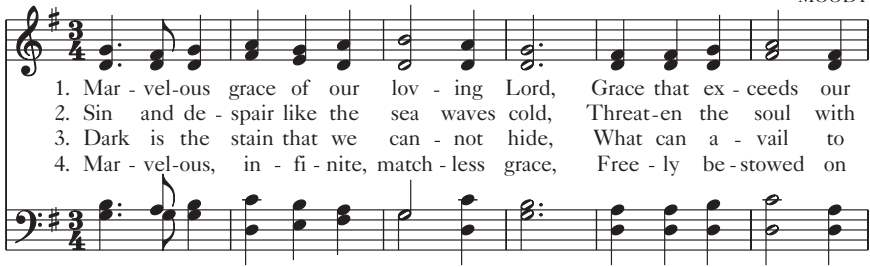
The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are arranged in four systems, each corresponding to a line of the hymn. The first system includes four numbered verses. The second system continues the lyrics. The third system includes a parenthetical phrase in the lyrics. The fourth system concludes the hymn with a final line of lyrics. The piano part provides a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in the left hand.

# Grace Greater than Our Sin

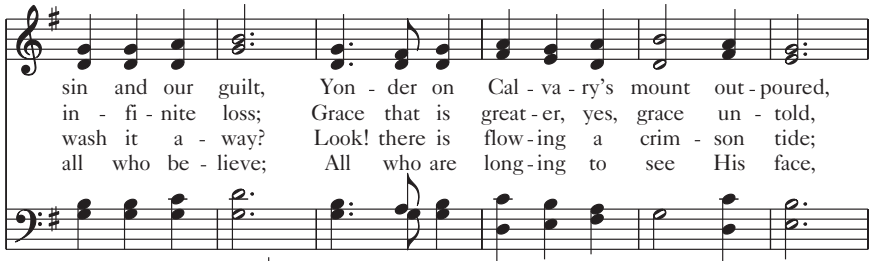
Julia H. Johnston

Daniel B. Towner

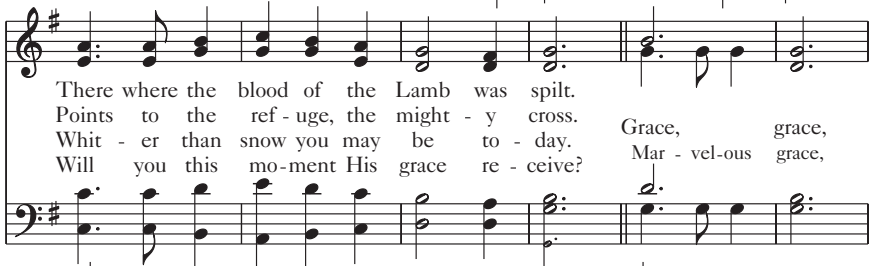
MOODY



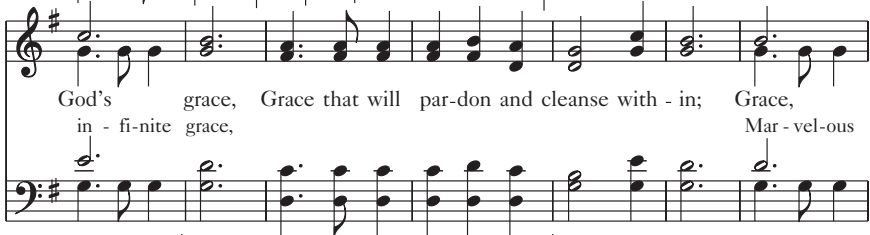
1. Mar - vel-ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our  
2. Sin and de - spair like the sea waves cold, Threat-en the soul with  
3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to  
4. Mar - vel-ous, in - fi - nite, match - less grace, Free - ly be - stowed on



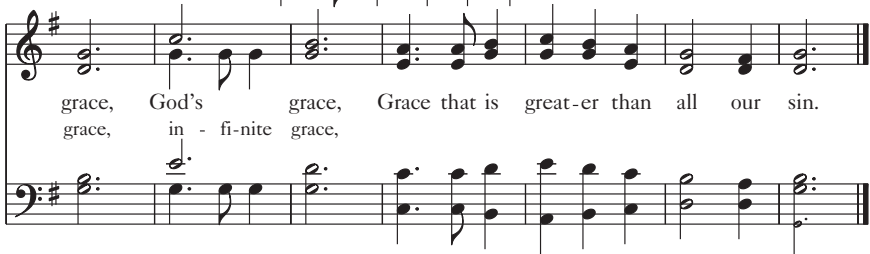
sin and our guilt, Yon - der on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured,  
in - fi - nite loss; Grace that is great - er, yes, grace un - told,  
wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;  
all who be - lieve; All who are long - ing to see His face,



There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.  
Points to the ref - uge, the might - y cross. Grace, grace,  
Whit - er than snow you may be to - day. Mar - vel-ous grace,  
Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive?



God's grace, Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in; Grace,  
in - fi - nite grace, Mar - vel-ous



grace, God's grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin.  
grace, in - fi - nite grace,

# The Blood Will Never Lose Its Power

Andraé Crouch

Andraé Crouch  
THE BLOOD

1. The blood that Je - sus shed for me,  
2. It soothes my doubts and calms my fears,

This system contains the first two lines of the song. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the notes.

'Way back on Cal - va - ry; The blood that gives me strength from  
And it dries all my tears; The blood that gives me strength from

This system contains the third and fourth lines of the song. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

day to day, It will nev - er lose its power.  
day to day, It will nev - er lose its power.

This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of the song. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

It reach-es to the high - est moun - tain. It flows to the

This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of the song. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

low - est val - ley. The blood that gives me strength from

day to day, It will nev - er lose its power.

# He Giveth More Grace

Annie Johnson Flint

Hubert Mitchell  
HE GIVETH MORE GRACE

1. He giv - eth more grace when the bur - dens grow great - er; He  
2. Whe we have ex -haust - ed our store of en - dur - ance, When

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a half note G4, and then a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes.

send - eth more strength when the la - bors in - crease. To  
our strength has failed ere the day is half done, When

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with eighth and quarter notes.

add - ed af - flic - tion He add - eth His mer - cy; To  
we reach the end of our hoard - ed re - sourc - es, Our

The third system features a key signature change to one flat (Bb) in the bass staff. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with eighth and quarter notes.

mul - ti - plied tri - als, His mul - ti - plied peace.  
Fa - ther's full giv - ing is on - ly be - gun.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The treble staff has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff continues with eighth and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line.

His love has no limit; His grace has no measure. His

power has no bound-a-ry known un-to men. For out of His in-fi-nite

rich-es in Je-sus, He giv-eth, and giv-eth, and giv-eth a-gain!

# Now I Belong to Jesus

Norman J. Clayton

Norman J. Clayton  
ELLSWORTH

1. Je - sus my Lord will love me for - ev - er, From Him no power of  
2. Once I was lost in sin's deg-ra - da - tion, Je - sus came down to  
3. Joy floods my soul for Je - sus has saved me, Freed me from sin that

e - vil can sev - er, He gave His life to ran - som my soul,  
bring me sal - va - tion, Lift - ed me up from sor - row and shame,  
long had en-slaved me, His pre-cious blood He gave to re - deem,

Now I be-long to Him;  
Now I be-long to Him; Now I be-long to Je - sus, Je-sus be-ongs to  
Now I be-long to Him;

me, Not for the years of time a-lone, But for e-ter-ni - ty.

# Victory in Jesus

Eugene M. Bartlett

Eugene M. Bartlett  
HARTFORD

1. I heard an old, old sto - ry, how a Sav - ior came from glo - ry,  
2. I heard a-bout His heal - ing, of His cleans - ing power re - veal - ing,  
3. I heard a-bout a man - sion He has built for me in glo - ry,

How He gave His life on Cal - va - ry to save a wretch like me;  
How He made the lame to walk a - gain and caused the blind to see;  
And I heard a - bout the streets of gold be - yond the crys - tal sea;

I heard a-bout His groan - ing, of His pre - cious blood's a - ton - ing,  
And then I cried, "Dear Je - sus, come and heal my bro - ken spir - it,"  
A - bout the an - gels sing - ing, and the old re - demp - tion sto - ry,

Then I re - pent - ed of my sins and won the vic - to - ry.  
And some - how Je - sus came and brought to me the vic - to - ry.  
And some sweet day I'll sing up there the song of vic - to - ry.

Copyright 1939 by E. M. Bartlett. © Copyright 1967 by Mrs. E. M. Bartlett. Renewal.  
Assigned to Albert E. Brumley & Songs. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

O vic - to-ry in Je - sus, my Sav - ior, for - ev - er,

The first line of musical notation features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

He sought me and bought me with His re - deem - ing blood;

The second line of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

He love me ere I knew Him, and all my love is due Him,

The third line of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

He plunged me to vic - to-ry be - neath the cleans - ing flood.

The fourth line of musical notation concludes the hymn with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

# In Times Like These

Ruth Caye Jones

Ruth Caye Jones  
TIMES LIKE THESE



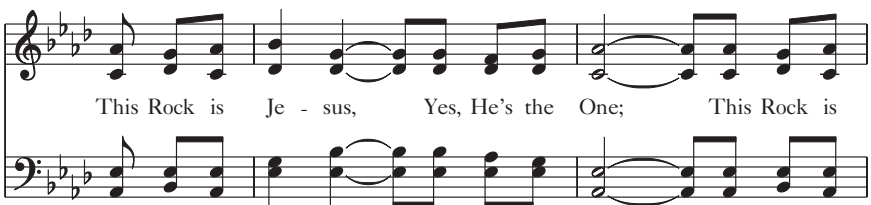
1. In times like these you need a Sav - ior, In times like  
2. In times like these you need the Bi - ble, In times like  
3. In times like these I have a Sav - ior, In times like



these you need an an - chor; Be ver - y sure, be ver - y  
these O be not i - dle; Be ver - y sure, be ver - y  
these I have an an - chor; I'm ver - y sure, I'm ver - y



sure Your an - chor holds and grips the Sol-id Rock!  
sure Your an - chor holds and grips the Sol-id Rock!  
sure My an - chor holds and grips the Sol-id Rock!



This Rock is Je - sus, Yes, He's the One; This Rock is

Je - sus, The on - ly One! 1., 2. Be ver - y sure, be ver - y  
3. I'm ver - y sure, I'm ver - y

sure Your an - chor holds and grips the Sol-id Rock!  
sure My an - chor holds and grips the Sol-id Rock!

# It Took a Miracle

John W. Peterson

John W. Peterson

1. My Fa - ther is om - nip - o - tent, And that you can't de - ny;  
2. Though here His glo - ry has been shown, We still can't ful - ly see  
3. The Bi - ble tells us of His power And wis - dom all way through;

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

A God of might and mir - a - cles — 'Tis writ - ten in the sky.  
The won - ders of His might, His throne, 'Twill take e - ter - ni - ty.  
And ev - ery lit - tle bird and flower Are tes - ti - mo - nies, too.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

It took a mir - a - cle to put the stars in place, It took a

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

mir - a - cle to hang the world in space; But when He saved my soul,

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

Cleansed and made me whole, It took a mir - a - cle of love and grace!

The fifth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staffs.

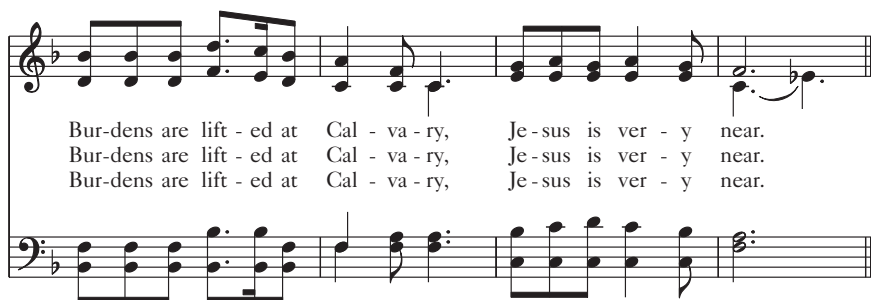
# Burdens Are Lifted at Calvary

John M. Moore

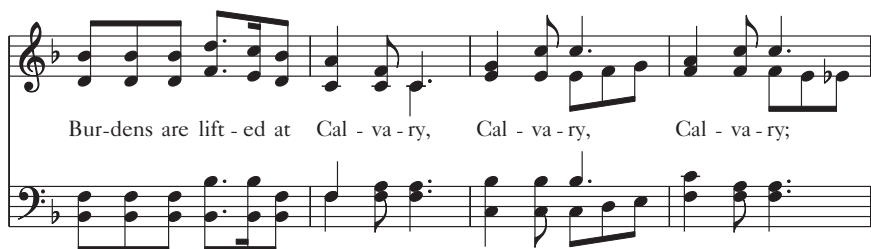
John M. Moore



1. Days are filled with sor-row and care, Hearts are lone - ly and drear;  
2. Cast your care on Je - sus to - day, Leave your wor - ry and fear;  
3. Trou - bled soul, the Sav - ior can see Ev - ery heart-ache and tear;



Bur-dens are lift - ed at Cal - va - ry, Je - sus is ver - y near.  
Bur-dens are lift - ed at Cal - va - ry, Je - sus is ver - y near.  
Bur-dens are lift - ed at Cal - va - ry, Je - sus is ver - y near.



Bur-dens are lift - ed at Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry;



Bur-dens are lift - ed at Cal - va - ry, Je - sus is ver - y near.

# Over the Sunset Mountains

John W. Peterson

John W. Peterson

1. O - ver the sun - set moun - tains Some-day I'll soft - ly  
2. Toil-ing will all be end - ed, Shad-ows will flee a -

go, In - to the arms of Je - sus — He who has  
way; Sor-row will be for - got - ten — O what a

loved me so. O - ver the sun - set moun -  
won - der - ful day!

tains, Heav-en a - waits for me; O - ver the sun - set

moun - tains, Je - sus my Sav - ior I'll see.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are arranged in two verses, with the second verse starting at the beginning of the second system. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

# The Savior Is Waiting

Ralph Carmichael

Ralph Carmichael  
CARMICHAEL

1. The Sav - ior is wait - ing to en - ter your heart, Why don't you  
2. If you'll take one step toward the Sav - ior, my friend, You'll find His

let Him come in? There's noth - ing in this world to keep you a - part,  
arms o - pen wide; Re - ceive Him, and all of your dark - ness will end,

What is your an - swer to Him? Time af - ter time He has wait - ed be -  
With - in your heart He'll a - bide.

fore, And now He is wait - ing a - gain To see if you're

will - ing to o - pen the door, Oh, how He wants to come in.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features two staves: a treble staff for the voice and a bass staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system includes two verses of the song. The second system continues the lyrics. The third system includes a bridge. The fourth system continues the lyrics. The fifth system concludes the song with a final chord.

Words and Music by Ralph Carmichael. Copyright © 1958 SpiritQuest Music. All rights controlled by Gaither Copyright Management. Used by permission.

# He Touched Me

William J. Gaither

William J. Gaither  
HE TOUCHED ME

1. Shack - led by a heav - y bur - den, 'Neath a load of  
2. Since I met this bless - ed Sav - ior, Since He cleansed and

guilt and shame; Then the hand of Je - sus touched me, And  
made me whole; I will nev - er cease to praise Him, I'll

now I am no long - er the same. He touched me oh, He  
shout it while e - ter - ni - ty rolls.

touched me, And oh, the joy that floods my soul; Some - thing

hap - pened, and now I know, He touched me and made me whole.

Words and Music by William J. Gaither. Copyright © 1964 William J. Gaither, Inc. All rights controlled by Gaither Copyright Management. Used by permission.

# The Longer I Serve Him

William J. Gaither

William J. Gaither  
THE SWEETER HE GROWS

1. Since I start-ed for the King-dom, Since my life He con-trols,  
2. Ev - ery need He is sup - ply - ing, Plen-teous grace He be-stows;

Since I gave my heart to Je - sus, The long - er I serve Him, the  
Ev - ery day my way gets bright-er, The long - er I serve Him, the

sweet-er He grows. The long-er I serve Him the sweet-er He grows, The  
sweet-er He grows.

more that I love Him, more love He be-stows; Each day is like heav-en my

heart o-ver-flows, The long - er I serve Him the sweet-er He grows.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The score includes two verses of lyrics and a final chorus. The piano part consists of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal line.

# Let's Just Praise the Lord

Gloria Gaither and William J. Gaither

William J. Gaither

Let's just praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let's just

The first system of the song is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Let's just praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let's just".

lift our \*hearts to heav-en and praise the Lord; Let's just

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "lift our \*hearts to heav-en and praise the Lord; Let's just".

praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Let's just

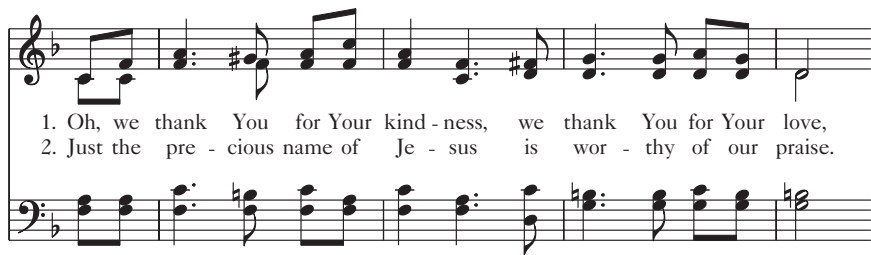
The third system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Let's just".

lift our \*hearts to heav-en and praise the Lord. *Fine*

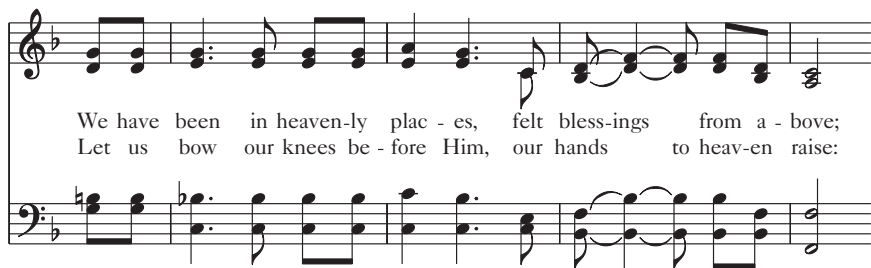
The fourth system concludes the song. The lyrics are: "lift our \*hearts to heav-en and praise the Lord." The word "Fine" is written above the final measure of the melody.

\*Alternate words "voice," "hands."

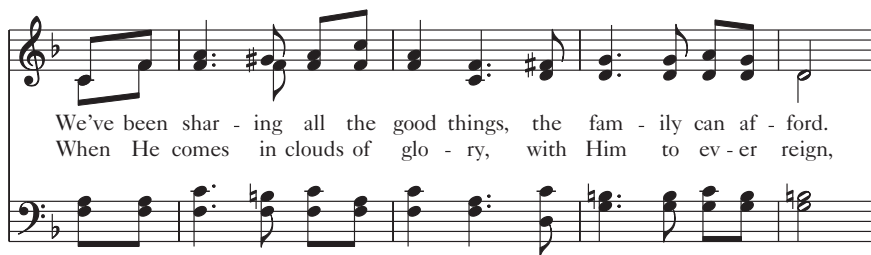
Words and Music by William J. Gaither. Copyright © 1972 William J. Gaither, Inc. All rights controlled by Gaither Copyright Management. Used by permission.



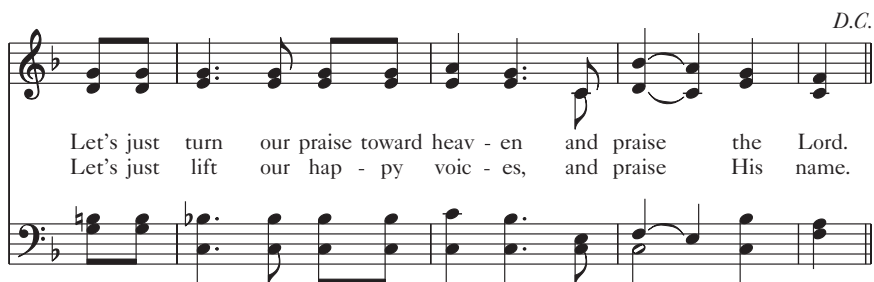
1. Oh, we thank You for Your kind - ness, we thank You for Your love,  
 2. Just the pre - cious name of Je - sus is wor - thy of our praise.



We have been in heav - en - ly plac - es, felt bless - ings from a - bove;  
 Let us bow our knees be - fore Him, our hands to heav - en raise;



We've been shar - ing all the good things, the fam - ily can af - ford.  
 When He comes in clouds of glo - ry, with Him to ev - er reign,



*D.C.*  
 Let's just turn our praise toward heav - en and praise the Lord.  
 Let's just lift our hap - py voic - es, and praise His name.

# Shout to the Lord

Darlene Zschech

Darlene Zschech  
Arr. by Eric Wyse  
SHOUT TO THE LORD

My Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Lord, there is none like You.

All of my days I want to praise the won - ders of Your

might - y love. My com - fort, my shel - ter,

tow - er of ref - uge and strength. Let ev - ery breath, all that I am,

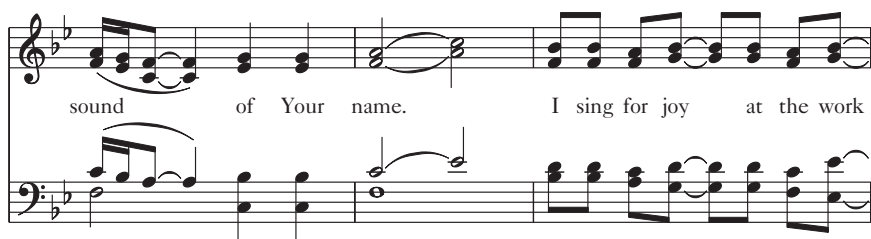
nev - er cease to wor - ship You. Shout to the Lord, all the earth,



let us sing; pow-er and maj - es-ty, praise to the King.



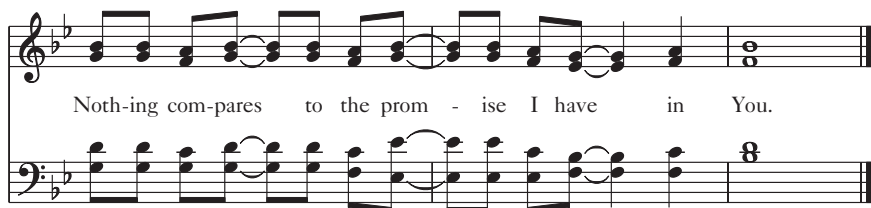
Moun-tains bow down and the seas will roar at the



sound of Your name. I sing for joy at the work



of Your hands; for - ev-er I'll love You, for-ev - er I'll stand.



Noth-ing com-pares to the prom - ise I have in You.

# How Deep the Father's Love for Us

Stuart Townend

Stuart Townend

Arr. by Eric Wyse

FATHER'S LOVE

1. How deep the Fa - ther's love for us, How  
 2. Be - hold the Man up - on a cross, My  
 3. I will not boast in an - y - thing, No

vast be - yond all mea - sure, That He should give His on - ly  
 sin up - on His shoul - ders; A - shamed, I hear my mock - ing  
 gifts, no power, no wis - dom; But I will boast in Je - sus

Son To make a wretch His trea -  
 voice Call out a - mong the scoff -  
 Christ, His death and res - ur - rec -

sure. How great the pain of sear - ing  
 ers. It was my sin that held Him  
 tion. Why should I gain from His re -

loss;                    The        Fa -    ther turns    His    face    a -  
 there                    Un -        til        it was    ac -    com -  
 ward?                    I        can -    not give    an    an -

way,                    As        wounds    which mar    the    Cho -    sen  
 plished;                    His        dy -        ing breath    has    brought    me  
 swer,                    But        this        I know    with    all    my

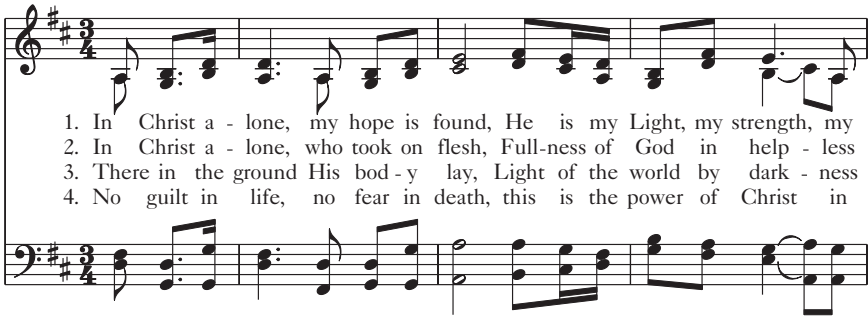
One                    Bring        man -    y sons to    glo -    ry.  
 life:                    I        know    that it    is    fin -    ished.  
 heart:                    His        wounds    have paid    my    ran -    som.

# In Christ Alone

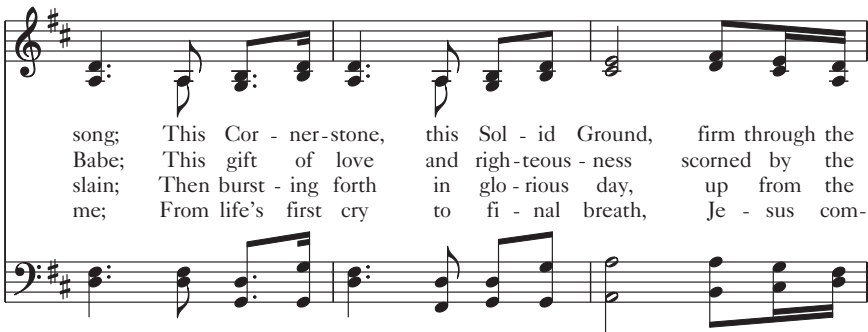
Keith Getty and Stuart Townend

Keith Getty and Stuart Townend

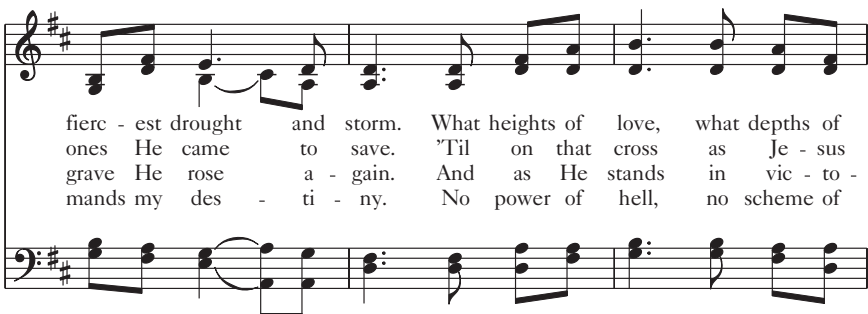
Arr. by Eric Wyse  
IN CHRIST ALONE



1. In Christ a - lone, my hope is found, He is my Light, my strength, my  
2. In Christ a - lone, who took on flesh, Full-ness of God in help - less  
3. There in the ground His bod - y lay, Light of the world by dark - ness  
4. No guilt in life, no fear in death, this is the power of Christ in



song; This Cor - ner-stone, this Sol - id Ground, firm through the  
Babe; This gift of love and righ-teous - ness scorned by the  
slain; Then burst - ing forth in glo - rious day, up from the  
me; From life's first cry to fi - nal breath, Je - sus com-



fierc - est drought and storm. What heights of love, what depths of  
ones He came to save. 'Til on that cross as Je - sus  
grave He rose a - gain. And as He stands in vic - to -  
mands my des - ti - ny. No power of hell, no scheme of

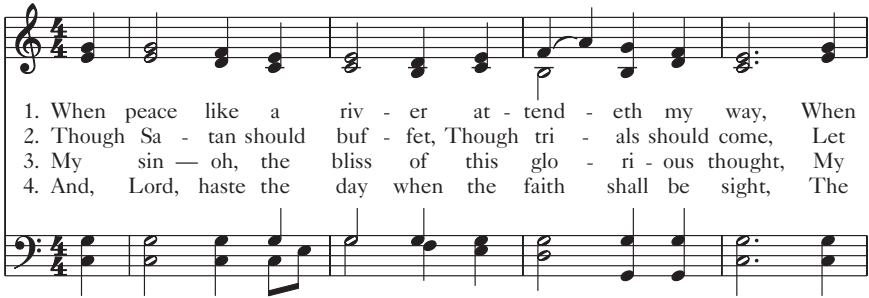
peace, When fears are stilled, when striv - ing cease! My Com - fort-  
 died, The wrath of God was sat - is - fied, For ev - ery  
 ry, Sin's curse has lost its grip on me, For I am  
 man, Can ev - er pluck me from His hand, 'Til He re -

er, my all - in - all; Here in the love of Christ I stand.  
 sin on Him was laid; Here in the death of Christ I live.  
 His and He is mine; Bought with the pre-cious blood of Christ.  
 turns or calls me home; here in the power of Christ I'll stand.

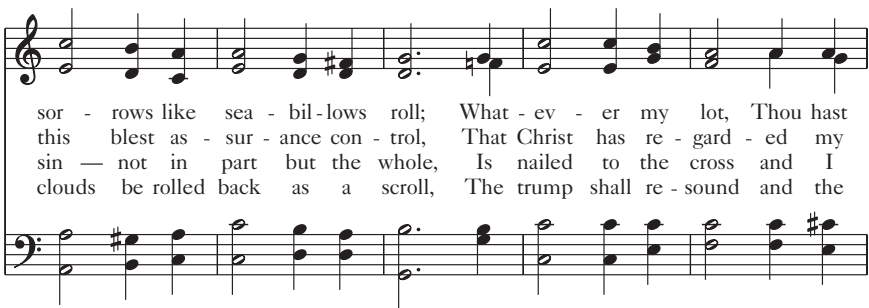
# It Is Well with My Soul

Horatio G. Spafford

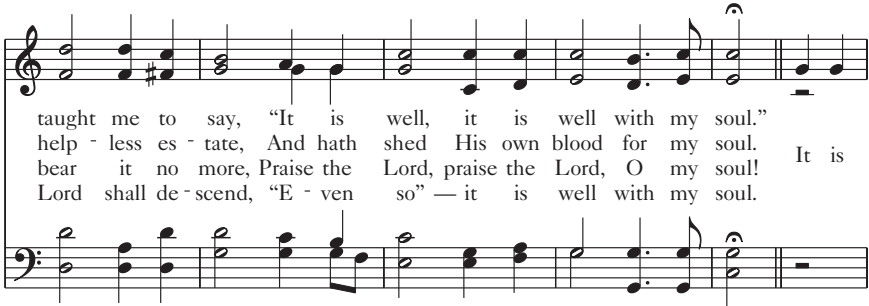
Philip P. Bliss  
VILLE DU HAVRE



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



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



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

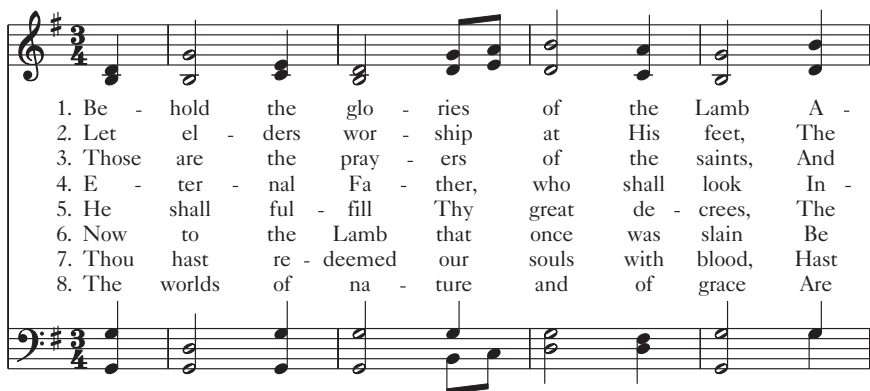


well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.  
It is well with my soul,

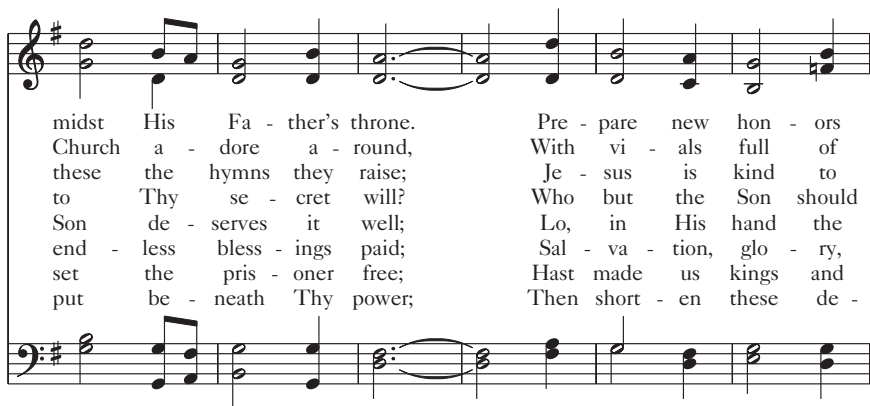
# Behold the Glories of the Lamb

Isaac Watts

Hugh Wilson  
Arr. by Ralph E. Hudson  
MARTYRDOM



1. Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb A -  
2. Let el - ders wor - ship at His feet, The  
3. Those are the pray - ers of the saints, And  
4. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, who shall look In -  
5. He shall ful - fill Thy great de - crees, The  
6. Now to the Lamb that once was slain Be  
7. Thou hast re - deemed our souls with blood, Hast  
8. The worlds of na - ture and of grace Are



midst His Fa - ther's throne. Pre - pare new hon - ors  
Church a - dore a - round, With vi - als full of  
these the hymns they raise; Je - sus is kind to  
to Thy se - cret will? Who but the Son should  
Son de - serves it well; Lo, in His hand the  
end - less bless - ings paid; Sal - va - tion, glo - ry,  
set the pris - oner free; Hast made us kings and  
put be - neath Thy power; Then short - en these de -

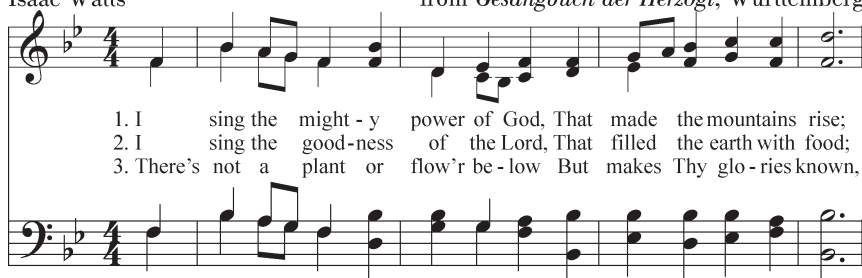


for His name, And songs be - fore un - known.  
o - dors sweet, And harps of sweet - er sound.  
our com - plaints, He loves to hear our praise.  
take that Book And o - pen ev - ery seal?  
sov - ereign keys Of heaven, and death, and hell!  
joy re - main For - ev - er on Thy head.  
priests to God, And we shall reign with Thee.  
lay - ing days, And bring the prom - ised hour.

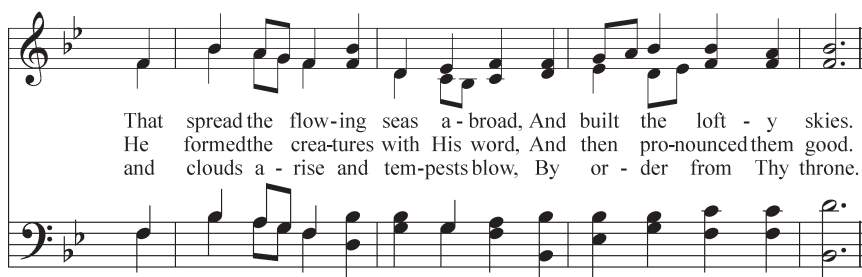
# I Sing the Mighty Power of God

Isaac Watts

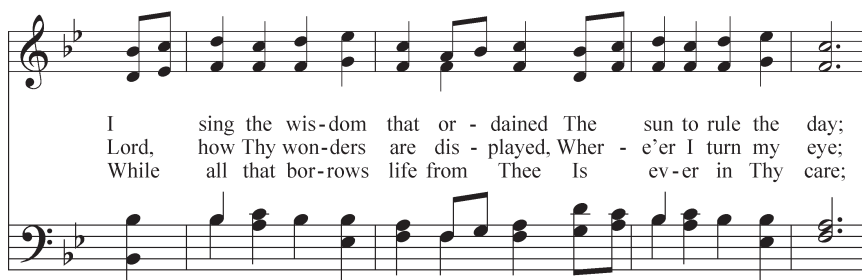
from *Gesangbuch der Herzogl, Württemberg*



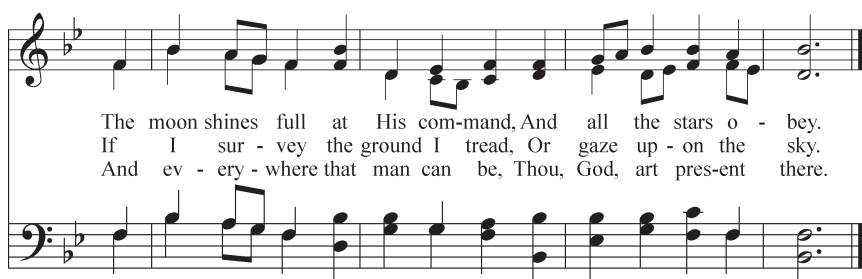
1. I sing the might - y power of God, That made the mountains rise;  
2. I sing the good-ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food;  
3. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low But makes Thy glo - ries known,



That spread the flow-ing seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies.  
He formed the crea-tures with His word, And then pro-nounced them good.  
and clouds a - rise and tem-pests blow, By or - der from Thy throne.



I sing the wis-dom that or - dained The sun to rule the day;  
Lord, how Thy won-ders are dis - played, Wher - e'er I turn my eye;  
While all that bor-rows life from Thee Is ev - er in Thy care;



The moon shines full at His com-mand, And all the stars o - bey.  
If I sur - vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up - on the sky,  
And ev - ery - where that man can be, Thou, God, art pres-ent there.

# We're Marching to Zion

Isaac Watts

Robert Lowry

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known.  
 2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God;  
 3. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-ry tear be dry.

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,  
 But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King,  
 We're march-ing thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're march-ing thro' Im-man-uel's ground.

And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.  
 May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad.  
 To fair-er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high.

We're march-ing to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi-on. We're  
 march-ing up-ward to Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.

# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts

Gregorian Chant  
Arr. by Lowell Mason

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross  
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,

On which the Prince of glo - ry died,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;  
That were a pres - ent far too small;

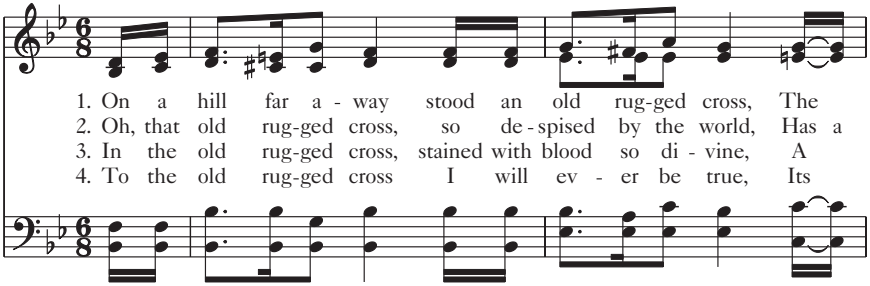
My rich - est gain I count but loss,  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,  
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,

And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

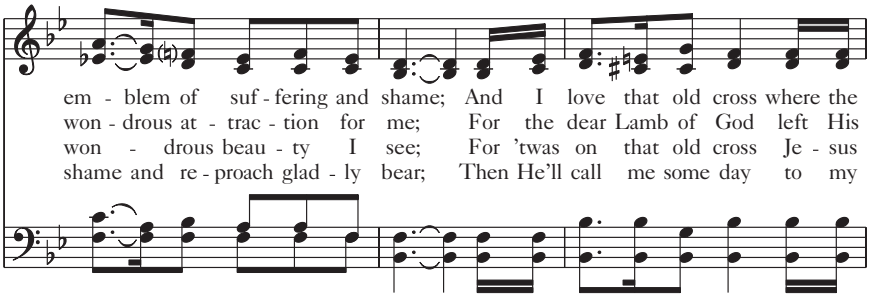
# The Old Rugged Cross

George Bennard

George Bennard  
OLD RUGGED CROSS



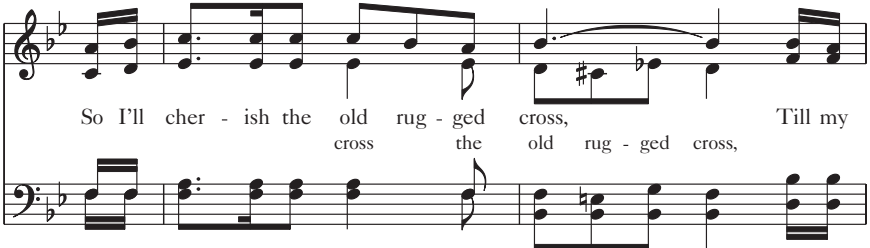
1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The  
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a  
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A  
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its



em - blem of suf-fering and shame; And I love that old cross where the  
won - drous at - trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His  
won - drous beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus  
shame and re - proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my



dear - est and best For a world of lost sin - ners was slain.  
glo - ry a - bove To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.  
suf - fered and died To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.  
home far a - way, Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.



So I'll cher - ish the old rug - ged cross, Till my  
cross the old rug - ged cross,

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

cross, And ex-change it some day for a crown.  
old rug - ged cross,

# Lord, Give Us Souls

George Bennard

George Bennard

1. Gath - ered are we in the name of our God, Lord, give us souls,  
2. Loved ones are lost, and our friends are a - stray, Lord, give us souls,  
3. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, on Thy peo - ple de-scend, Lord, give us souls,  
4. Har - vest is pass - ing, yes, soon 'twill be gone, Lord, give us souls,

Lord, give us souls; Trust-ing His grace and His won - der - ful Word,  
Lord, give us souls; Help us to win them while yet it is day,  
Lord, give us souls; Make our hearts ho - ly, Thy king-dom ex - tend,  
Lord, give us souls; Bring us at last to our heav - en - ly home,

Lord, give us souls, we pray. Seals to our la-bor, and souls for our hire,

This bless-ed Lord, is our one great de-sire; Souls for whom Je-sus His

pre-cious life gave, Lord, give us souls, we pray.

# How Great Thou Art

Carl Boberg

Swedish Folk Melody

1. O Lord, my God, When I in awe - some won - der, Con - sid - er  
 2. When thru the woods and for - est glades I wan - der, And hear the  
 3. And when I think that God, His Son not spar - ing, Sent Him to  
 4. When Christ shall come With shout of ac - cla - ma - tion And take me

all the worlds Thy hands have made; I see the stars, I hear the roll - ing  
 birds sing sweet - ly in the trees; When I look down from loft - y moun - tain  
 die, I scarce can take it in; That on the cross my bur - den glad - ly  
 home, What joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow In hum - ble ad - o -

thun - der, Thy pow'r through - out The u - ni - verse dis - played.  
 gran - deur And hear the brook and feel the gent - le breeze.  
 bear - ing, He bled and died To take a - way my sin.  
 ra - tion, And there pro - claim, "My God, how great Thou art!"

Then sings my soul, My Sav - ior God, to Thee, How great Thou art! How great Thou art!

Then sings my soul, My Sav - ior God, to Thee, How great Thou art! How great Thou art!

Copyright © 1953 S. K. Hine. Assigned to Manna Music, Inc., Renewed 1981.  
 All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission (ASCAP)

# Up on the Housetop

Benjamin Hanby

Benjamin Hanby

1. Up on the house-top rein-deer pause, Out jumps good old  
2. First comes the stock-ing of lit-tle Nell; Oh, dear San-ta,  
3. Next comes the stock-ing of lit-tle Will; Oh, just see what a

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

San-ta Claus; Down through the chim-ney with lots of toys,  
fill it well; Give her a doll-ie that laughs and cries,  
glo-rious fill! Here is a ham-mer and lots of tacks,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

All for the lit-tle ones, Christ-mas joys.  
One that will o-pen and shut her eyes. Ho, ho, ho!  
Al- so a ball and a whip that cracks.

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

who would-n't go! Ho, ho, ho! who would-n't go! Up on the house-top

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

click, click, click, Down through the chim-ney with Old Saint Nick.

The fifth system concludes the song with the final melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

# Who Is He in Yonder Stall?

Benjamin Russell Hanby

Benjamin Russell Hanby  
LOWLINESS

1. Who is He in yon - der stall, At whose feet the shep-herds fall?  
2. Who is He the peo - ple bless For His words of gen - tle - ness?  
3. Who is He who stands and weeps At the grave where Laz - arus sleeps?  
4. Lo! At mid-night who is He Prays in dark Geth-sem - a - ne?  
5. Who is He who, from the grave, Comes to heal and help and save?

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble, with the bass providing harmonic support. The lyrics are aligned with the musical notes.

Who is He in deep dis - tress, Fast - ing in the wil - der - ness?  
Who is He to whom they bring All the sick and sor - row - ing?  
Who is He the gath - ering throng greet with loud, tri - um-phiant song?  
Who is He on yon - der tree Dies in grief and ag - o - ny?  
Who is He that, from His throne, Rules through all the world a - lone?

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the musical notes.

'Tis the Lord! O won-drous sto - ry! 'Tis the Lord! The King of glo - ry!

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the musical notes.

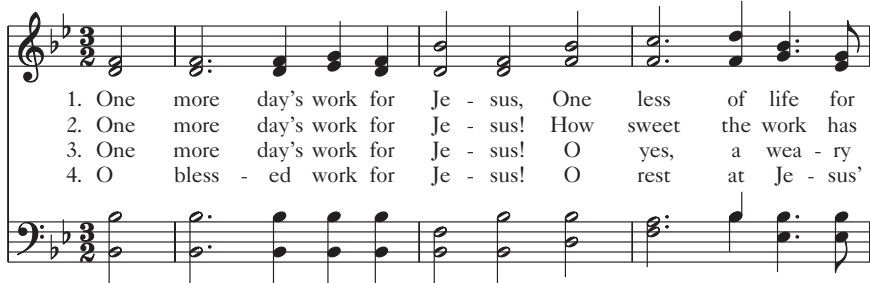
At His feet we hum-bly fall, Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

The fourth system concludes the hymn with a final cadence. The lyrics are aligned with the musical notes.

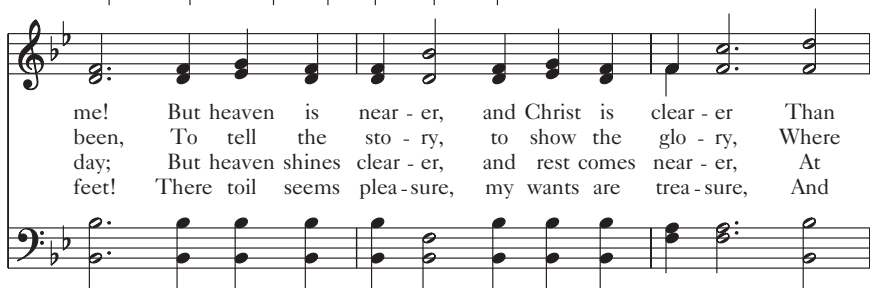
# One More Day's Work for Jesus

Anna B. Warner

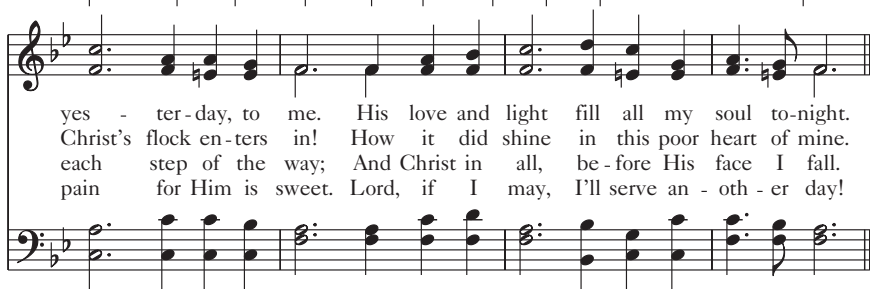
Robert Lowry



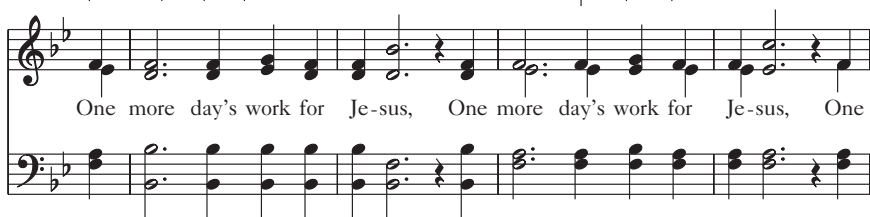
1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for  
 2. One more day's work for Je - sus! How sweet the work has  
 3. One more day's work for Je - sus! O yes, a wea - ry  
 4. O bless - ed work for Je - sus! O rest at Je - sus'



me! But heaven is near - er, and Christ is clear - er Than  
 been, To tell the sto - ry, to show the glo - ry, Where  
 day; But heaven shines clear - er, and rest comes near - er, At  
 feet! There toil seems plea - sure, my wants are trea - sure, And



yes - ter-day, to me. His love and light fill all my soul to-night.  
 Christ's flock en - ters in! How it did shine in this poor heart of mine.  
 each step of the way; And Christ in all, be - fore His face I fall.  
 pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day!



One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus, One

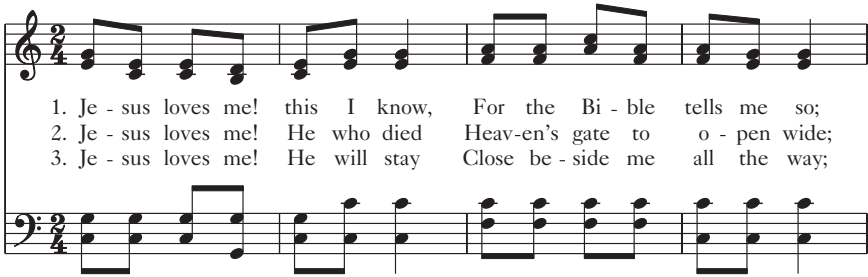


more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me!

# Jesus Loves Me

Anna B. Warner

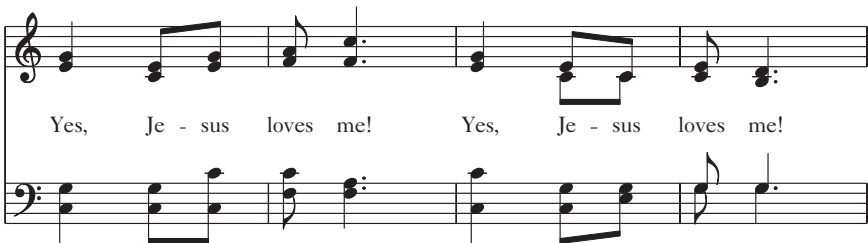
William B. Bradbury  
CHINA



1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;  
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;  
3. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;



Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.  
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.  
Thou has bled and died for me, I will hence-forth live for Thee.



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

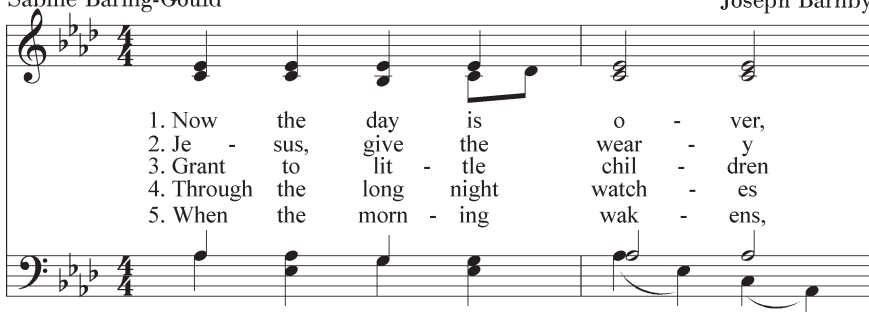


Yes Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so.

# Now the Day Is Over

Sabine Baring-Gould

Joseph Barnby



1. Now the day is o - ver,  
 2. Je - sus, give the wear - y  
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren  
 4. Through the long night watch - es  
 5. When the morn - ing wak - ens,



Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad - ows of the  
 Calm and sweet re - pose; With Thy ten - derest  
 Vi - sions bright of Thee; Guard the sail - ors  
 May Thine an - gels spread Their white wings a -  
 Then may I a - rise Pure, and fresh, and



eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.  
 bless - ing May mine eye - lids close.  
 toss - ing On the deep, blue sea.  
 bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.  
 sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

# God of Grace and God of Glory

Harry Emerson Fosdick

John Hughes

CWM RHONDDA

1. God of grace and God of glo - ry, On Thy peo - ple pour Thy power;  
 2. Lo! the hosts of e - vil round us Scorn thy Christ, as - sail His ways!  
 3. Cure thy chil - dren's war - ring mad - ness; Bend our pride to Thy con - trol;  
 4. Set our feet on loft - y pla - ces; Gird our lives that they may be  
 5. Save us from weak res - ig - na - tion To the e - vils we de - plore;

Crown thine an - cient church - 's sto - ry; Bring her bud to  
 From the fears that long have bound us, Free our hearts to  
 Shame our wan - ton, self - ish glad - ness, Rich in things and  
 Ar - mored with all Christ - like gra - ces In the fight to  
 Let the search for Thy sal - va - tion Be our glo - ry

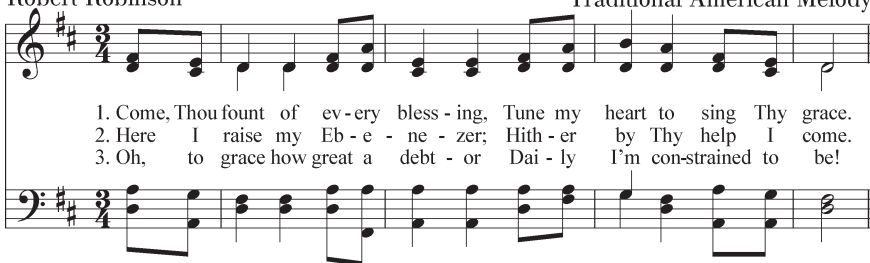
glo - rious flower. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,  
 faith and praise. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,  
 poor in soul. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,  
 set men free. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,  
 ev - er - more. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,

For the fac - ing of this hour, For the fac - ing of this hour.  
 For the liv - ing of these days, For the liv - ing of these days.  
 Lest we miss Thy king - dom's goal, Lest we miss Thy king - dom's goal.  
 That we fail not man nor Thee, That we fail not man nor Thee.  
 Serv - ing Thee whom we a - dore, Serv - ing Thee whom we a - dore.

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson

Traditional American Melody



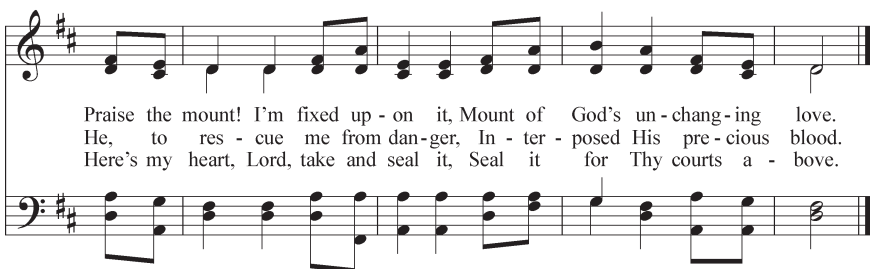
1. Come, Thou fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace.  
2. Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I come.  
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.  
And I hope, by Thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee:



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.  
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love.

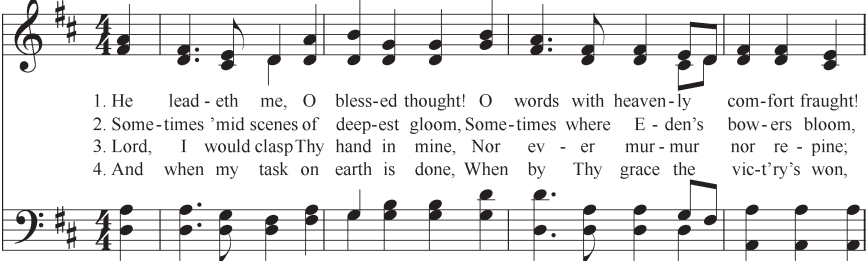


Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - chang - ing love.  
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

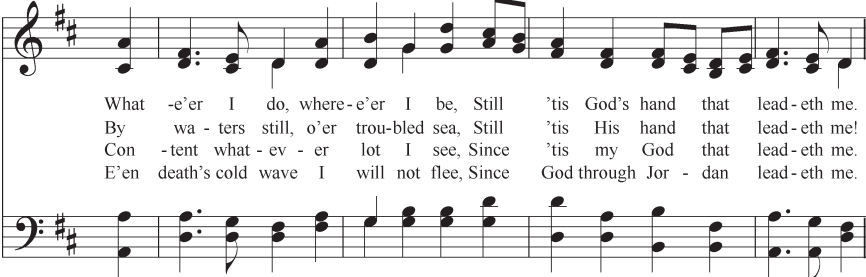
# He Leadeth Me

Joseph H. Gilmore

William B. Bradbury



1. He lead-eth me, O bless-ed thought! O words with heaven-ly com-fort fraught!  
2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some-times where E-den's bow-ers bloom,  
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine;  
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-t'ry's won,



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



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



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

# Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Thomas Ken

att. to Louis Bourgeois

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow.

The first line of the hymn is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: "Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow." The melody consists of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The bass line consists of quarter notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2.

Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low.

The second line of the hymn continues the melody. The lyrics are: "Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low." The melody consists of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The bass line consists of quarter notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host.

The third line of the hymn continues the melody. The lyrics are: "Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host." The melody consists of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The bass line consists of quarter notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2.

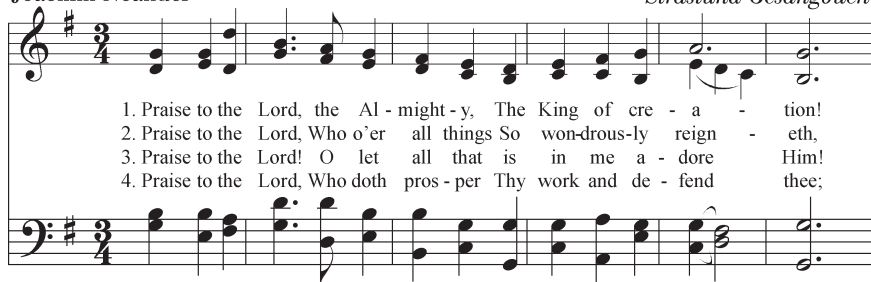
Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

The fourth line of the hymn concludes the melody. The lyrics are: "Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men." The melody consists of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The bass line consists of quarter notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, B2, A2, G2.

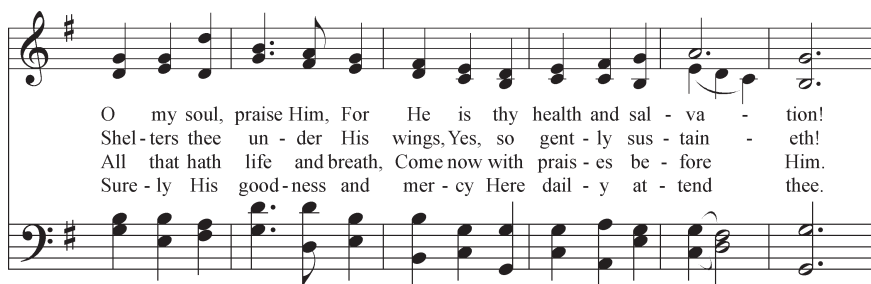
# Praise Ye the Lord, the Almighty

Joachim Neander

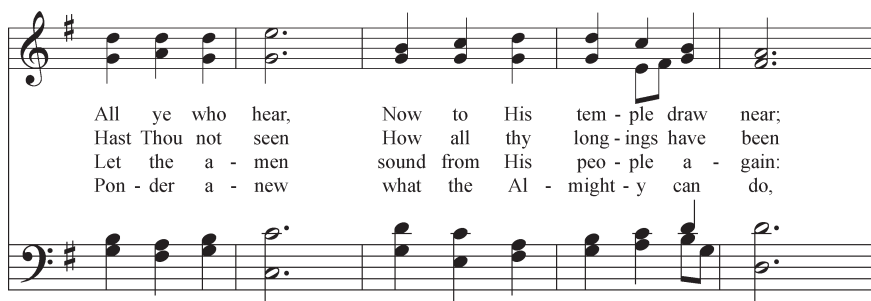
Straslund Gesangbuch



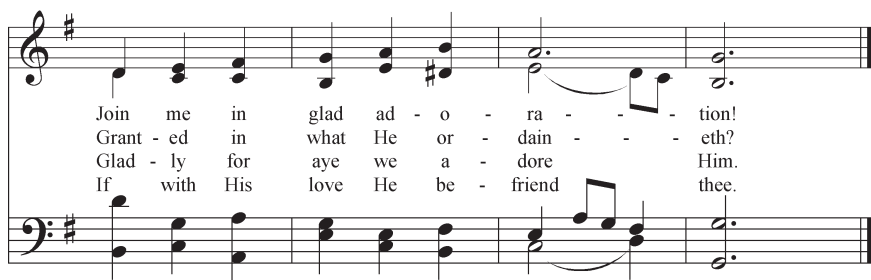
1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, The King of cre - a - tion!  
 2. Praise to the Lord, Who o'er all things So won-drous-ly reign - eth,  
 3. Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a - dore Him!  
 4. Praise to the Lord, Who doth pros - per Thy work and de - fend thee;



O my soul, praise Him, For He is thy health and sal - va - tion!  
 Shel - ters thee un - der His wings, Yes, so gent - ly sus - tain - eth!  
 All that hath life and breath, Come now with prais - es be - fore Him.  
 Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy Here dail - y at - tend thee.



All ye who hear, Now to His tem - ple draw near;  
 Hast Thou not seen How all thy long - ings have been  
 Let the a - men sound from His peo - ple a - gain:  
 Pon - der a - new what the Al - might - y can do,



Join me in glad ad - o - ra - - tion!  
 Grant - ed in what He or - dain - - - eth?  
 Glad - ly for aye we a - dore Him.  
 If with His love He be - friend thee.

# Blessed Assurance

Fanny J. Crosby

Phoebe P. Knapp

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

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,  
burst at my sight! An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove,  
hap - py and blest; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood!  
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry,  
Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.

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

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