

150 CHRISTMAS,
EASTER, *and* ALL-TIME
FAVORITE HYMN STORIES

THEN SINGS MY SOUL

SPECIAL EDITION

ROBERT J. MORGAN

A PDF COMPANION TO THE AUDIOBOOK

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From Heaven Above to Earth I Come

Martin Luther, translated by Catherine Windworth

Attr. to Martin Luther

1. From heav'n a - bove to earth I come, to
 2. To you, this night, is born a Child Of
 3. 'Tis Christ our God, who far on high Had
 4. These are the to - kens ye shall mark, The

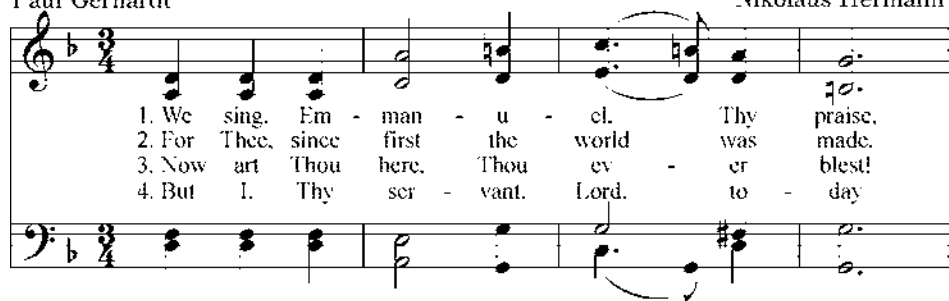
bear good news to ev - ery home: glad tid - ings of great
 Mar - y, chos - en moth - er mild; This ten - der Child of
 heard your sad and bit - ter cry; Him - self will your Sal -
 swad - dling clothes and man - ger dark: There shall ye find the

joy I bring, Where - of I now will say and sing,
 low - ly birth, Shall be the joy of all your earth,
 va - tion be, Him - self from sin will make you free,
 young Child laid, By Whom the heav'ns and earth were made.

We Sing, Emmanuel, Thy Praise

Paul Gerhardt

Nikolaus Hermann



1. We sing, Em - man - u - el, Thy praise,
 2. For Thee, since first the world was made,
 3. Now art Thou here, Thou ev - er blest!
 4. But I, Thy ser - vant, Lord, to - day



Thou Prince of Life and Fount of grace, Thou Flow'r of
 So ma - ny hearts have watched and prayed: The pa - tri -
 In low - ly man - ger dost Thou rest, Thou mak - ing
 Con - fess my love and free - ly say, I love Thee



heav'n and Star of morn. Thou Lord of
 archs' and proph - ets' morn. For Thee of
 all things great, art thron' small; For So poor have
 tru - ly, but I would That I might

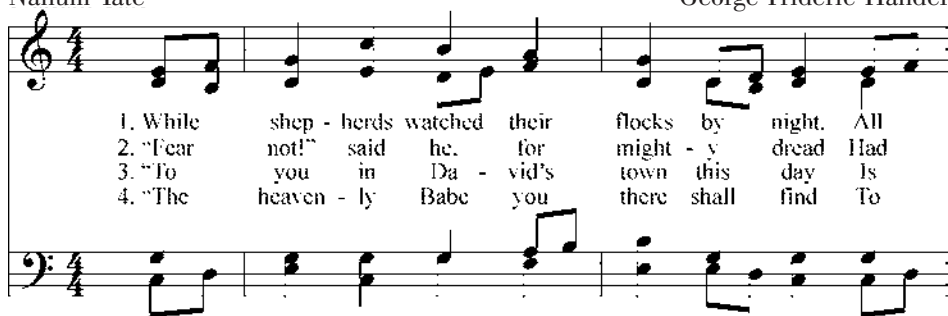


lords, Thou vir - gin born, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 hoped and wait - ed long, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Thou, yet cloth - est all, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 love Thee as I should, Hal - le - lu - jah!

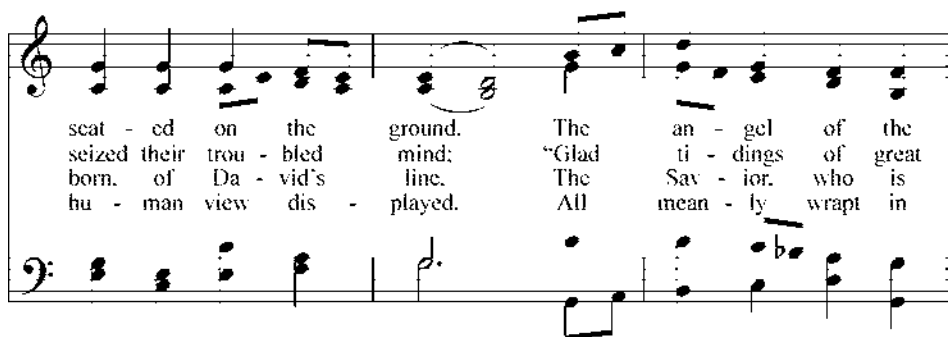
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

Nahum Tate

George Frideric Handel



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. "The heaven - ly Babe you there shall find To



seat - ed on the ground. The an - gel of the
 seized their trou - bled mind; "Glad ti - dings of great
 born, of Da - vid's line, The Sav - ior, who is
 hu - man view dis - played. All mean - ly wrapt in



Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a -
 joy I bring To you and all man -
 Christ the Lord, And this shall be the
 swath - ing bands And in a man - ger



round, And glo - ry shone a -
 kind, To you and all man -
 sign And this shall be the
 laid, And in a man - ger laid.

Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts

George Frideric Handel
Arranged by Lowell Mason

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs em -
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the
4. He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the na - tions

King. Let ev - ery heart pre - pare Him room,
play. While fields and floods, Rocks, hills and plains
ground. He comes to make His bless - ings flow
prove The glo - ries of His righ - teous - ness

And heav'n and na - ture sing. And heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy. Re - peat the sound - ing
Far as the curse is found. Far as the curse is
And won - ders of His love. And won - ders of His

1. And heav'n and na - ture sing, And

sing. And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy. Re - peat. re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found. Far as. far as the curse is found.
love. And won - ders. and won - ders of His love.

heav'n and na - ture sing.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Charles Wesley

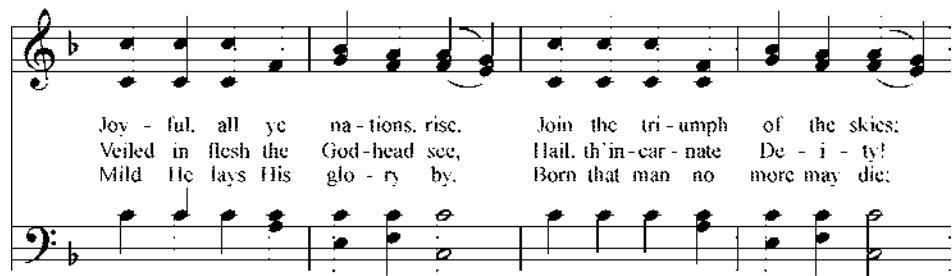
Felix Mendelssohn



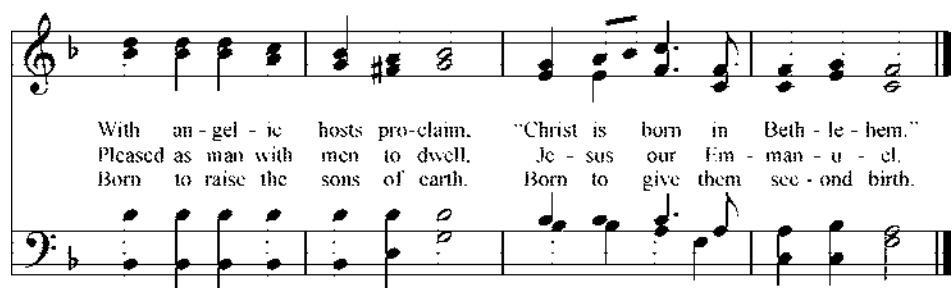
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing. "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ by high - est heav'n a - dored, Christ the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
3. Hail the heav'n born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteous-ness!



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



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



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

Hallelujah Chorus

George Frideric Handel

from *Messiah*

George Frideric Handel

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal -

le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord

God om-nip - o - tent reign - eth. Hal - le - lu - jah!

O Come, All Ye Faithful

Ascribed to John Francis Wade
Translated by Frederick Oakeley

John Francis Wade

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

come ye. O come ye to Beth - le - hem. Come and be -
sing all ye bright Hosts of heav'n a - bove. Glo - ry to
Je - sus to Thee be all glo - ry giv'n. Word of the

Refrain
hold Him, Born the King of an - gels.
God. All glo - ry in the high - est. O come let us a - dore Him. O
Fa - ther Now in flesh ap - pear - ing.

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

Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

Charles Wesley

Rowland H. Prichard

1. Come, Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus.
 From our fears and sins re - lease us.
 2. Born Thy peo - ple to us de - liv - er.
 Born to reign in us for - ev - er.

Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
 Let us find Thy our rest in Thee.
 Born a Child and yet King;
 Now Thy gra - cious king - dom bring.

Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the
 By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our

earth Thou art; Dear de - sire of ev - ery
 hearts a - lone; By Thine all - suf - fi - cient

na - tion, Joy of ev - ery long - ing heart.
 mer - it, Raise of us to Thy glo - rious throne.

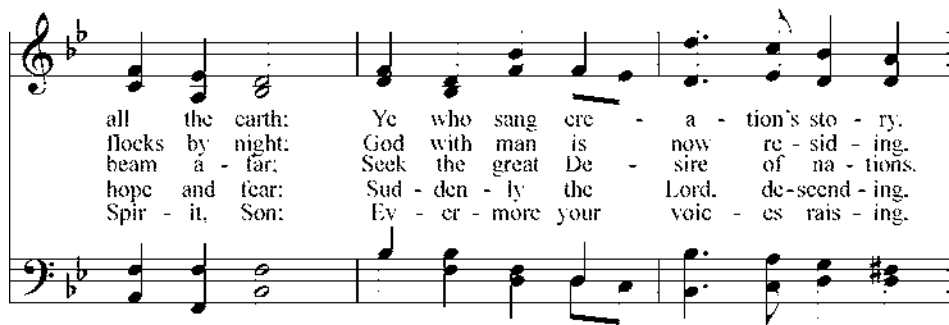
Angels, from the Realms of Glory

James Montgomery

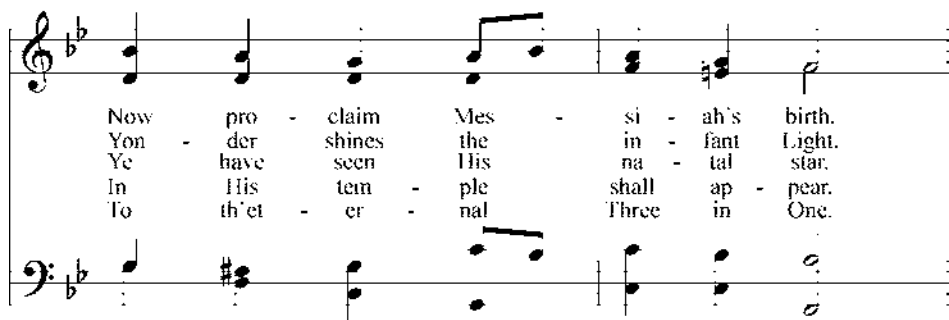
Henry T. Smart



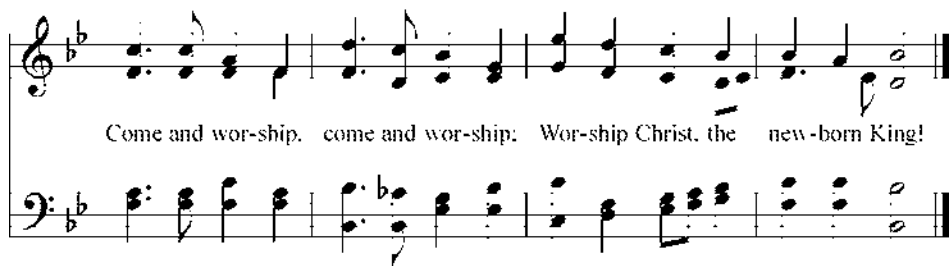
1. An - gels from the realms of glo - ry. Wing your flight o'er
 2. Shep - herds in the fields a - bi - ding. Watch - ing o'er your
 3. Sag - es, leave your con - tem - pla - tions. Bright - er vi - sions
 4. Saints, be - fore the al - tar bend - ing. Watch - ing long in
 5. All cre - a - tion, join in prais - ing. God, the Fath - er.



all the earth: Ye who sang ere - a - tion's sto - ry.
 flocks by night: God with man is now re - sid - ing.
 beam a - far: Seek the great De - sire of na - tions.
 hope and fear: Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing.
 Spir - it, Son: Ev - er - more your voic - es rais - ing.



Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.
 Yon - der shines the in - fant Light.
 Ye have seen His na - tal star.
 In His tem - ple shall ap - pear.
 To th'et - er - nal Three in One.



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

Silent Night

Joseph Mohr

Franz Gruber



1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm.
 2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Shep - herds quake
 3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Won - drous star,
 4. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Son of God,



all is bright, Round yon vir - gin moth - er and child;
 at the sight, Glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far,
 lend thy light, With the an - gels, let us sing,
 love's pure light, Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face.



Ho - ly in - fant, so ten - der and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly
 Heaven - ly hosts sing "Al - le - lu - ia, Christ the Sa - vior is
 Al - le - lu - ia to our King, Christ the Sa - vior is
 With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy



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

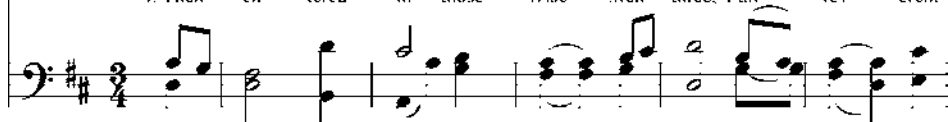
The First Noel

Traditional English Carol

Traditional English Melody



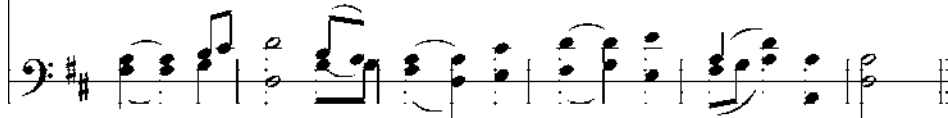
1. The first No - el, the an - gel did say. Was to cer - tain poor
2. They look - ed up and saw a star Shin - ing in the
3. And by the light of that same star, Three Wise Men
4. Then en - tered in those Wise Men three, Full rev - erent -



shep - herds, in fields as they lay. In fields where they lay
east, be - yond them far, And to the earth it
came from coun - try far, To seek for a King was
ly up - on their knee. And of - fered there, in



keep - ing their sheep. On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep,
gave great light. And so it con - tin - ued both day and night.
their in - tent, And to fol - low the star, wher - ev - er it went.
His pres - ence. Their gold, and myrrh, and frank - in - cense



No - el, No - el, No - el, No - el, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.



O Holy Night

Placide Clappeau

Adolphe Charles Adam

Fall on your knees! O hear the an - gel

The first system of the musical score for 'O Holy Night'. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The time signature is 12/8. The vocal line begins with a half note 'Fall', followed by a quarter note 'on', a quarter note 'your', a quarter note 'knees!', a half note 'O', a quarter note 'hear', and a half note 'the an - gel'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

voic - es! O night di - vine! O

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note 'voic - es!', a half note 'O', a quarter note 'night', a quarter note 'di -', a quarter note 'vine!', and a half note 'O'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

night when Christ was born, O night di -

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note 'night', a quarter note 'when', a quarter note 'Christ', a quarter note 'was', a quarter note 'born,', a half note 'O', a quarter note 'night', and a half note 'di -'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

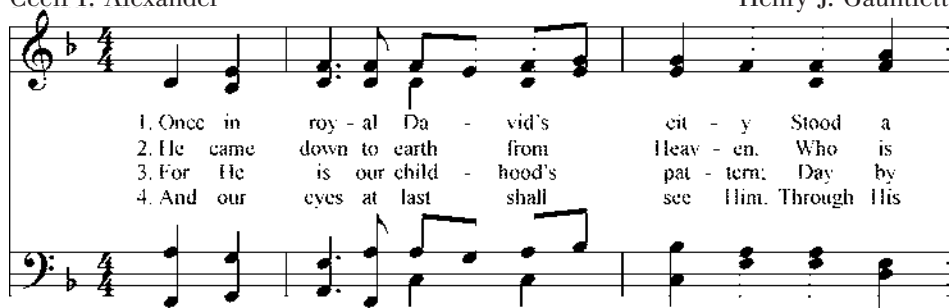
vine! O night, O night di - vine!

The fourth system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The vocal line continues with a half note 'vine!', a half note 'O', a quarter note 'night,', a quarter note 'O', a quarter note 'night', a quarter note 'di -', and a half note 'vine!'. The piano accompaniment concludes with chords and moving lines, ending with a double bar line.

Once in Royal David's City

Cecil F. Alexander


Henry J. Gauntlett



1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a
 2. He came down to earth from Heav - en. Who is
 3. For He is our child - hood's pat - tern; Day by
 4. And our eyes at last shall see Him. Through His



low - ly cat - tle shed. Where a moth - er laid her
 God and Lord of all. And His shel - ter was a
 day, like us He grew; He was lit - tle. weak and
 own re - deem - ing love. For that Child so dear and



Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed: Mar - y
 sta - ble. And His cra - dle was a stall; With the
 help - less. Tears and smiles like us He knew; And He
 gen - tle Is our Lord in Heav'n a - bove. And He



was that moth - er mild. Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.
 poor, and mean, and low - ly. Lived on earth our Sav - ior ho - ly.
 feel - eth for our sad - ness. And He shar - eth in our glad - ness.
 leads His chil - dren on To the place where He is gone.

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

Edmund H. Sears

Richard Storrs Willis



1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old;
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come. With peace - ful wings un - furled.
3. For lo, the days are has - tening on. By proph - et bards fore - told;



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold.
And still their heaven - ly mu - sic floats. O'er all the wear - y world.
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years. Comes round the age of gold.



"Peace on the earth good will to men. From heaven's all gra - cious King!"
A - hove its sad and low - ly plains. They bend on hov - cring wing;
When peace shall o - ver all the earth, its an - cient splen - dors fling;



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
And the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing.



O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

Latin Hymn, 9th Century

Translated by John M. Neale

Thomas Helmore

Translated by John M. Neale Thomas Hemmire

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'O Come, O Come, Emmanuel'. It features a treble and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in a simple, homophonic style. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with four different versions of the text provided for the verses. The first verse is 'O come, O come, Em - man - u - el. And ran - som cap - tive', the second is 'O come, thou Wis - dom from on high, Who or - derest all things', the third is 'O come, De - sire of na - tions, bind All peo - ples in one', and the fourth is 'O come, thou Day - spring, come and cheer Our spir - its by Thine'. The music consists of a single melodic line with a few chords, and the lyrics are aligned with the notes.

1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el. And ran - som cap - tive
2. O come, thou Wis - dom from on high, Who or - derest all things
3. O come, De - sire of na - tions, bind All peo - ples in one
4. O come, thou Day - spring, come and cheer Our spir - its by Thine

Is - ra - el. That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here
might - i - ly; To us the path of knowl - edge show
heart - and mind. From dust Thou brought us forth to life:
ad - vent here: Dis - perse the gloom - y clouds of night.

Un - til the Son of God ap - pear,
 And teach us in her ways to go. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -
 De - liv - er us from earth - ly strife.
 And death's dark shad - ows put to flight.

man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!

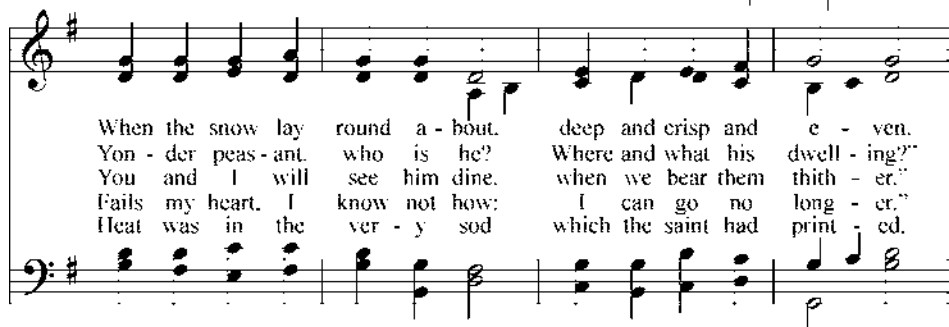
Good King Wenceslas

John M. Neale

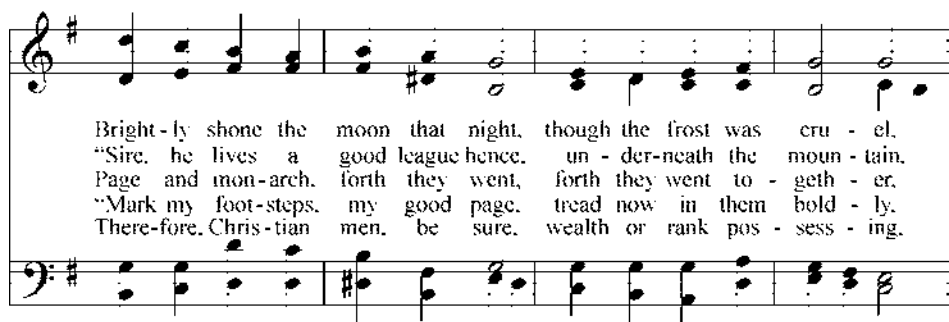
Swedish Carol



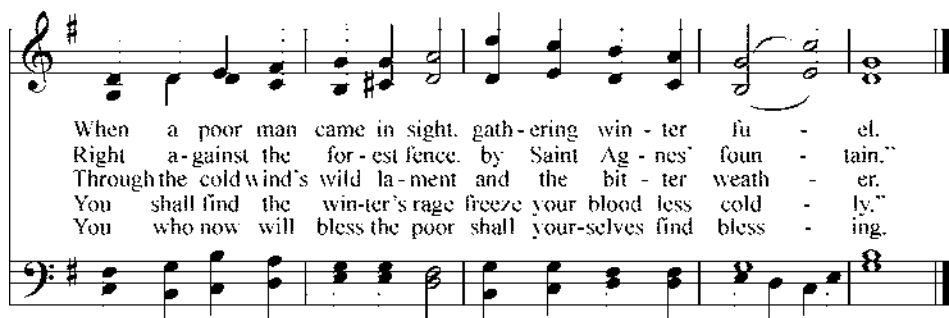
1. Good King Wen-ces - las looked out on the Feast of Ste - phen.
 2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me, if you know it, tell - ing.
 3. "Bring me food and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hith - er,
 4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now, and the wind blows stron - ger,
 5. In his mas-ter's steps he trod, where the snow lay dint - ed:



When the snow lay round a - bout, deep and crisp and e - ven.
 Yon - der peas - ant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?"
 You and I will see him dine, when we bear them thith - er."
 Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no long - er."
 Heat was in the ver - y sod which the saint had print - ed.



Bright - ly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cru - el,
 "Sire, he lives a good league hence, un - der-neath the moun - tain,
 Page and mon - arch, forth they went, forth they went to - geth - er,
 "Mark my foot-steps, my good page, tread now in them bold - ly,
 There-fore, Chris - tian men, be sure, wealth or rank pos - sess - ing.



When a poor man came in sight, gath - ering win - ter fu - el,
 Right a - gainst the for - est fence, by Saint Ag - nes' foun - tain,"
 Through the cold wind's wild la - ment and the bit - ter weath - er,
 You shall find the win - ter's rage freeze your blood less cold - ly,"
 You who now will bless the poor shall your-selves find bless - ing.

Now Praise We Christ the Holy One

Caelius Sedulius

from *Eyn Enchyridion*

1. Now praise we Christ the Ho - ly One.
 2. He Who Him - self all things did make
 3. The no - ble moth - er bore a Son
 4. Up - on a man - ger filled with hay
 5. The heav - enly choirs re - joice and raise

The bless - ed vir - gin Mar - y's Son,
 A ser - vant's form Ga - briel's - safe - d to - take
 For so - did form - briel's prom - ise run -
 In pov - er - ty con - tent He lay;
 Their voice to God in songs of praise.

Far as the glo - rious sun doth shine,
 That He as man man and - kind win
 Whom John con - fessed and the Lord might joy
 With milk was fed the Lord with of all
 To hum - ble shep - herds is pro - claimed

E'en to the world's re - mote con - fine,
 And save His crea - tures from their sin,
 Ere yet the moth - er knew her Boy,
 Who feeds the rav - ens when they call,
 The Shep - herd Who the world hath framed.

Of the Father's Love Begotten

Aurelius Prudentius

Sanctus Trope, 11th Century



1. Of the Fa - ther's love be - got - ten,
 2. At His Word the worlds were fram - ed;
 3. O ye heights of heav'n a - dore Him;
 4. Christ, to Thee with God the Fa - ther,

ere the worlds be - gan to be. He is Al - pha and O - me - ga.
 He com - mand - ed: it was done; Heav'n and earth and depths of o - cean
 an - gel hosts. His prais - es sing; Powers, do - min - ions, bow be - fore Him,
 and, O Ho - ly Ghost, to Thee, Hymn and chant with high thanks - giv - ing.

He the source, the End - ing He. Of the things that are, that have been,
 in their three - fold or - der one; All that grows be - neath the shin - ing
 and ex - tol our God and King! Let no tongue on earth be si - lent,
 and un - wea - ried prais - es be: Hon - or, glo - ry, and do - min - ion.

And that fu - ture years shall see, ev - er - more and ev - er - more!
 Of the moon and burn - ing sun, ev - er - more and ev - er - more!
 Ev - ery voice in con - cert sing, ev - er - more and ev - er - more!
 And e - ter - nal vic - to - ry, ev - er - more and ev - er - more!

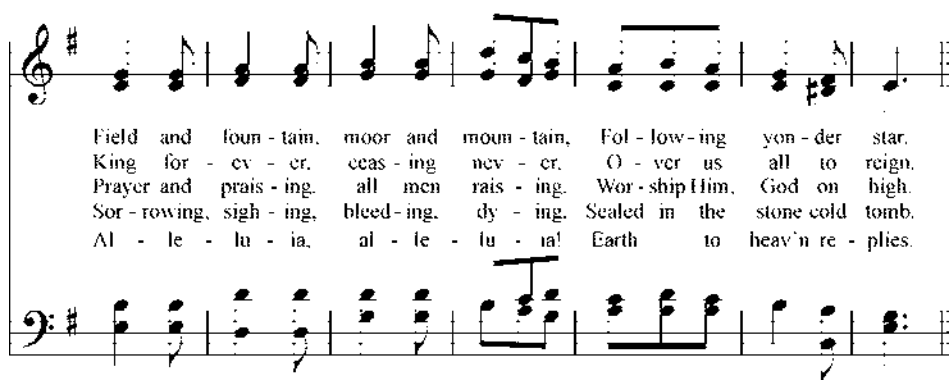
We Three Kings of Orient Are

John H. Hopkins, Jr.

John H. Hopkins, Jr.



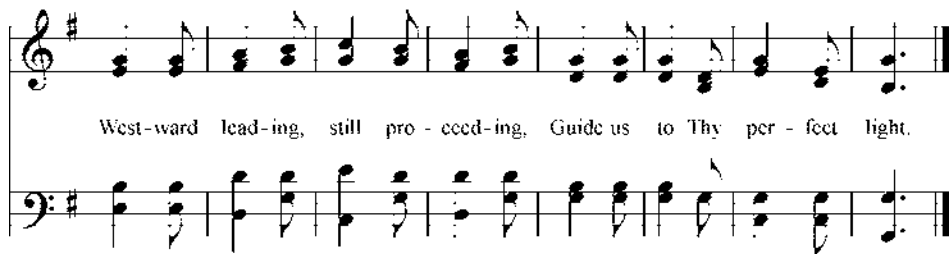
1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear-ing gifts we trav - erse a - far;
2. Born a King on Beth-le-hem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him a - gain;
3. Frank-in - cense to of - fer have I, In-cense owns a De - i - ty night;
4. Myrrh is mine, its bit - ter per - fume. Breathes a life of gath - er-ing gloom;
5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise. King and God and Sac - ri - fice:



Field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain, Fol - low-ing yon - der star.
King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign.
Prayer and prais - ing, all men rais - ing, Wor - ship Him, God on high.
Sor - rowing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone cold tomb.
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Earth to heav'n re - plies.



O star of won - der, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright.



West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to Thy per - fect light.

Come, Thou Redeemer of the Earth

Ambrose of Milan

15th Century

Translated by John M. Neale

Adapted by Michael Praetorius

1. Come, Thou Re - deem - er of the earth.
 2. Be - got - ten of no hu - man will,
 3. The vir - gin womb that bur - den gained
 4. Thy era - dle here shall glit - ter bright.

And man - i - fest Thy vir - gin birth:
 But of the Spir - it, Thou art still
 With vir - gin hon - or all un - stained;
 And dark - ness breathe a new - er light.

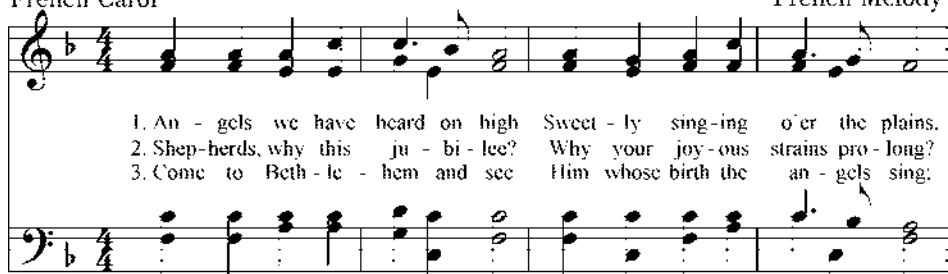
Let ev - ery age a - dor - ing fall:
 The Word of God in flesh ar - rayed,
 The ban - ners there of vir - tue glow:
 Where end - less faith shall shine se - rene.

Such birth be - fits the God of all.
 The prom - ised Fruit to man dis - played.
 God in His tem - ple dwells be - low.
 And in light nev - er in ter - vene.

Angels We Have Heard on High

French Carol

French Melody



1. An - gels we have heard on high Sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains.
 2. Shep - herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your joy - ous strains pro - long?
 3. Come to Beth - le - hem and see Him whose birth the an - gels sing:



And the moun - tains in re - ply Ech - o - ing their joy - ous strains.
 What the glad - some tid - ings be. Which in - spire your heav'n - ly song?
 Come a - dore on bend - ed knee. Christ the Lord, the new - born King.



Glo - ri - a



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

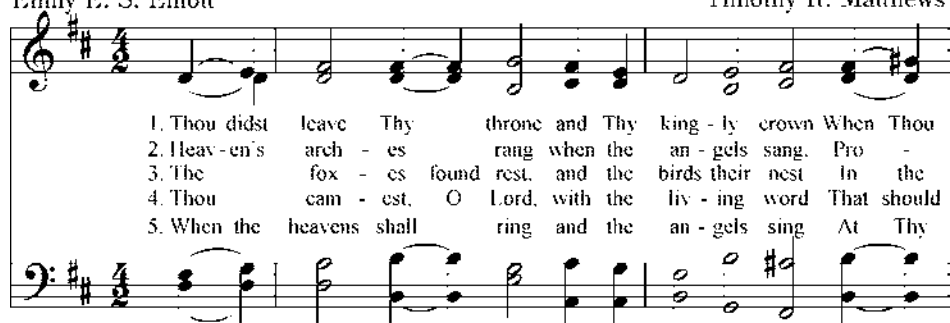


ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o!

Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne

Emily E. S. Elliott

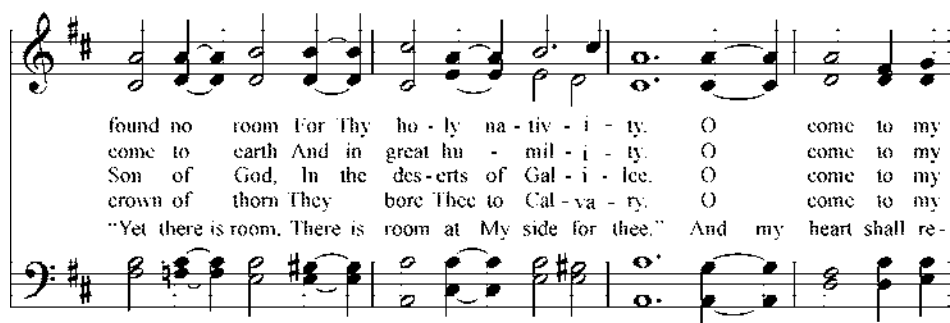
Timothy R. Matthews



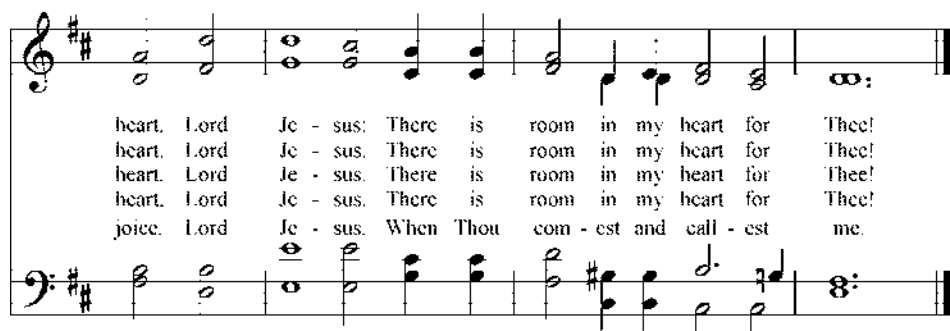
1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown When Thou
 2. Heav - en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang. Pro -
 3. The fox - es found rest, and the birds their nest In the
 4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That should
 5. When the heavens shall ring and the an - gels sing At Thy



cam - est to earth for me. But in Beth - le - hem's home was there
 claim - ing Thy roy - al de - cree. But of low - ly birth didst Thou
 shade of the for - est tree: But Thy couch was the sod. O Thou
 set Thy peo - ple free: But with mock - ing scorn and with
 com - ing to vic - tor - y. Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing.



found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. O come to my
 come to earth And in great hu - mil - i - ty. O come to my
 Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee. O come to my
 crown of thorn They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry. O come to my
 "Yet there is room. There is room at My side for thee." And my heart shall re -

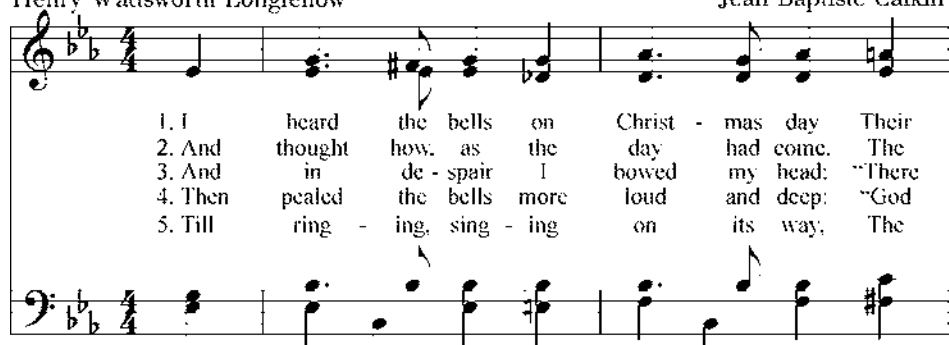


heart. Lord Je - sus: There is room in my heart for Thee!
 heart. Lord Je - sus: There is room in my heart for Thee!
 heart. Lord Je - sus: There is room in my heart for Thee!
 heart. Lord Je - sus: There is room in my heart for Thee!
 joice. Lord Je - sus: When Thou com - est and call - est me.

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Jean Baptiste Calkin



1. I heard the bells on Christ - mas day Their
 2. And thought how, as the day had come. The
 3. And in de - spair I bowed my head: "There
 4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God
 5. Till ring - ing, sing - ing on its way, The



old fa - mil - iar car - ols play. And wild and sweet the
 bel - lies of all Chris - ten - dom Had rolled a - long th'un -
 is no peace on earth." I said, "For hate is strong, and
 is not dead, nor doth He sleep: The wrong shall fail, the
 world re - volved from night to day. A voice, a chime, a

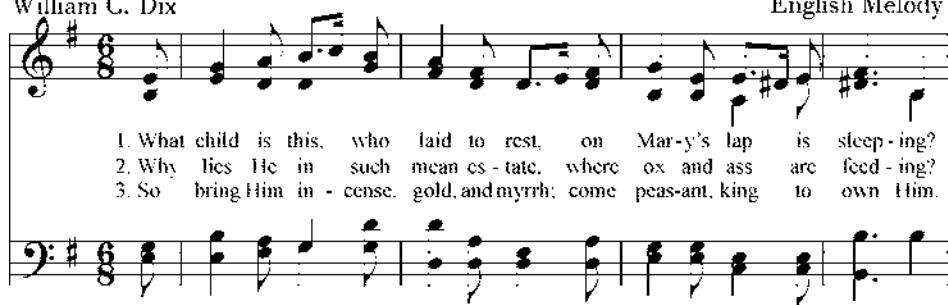


words re - peat, Of peace on earth, good - will to men.
 bro - ken song Of peace on earth, good - will to men.
 mocks the song Of peace on earth, good - will to men."
 right pre - vail. With peace on earth, good - will to men."
 chant sub - lime. Of peace on earth, good - will to men!

What Child Is This?

William C. Dix

English Melody



1. What child is this, who laid to rest, on Mar-y's lap is sleep-ing?
 2. Why lies He in such mean es-tate, where ox and ass are feed-ing?
 3. So bring Him in - cense, gold, and myrrh: come peas-ant, king to own Him.



Whom an-gels greet with an-thems sweet, while shep-herds watch are keep-ing?
 Good Chris-tian, fear, for sin-ners here the si-lent Word is plead-ing.
 The King of kings, sal-va-tion brings, let lov-ing hearts en-throne Him.



This, this is Christ the King, whom shep-herds guard and an-gels sing:
 Nails, spear, shall pierce Him thro', the cross be borne, for me, for you.
 Raise, raise the song on high. The vir-gin sings her lul-la-by.

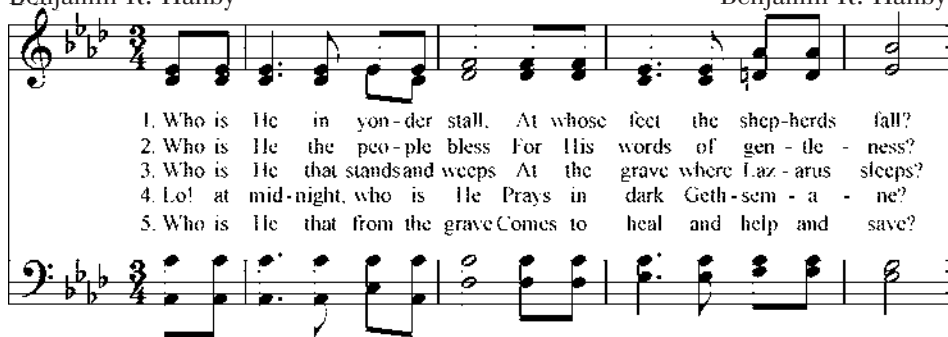


Haste, haste to bring Him laud, the Babe, the Son of Mar-y.
 Hail, hail the Word made flesh, the Babe, the Son of Mar-y.
 Joy, joy for Christ is born, the Babe, the Son of Mar-y.

Who Is He in Yonder Stall?

Benjamin R. Hanby

Benjamin R. Hanby



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 that 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 that from the grave Comes to heal and help and save?



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-phaut 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?



'Tis the Lord! O won-drous stor-ry! 'Tis the Lord! the King of



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

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

Lewis H. Redner

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie:
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry And gath - ered all a - bove:
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is giv'n;
4. O. ho - ly child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us we pray:

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep. The si - lent stars go by.
While mor - tals sleep the an - gels keep Their watch of won - dering love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts, The bless - ings of His heaven.
Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light:
O. morn - ing stars to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth:
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin;
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels. The great glad tid - ings tell:

The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee to - night.
And prais - es sing to God the King And peace to men on earth.
Where meek souls will Re - ceive Him still. The dear Christ en - ters in.
O. come to us a - bid with us, Our Lord, Em - man - u - el.

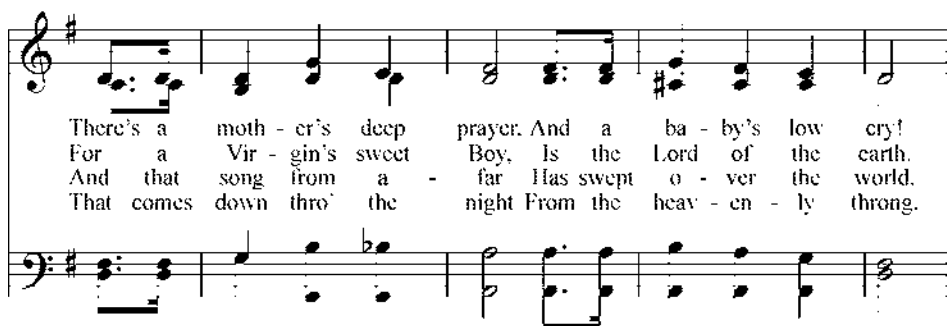
There's a Song in the Air

Josiah G. Holland

Karl P. Harrington



1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky!
2. There's a tu - mult of joy O'er the won - der - ful birth.
3. In the light of that star Lie the a - ges im - pearled:
4. We re - joice in the light, And we ech - o the song



There's a moth - er's deep prayer. And a ba - by's low cry!
For a Vir - gin's sweet Boy, Is the Lord of the earth.
And that song from a - far Has swept o - ver the world.
That comes down thro' the night From the heav - en - ly throng.



And the star rains its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing.
Lo, the star rains its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing.
Ev - ery hearth is a - flame, and the beau - ti - ful sing.
Ay! we shout to the love - ly E - van - gel they bring.



For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem. era - dles a King!
For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem era - dles a King!
In the homes of the na - tions that Je - sus is King!
As we greet in His era - dle our Sav - ior and King!

Away in a Manger

Anonymous

James R. Murray

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

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

The stars in the sky look down where He lay,
I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, look down from the sky,
Bless all the dear chil - dren in Thy ten - der care.

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

Go, Tell It on the Mountain

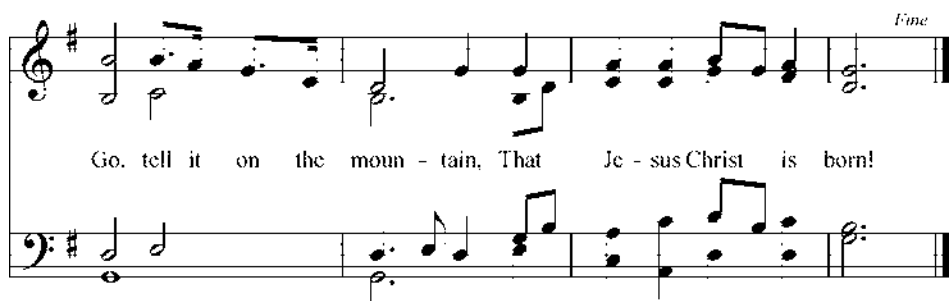
John W. Work, Jr.

American Folk Song

Unison

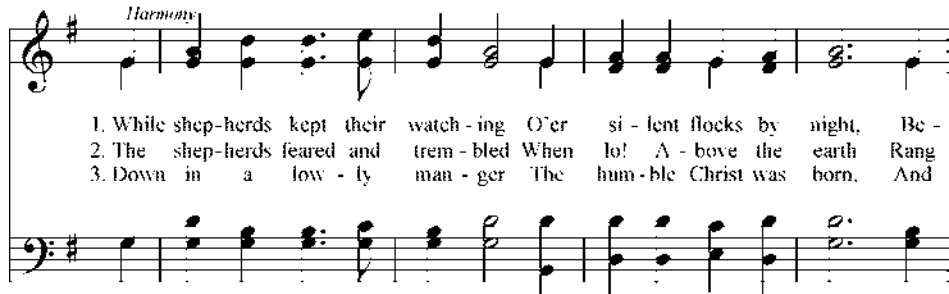


Go. tell it on the moun - tain, O - ver the hills and ev - ery - where:



Go. tell it on the moun - tain, That Je - sus Christ is born!

Harmony



1. While shep-herds kept their watch - ing O'er si - lent flocks by night, Be -
2. The shep-herds feared and trem - bled When lo! A - bove the earth Rang
3. Down in a low - ly man - ger The hum - ble Christ was born, And

DC at Fine

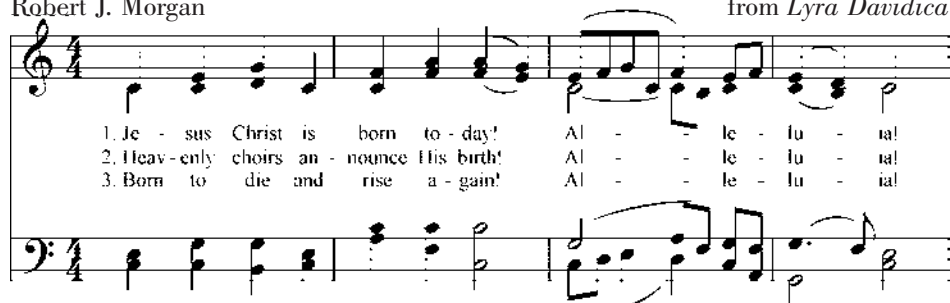


hold through - out the heav - ens There shone a ho - ly light,
out the an - gel cho - rus That hailed our Sav - ior's birth,
brought us God's sal - va - tion That bless - ed Christ - mas morn.

Jesus Christ Is Born Today!

Robert J. Morgan

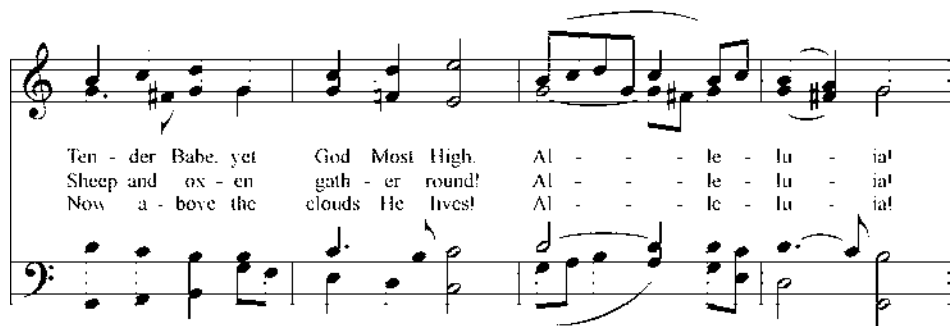
from *Lyra Davidica*



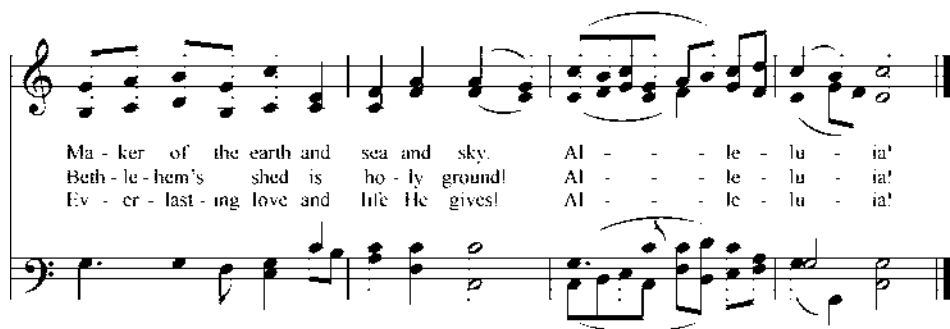
1. Je - sus Christ is born to - day! Al - - - le - lu - ia!
2. Heav - enly choirs an - nounce His birth! Al - - - le - lu - ia!
3. Born to die and rise a - gain! Al - - - le - lu - ia!



See Him in the man - ger lay! Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Shep - herd boys pro - claim His worth! Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Con - quering death and hell and sin! Al - - - le - lu - ia!



Ten - der Babe, yet God Most High. Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Sheep and ox - en gath - er round! Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Now a - bove the clouds He lives! Al - - - le - lu - ia!



Ma - ker of the earth and sea and sky. Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Beth - le - hem's shed is ho - ly ground! Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Ev - er - last - ing love and life He gives! Al - - - le - lu - ia!

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

Henry van Dyke

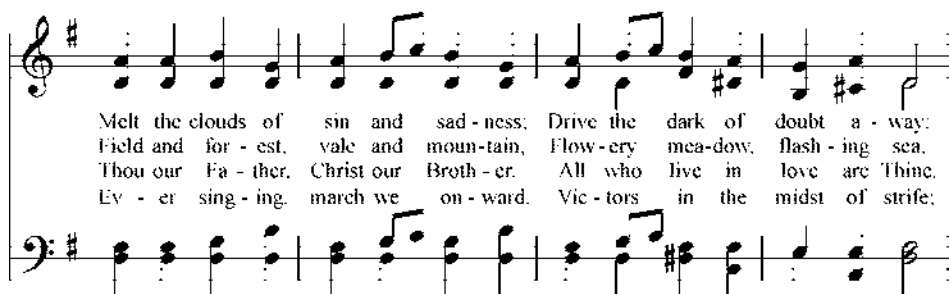
Ludwig van Beethoven



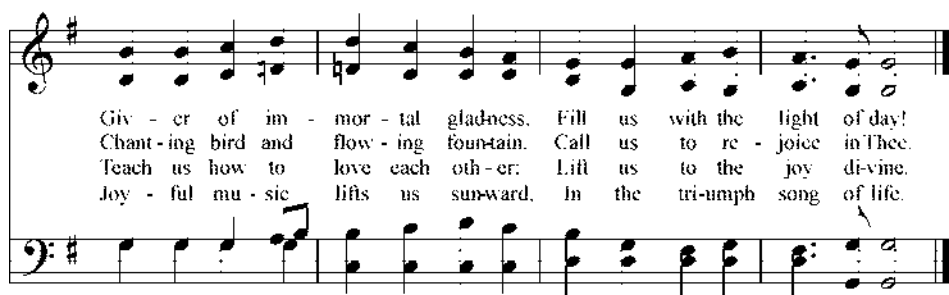
1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry Lord of love;
 2. All Thy works with joy sur-round Thee, Earth and heaven re - flect Thy rays;
 3. Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,
 4. Mor - tals join the might - y cho - rus, Which the Morn - ing Stars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



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



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



Giv - er of im - mor - tal gladness, Fill us with the light of day!
 Chant - ing bird and flow - ing fountain, Call us to re - joice in Thee,
 Teach us how to love each oth - er; Lift us to the joy di - vine,
 Joy - ful mu - sic lifts us sun - ward, In the tri - umph song of life.

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 - ereign 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.

Christ the Lord Is Risen Today

Charles Wesley

from *Lyra Davidica*



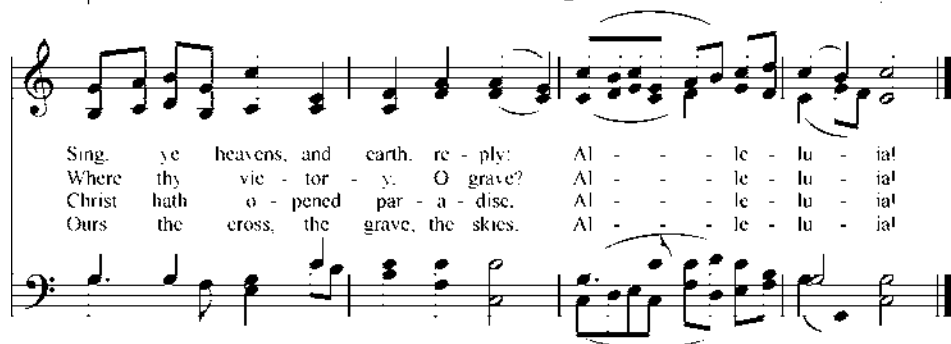
1 Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 2 Lives a - gain our glo - rious King, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 3 Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 4 Soar we now where Christ has led, Al - - - le - lu - ia!



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



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



Sing ye heavens, and earth, re - ply: Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 Where thy vic - tor - y, O grave? Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 Christ hath o - pened par - a - dise, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al - - - le - lu - ia!

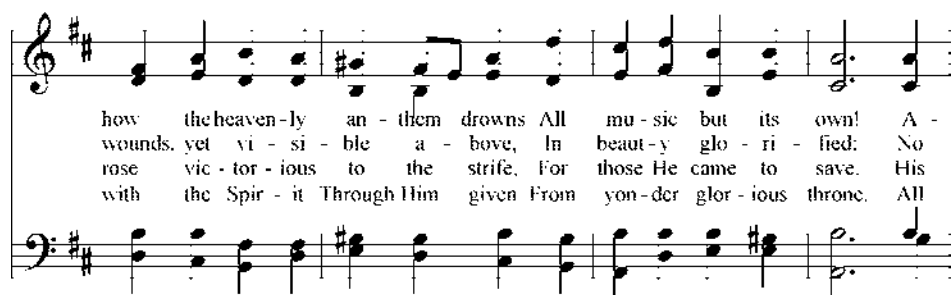
Crown Him with Many Crowns

Matthew Bridges/Godfrey Thring

George J. Elvey



1. Crown Him with man-y crowns. The Lamb up - on His throne. Hark!
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love: Be - hold His hands and side. Rich
 3. Crown Him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave. Who
 4. Crown Him the Lord of heaven: One with the Fa - ther known. One



how the heaven-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A -
 wounds, yet vi - si - ble a - bove, In beaut-y glo - ri - fied: No
 rose vic - tor - ious to the strife, For those He came to save. His
 with the Spir - it Through Him given From yon - der glor - ious throne. All



wake, my soul and sing Of Him who died for Thee: And
 an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight. But
 glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high. Who
 hail. Re - deem - er. hail! For Thou hast died for me: Thy



hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 down - ward bends His won - dering eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
 died e - ter - nal life to bring. And lives that death may die.
 praise and glo - ry shall not fail Through-out e - ter - ni - ty.

My Jesus, I Love Thee

William R. Featherston

Adoniram J. Gordon



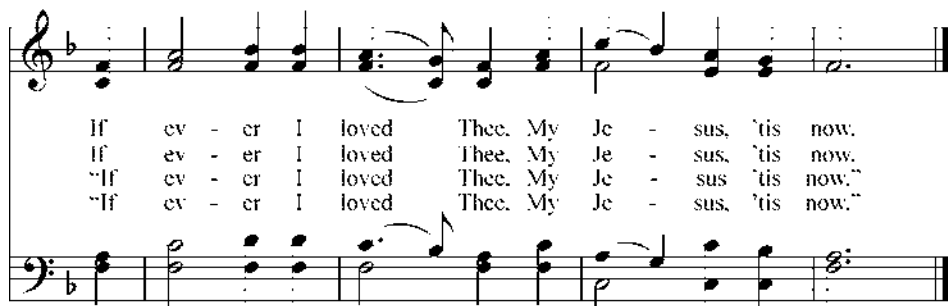
1. My Je - sus I love Thee: I know Thou art mine.
2. I love Thee. Be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me.
3. I'll love Thee in life. I will love Thee in death.
4. In man - sions of glo - ry And end - less de - light,



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



My gra - cious Re - deem - er. My Sa - vior art Thou.
I love Thee For wear - ing the thorns On Thy brow.
And say when the death dew Lies cold on my brow.
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown On my brow.

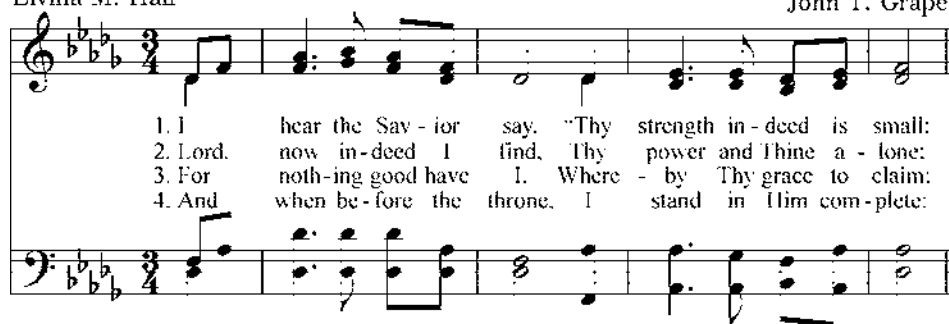


If ev - er I loved Thee. My Je - sus, 'tis now.
If ev - er I loved Thee. My Je - sus, 'tis now.
"If ev - er I loved Thee. My Je - sus 'tis now."
"If ev - er I loved Thee. My Je - sus, 'tis now."

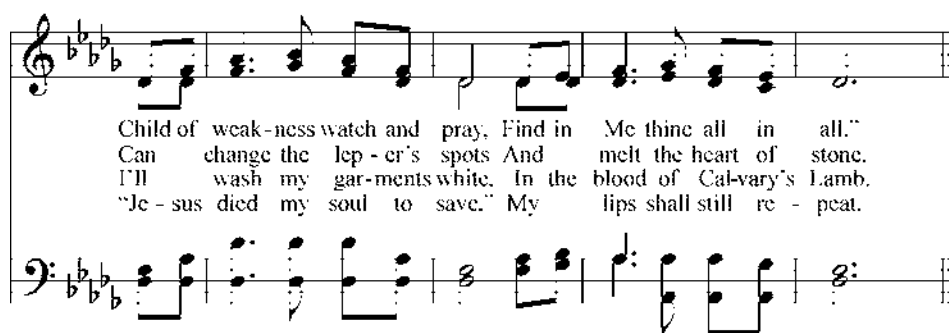
Jesus Paid It All

Elvina M. Hall

John T. Grape



1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small:
2. Lord, now in - deed I find, Thy power and Thine a - lone:
3. For noth - ing good have I. Where - by Thy grace to claim:
4. And when be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com - plete:



Child of weak - ness watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
Can change the lep - er's spots And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my gar - ments white, In the blood of Cal - vary's Lamb.
"Je - sus died my soul to save." My lips shall still re - peat.



Je - sus paid it all. all to Him I owe;



Sin had left a crim - son stain. He washed it white as snow.

I Will Sing of My Redeemer

Philip P. Bliss

James McGranahan

1. I will sing of my Re - deem-er. And His won - drous love to me.
2. I will tell the won - drous sto - ry. How my lost es - tate to save.
3. I will praise my dear Re - deem-er. His tri - um - phant power I'll tell.

On the cru - el cross He suffered. From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer - cy He the ran - som free - ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv-eth O - ver sin and death and hell.

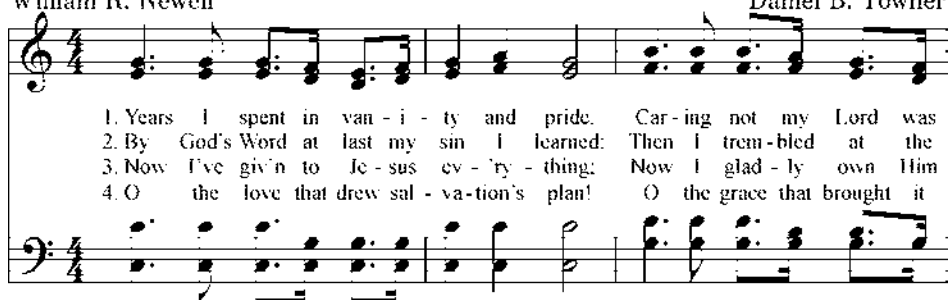
Sing, oh sing, of my Re - deem-er. With His blood He pur - chased

me. On the cross He sealed my par-don. Paid the debt and made me free.

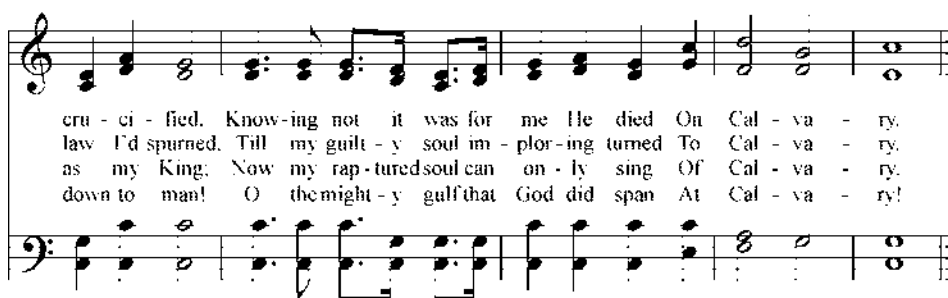
At Calvary

William R. Newell

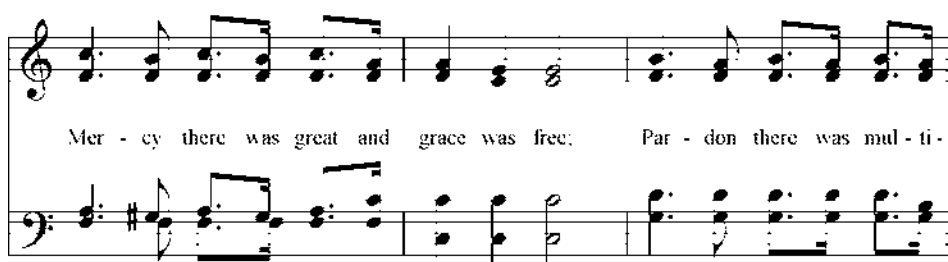
Daniel B. Towner



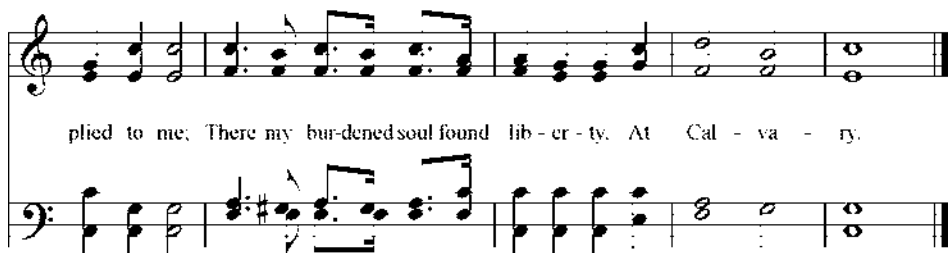
1. Years I spent in van-i-ty and pride. Car-ing not my Lord was
 2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned: Then I trem-bled at the
 3. Now I've giv'n to Je-sus ev-'ry-thing: Now I glad-ly own Him
 4. O the love that drew sal-va-tion's plan! O the grace that brought it



cruc-i-fied. Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal-va-ry.
 law I'd spurned. Till my guilt-y soul im-plor-ing turned To Cal-va-ry.
 as my King: Now my rap-tured soul can on-ly sing Of Cal-va-ry.
 down to man! O the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal-va-ry!



Mer-cy there was great and grace was free; Par-don there was mul-ti-

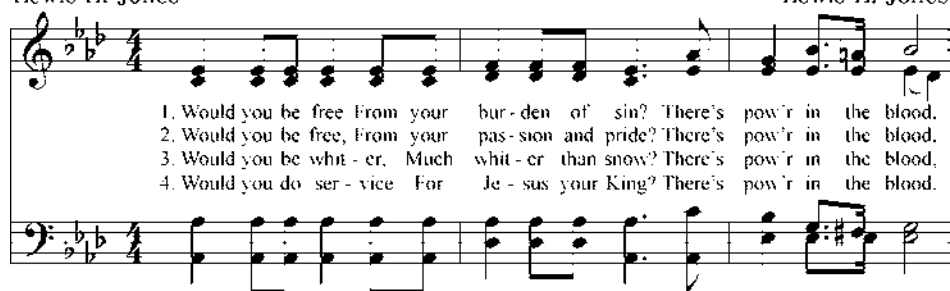


plied to me; There my bur-den-ed soul found lib-er-ty. At Cal-va-ry.

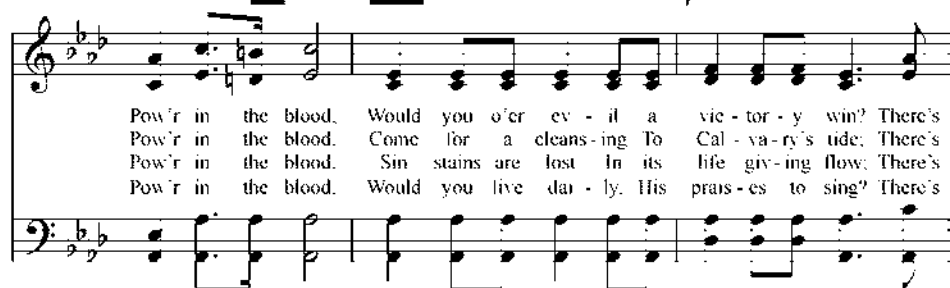
There Is Power in the Blood

Lewis E. Jones

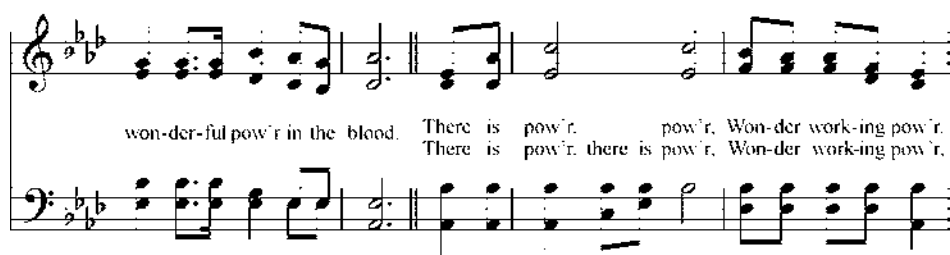
Lewis E. Jones



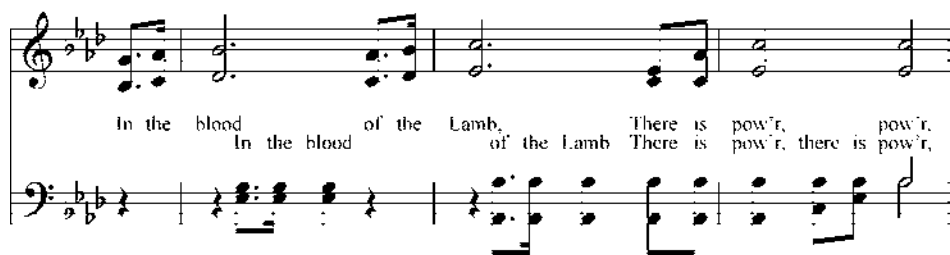
1. Would you be free From your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood.
 2. Would you be free, From your pas - sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood.
 3. Would you be whit - er, Much whit - er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
 4. Would you do ser - vice For Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood.



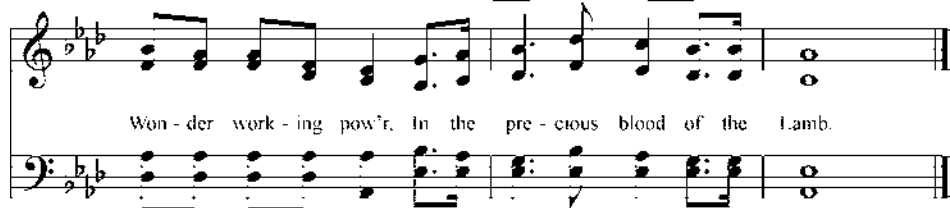
Pow'r in the blood, Would you o'er ev - il a vic - tor - y win? There's
 Pow'r in the blood, Come for a cleans - ing To Cal - va - ry's tide; There's
 Pow'r in the blood, Sin stains are lost In its life giv - ing flow; There's
 Pow'r in the blood, Would you live da - ly, His prais - es to sing? There's



won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Won - der work - ing pow'r.
 There is pow'r, there is pow'r, Won - der work - ing pow'r.



In the blood In the blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb There is pow'r, pow'r,
 In the blood In the blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb There is pow'r, there is pow'r,



Won - der work - ing pow'r, In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb.

In the Garden

C. Austin Miles

C. Austin Miles

1. I come to the gar - den a - lone. While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice is so sweet, the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him. Though the night a - round me be

ros - es; And the voice I hear, fall - ing on my ear. The
 sing - ing. And the mel - o - dy that He gave to me. With -
 fall - ing. But He bids me go: through the voice of woe. His

Son of God dis - clos - es. And He walks with me. And He
 in my heart is ring - ing. ing.
 voice to me is call - ing.

talks with me. And He tells me I am His own: And the

joy we share as we tar - ry there. None oth - er has ev - er known.

The Old Rugged Cross

George Bennard

George Bennard

1 On a hill far a-way Stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2 Oh, that old rug-ged cross. So de-spised by the world, Has a won-drous at-
3 To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, It's shame and re-

sul-fering and shame. And I love that old cross Where the dear-est and best.
trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God. Left His glo-ry a-bove.
proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day To my home far a-way.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slam.
To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.

cross. Till my tro-phics at last I lay down. I will cling to the

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

His Name Is Wonderful

Audrey Mieir

Audrey Mieir

His name is Won - der - ful, His name is Won - der - ful, His name is Won - der - ful,

The first system of the musical score for 'His Name Is Wonderful'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, accessible style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Je - sus, my Lord, He is the Might - y King, Mas - ter of ev - ry - thing,

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

His name is Won - der - ful, Je - sus, my Lord, He's the Great Shep - herd, The Rock of all

The third system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

ag - es, Al - might - y God is He, Bow down be - fore Him, Love and a -

The fourth system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

dore Him, His name is Won - der - ful, Je - sus my Lord.

The fifth and final system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with a final chord in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

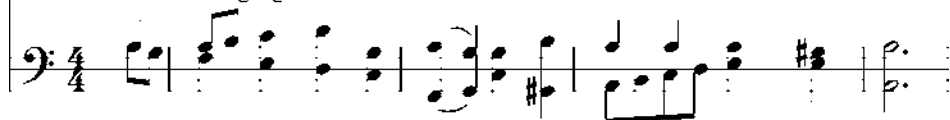
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Based on a Medieval Latin Poem
Ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux

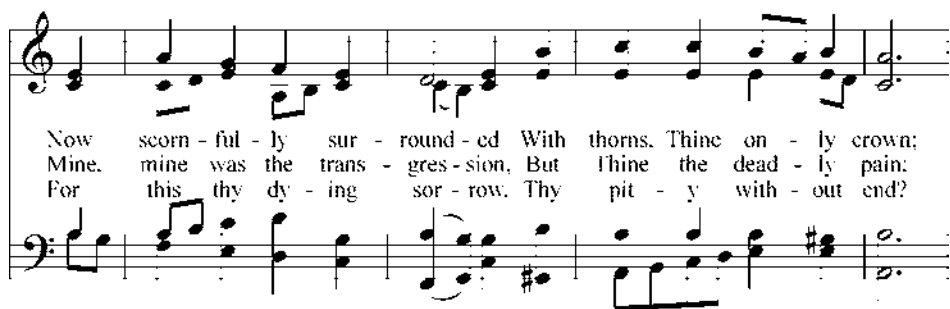
Hans Leo Hassler
Harmony by J. S. Bach



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



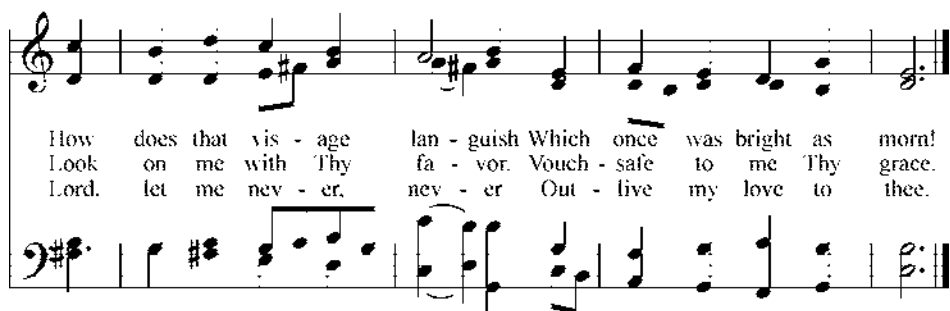
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns. Thine on - ly crown;
Mine. mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain;
For this thy dy - ing sor - row. Thy pit - y with - out end?



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.



When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

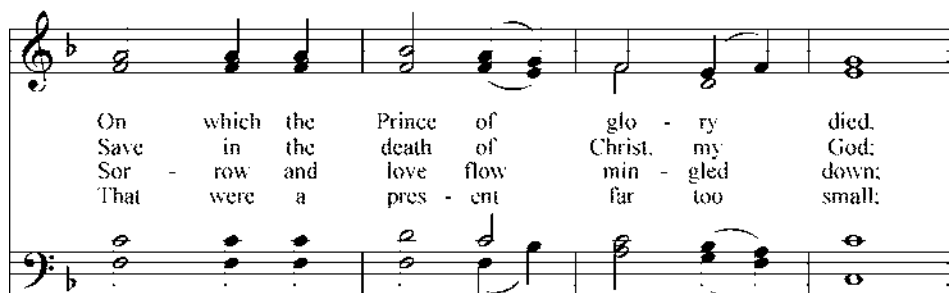
Gregorian Chant

Isaac Watts


Arranged by Lowell Mason



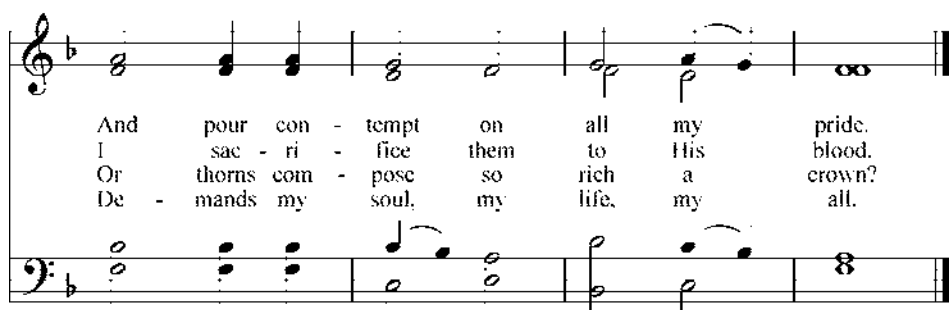
1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine.



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 maz - ing sor - row di - vine,
 Love so a -

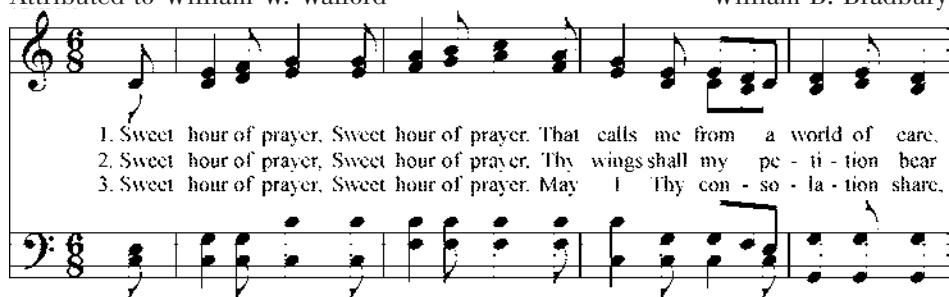


And pour con - tempt on all my pride,
 I sac - ri - fice them to His blood,
 Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

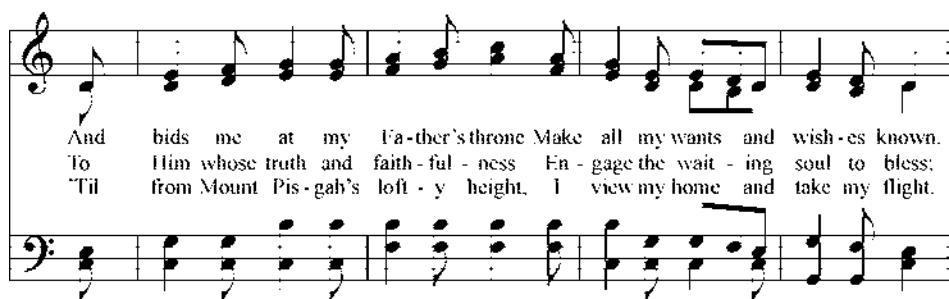
Sweet Hour of Prayer

Attributed to William W. Walford

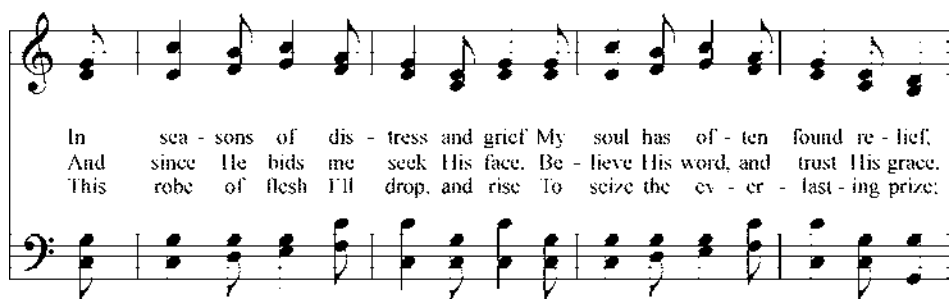
William B. Bradbury



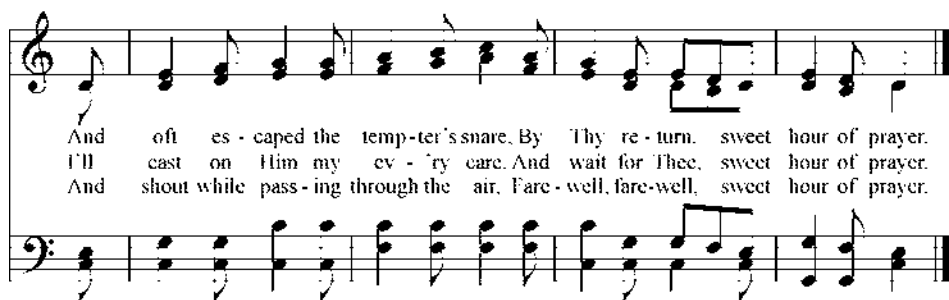
1. Sweet hour of prayer, Sweet hour of prayer. That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, Sweet hour of prayer. Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer, Sweet hour of prayer. May I Thy con-so-la-tion share,



And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known.
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
'Til from Mount Pis-gah's loft-y height, I view my home and take my flight.



In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has of-ten found re-lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize;



And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By Thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer,
I'll cast on Him my ev-ry care, And wait for Thee, sweet hour of prayer,
And shout while pass-ing through the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer.

I Love to Tell the Story

A. Katherine Hankey

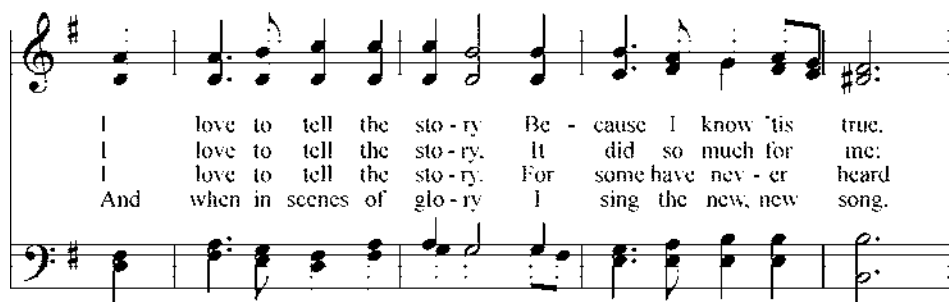
William G. Fischer



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry. More won - der - ful it seems
3. I love to tell the sto - ry. 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat
4. I love to tell the sto - ry. For those who know it best



Of Je - sus and His glo - ry. Of Je - sus and His love.
Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams.
What seems, each time I tell it. More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest.



I love to tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true.
I love to tell the sto - ry. It did so much for me:
I love to tell the sto - ry. For some have nev - er heard
And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song.



It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

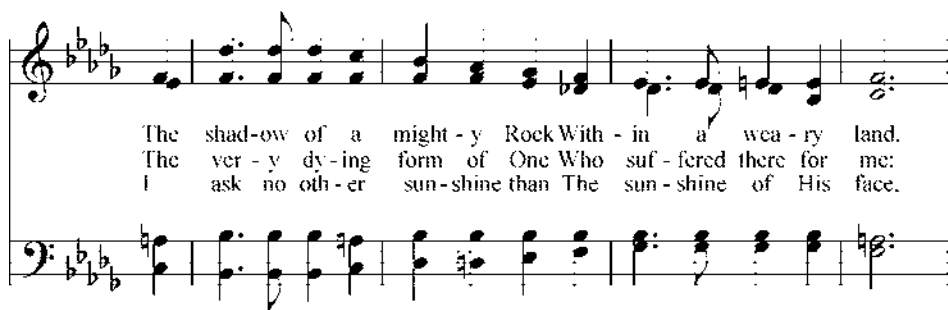
Beneath the Cross of Jesus

Elizabeth C. Clephane

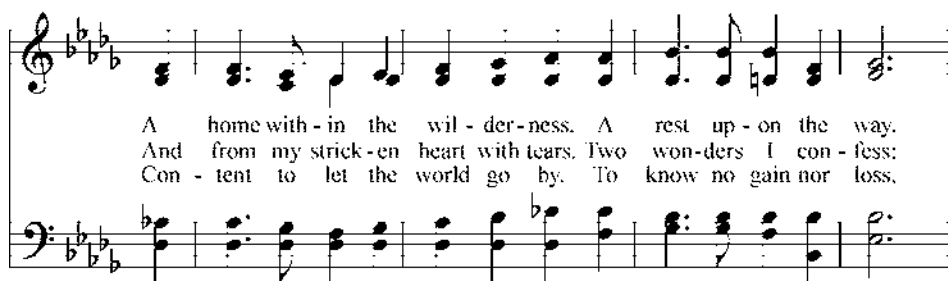
Frederick C. Maker



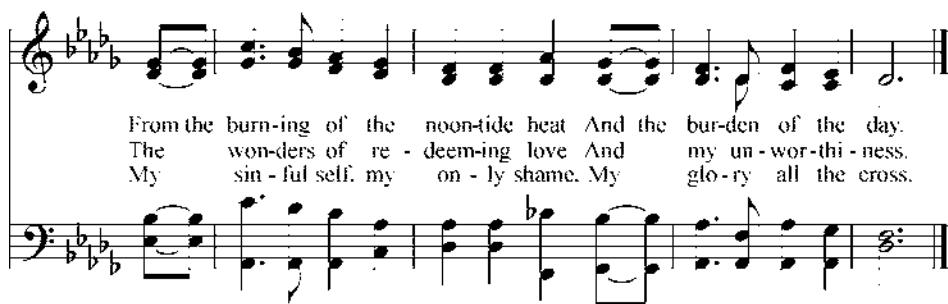
1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand:
2. Up - on the cross of Je - sus Mine eyes at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place:



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



A home with - in the wil - der - ness. A rest up - on the way.
And from my strick - en heart with tears. Two won - ders I con - fess:
Con - tent to let the world go by. To know no gain nor loss.



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

Near the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby

William H. Doane

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross. There a pre - cious foun - tain.
2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me:
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me:
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait. Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all, a heal - ing stream. Flows from Cal - vary's moun - tain.
There the bright and Morn - ing Star Shed its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
'Til I reach the gold - en strand Just be - yond the riv - er.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er.

'Til my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

Christ Arose!

Robert Lowry

Robert Lowry

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

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

With a might - y tri - umph o'er His foes: He a - rose a vic - tor from the
 He a - rose;

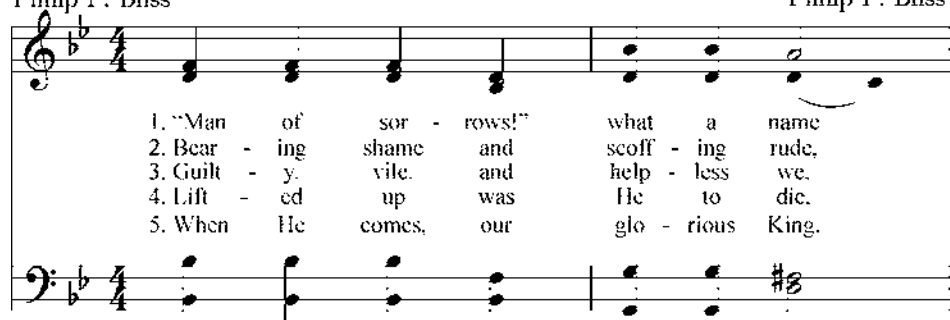
dark do - main. And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign: He a -

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

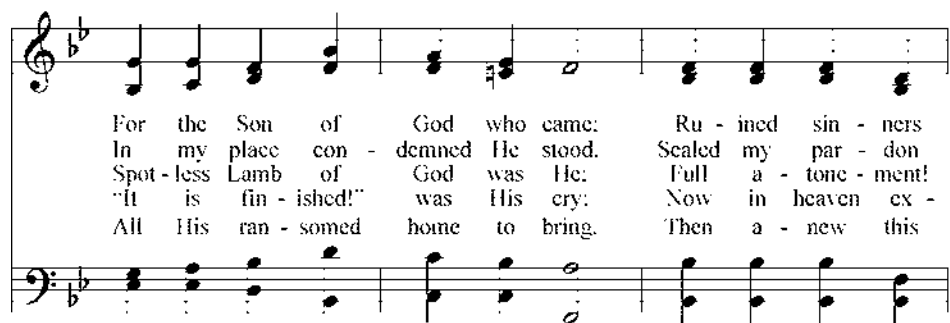
Hallelujah, What a Savior!

Philip P. Bliss

Philip P. Bliss



1. "Man of sor - rows!" what a name
 2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude,
 3. Guilt - y. vile. and help - less we,
 4. Lift - ed up was He to die.
 5. When He comes, our glo - rious King.



For the Son of God who came: Ru - ined sin - ners
 In my place con - demned He stood. Scaled my par - don
 Spot - less Lamb of God was He: Full a - tone - ment!
 "It is fin - ished!" was His cry: Now in heaven ex -
 All His ran - somed home to bring. Then a - new this

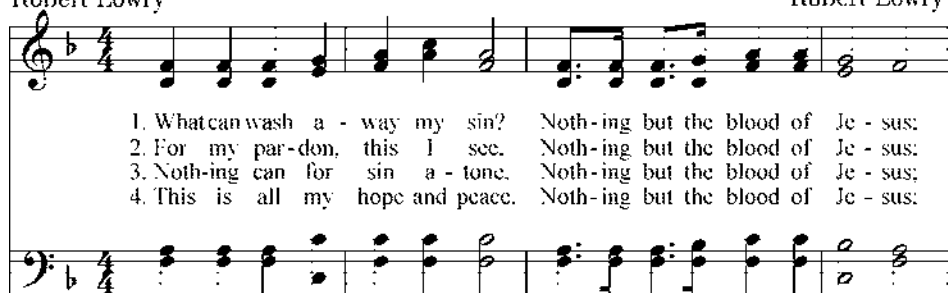


to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! What a Sav - ior!
 with His blood: Hal - le - lu - jah! What a Sav - ior!
 Can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! What a Sav - ior!
 alt - ed high. Hal - le - lu - jah! What a Sav - ior!
 song we'll sing. Hal - le - lu - jah! What a Sav - ior!

Nothing but the Blood

Robert Lowry

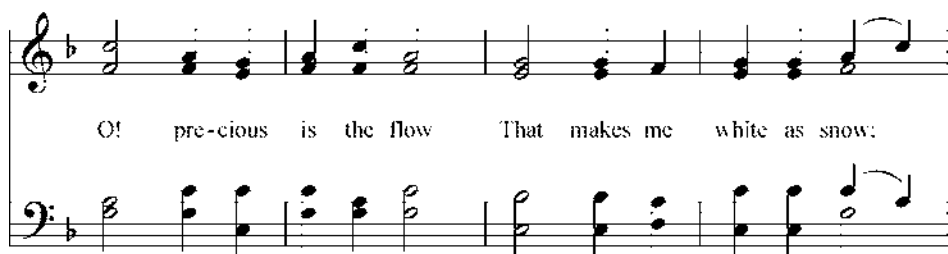
Robert Lowry



1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 2. For my par-don, this I see. Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone. Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace. Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;



What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my cleans-ing, this my plea. Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done. Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 This is all my righ-teous-ness. Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.



O! pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;



No oth - er fount I know; Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

Are You Washed in the Blood?

Elisha A. Hoffman

Elisha A. Hoffman

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans - ing power? Are you
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - ior's side? Are you
 3. Lay a - side the gar - ments that are stained with sin And be

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust - ing in His
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the
 washed in the blood of the Lamb. There's a foun - tain flow - ing for the

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you
 soul un - clean. O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

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

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

Because He Lives

Gloria Gaither and William J. Gaither

William J. Gaither

1 God sent His Son, they called Him Je - sus; He came to love,
 2 How sweet to hold a new - born ba - by, And feel the pride,
 3. And then one day I'll cross that riv - er. I'll fight life's fi

heal and for - give. He lived and died, to buy my
 and joy he gives. But great - er still the calm as -
 nal war with pam. And then as death gives way to

par - don. An emp - ty grave is there to prove my Sav - ior lives.
 sur - ance, This child can face un - cer - tain days be - cause He lives
 vic - tory, I'll see the lights of glo - ry and I'll know He reigns.

Be - cause He lives, I can face to - mor - row, Be - cause He lives,

all fear is gone; Be - cause I know He holds the fu - ture,


And life is worth the liv - ing, Just be - cause He lives!

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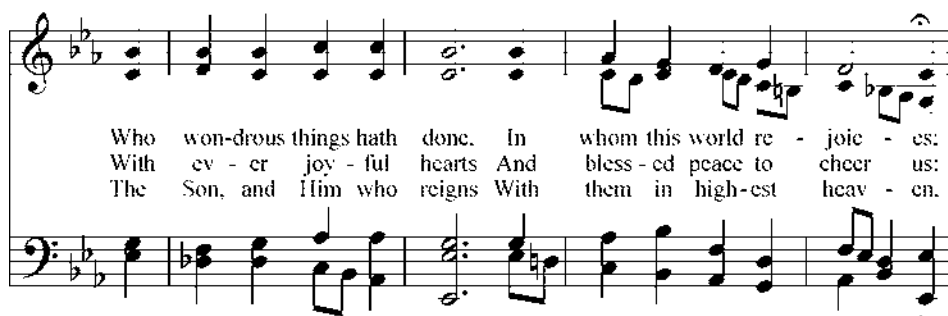
Now Thank We All Our God

Martin Rinkart

Johann Crüger



1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voice - es,
2. O may this boun-teous God Through all our life be near us,
3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa-ther now be giv - en,



Who won-drous things hath done, In whom this world re - joice - es;
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;
The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high-est heav - en.



Who, from our moth-ers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,
The one e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore;



With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day,
And free us from all ills, In this world and the next,
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

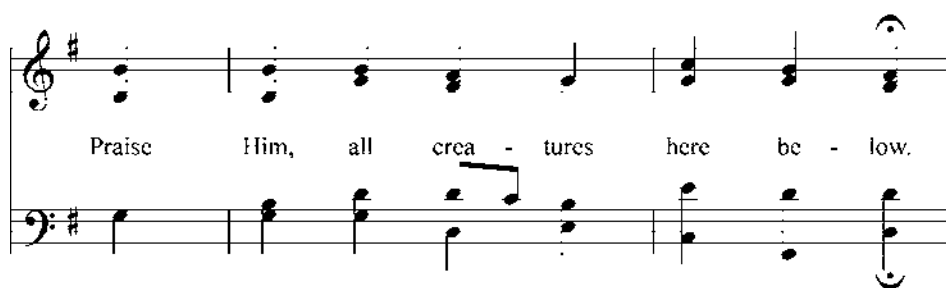
Thomas Ken

Attributed to Louis Bourgeois



Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The treble staff features a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.



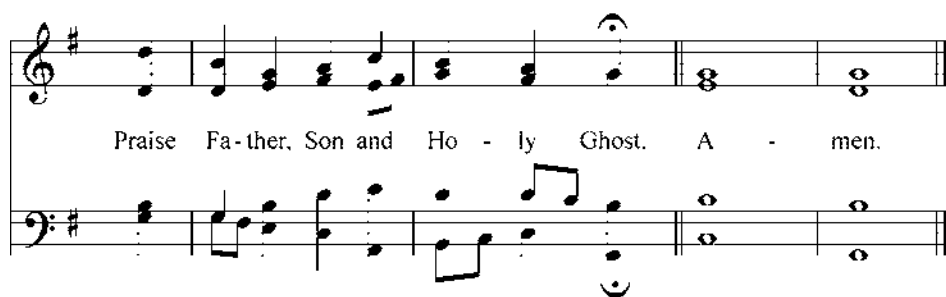
Praise Him, all creatures here be - low.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "Praise Him, all creatures here be - low." are printed below the treble staff.



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

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host." are printed below the treble staff.



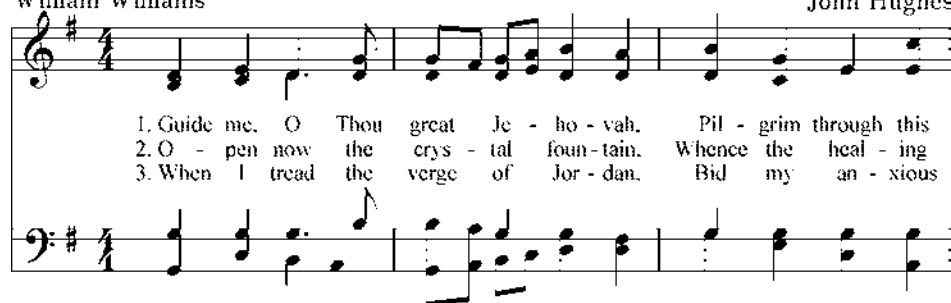
Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

The fourth system concludes the hymn. The lyrics "Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men." are printed below the treble staff. The music ends with a double bar line.

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

William Williams

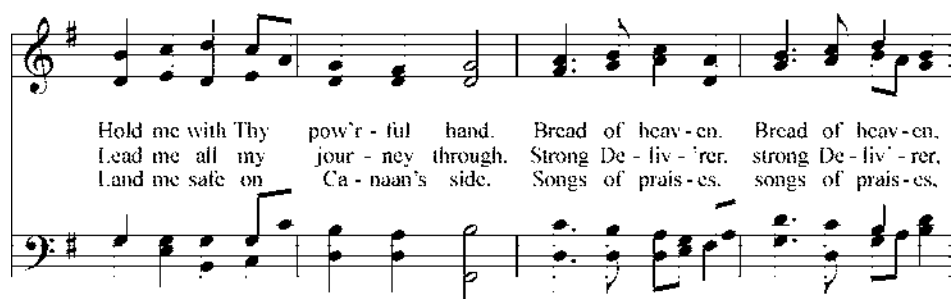
John Hughes



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tain, Whence the heal - ing
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my an - xious



bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y.
 stream doth flow; Let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar
 fears sub - side: Death of death and Hell's de - struc - tion



Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand. Bread of heav-en. Bread of heav-en.
 Lead me all my jour - ney through. Strong De - liv - 'rer. strong De - liv - 'rer.
 Land me safe on Ca - naan's side. Songs of prais-es. songs of prais-es.

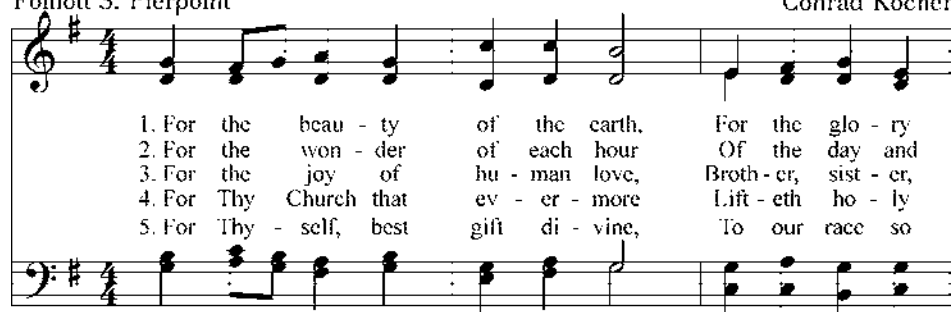


Feed me till I want no more; Feed me till I want no more.
 Be Thou still my strength and shield; Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 I will ev - er give to Thee; I will ev - er give to Thee.

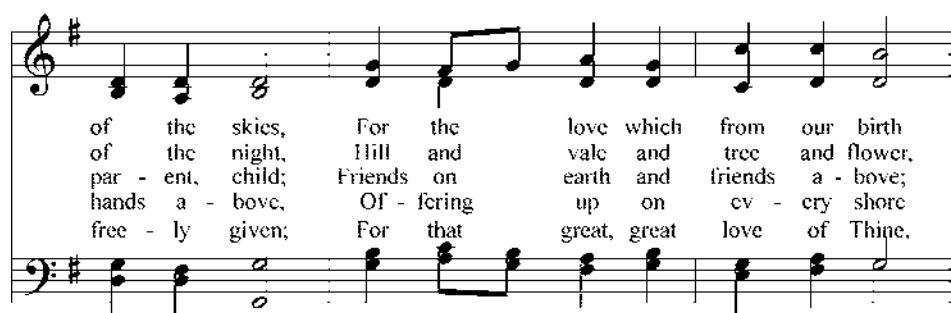
For the Beauty of the Earth

Folliott S. Pierpoint

Conrad Kocher



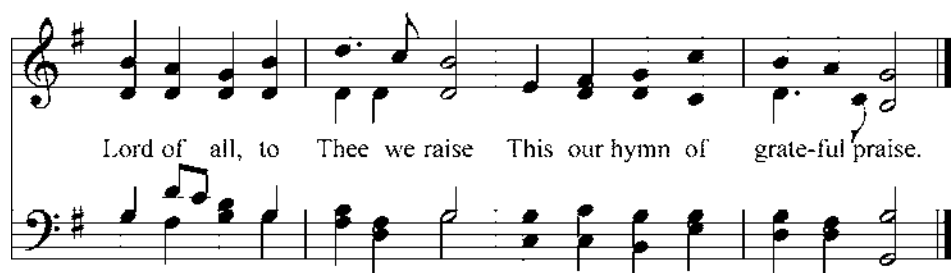
1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry
 2. For the won - der of each hour Of the day and
 3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sist - er,
 4. For Thy Church that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly
 5. For Thy - self, best gift di - vine, To our race so



of the skies, For the love which from our birth
 of the night, Hill and vale and tree and flower,
 par - ent, child; Friends on earth and friends a - bove;
 hands a - bove, Of - fering up on ev - ery shore
 free - ly given; For that great, great love of Thine,



O - ver and a - round us lies;
 Sun and moon and stars of light;
 For all gen - tle thoughts and mild;
 Her pure sac - ri - fice of love;
 Peace on earth and joy in heaven:



Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise.

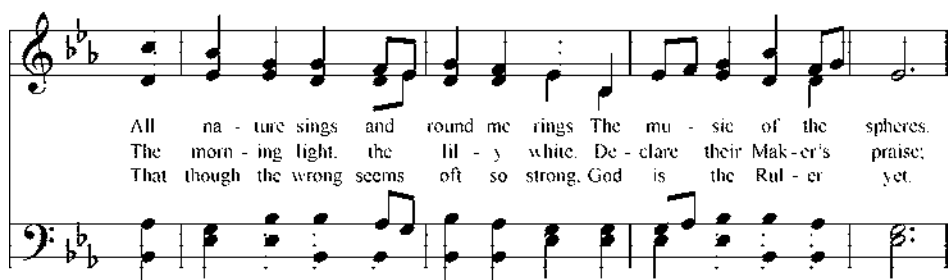
This Is My Father's World

Maltbie D. Babcock

Traditional English Melody



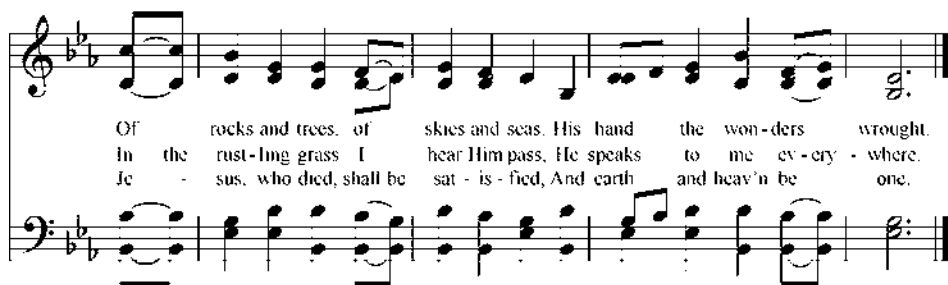
1 This is my Fa-ther's world. And to my lis - cning ears;
 2. This is my Fa-ther's world: The birds their ear - ols raise.
 3 This is my Fa-ther's world. O let me ne'er for - get



All na - ture sings and round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres.
 The morn - ing light, the lil - y white, De - clare their Mak - er's praise;
 That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul - er yet.



This is my Fa-ther's world; I rest me in the thought
 This is my Fa-ther's world; He shines in all that's fair.
 This is my Fa-ther's world; The bat - tle is not done;



Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas. His hand the won - ders wrought.
 In the rust - ling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev - ery - where.
 Je - sus, who died, shall be sat - is - fied, And earth and heav'n be one.

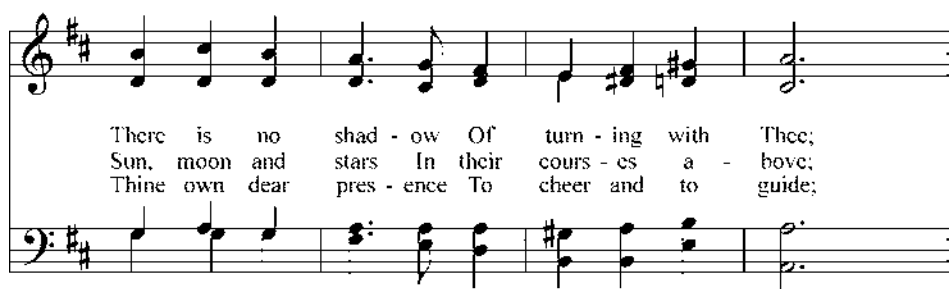
Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Thomas O. Chisholm

William M. Runyan




1. Great is Thy faith - ful - ness, O God my Fa - ther,
2. Sum - mer and win - ter And spring - time and har - vest,
3. Par - don for sin And a peace that en - dur - eth,



There is no shad - ow Of turn - ing with Thee;
Sun, moon and stars In their cours - es a - bove;
Thine own dear pres - ence To cheer and to guide;



Thou chang - est not, Thy com - pas - sions they fail not:
Join with all na - ture In man - i - fold wit - ness
Strength for to - day And bright hope for to - mor - row,

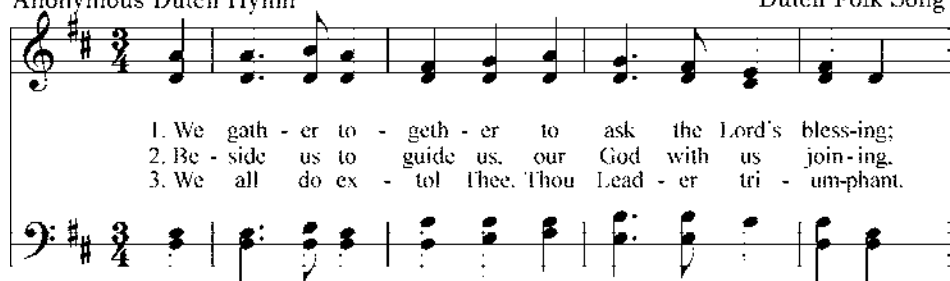


As Thou hast been Thou for - ev - er wilt be.
To Thy great faith - ful - ness, Mer - cy and love.
Bless - ings all mine, With ten thou - sand be - side!

We Gather Together

Anonymous Dutch Hymn

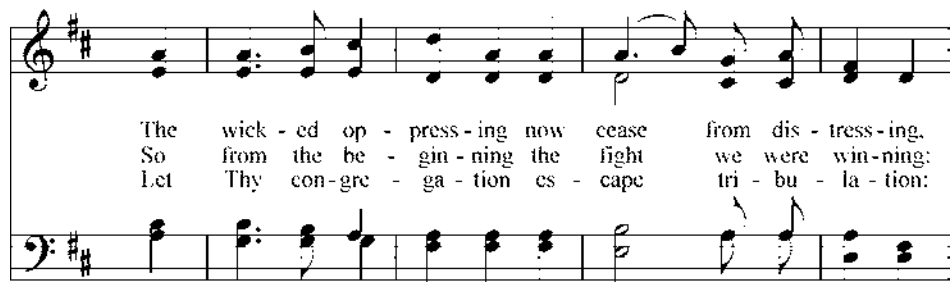
Dutch Folk Song



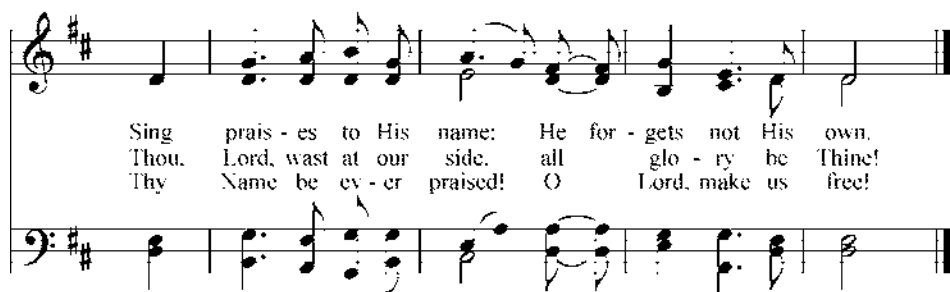
1. We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless-ing;
2. Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join-ing.
3. We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Lead - er tri - um-phant.



He chas - tens and has - tens His will to make known:
Or - dain - ing, main - tain - ing His king - dom di - vine:
And pray that Thou still our De - fend - er wilt be.



The wick - ed op - press - ing now cease from dis - tress - ing,
So from the be - gin - ning the fight we were win - ning:
Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape tri - bu - la - tion:



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

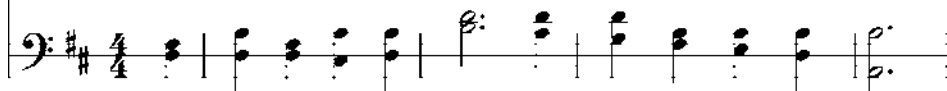
Rejoice, the Lord Is King

Charles Wesley

John Darwall



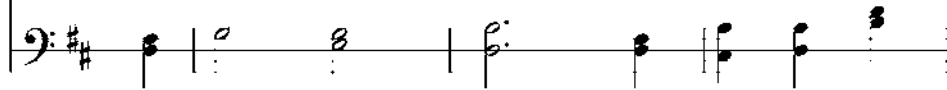
1. Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore!
2. Je - sus, the Sav - ior reigns. The God of truth and love:
3. His king - dom can - not fail. He rules o'er earth and heaven:
4. Re - joice in glo - rious hope! Je - sus. the judge shall come.



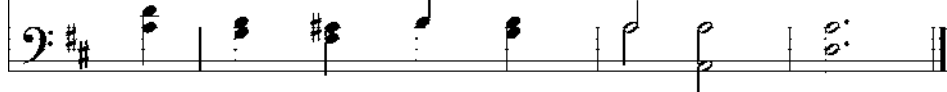
Mor - tals, give thanks, and sing. And tri - umph ev - er - more:
When He had purged our stains. He took His seat a - bove:
The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus given:
And take His ser - vants up To their e - ter - nal home:



Lift up your heart; Lift up your voice!
Lift up your heart; Lift up your voice!
Lift up your heart; Lift up your voice!
Lift up your heart; Lift up your voice!



Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!
Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!
Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!
Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!



All Things Bright and Beautiful

Cecil F. Alexander

17th-Century English Melody

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

All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.

Fine

1. Each lit - tle flow'r that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings,
 2. The pur - ple - head - ed moun - tains. The riv - er run - ning by,
 3. The cold wind in the win - ter. The pleas - ant sum - mer sun,
 4. He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell

He made their glow - ing col - ors. He made their ti - ny wings.
 The sun - set and the morn - ing. That bright - ens up the sky.
 The ripe fruits in the gar - den. He made them ev - 'ry one.
 How great is God Al - might - y. Who has made all things well.

D.C.

The Star-Spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key

Attributed to John Stafford Smith

O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light,

The first system of musical notation for the first line of the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support.

What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing.

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are aligned with the notes.

O say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are aligned with the notes.

wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

The fourth system of musical notation, ending with a double bar line. The melody concludes in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are aligned with the notes.


My Country, 'Tis of Thee

Samuel F. Smith

Thesaurus Musicus



1. My coun - try, 'tis of Thee, Sweet land of
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of



lib - er - ty, Of Thee I sing: Land where my
 no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love Thy
 all the trees Sweet free - dom's song: Let mor - tal
 lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our



fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride,
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills:
 tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe par - take:
 land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light:

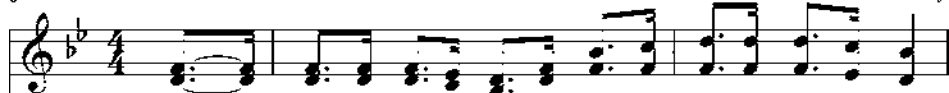


From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
 My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long,
 Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe

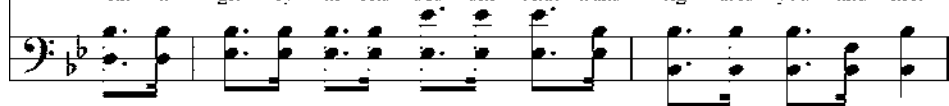
American Melody



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry Of the com - ing of the Lord:
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires Of a hun - dred cir - cling camps:
3. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet That shall nev - er sound re - treat:
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea.



He is tramp - ling out the vin - tage Where the grapes of wrath are stored:
They have build - ed Him an al - tar In the eve - ning dews and damps:
He is sift - ing out the hearts of men Be - fore His judg - ment seat:
With a glo - ry in His bos - om That trans - fig - ures you and me:



He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning Of His ter - ri - ble swift sword;
I can read His righ - teous sen - tence By the dim and flar - ing lamps:
O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! Be ju - bi - lant, my feet!
As He died to make men ho - ly, Let us live to make men free.



His truth is march - ing on.
His day is march - ing on.
Our God is march - ing on.
While God is march - ing on.



America, the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates

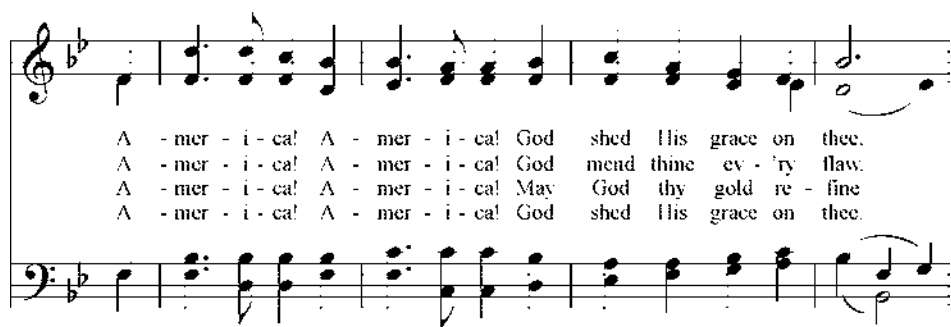
Samuel A. Ward



1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies. For am-ber waves of grain.
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-ros proved in lib-er-at-ing strife.
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years



For pur-ple moun-tains maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!
 A thor-ough-lare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!
 Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life!
 Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam, Un-dimmed by hu-man tears!



A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee.
 A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw.
 A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine
 A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee.



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

God of Our Fathers

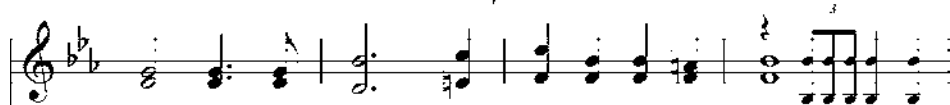
Daniel C. Roberts

George W. Warren

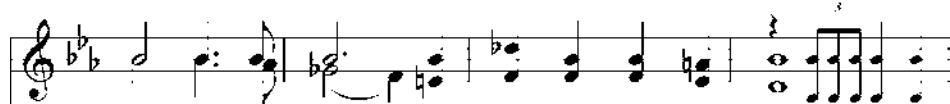


*Trumpets before
each stanza*

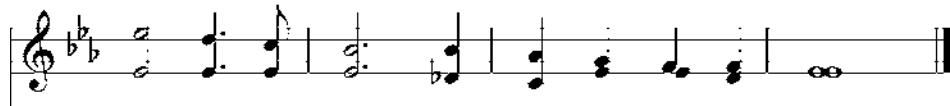
1. God of our fa - thers, whose Al-might - y hand
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past.
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence.
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way.



Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fense;
Lead us from night to nev - er end - ing day:



Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies.
Be Thou our Rul - er. Guard - ian, Guide, and Stay,
Thy true re - li - gion in our hearts in - crease,
Fill all our lives with love and grace di - vine.



Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho - sen way.
Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
And glo - ry, laud, and praise be ev - er Thine!



The Lord Bless You and Keep You

Numbers 6:24-26

Peter C. Lutkin

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the voice staff, with some words split across lines. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

The Lord bless you and keep you; The
Lord lift His coun-ten-ance up - on you, and give you peace,
and give you peace, and give you
The Lord make His face to shine up -
and give you peace; The Lord make His face to shine up -
peace; The Lord
on you, and be gra - - - cious un - to you. be gra - cious.
on you, and be gra - cious, and be gra - cious;
The Lord be gra - cious, gra - cious un - to you

Be Thou My Vision

Irish Hymn, c. 8th Century

Irish Folk Melody

1. Be thou my Vi-sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2. Be thou my Wis-dom, and thou my true Word;
 3. Rich-es I heed not, nor man's emp-ty praise;
 4. High King of heav-en, my vic-to-ry won,

Naught be all else to me, save that thou art;
 I ev-er with thee and thou with me, Lord;
 Thou mine in-her-i-tance, now and al-ways;
 May I reach heav-en's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!

Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 Thou my great Fa-ther, and I thy true son,
 Thou and thou on-ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what-ev-er be-fall,

Wak-ing or sleep-ing, thy pres-ence my light.
 Thou in my dwell-ing, and I with thee one.
 High King of heav-en, my trea-sure thou art.
 Still be my Vi-sion, O Rul-er of all.

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!

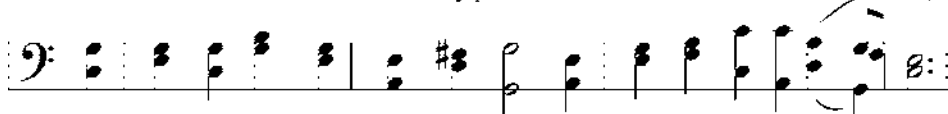
A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Martin Luther

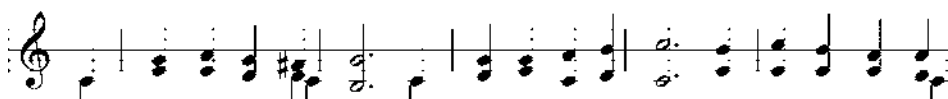
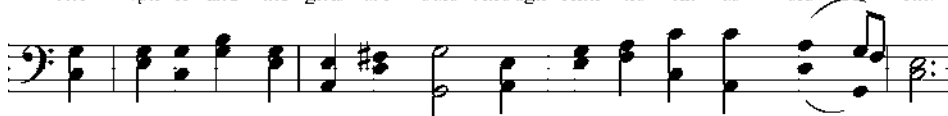
Martin Luther



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.



The Lord's My Shepherd

Scottish Psalter, 1650


Jessie S. Irvine



1. The Lord's my shep - herd. I'll not
 2. My soul He doth re - store a -
 3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark
 4. My ta - ble Thou hast fur - nish -



want; He makes me down to lie In
 gain. And me to walk doth make With -
 vale. Yet will I fear no ill. For
 ed In pres - ence of my foes; My



pas - - tures green: He lead - eth
 in the art paths of right - eous -
 Thou head Thou dost with me. Thy
 and oil



me The qui - et wa - ters by,
 ness, E'en for His own name's sake,
 rod And staff me com - fort still,
 noint, And my cup o - ver - flows.

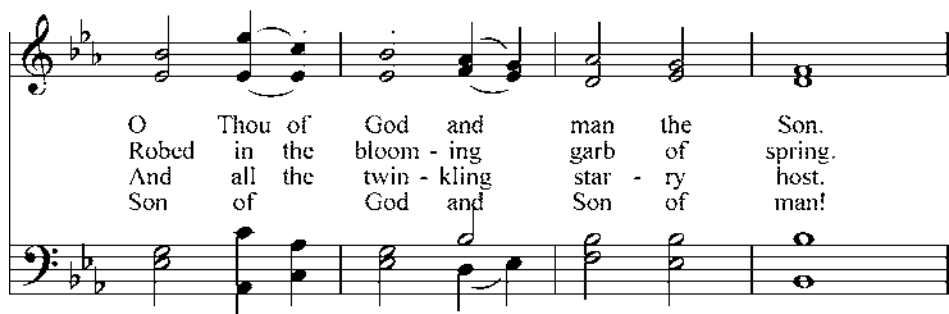
Fairest Lord Jesus

Anonymous German Hymn

Schlesische Volkslieder arr. by Richard S. Willis



1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus; Rul - er of all na - ture.
 2. Fair are the mead - ows; Fair - er still the wood - lands,
 3. Fair is the sun - shine; Fair - er still the moon - light
 4. Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior! Lord of the na - tions!



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



Thee will I cher - ish; Thee will I hon - or,
 Je - sus is fair - er; Je - sus is pur - er.
 Je - sus shines bright - er; Je - sus shines pur - er
 Glo - ry and hon - or, Praise, ad - o - ra - tion.

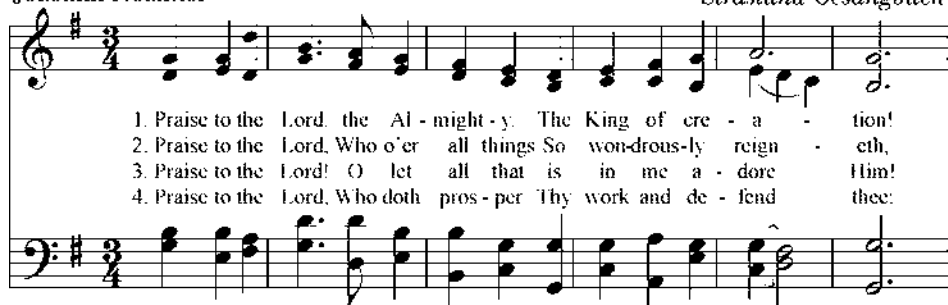


Thou my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
 Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
 Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.
 Now and for - ev - er - more be Thine!

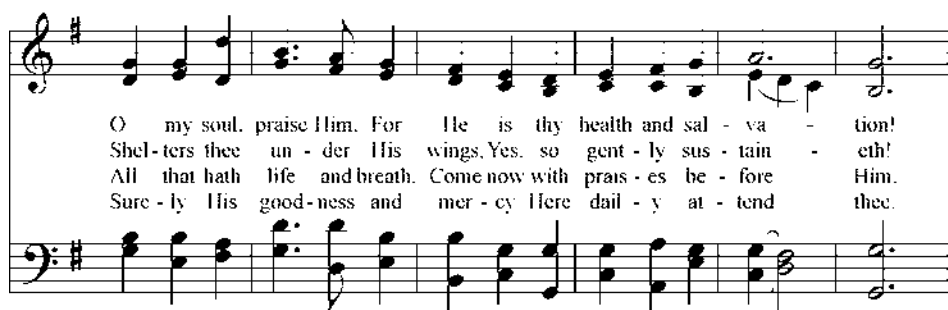
Praise Ye the Lord, the Almighty

Joachim Neander

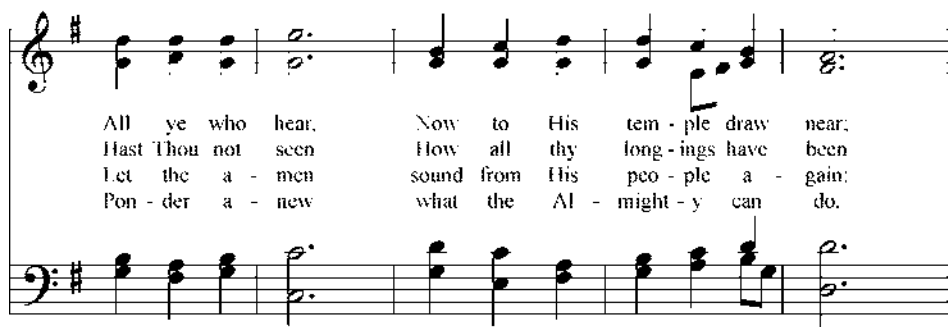
Straslund Gesangbuch




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.

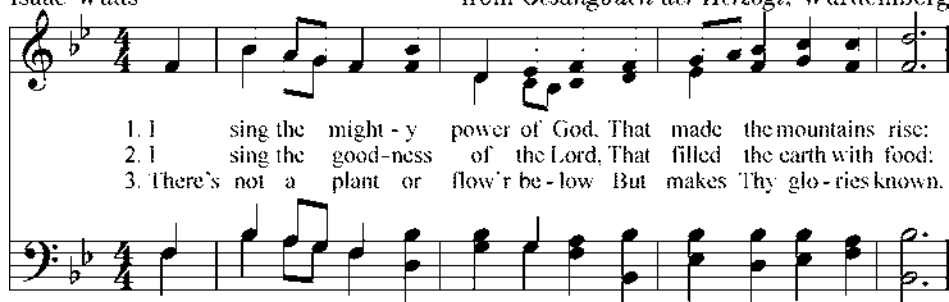


Join me in glad ad - o - ra - - - - tion!
 Grant - ed in what He or - dain - - - - eth?
 Glad - ly for aye we a - dore Him,
 If with His love He be - friend thee.

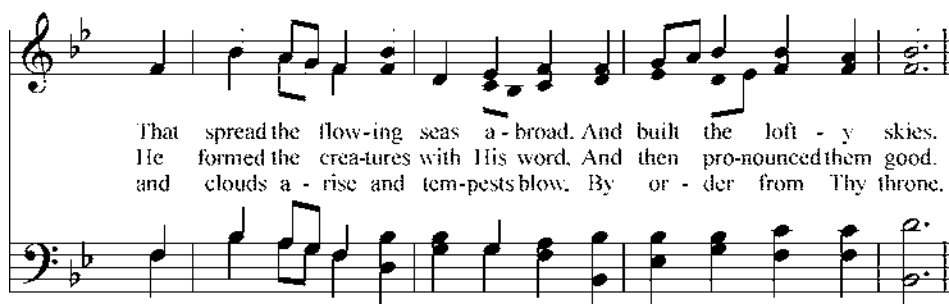
I Sing the Mighty Power of God

Isaac Watts

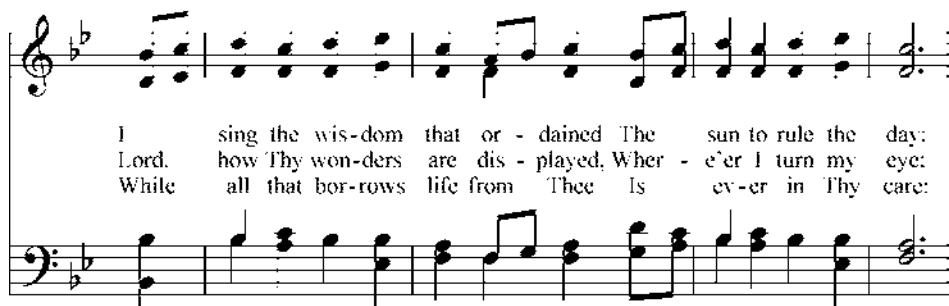
from *Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Württemberg*



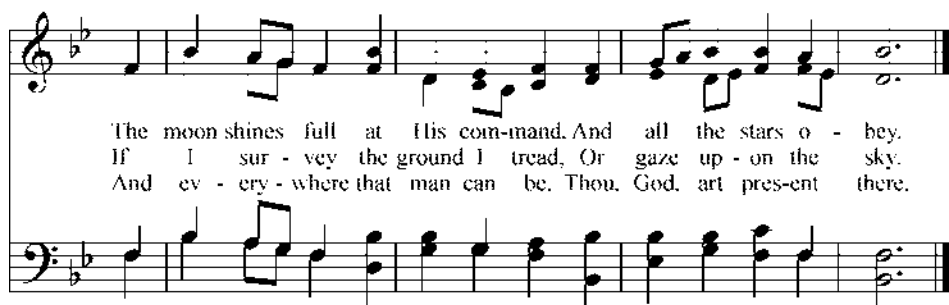
1. I sing the might - y power of God, That made the mountains rise:
2. I sing the good-ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food:
3. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low But makes Thy glo - ries known.



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.

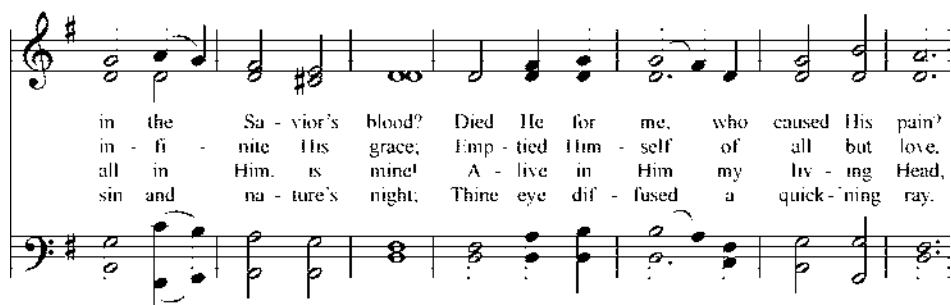
And Can It Be That I Should Gain?

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, in -
 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

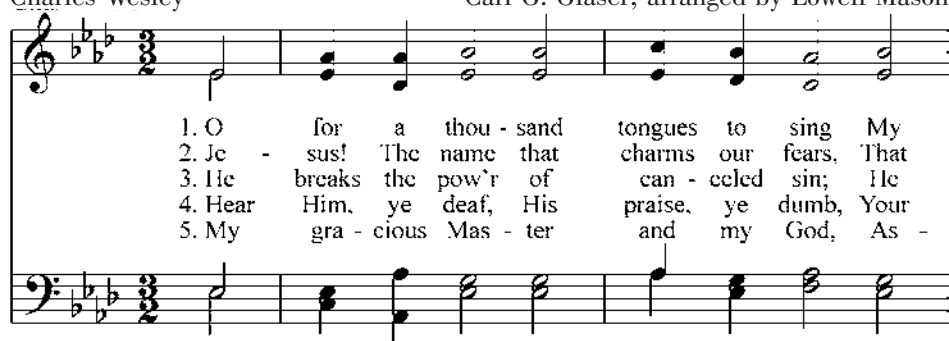


can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 mense and free! For, O my God, it found out me!
 ter - nal throne, And claim the crown, through Christ my own.
 heart was free; I rose, went forth and fol - lowed Thee.

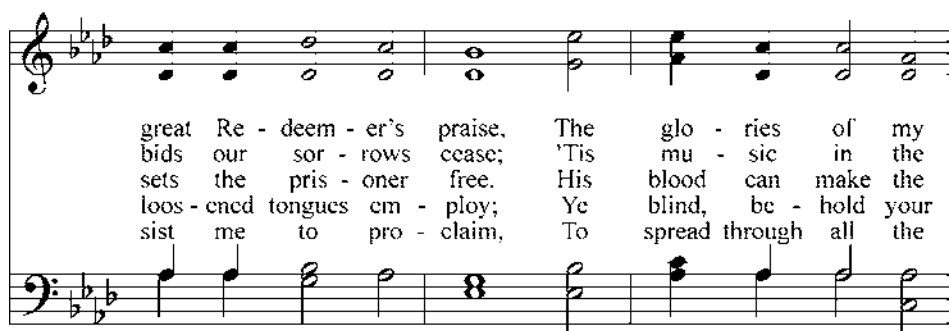
O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing

Charles Wesley

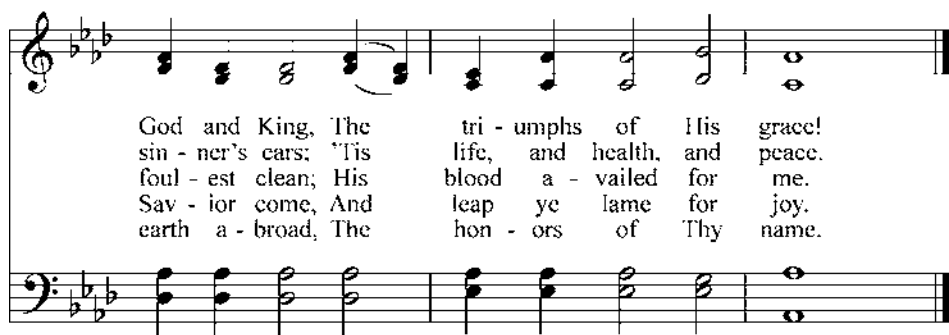
Carl G. Gläser; arranged by Lowell Mason



1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My
 2. Je - sus! The name that charms our fears, That
 3. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin; He
 4. Hear Him, ye deaf, His praise, ye dumb, Your
 5. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As -



great Re - deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of my
 bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the
 sets the pris - oner free. His blood can make the
 loos - ened tongues em - ploy; Ye blind, be - hold your
 sist me to pro - claim, To spread through all the

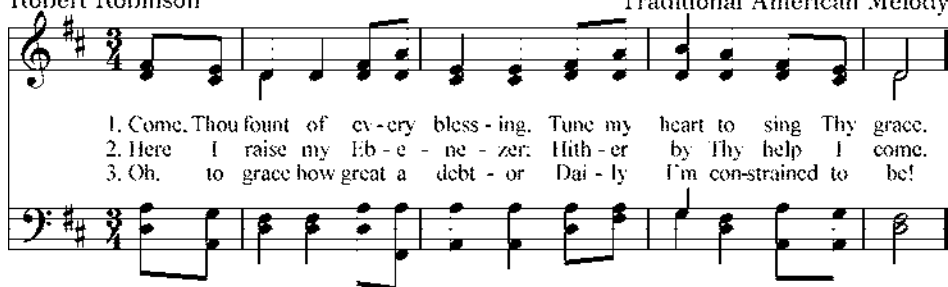


God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
 sin - ner's ears; 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.
 Sav - ior come, And leap ye lame for joy.
 earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson

Traditional American Melody



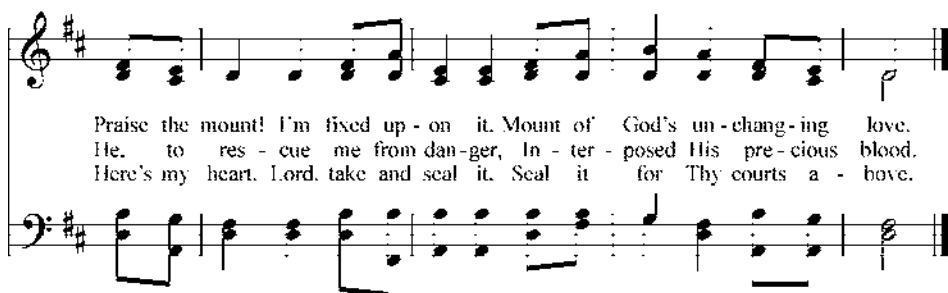
1. Come, Thou fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace.
2. Here I raise my Eb-e-ne-zer: Hith-er by Thy help I come.
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm con-strained to be!



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.

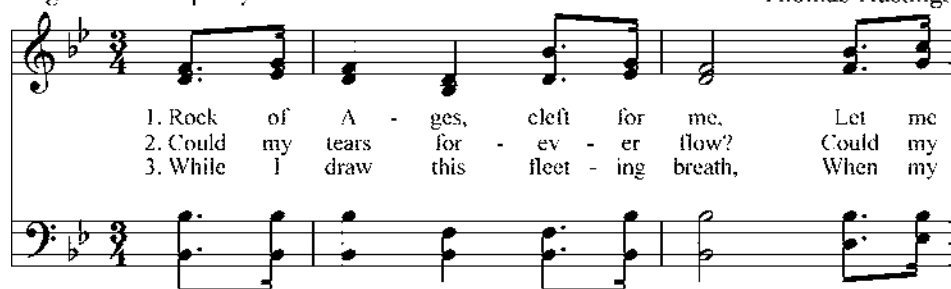


Praise the mount! I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.
He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

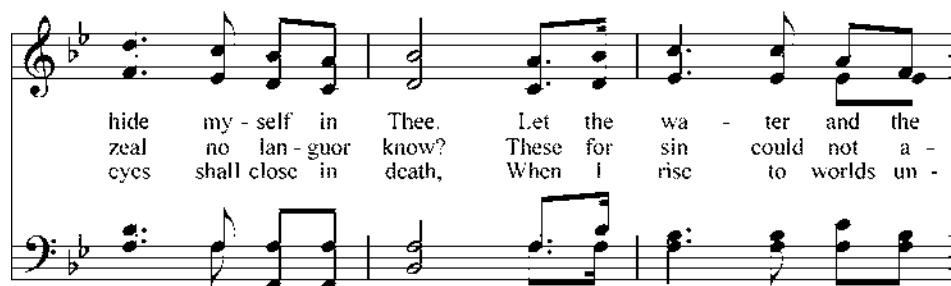
Rock of Ages

Augustus M. Toplady

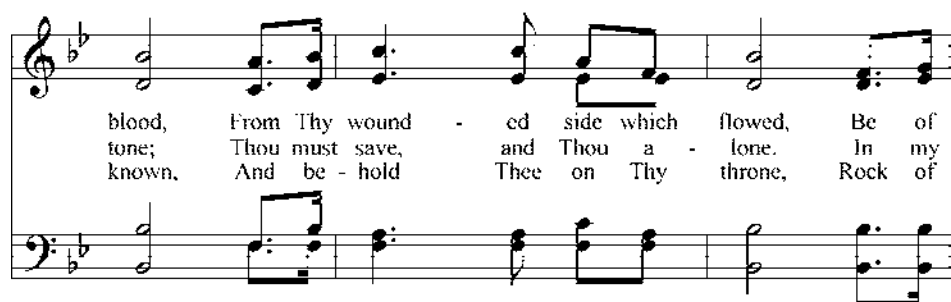
Thomas Hastings



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow? Could my
 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my



hide my - self in Thee. Let the wa - ter and the
 zeal no lan - guor know? These for sin could not a -
 cyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds un -



blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed, Be of
 tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone. In my
 known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of




sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
 A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in 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 - somed 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.

Amazing Grace

John Newton

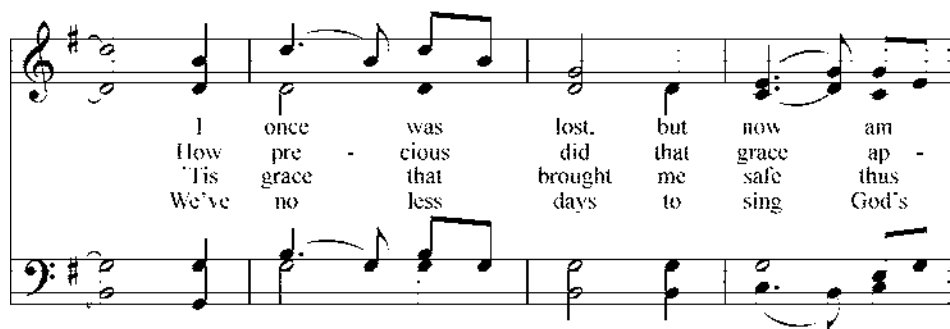
Traditional American Melody



1. A - maz - ing grace! How sweet the
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
 3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, toils and
 4. When we've been there ten thou - sand



sound! That saved a wretch like me!
 fear. And I grace have my fears re - lieved.
 years. Bright shin - ing as the sun,



I once was lost, but now am
 How 'Tis grace no - cious that brought me to safe thus
 We've no less days to sing God's

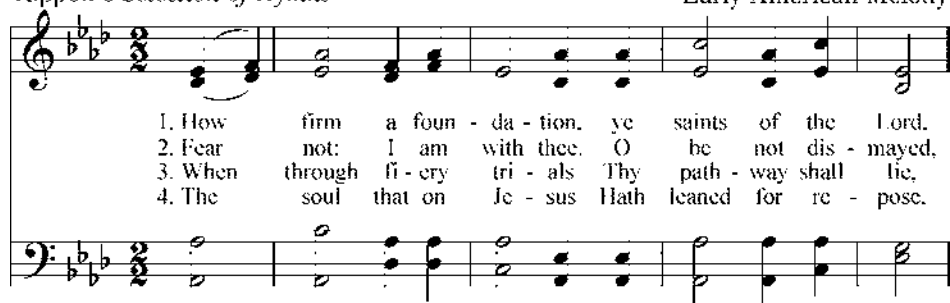


found; Was blind, but now I see.
 pear. The hour I first be - lieved.
 far. And grace will lead me home.
 praise. Than when we first be - gun.

How Firm a Foundation

Rippon's *Selection of Hymns*

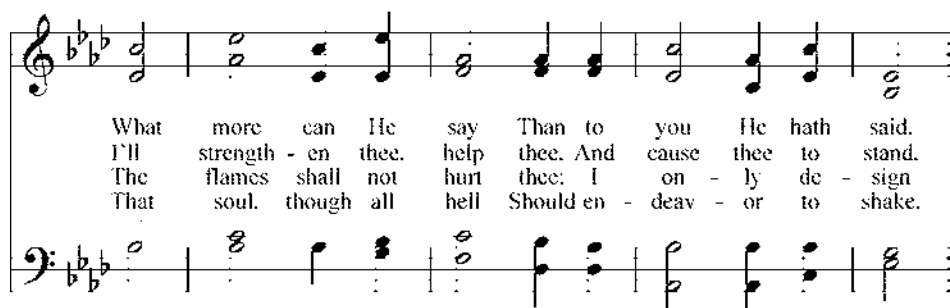
Early American Melody




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



Is laid for your faith In His ex - cel - lent Word!
 For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid.
 My grace, all suf - fi - cient, Shall he thy sup - ply;
 I will not, I will not De - sert to its foes;



What more can He say Than to you He hath said.
 I'll strength - en thee, help thee, And cause thee to stand.
 The flames shall not hurt thee: I on - ly de - sign
 That soul, though all hell Should en - deav - or to shake.



To you who for ref - uge To Je - sus have fled?
 Up - held by My righ - teous, Om - nip - o - tent hand.
 Thy dross to con - sume and thy gold to re - fine.
 I'll nev - er, no nev - er, No nev - er for - sake.

There Is a Balm in Gilead

Traditional Spiritual

Traditional Spiritual

There is a balm in Gil-e-ad to make the wound-ed whole.

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

There is a balm in Gil-e-ad to heal the sin-sick soul.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line and the word "Fine" above the treble staff.

1. Some - times I feel dis - cour - aged, And think my work's in van.
2. If you can't preach like Pet - er, If you can't pray like Paul.

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

But then the Ho - ly Spir - it Re - vives my soul a - gain
Just tell the love of Je - sus. And say He died for all.

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line and the words "D.C. al Fine" above the treble staff.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty

Reginald Heber

John B. Dykes



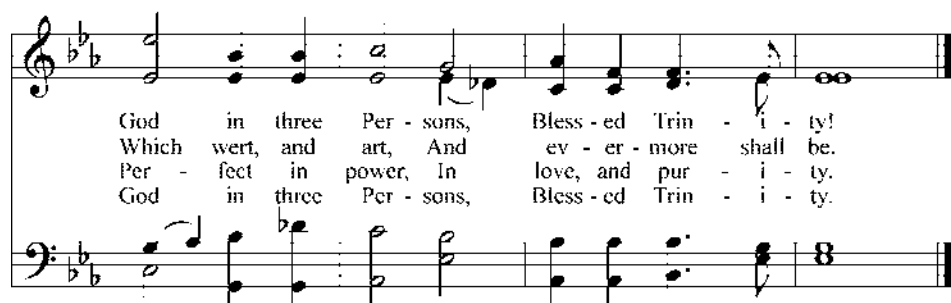
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Though the dark-ness hide Thee,
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!



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



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!
 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly; There is none be - side, Thee
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!



God in three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert, and art, And ev - er - more shall be.
 Per - feet in power, In love, and pur - i - ty.
 God in three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

O Worship the King

Robert Grant

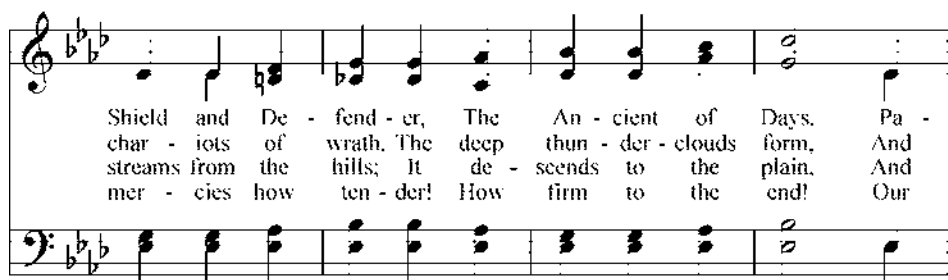
Johann Michael Haydn



1. O wor - ship the King, All glo - rious a - bove. And
 2. O tell of His might, And sing of His grace. Whose
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care, What tongue can re - cite? It
 4. Frail child - ren of dust, And fee - ble as frail. In



grate - ful - ly sing His power and His love: Our
 robe is the light. Whose can o - py space. His
 breathes in the air; It shines in the light. It
 Thee do we trust. Nor find Thee to fail. Thy



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



vil - ioned in splen - dor. And gird - ed with praise.
 dark is His path On the wings of the storm.
 sweet - ly dis - tills In the dew and the rain.
 Mak - er. De - fend - er. Re - deem - er. and Friend!

The Solid Rock

Edward Mote

William B. Bradbury

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

righ-teous-ness. I dare not trust the sweet-est frame. But whol-ly
chang-ing grace. In ev-ery high and storm-y gale. My an-chor
whelm-ing flood. When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is
Him be found! Dressed in His righ-teous-ness a-lone. Fault-less to

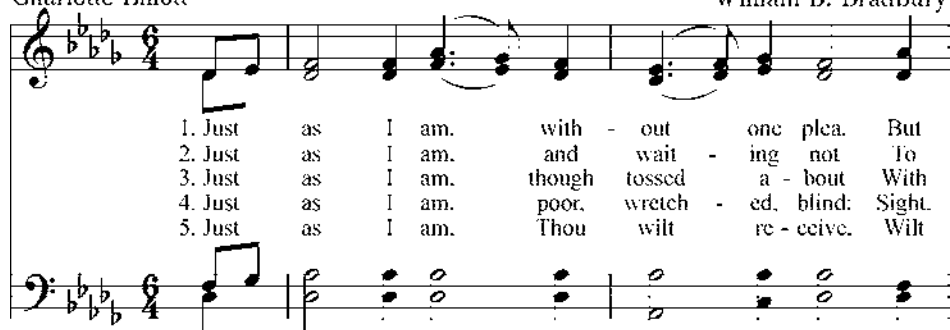
lean on Je-sus' name.
holds with-in the veil. On Christ the sol-id Rock I stand. All
all my Hope and Stay.
stand be-fore the throne!

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

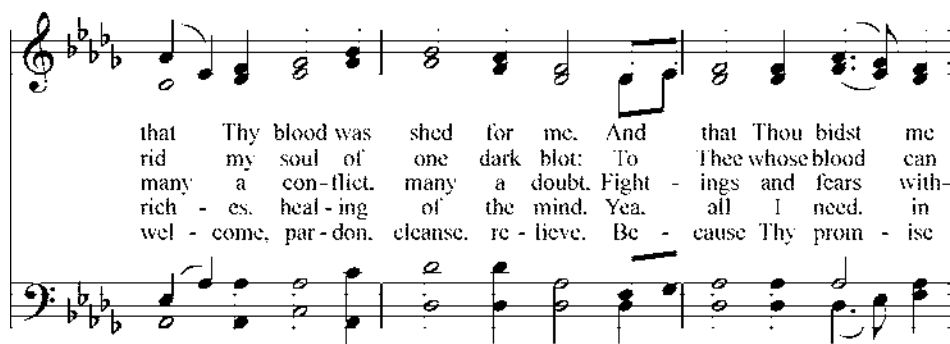
Just as I Am

Charlotte Elliott

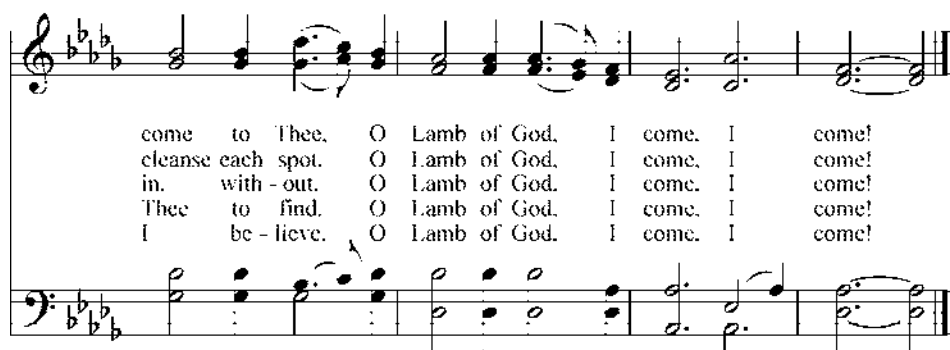
William B. Bradbury



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



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



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

Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams


Lowell Mason



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee. Near - er to Thee.
 2. Though like the wan - der - er. The sun gone down,
 3. There let the way ap - pear. Steps un - to heav'n;
 4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise,
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky.



E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me!
 Dark - ness be o - ver me. My rest a stone;
 All that Thou send - est me. In mer - cy giv'n;
 Out of my ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise.
 Sun, moon, and stars for - got. Up - ward I fly.



Still all my song shall be. Near - er, my God, to Thee;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be. Near - er, my God, to Thee;
 An - gels to beck - on me. Near - er, my God, to Thee;
 So by my woes to be. Near - er, my God, to Thee;
 Still all my song shall be. Near - er, my God, to Thee;

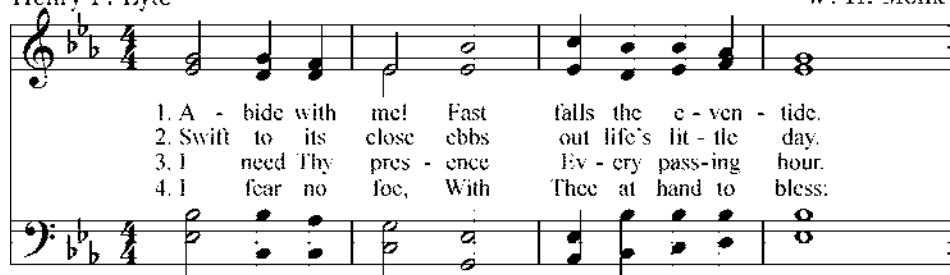


Near - er, my God, to Thee. Near - er to Thee!
 Near - er, my God, to Thee. Near - er to Thee!
 Near - er, my God, to Thee. Near - er to Thee!
 Near - er, my God, to Thee. Near - er to Thee!
 Near - er, my God, to Thee. Near - er to Thee!

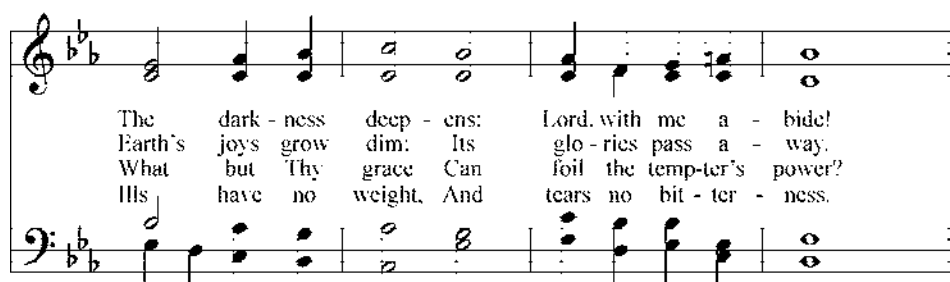
Abide with Me

Henry F. Lyte

W. H. Monk



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide.
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day.
3. I need Thy pres - ence Ev - ery pass - ing hour.
4. I fear no foe, With Thee at hand to bless:



The dark - ness deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bide!
Earth's joys grow dim: Its glo - ries pass a - way.
What but Thy grace Can foil the temp - er's power?
Ills have no weight, And tears no bit - ter - ness.



When oth - er help - ers fail And com - forts flee.
Change and de - cay In all a - round I see;
Who, like Thy - self, My guide and stay can be?
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?



Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.
I tri - umph still, If Thou a - bide with me.

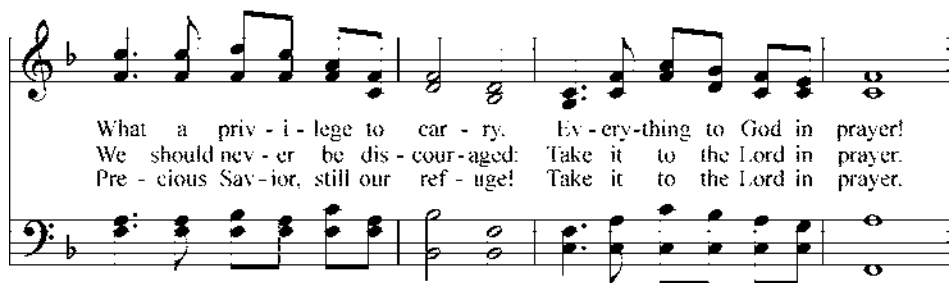
What a Friend We Have in Jesus

Joseph M. Scriven

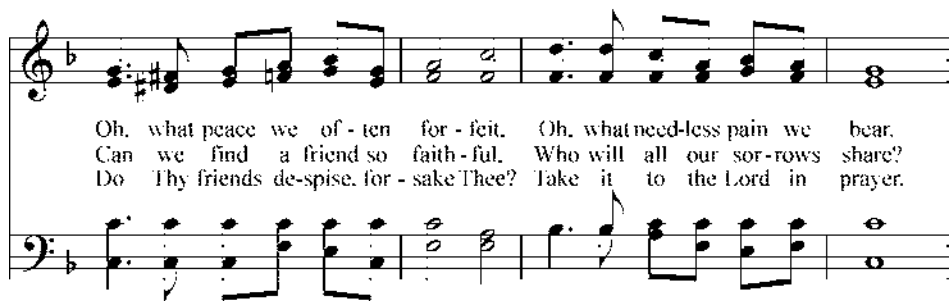
Charles C. Converse



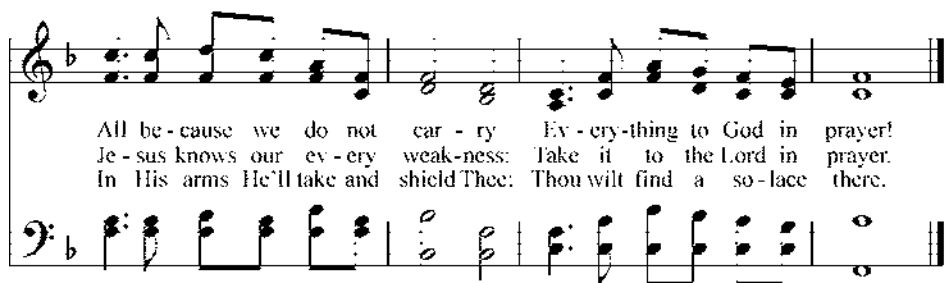
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta-tions? Is there trou-ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - lad - en. Cum - bered with a load of care?



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



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

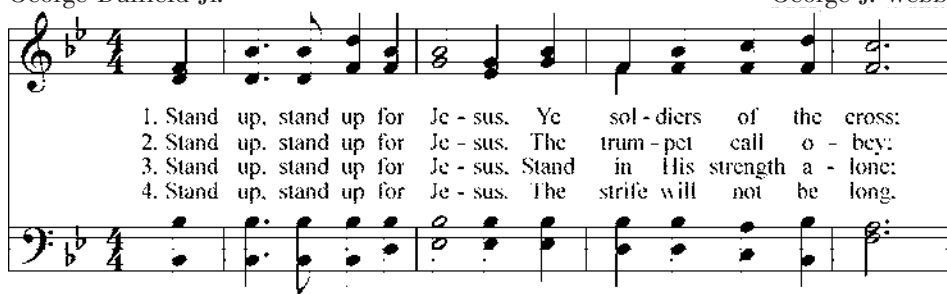


All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak-ness: Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield Thee: Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus

George Duffield Jr.

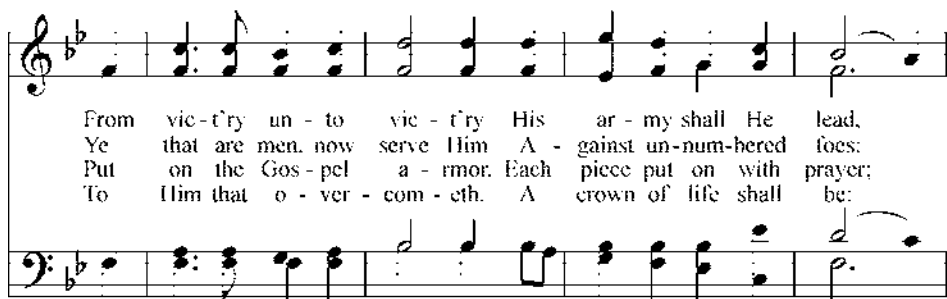
George J. Webb



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



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner. It must not suf - fer loss;
Forth to the might - y con - flict In this His glo - rious day.
The arm of flesh will fail you. Ye dare not trust your own.
This day, the noise of bat - tle. The next, the vic - tor's song.



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
Put on the Gos - pel a - rmor. Each piece put on with prayer;
To Him that o - ver - com - eth. A crown of life shall be:

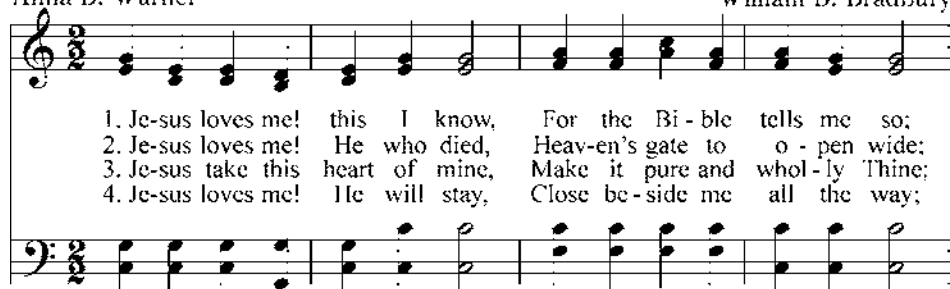


Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cou - rage rise with dan - ger. And strength to strength op - pose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Jesus Loves Me

Anna B. Warner

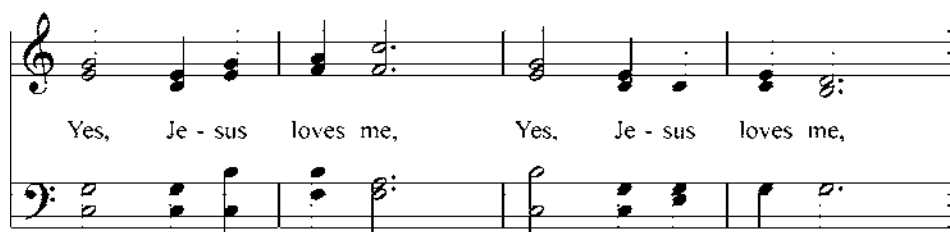
William B. Bradbury



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 take this heart of mine, Make it pure and whol-ly Thine;
4. 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.
He's pre-pared a home for me, And some-day His face I'll see.



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

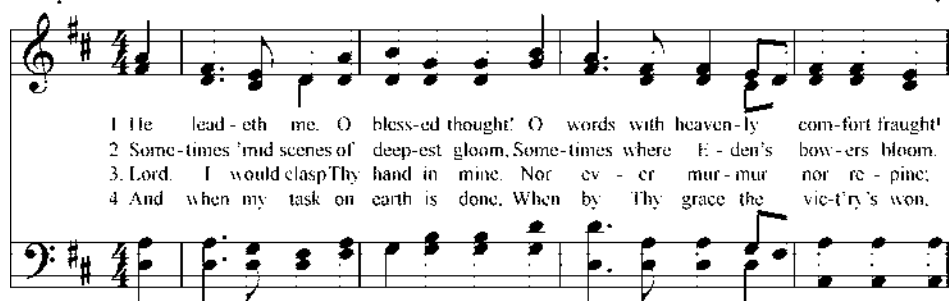


Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

He Leadeth Me

Joseph H. Gilmore

William B. Bradbury



1 He lead-eth me. O bless-ed thought! O words with heav-en-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.

Shall We Gather at the River?

Robert Lowry

Robert Lowry

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod.
 2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er. Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray.
 3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er. Lay we ev-ery bur-den down:
 4. Soon we'll reach the shin-ing riv-er. Soon our pil-grim-age will cease.

With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and wor-ship ev-er. All the hap-py gold-en day.
 Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er.

Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

Day by Day

Karolina Sandell-Berg

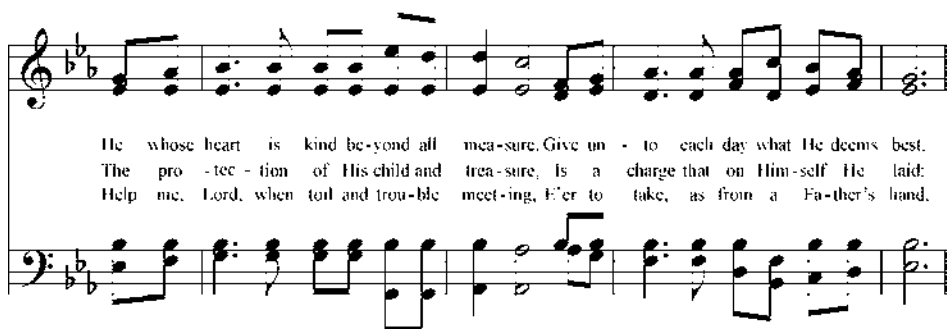
Oskar Ahnfelt



1 Day by day and with each pass-ing mo-ment, Strength I find to meet my tri-als here;
2 Ev-ry day the Lord Him-self is near me With a spe-cial mer-cy for each hour;
3 Help me then in ev-ry trib-u-la-tion, So to trust Your prom-is-es, O Lord:



Trust-ing in my Fa-ther's wise be-stow-ment, I've no cause for wor-ry or for fear.
All my cares He fain would bear and cheer me, He whose name is Coun-se-lor and Pow'r
That I lose not faith's sweet con-so-la-tion, Of-fered me with-in Your ho-ly Word.



He whose heart is kind be-yond all mea-sure, Give un-to each day what He deems best.
The pro-tec-tion of His child and trea-sure, Is a charge that on Him-self He laid:
Help me, Lord, when toil and trou-ble meet-ing, E'er to take, as from a Fa-ther's hand.



Lov-ing-ly, its part of pain and plea-sure, Mingling toil with peace and rest
"As your days, your strength shall be in mea-sure," Thus the pledge to me He made.
One by one, the days, the mo-ments fleet-ing, Till I reach the prom-ised land.

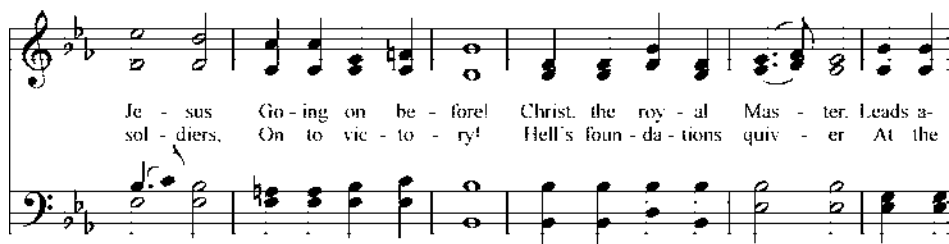
Onward Christian Soldiers

Sabine Baring-Gould

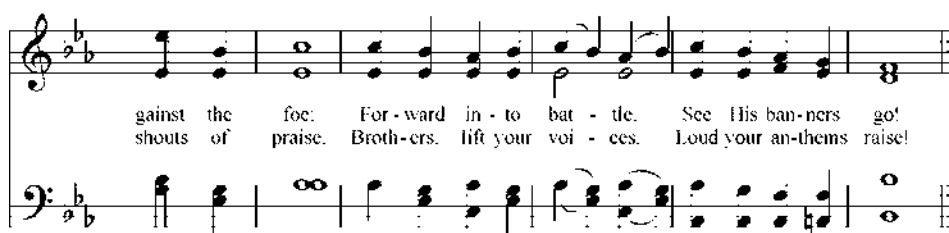
Arthur S. Sullivan



1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Sa - tan's host doth flee; On, then, Chris-tian



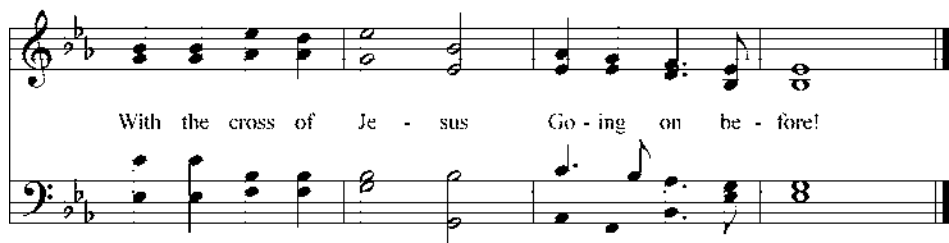
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a -
sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the



gainst the foe: For - ward in - to bat - tle. See His ban - ners go!
shouts of praise. Broth - ers, lift your voi - ces. Loud your an - thems raise!



On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,

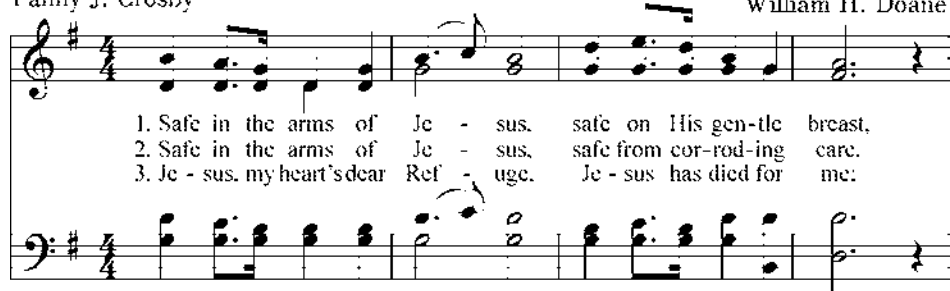


With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!

Safe in the Arms of Jesus

Fanny J. Crosby

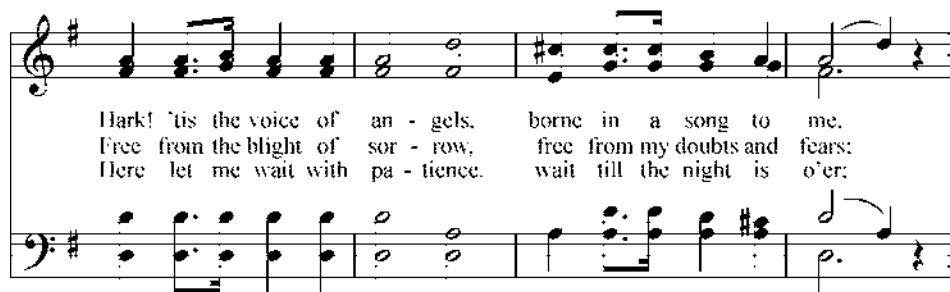
William H. Doane



1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, safe on His gen-tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, safe from cor-rod-ing care.
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear Ref - uge. Je - sus has died for me:



There by His love o'er-shad - ed, sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, sin can-not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, ev - er my trust shall be.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, borne in a song to me.
Free from the blight of sor - row, free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, wait till the night is o'er;



O - ver the fields of glo - ry, o - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, on - ly a few more tears!
Wait till I see the morn - ing break on the gold - en shore.

Sweet By and By

Sanford F. Bennett

Joseph P. Webster

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day. And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer our

see it a - far: For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way. To pre -
 songs of the blest. And our spir - its shall sor - row no more. Not a
 trib - ute of praise. For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love And the

pare us a dwell - ing place there.
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest. In the sweet by and
 bless - ings that hal - low our days.

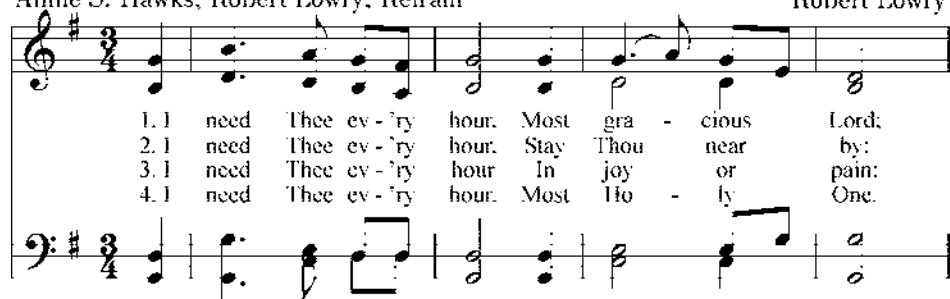
by We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. In the

sweet by and by. We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

I Need Thee Every Hour

Annie S. Hawks; Robert Lowry, Refrain

Robert Lowry



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



No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
 Temp - ta - tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.
 Come quick - ly and a - bide Or life is vain.
 Oh, make me Thine in - deed. Thou bless - ed Son!



I need Thee. O I need Thee: Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee:



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

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 8/8. The score includes three verses of lyrics, with the third verse being a variation of the first. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic support.

It Is Well with My Soul

Horatio G. Spafford

Philip P. Bliss

1. When peace like a riv - er, At - tend - eth my way. When sor - rows, like
2. My sin, O the bliss Of this glo - ri - ous tho't. My sin not in
3. O, Lord haste the day When my faith shall be sight. The clouds be rolled

sea bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
part But the whole Is nailed to the cross And I bear it no more.
back As a scroll: The trump shall re - sound And the Lord shall de - scend.

"It is well. It is well, with my soul." It is well.
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well
"E - ven so" it is well With my soul.

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

Bringing in the Sheaves

Knowles Shaw

George A. Minor



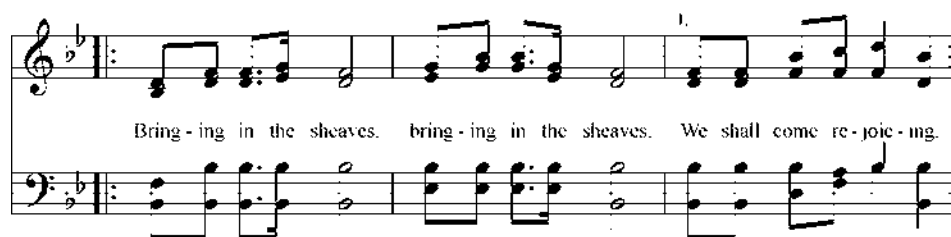
1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing. sow - ing seeds of kind - ness.
 2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows.
 3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing. sow - ing for the Mas - ter.



Sow - ing in the noon-tide and the dew - y eve. Wait - ing for the har - vest
 Fear - ing nei - ther clouds nor win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest
 Though the loss sus - tained our spir - it oft - en grieves. When our weep - ing's o - ver



and the time of reap - ing - We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
 and the la - bor end - ed - We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
 He will bid us wel - come - We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves



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



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

Take My Life and Let It Be

Frances R. Havergal

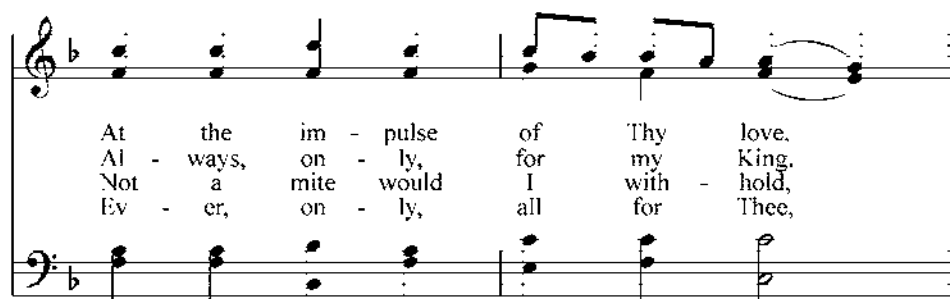
Henri A. Cesar Malan



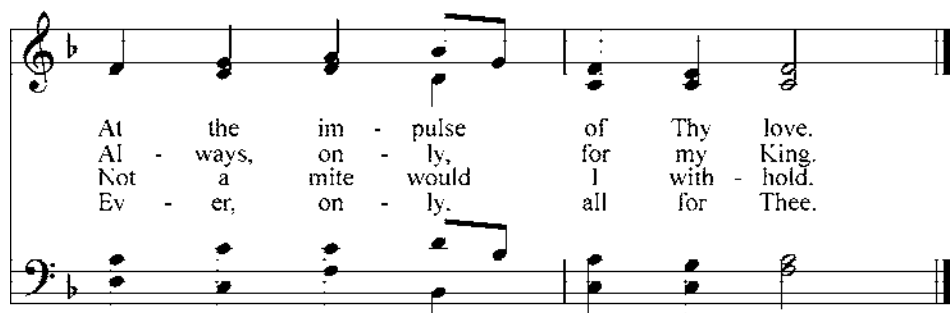
1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed,
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti -
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa -
 4. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its



Lord to Thee. Take my hands and let them move,
 ful for Thee. Take my voice, and let me sing
 ges for Thee. Take my sil - ver and my gold:
 trea - sure store. Take my - self and I will be



At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Not a mite would I with - hold,
 Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee,



At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Not a mite would I with - hold.
 Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

O the Deep, Deep Love of Jesus

Samuel Trevor Francis

Thomas J. Williams

1. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus. Vast, un - mea - sured, bound - less, free!
 2. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus. Spread His praise from shore to shore!
 3. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus. Love of ev - 'ry love the best!

Roll - ing as a might - y o - cean In its full - ness o - ver me!
 How He lov - eth, ev - er lov - eth. Chang - eth nev - er, nev - er - more!
 'Tis an o - cean full of bless - ing. 'Tis a ha - ven giv - ing rest!

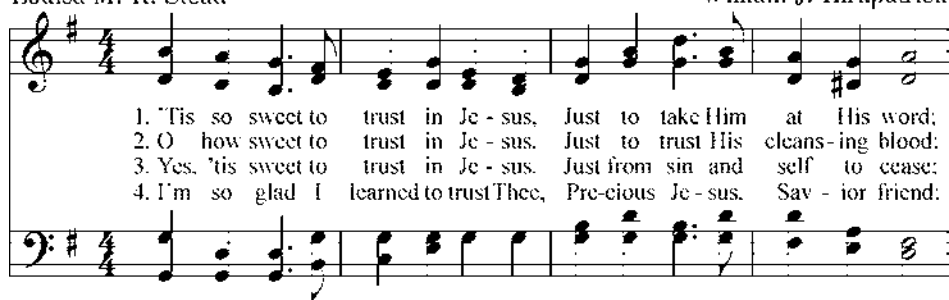
Un - der - neath me, all a - round me, Is the cur - rent of Thy love,
 How He watch - es o'er His loved ones, Died to call them all His own;
 O the deep, deep love of Je - sus, 'Tis a heav'n of heav'ns to me;

Lead - ing on - ward, lead - ing home - ward. To my glo - rious rest a - bove!
 How for them He in - ter - ced - eth, Watch - eth o'er them from the throne!
 And it lifts me up to glo - ry. For it lifts me up to Thee!

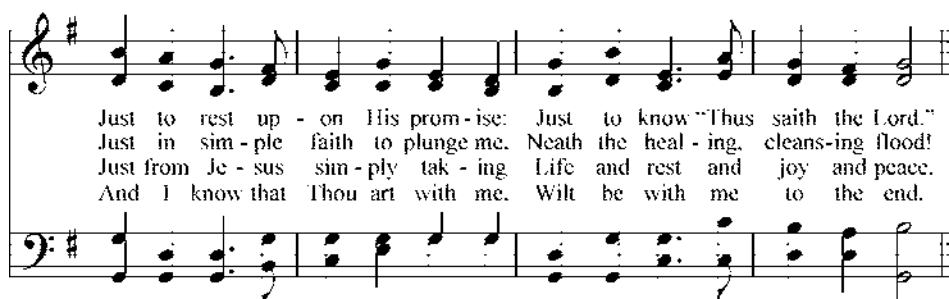
'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

Louisa M. R. Stead

William J. Kirkpatrick



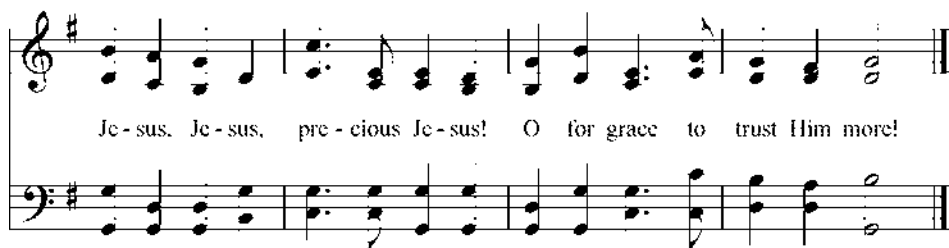
1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus. Just to trust His cleans-ing blood:
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus. Just from sin and self to cease:
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus. Sav - ior friend:



Just to rest up - on His prom-ise: Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me. Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood!
Just from Je - sus sim-ply tak-ing Life and rest and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me. Wilt be with me to the end.



Je-sus, Je-sus how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

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!

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

Elisha A. Hoffman

Anthony J. Showalter

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

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

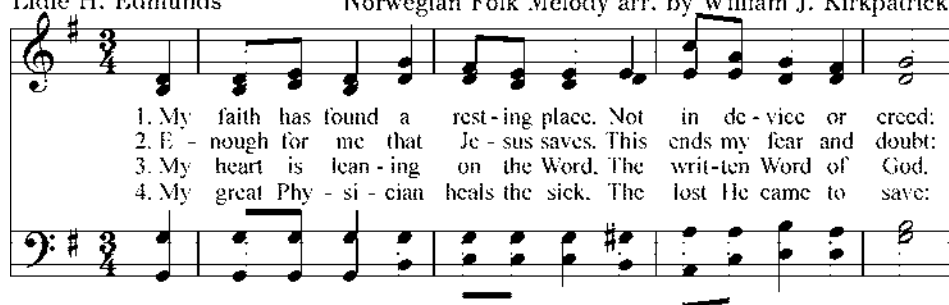
Lean-ing, lean-ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms:
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus.

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

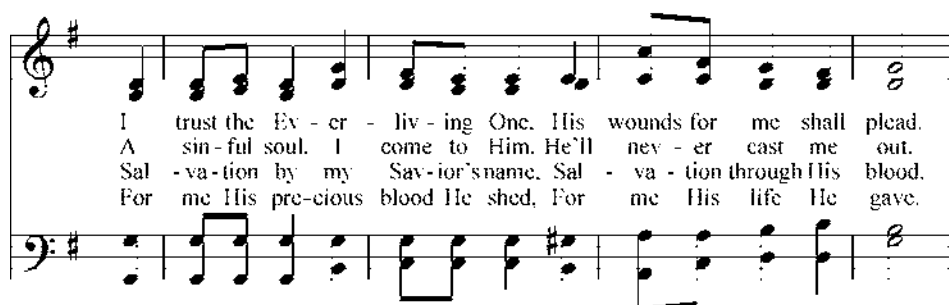
My Faith Has Found a Resting Place

Lidie H. Edmunds

Norwegian Folk Melody arr. by William J. Kirkpatrick



1. My faith has found a rest-ing place. Not in de-vice or creed:
2. E-nough for me that Je-sus saves. This ends my fear and doubt:
3. My heart is lean-ing on the Word. The writ-ten Word of God.
4. My great Phy-si-cian heals the sick. The lost He came to save:



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



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

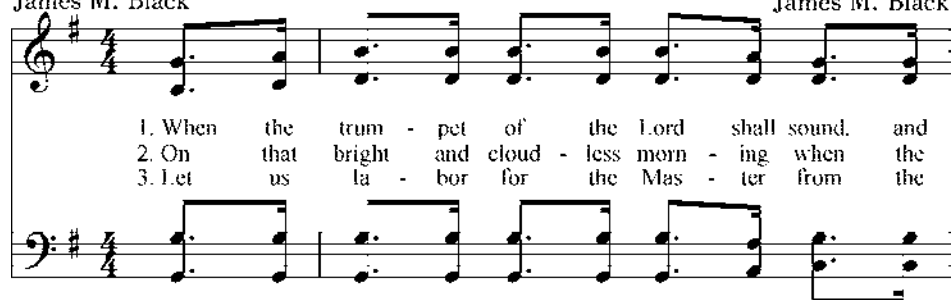


It is e-nough that Je-sus died. And that He died for me.

When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder

James M. Black

James M. Black



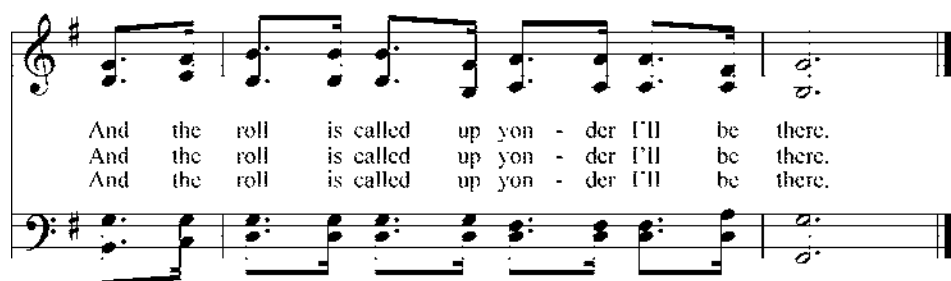
1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and
2. On that bright and cloud - less morn - ing when the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the



time shall be no more. And the morn-ing breaks e - ter - nal bright and fair.
dead in Christ shall rise. And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share;
dawn 'til set - ting sun. Let us talk of all His won-drous love and care;



When the saints on earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore.
When the cho - sen ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies.
And when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done.




And the roll is called up yon - der I'll be there.
And the roll is called up yon - der I'll be there.
And the roll is called up yon - der I'll be there.

Jesus Loves the Little Children

C. H. Woolston and Joseph Barlowe

George F. Root



1. Je - sus calls the chil - dren dear. "Come to me and nev - er fear. For I
2. Je - sus is the Shep - herd true. And He'll al - ways stand by you. For He
3. I am com - ing, Lord, to Thee. And Your sol - dier I will be. For You




love the lit - tle chil - dren of the world; I will take you by the hand. Lead you
loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world; He's a Sav - ior great and strong. And He'll
love the lit - tle chil - dren of the world; And Your cross I'll al - ways bear. And for



to the bet - ter land. For I love the lit - tle chil - dren of the world."
shield you from the wrong. For He loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world.
You I'll do and dare. For You love the lit - tle chil - dren of the world.



Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren, All the chil - dren of the world. Red and yel - low, black and

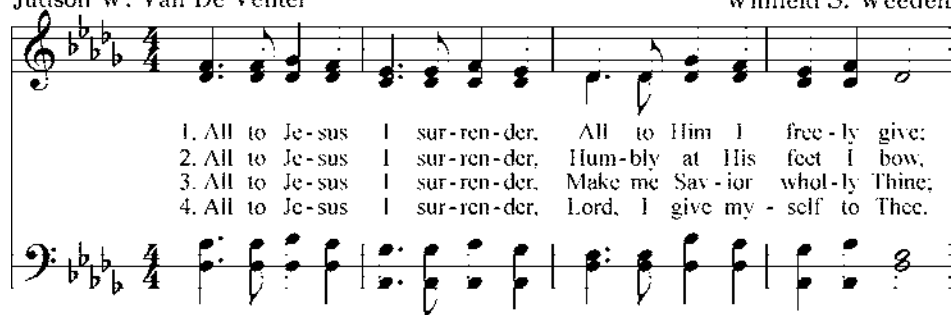


white. They are pre - cious in His sight. Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil - dren of the world.

I Surrender All

Judson W. Van De Venter

Winfield S. Weeden



1. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give;
2. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow,
3. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me Sav-ior whol-ly Thine;
4. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Lord, I give my-self to Thee.



I will ev-er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai-ly live.
World-ly pleas-ures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now.
Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Tru-ly know that Thou art mine.
Fill me with Thy love and pow-er; Let Thy bless-ings fall on me.



I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all,
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all.



All to Thee my bless-ed Sav-ior, I sur-ren-der all.

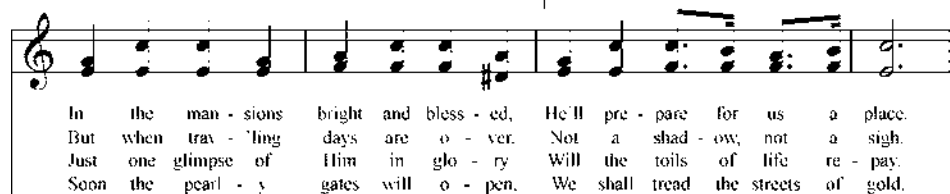
When We All Get to Heaven

Eliza E. Hewitt

Emily D. Wilson



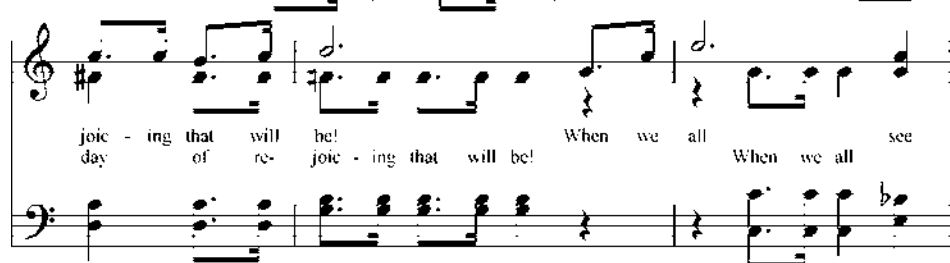
1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus. Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
 2. While we walk the pil - grim path - way, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky;
 3. Let us then be true and faith - ful, Trust - ing, serv - ing ev - ery day;
 4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;



In the man - sions bright and bless - ed, He'll pre - pare for us a place.
 But when trav - 'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad - ow, not a sigh.
 Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
 Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.



When we all When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
 What a



joic - ing that will be! When we all When we all see
 day of re- joic - ing that will be!




Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - tor - y: the vic - to - ry;
 shout, and shout

Near to the Heart of God

Cleland B. McAfee

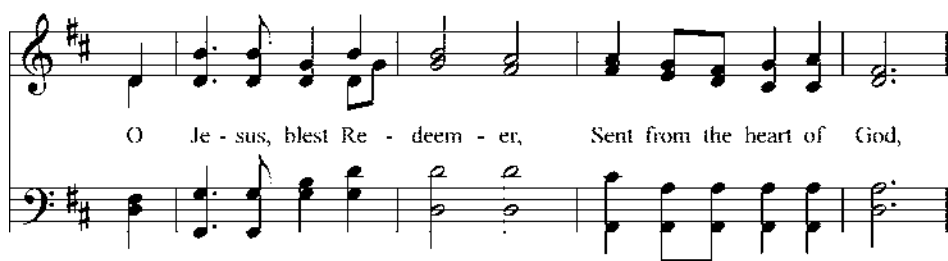
Cleland B. McAfee



1. There is a place of qui - et rest, Near to the heart of God;
2. There is a place of com - fort sweet, Near to the heart of God;
3. There is a place of full re - lease, Near to the heart of God;



A place where sin can - not mo - lest, Near to the heart of God.
A place where we our Sav - ior meet, Near to the heart of God.
A place where all is joy and peace, Near to the heart of God.



O Je - sus, blest Re - deem - er, Sent from the heart of God,



Hold us, who wait be - fore Thee, Near to the heart of God.

His Eye Is on the Sparrow

Civilla D. Martin

Charles H. Gabriel

1. Why should I feel dis - cour - aged? Why should the shad - ows come?
2. When - ev - er I am tempt - ed. When - ev - er clouds a - rise.

Why should my heart be lone - ly And long for heaven and home When
When song gives place to sigh - ing, When hope with - in me dies. I

Je - sus is my por - tion? My con - stant friend is He. His
draw the clos - er to Him. From care He sets me free; His

eye is on the spar - row. And I know He watch - es me; His
eye is on the spar - row. And I know He watch - es me; His

eye is on the spar - row. And I know He watch - es me.
eye is on the spar - row. And I know He watch - es me.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some lines split across two staves. The score concludes with a double bar line.

Have Thine Own Way, Lord

Adelaide A. Pollard

George C. Stebbins

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!

Thou art the Pot - ter, I am the clay.
Search me and try me, Mas - ter, to - day!
Wound - ed and wea - ry, help me, I pray!
Hold o'er my be - ing ab - so - lute sway!

Mold me and make me af - ter Thy will,
Whit - er than snow, Lord, wash me just now,
Pow - er, all pow - er sure - ly is Thine!
Fill with Thy Spir - it till all shall see,

While I am wait - ing, yield - ed and still,
As in Thy pres - ence hum - bly I bow,
Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
Christ on - ly, al - ways, liv - ing in me!

I'd Rather Have Jesus

Rhea F. Miller

George Beverly Shea

1. I'd rath-er have Je-sus than sil-ver or gold; I'd rath-er be
 2. I'd rath-er have Je-sus than men's ap- - plause; I'd rath-er be
 3. He's fair-er than lil-ies of rar-est bloom; He's sweet-er than

His than have rich-es un-told; I'd rath-er have Je-sus than
 faith-ful to His dear cause; I'd rath-er have Je-sus than
 hon-ey from out the comb; He's all that my hun-ger-ing

hous-es or lands. I'd rath-er be led by His nail-pierced hand.
 world-wide fame. I'd rath-er be true to His ho-ly name.
 spi-rit needs. I'd rath-er have Je-sus and let Him lead.

Than to be the king of a vast do-main Or be held in sin's dread sway.

I'd rath-er have Je-sus than an-y-thing This world af-fords to-day.

George Beverly Shea/Rhea F. Miller

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Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus

Helen H. Lemmel

Helen H. Lemmel

1. O soul, are you wea - ry and trou - bled? No light in the
2. Thro' death in - to life ev - er - last - ing He passed, and we
3. His word shall not fail you He prom - ised; Be - lieve Him, and

dark-ness you see? There's light for a look at the Sav - ior, And
fol - low Him there: O - ver us sin no more hath do - min - ion For
all will be well; Then go to a world that is dy - ing. His

life more a - bun - dant and free!
more than con - qu'rors we are! Turn your eyes up-on Je - sus.
per - fect sal - va - tion to tell!

Look full in His won - der - ful face, And the things of

earth Will grow strange-ly dim In the light of His glo - ry and grace.

He Lives

Alfred H. Ackley

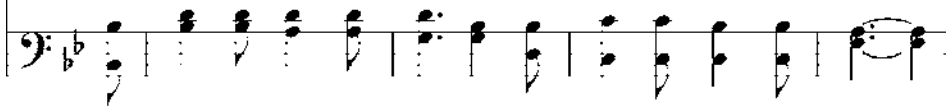
Alfred H. Ackley



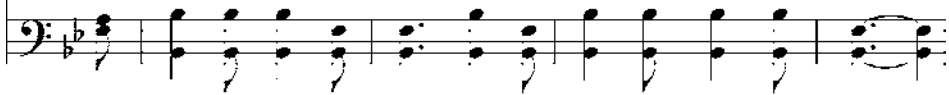
1. I serve a ris - en Sav - ior. He's in the world to - day.
2. In all the world a - round me I see His lov - ing care;
3. Re - joice, re-joyce, O Chris-tian, lift up your voice and sing.



I know that He is liv - ing: what - ev - er men may say.
And tho' my heart grows wea - ry I nev - er will de - spair.
E - ter - nal hal - le - lu - jahs to Je - sus Christ the King.



I see His hand of mer - cy. I hear His voice of cheer,
I know that He is lead - ing thro' all the storm - y blast.
The hope of all who seek Him, the help of all who find.



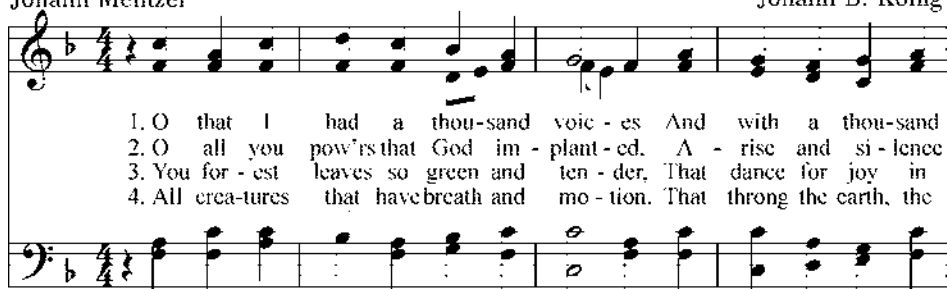
And just the time I need Him. He's al - ways near.
The day of His ap - pear - ing will come at last.
None oth - er is so lov - ing. So good and kind.



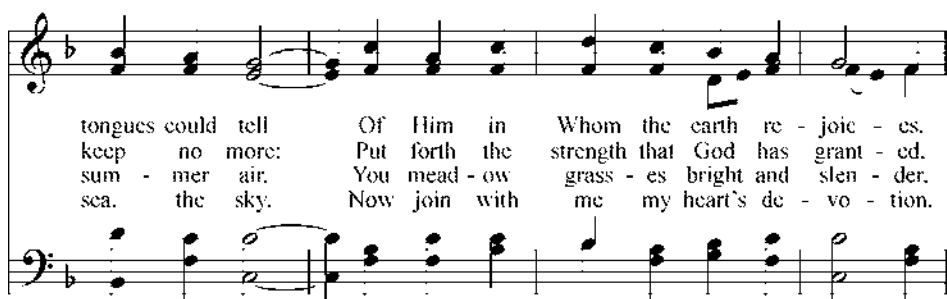
O That I Had a Thousand Voices

Johann Mentzer

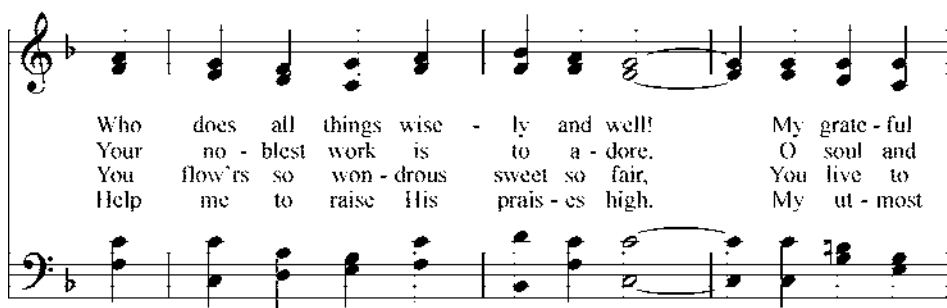
Johann B. König



1. O that I had a thou-sand voice - es And with a thou-sand
 2. O all you pow'rs that God im - plant - ed. A - rise and si - lence
 3. You for - est leaves so green and ten - der, That dance for joy in
 4. All crea - tures that have breath and mo - tion. That throng the earth, the



tongues could tell Of Him in Whom the earth re - joice - es.
 keep no more: Put forth the strength that God has grant - ed.
 sum - mer air. You mead - ow grass - es bright and slen - der.
 sea. the sky. Now join with me my heart's de - vo - tion.



Who does all things wise - ly and well! My grate - ful
 Your no - blest work is to a - dore. O soul and
 You flow'rs so won - drous sweet so fair, You live to
 Help me to raise His prais - es high. My ut - most



heart would then be free To tell what God has done for me.
 bod - y, join to raise With heart-felt joy our Mak - er's praise!
 show God's praise a - lone. With me now make His glo - ry known.
 pow'rs can ne'er a - right De - clare the won - ders of God's might.

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

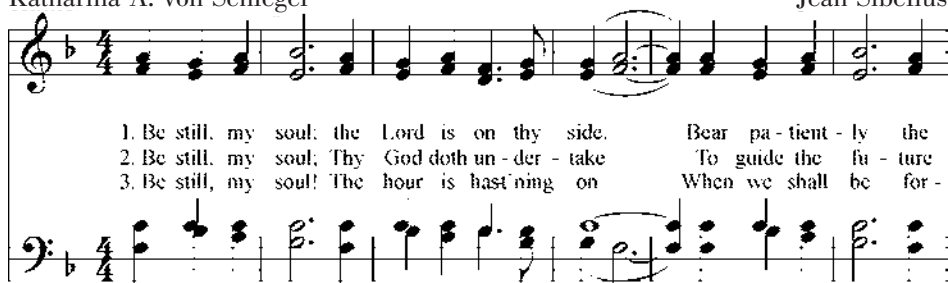
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high,

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.

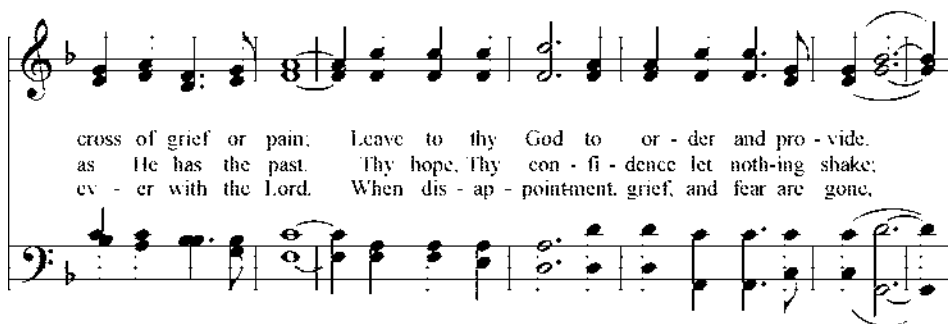
Be Still, My Soul

Katharina A. von Schlegel

Jean Sibelius




1. Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side. Bear pa-tient-ly the
 2. Be still, my soul: Thy God doth un-der-take To guide the fu-ture
 3. Be still, my soul! The hour is hast'ning on When we shall be for-



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



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



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

Faith of Our Fathers

Frederick W. Faber

Henri F. Hemy

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

fire and sword! O how our hearts beat high with joy
con - science free. How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate
all our strife, And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,

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

Ho - ly faith! We will be true to Thee till death!
Ho - ly faith! We will be true to Thee till death!
Ho - ly faith! We will be true to Thee till death!

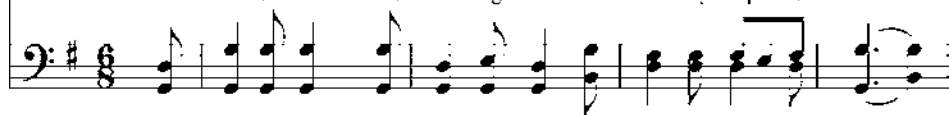
O How I Love Jesus

Frederick Whitfield

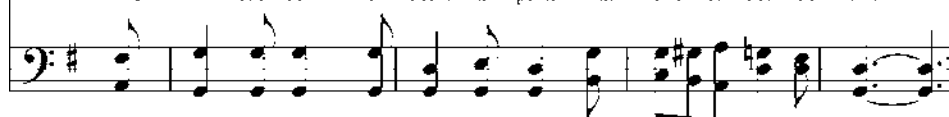
American Melody



1. There is a name I love to hear. I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath. In store for ev - 'ry day;
4. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart. Can feel my deep - est woe:



It sounds like mu - sic in my ear. The sweet - est Name on earth.
It tells me of His pre - cious blood. The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
And tho' I tread a dark - some path, Yields sun - shine all the way.
Who in each sor - row bears a part. That none can bear be - low.



O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus.



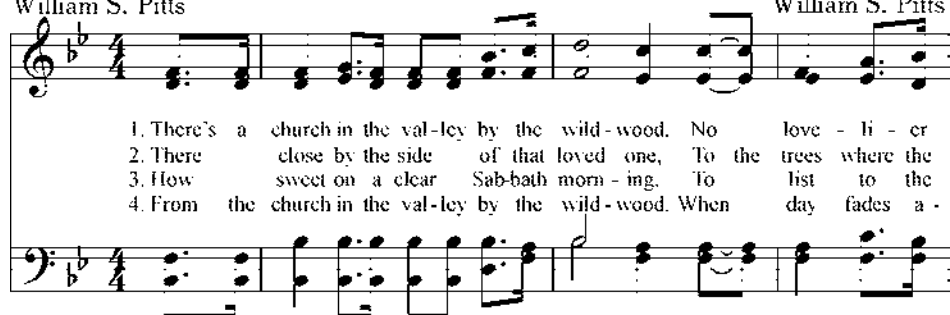
O how I love Je - sus; Be - cause He first loved me.




Little Brown Church in the Vale

William S. Pitts

William S. Pitts

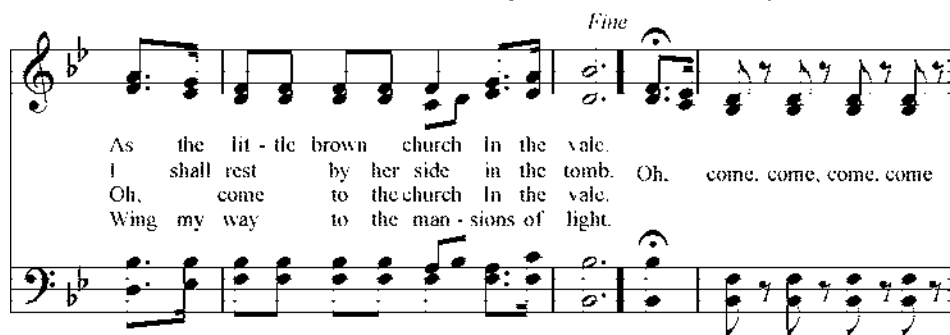


1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood. No love - li - er
 2. There close by the side of that loved one, To the trees where the
 3. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn - ing. To list to the
 4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood. When day fades a -



spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child - hood
 wild flow - ers bloom; Where the fare - well hymn will be chant - ed,
 clear ring - ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing,
 way in - to night. I would fain from this spot of my child - hood.

No spot is so dear To my child - hood



As the lit - tle brown church In the vale.
 I shall rest by her side in the tomb. Oh, come, come, come, come
 Oh, come to the church In the vale.
 Wing my way to the man - sions of light.

As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.

D.S. al Fine

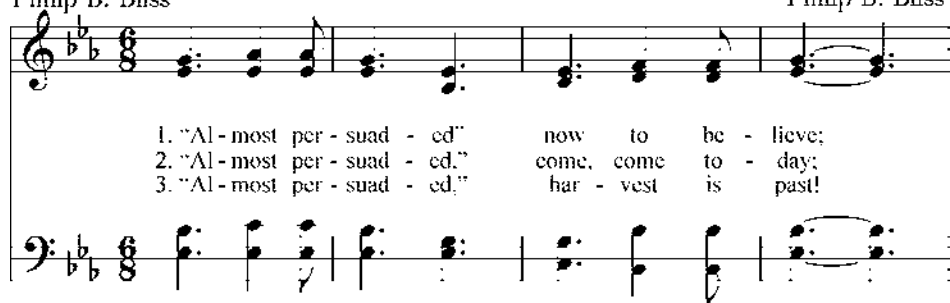


Come to the church in the wild - wood. Oh, come to the church in the vale;

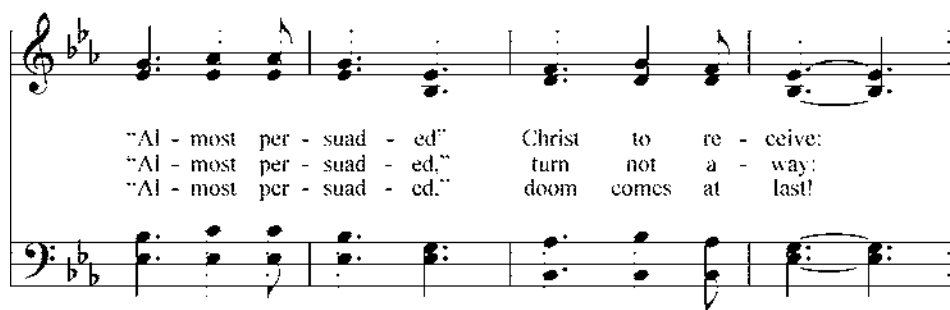
Almost Persuaded

Philip B. Bliss

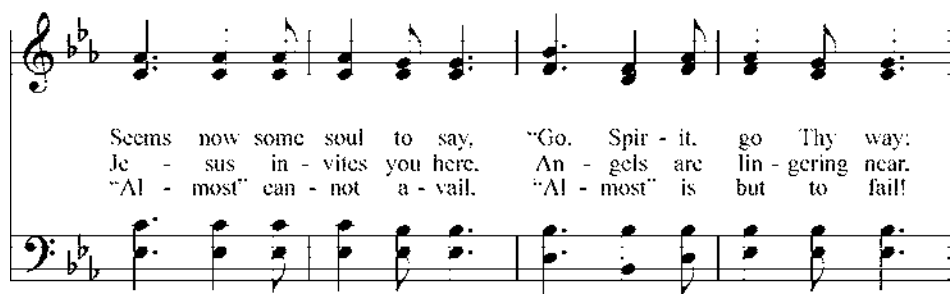
Philip B. Bliss



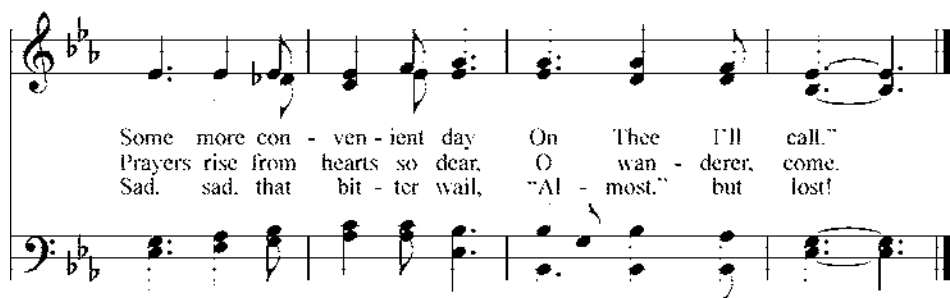
1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve;
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day;
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past!



"Al - most per - suad - ed" Christ to re - ceive;
 "Al - most per - suad - ed," turn not a - way;
 "Al - most per - suad - ed," doom comes at last!



Seems now some soul to say, "Go. Spir - it, go Thy way;
 Je - sus in - vites you here. An - gels are lin - gering near.
 "Al - most" can - not a - vail. "Al - most" is but to fail!



Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O wan - derer, come.
 Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail, "Al - most," but lost!

Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen

African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, then B4, and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass line starts on G2, moves to A2, then B2, and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are: "No-bo-dy knows the trou-ble I've seen; No-bo-dy knows but Je-sus."

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and bass line. The treble staff continues with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are: "No-bo-dy knows the trou-ble I've seen; Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah."

The third system of the musical score features a change in the treble staff to a whole note melody. The bass staff continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are: "1. Some - times I'm up; some - times I'm down: Oh yes, Lord.
2. Al - though You see me goin' a - long, Oh yes, Lord.
3. What makes old Sa - tan hate me so? Oh yes, Lord:"

The fourth system of the musical score features a change in the treble staff to a whole note melody. The bass staff continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are: "Some - times I'm al - most to the ground; Oh yes, Lord.
I have my trou - bles here be - low; Oh yes, Lord.
He got me once and let me go; Oh yes, Lord"

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

African-American Spiritual

African-American Spiritual

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-in' for to car-ry me home;

The first system of musical notation for 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-in' for to car-ry me home.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. I looked o-ver Jor-dan and what did I see, Com-in' for to car-ry me home?
2. If you get there be-fore I do, Com-in' for to car-ry me home.

The third system of musical notation, featuring two verses of lyrics. The melody and bass line continue. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

A band of an-gels com-in' af-ter-me; Com-in' for to car-ry me home.
Just tell my friends I'm com-in' home too; Com-in' for to car-ry me home.

The fourth system of musical notation, concluding the piece. The melody and bass line continue. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Whiter Than Snow

James Nicholson

William C. Fischer



1. Lord Je - sus. I long to be per - fect - ly whole: I
 2. Lord Je - sus. look down from Thy throne in the skies And
 3. Lord Je - sus, be - fore You I pa - tient - ly wait: Come



want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul. Break down ev - ery
 help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice. I give up my -
 now and with - in me a new heart cre - ate. To those who have



i - dol. cast out ev - ery foe. Now wash me and I shall be
 self and what - ev - er I know. Now wash me and I shall be
 sought Thee, Thou nev - er saidst. "No." Now wash me and I shall be



whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, Yes, whit - er than



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

To God Be the Glory

Fanny J. Crosby

William H. Doane

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'I To God be the glo-ry, great things He hath done. So loved He the world that He gave us His Son. Who yield-ed His life, an a-tone-ment for sin. And o-pened the life-gate, that all may go in. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice! Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo-ple re-joice! O come to the Fa-ther thru Je-sus the Son, And give Him the glo-ry, great things He hath done.'

I To God be the glo-ry, great things He hath done. So loved He the

world that He gave us His Son. Who yield-ed His life, an a -

tone-ment for sin. And o-pened the life-gate, that all may go in.

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

Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo-ple re-joice! O come to the Fa-ther thru

Je-sus the Son, And give Him the glo-ry, great things He hath done.

I Am Thine, O Lord

Fanny J. Crosby

William H. Doane

1. I am Thine O Lord; I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
 2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy ser - vice Lord, By the power of
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know 'Til I cross the

love to me. But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
 grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope.
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee my God,
 nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
 And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er, near - er bless - ed Lord.
 I com - mune as friend with friend!
 'Til I rest in peace with Thee.

To the cross where Thou hast died. Draw me near - er, near - er,

near - er bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious bleed - ing side.

Beulah Land

Edgar P. Stites

John R. Sweney

1. I've reached the land of joy di-vine. And all its beau-ty now is mine.
2. The Sav-our comes and walks with me. And sweet com-mu-nion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze, Is borne from ev - er ver-nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me. Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy.

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

O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand.

I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where man-sions are pre-pared for me,

And view the shin-ing glo-ry shore, My heav'n, my home for-ev-er more!

Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

Walter Chalmers Smith

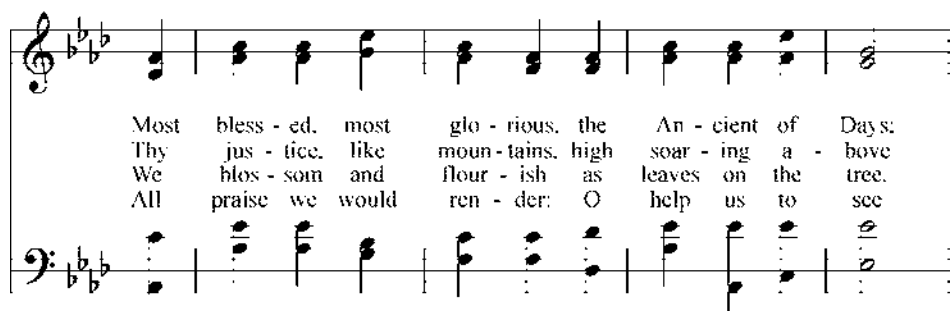
Welsh Hymn Melody



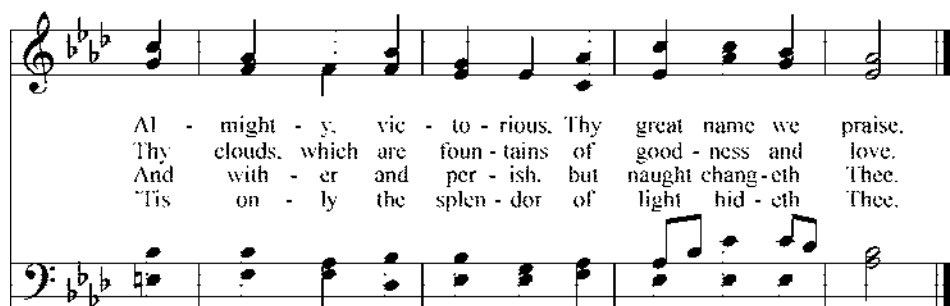
1. Im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise,
 2. Un - rest - ing, un - hast - ing, and si - lent as light;
 3. To all, life Thou giv - est, to both great and small;
 4. Great Fa - ther of glo - ry, pure Fa - ther of light;



In light in - ac - ces - si - ble hid from our eyes;
 Nor want - ing, nor wast - ing, Thou rul - est in might;
 In all life Thou liv - est, the true life of all;
 Thine an - gels a - dore Thee, all veil - ing their sight;



Most bless - ed, most glo - rious, the An - cient of Days;
 Thy jus - tice, like moun - tains, high soar - ing a - bove
 We blos - som and flour - ish as leaves on the tree,
 All praise we would ren - der: O help us to see



Al - might - y, vic - to - rious, Thy great name we praise,
 Thy clouds, which are foun - tains of good - ness and love,
 And with - er and per - ish, but naught chang - eth Thee,
 'Tis on - ly the splen - dor of light hid - eth Thee.

Softly and Tenderly

Will L. Thompson

Will L. Thompson



1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing. Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing. Plead - ing for
 3. O for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised. Prom - ised for

you and for me. See, on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies,
 you and for me! Though we have sinned. He has mer - cy and par - don.

Watch - ing for you and for me. Come home. come home.
 Mer - cies for you and for me? Come home, come home,
 Par - don for you and for me.

Ye who are wea - ry, come home; Ear - nest - ly,
 ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing. Call - ing, "O sin - ner, come home!"

The Lily of the Valley

Charles W. Fry

William S. Mays

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my grief has tak - en and all my sor - rows borne. In temp -
 3. He will nev - er. nev - er leave me nor yet for - sake me here. While I

fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley, in
 ta - tion He's my strong and might - y tow'r. I have all for Him for - sak - en and
 live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

Lil - y of the Val - ley, the *Fine*

Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole
 all my i - dol - torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
 noth - ing now to fear. From His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.

Bright and Morn - ing Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul.

In sor - row He's my com - fort. in trou - ble He's my stay. He
 Though all the world for - sake me and Sa - tan tempt me sore. Through
 Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry I'll see His bless - ed face. Where

D.S. al Fine

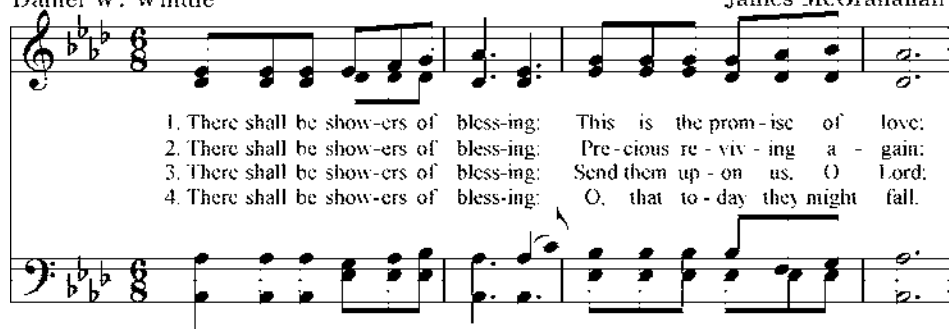
tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
 Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal; He's the
 riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll. He's the

Hal - le - lu - jah!

There Shall Be Showers of Blessing

Daniel W. Whittle

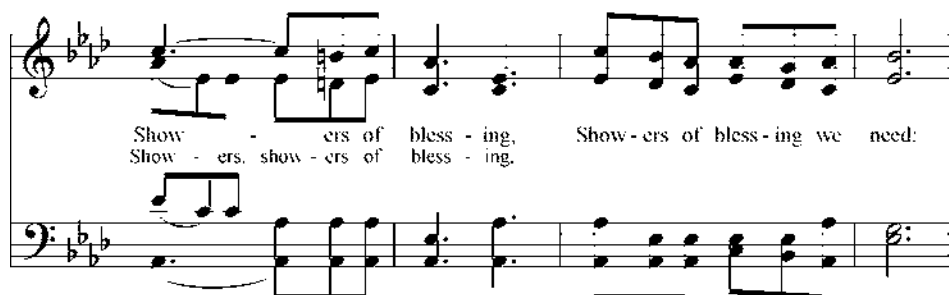
James McGranahan



1. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing; This is the prom-ise of love;
 2. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing; Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
 3. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing; Send them up - on us, O Lord;
 4. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing; O, that to - day they might fall.



There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
 O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
 Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
 Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now, as on Je - sus we call!



Show - ers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless - ing we need:
 Show - ers, show - ers of bless - ing.

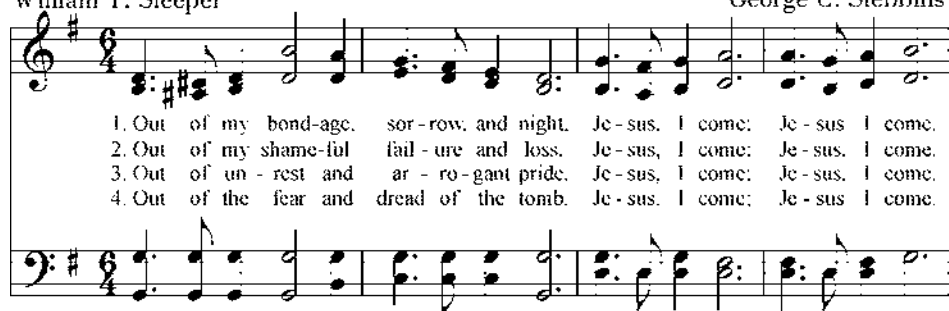


Mer-cy drops 'round us are fall - ing, But for the show - ers we plead.

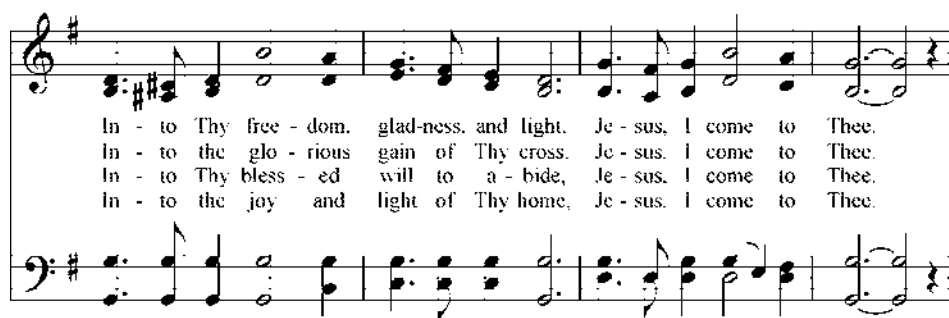
Jesus, I Come

William T. Sleeper

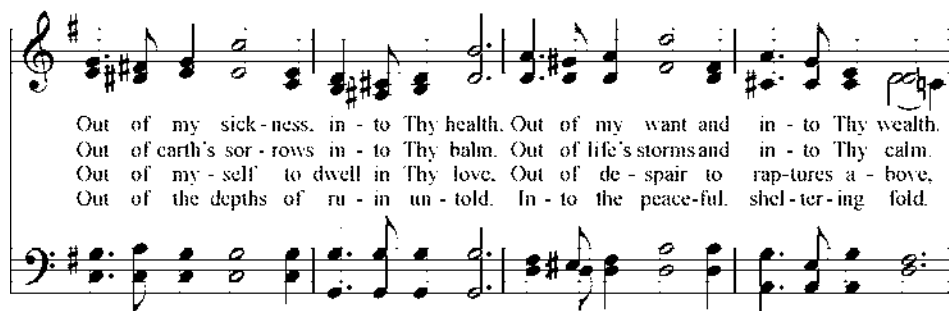
George C. Stebbins




1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row, and night, Je-sus, I come: Je-sus I come.
 2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come: Je-sus, I come.
 3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come: Je-sus, I come.
 4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come: Je-sus I come.



In-to Thy free-dom, glad-ness, and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee.



Out of my sick-ness, in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth.
 Out of earth's sor-rows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm.
 Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair to rap-tures a-bove,
 Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace-ful, shel-ter-ing fold.



Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Up-ward I rise on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

He Hideth My Soul

Fanny J. Crosby

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A
2. When clothed in His bright - ness trans - port - ed I rise To

won - der - ful Sav - ior to me: He hid - eth my soul in the
meet Him in clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His

cleft of the rock. Where riv - ers of pleas - ure I see.
won - der - ful love, I'll shout with the mil - lions on high.

He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock That shad - ows a
dry, thirst - y land. He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love,
And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand

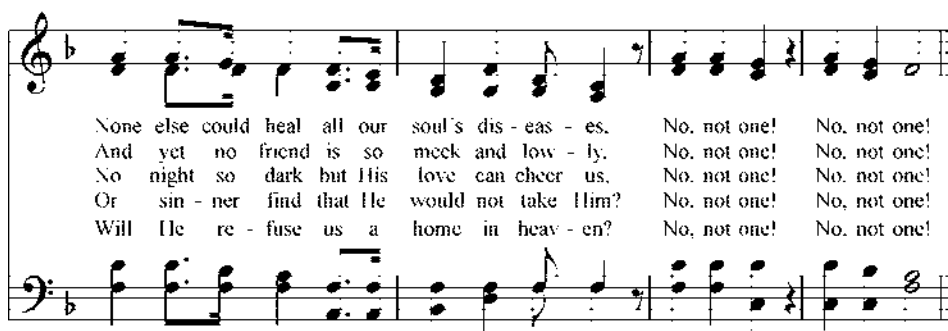
No, Not One!

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

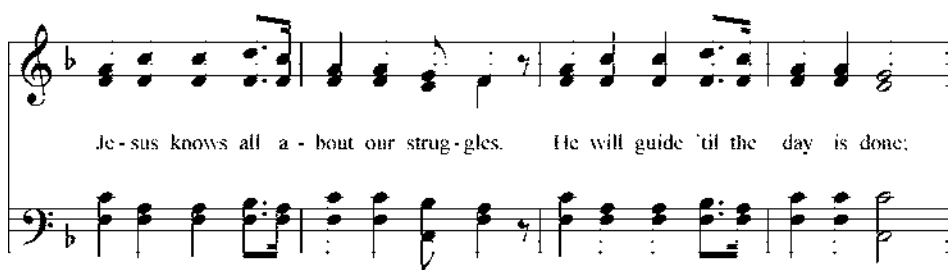
George C. Hugg



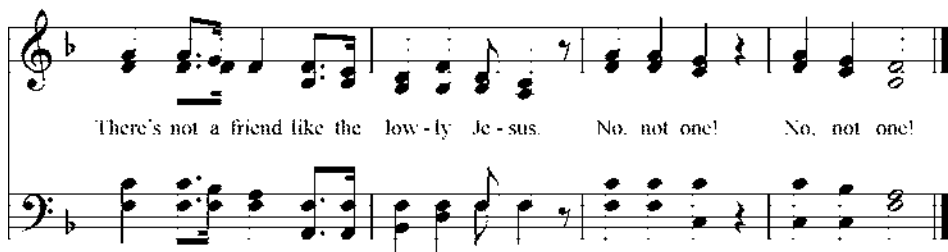
1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus. No, not one! No, not one!
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly. No, not one! No, not one!
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us. No, not one! No, not one!
 4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake Him? No, not one! No, not one!
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! No, not one!



None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es. No, not one! No, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly. No, not one! No, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us. No, not one! No, not one!
 Or sin - ner find that He would not take Him? No, not one! No, not one!
 Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! No, not one!



Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug - gles. He will guide 'til the day is done;

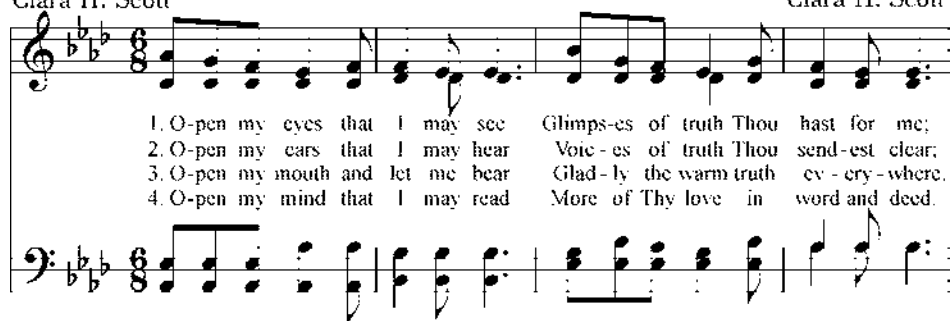


There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus. No, not one! No, not one!

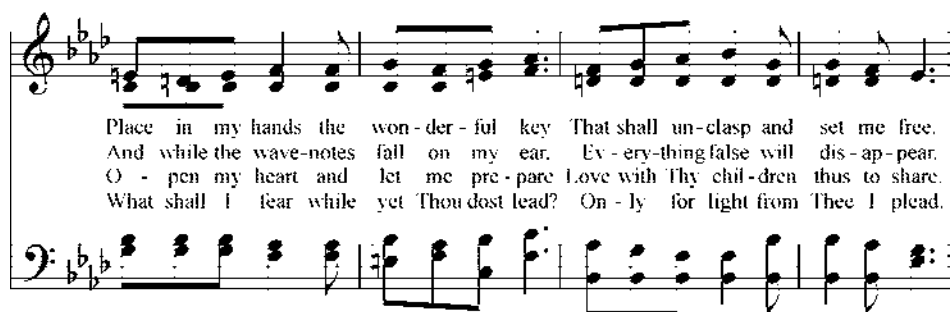
Open My Eyes That I May See

Clara H. Scott

Clara H. Scott



1. O - pen my eyes that I may see Glimps-es of truth Thou hast for me;
 2. O - pen my ears that I may hear Voice-es of truth Thou send-est clear;
 3. O - pen my mouth and let me hear Glad-ly the warm truth ev - ery - where.
 4. O - pen my mind that I may read More of Thy love in word and deed.



Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un-clasp and set me free.
 And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - ery-thing false will dis-ap-pear.
 O - pen my heart and let me pre - pare Love with Thy chil-dren thus to share.
 What shall I fear while yet Thou dost lead? On - ly for light from Thee I plead.



Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee. Read - y, my God, Thy will to see.



O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me. Spir - it di - vine!
 O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me. Spir - it di - vine!
 O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me. Spir - it di - vine!
 O - pen my mind, il - lu - mine me. Spir - it di - vine!

Will the Circle Be Unbroken?

Ada Ruth Habershon

Charles H. Gabriel

1. There are loved ones in the glo - ry, Whose dear forms you of - ten miss;
2. In the joy - ous days of child-hood, Oft they told of won-drous love,
3. You re - mem - ber songs of heav - en Which you sang with child - ish voice
4. You can pic - ture hap - py ga-th'ings Round the fire - side long a - go,

When you close your earth - ly sto - ry, Will you join them in their bliss?
Point - ed to the dy - ing Sav - ior Now they dwell with Him a - bove,
Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
And you think of tear - ful part - ings, When they left you here be - low:

Will the cir - cle be un - bro - ken. By and by, Lord, by and by?

In a bet - ter home a - wait - ing, In the sky, in the sky?

Rise Up, O Men of God

William P. Merrill

William H. Walter

1. Rise up, O men of God! Have done with less - er things:
2. Rise up, O men of God! His king - dom tar - ries long:
3. Rise up, O men of God! The church for you doth wait.
4. Lift high the cross of Christ, Tread where His feet have trod:

Give heart and soul and mind and strength To serve the King of kings.
Bring in the day of broth - er - hood And end the night of wrong.
Her strength un - e - qual to her task: Rise up, and make her great!
As broth - ers of the Son of Man, Rise up, O men of God!

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the Soprano part, with the other voices providing harmonic support. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal parts. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with line numbers 1 through 4 corresponding to the four vocal parts.

Love Lifted Me

James Rowe

Howard E. Smith

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peace-ful shore, Ver-y deep-ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give; Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
 3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove; Je-sus com-plete-ly saves, He will lift you

stained with-in. Sink-ing to rise no more. But the Mas-ter of the sea
 pres-ence live, Ev-er His prais-es sing, Love so might-y and so true
 by His love Out of the an-gry waves, He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me-Now safe am I,
 Mer-its my soul's best songs: Faith-ful, lov-ing ser-vice, too, To Him be-long,
 Bil-lows His will o-bey, He your Sav-ior wants to be, Be saved to-day,

Love lift-ed me! e-ven me, Love lift-ed me! e-ven me, When noth-ing

else could help, Love lift-ed me, Love lift-ed me.

Since Jesus Came into My Heart

Rufus H. McDaniel

Charles H. Gabriel

1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought, Since Je - sus came
 2. I have ceased from my wan - d'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je - sus came
 3. I'm pos - sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je - sus came
 4. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y, I know, Since Je - sus came

in - to my heart! I have light in my soul, For which long I have sought,
 in - to my heart; And my sins, which were man - y, are all washed a - way,
 in - to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob - scure,
 in - to my heart; And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,

Since Je - sus came in - to my heart. Since Je - sus came in - to my
 Since Je - sus came in, came

heart. Since Je - sus came in - to my heart. Floods of joy o'er my
 in - to my heart. Since Je - sus came in, came in - to my heart,

soul Like the sea bil - lows roll. Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

Living for Jesus

Thomas O. Chisholm

C. Harold Lowden

1. Liv - ing for Je - sus, a life that is true.
2. Liv - ing for Je - sus Who died in my place.
3. Liv - ing for Je - sus. wher - ev - er I am.
4. Liv - ing for Je - sus. through earth's lit - tle while.

The first system of music is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Striv - ing to please Him in all that I do.
Bear - ing on Cal - v'ry, my sin and dis - grace.
Do - ing each du - ty in His ho - ly name.
My dear - est trea - sure, the light of His smile.

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

Yield - ing al - le - giance, glad heart - ed and free.
Such love con - strains me, to an - swer His call.
Will - ing to suf - fer af - flic - tion or loss.
Seek - ing the lost ones, He died to re - deem.

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

This is the path - way of bless - ing for me.
Fol - low His lead - ing and give Him my all.
Deem - ing each tri - al a part of my cross.
Bring - ing the wea - ry to find rest in Him.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

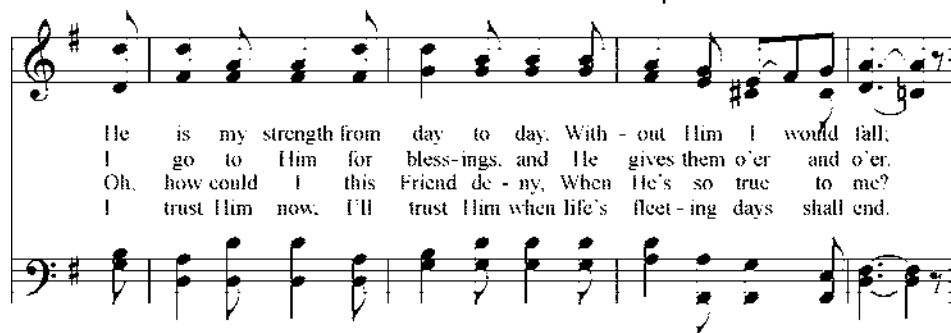
Jesus Is All the World to Me

Will L. Thompson

Will L. Thompson



1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
 2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
 3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
 4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall;
 I go to Him for bless - ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
 Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when life's fleet - ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
 He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's gold - en grain;
 Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me day and night;
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend, Beau - ti - ful life that has no end;



When I am sad, He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
 Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
 Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
 E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

In My Heart There Rings a Melody

Elton M. Roth

Elton M. Roth

1. I have a song that Je - sus gave me. It was sent from
 2. I love the Christ who died on Cal - v'ry. For He washed my
 3. 'Twill be my end - less theme in glo - ry. With the an - gels

heav'n a - bove; There nev - er was a sweet - er mel - o - dy. 'Tis a
 sins a - way; He put with - in my heart a mel - o - dy. And I
 I will sing; 'Twill be a song with glo - rious har - mo - ny. When the

mel - o - dy of love.
 know it's there to stay. In my heart there rings a mel - o - dy. There
 courts of heav - en ring.

rings a mel - o - dy with heav - en's har - mo - ny; In my heart there

rings a mel - o - dy. There rings a mel - o - dy of love.

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Jesus Is the Sweetest Name I Know

Lela B. Long

Lela B. Long

1. There have been names that I have loved to hear. But nev - er has there
2. There is no name in earth or heav'n a - bove. That we should give such
3. And some day I shall see Him face to face To thank and praise Him

been a name so dear To this heart of mine as the name di - vine. The
hon - or and such love As the bless - ed name; let us all ac - claim That
for His won - drous grace Which He gave to me when He made me free; The

pre - cious, pre - cious name of Je - sus.
won - drous, glo - rious name of Je - sus. Je - sus is the sweet - est name I
bless - ed Son of God called Je - sus.

know. And He's just the same as His love - ly name, And that's the rea - son

why I love Him so; O Je - sus is the sweet - est name I know.

I'll Fly Away

Albert E. Brumley

Albert E. Brumley

1. Some glad morn - ing when this life is o'er, I'll fly a-
 2. When the shad - ows of this life have grown. fly a-way,
 3. Just a few more wea - ry days and then.

way; To a home on God's ce - les - tial shore,
 fly a-way; Like a bird from pris - on bars has flown,
 To a land where joys shall nev - er end.

I'll fly a-way, fly a - way, fly a-way. I'll fly a-way, fly a-
 way, O glo - ry, I'll fly a-way, fly a - way; in the morn - ing; When I die, Hal-le-
 lu - jah, by and by. I'll fly a-way, fly a - way, fly a-way.

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Wherever He Leads, I'll Go

B. B. McKinney

B. B. McKinney

1. "Take up Thy cross and fol-low Me," I heard my Mas-ter say: "I
2. He drew me clos-er to His side, I sought His will to know. And
3. It may be through the shad-ows dim, Or o'er the storm-y sea, I
4. My heart, my life, my all I bring To Christ who loves me so: He
gave my life to ran-som Thee, Sur-ren-der your all to-day." Wher-
in that will I now a-bide; Wher-ev-er He leads, I'll go.
take my cross and fol-low Him Wher-ev-er He lead-eth me.
is my Mas-ter, Lord, and King. Wher-ev-er He leads I'll go.
ev-er He leads, I'll go. Wher-ev-er He leads, I'll go. I'll
fol-low my Christ who loves me so: Wher-ev-er He leads, I'll go.

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Heaven Came Down

John W. Peterson

John W. Peterson

1. O what a won - der - ful, won - der - ful day. Day I will nev - er for -
 2. Born of the Spir - it with life from a - bove In - to God's fam - ily di -
 3. Now I've a hope that will sure - ly en - dure Af - ter the pass - ing of

get. Af - ter I'd wan - dered in dark - ness a - way, Je - sus, my
 vine, Jus - ti - fied ful - ly thro' Cal - va - ry's love, O what a
 time, I have a fu - ture in heav - en for sure. There in those

Sav - ior I met. O what a ten - der, com - pas - sion - ate friend.
 stand - ing is mine! And the trans - ac - tion so quick - ly was made.
 man - sions sub - lime And it's be - cause of that won - der - ful day

He met the need of my heart; Shad - ows dis - pel - ling, with
 When as a sin - ner I came. Took of the of - fer. of
 When at the cross I be - lieved; Rich - es e - ter - nal and

joy I am tell - ing, He made all the dark - ness de - part
 grace He did prof - fer, He saved me, O praise His dear name!
 bless - ings su - per - nal. From His pre - cious hand I re - ceived.

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