

THEN
SINGS
MY SOUL
BOOK 2

150 *of the* WORLD'S GREATEST
HYMN STORIES

ROBERT J. MORGAN

A PDF COMPANION TO THE AUDIOBOOK

© 2004 Robert J. Morgan

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

Published in Nashville, Tennessee, by W Publishing, an imprint of Thomas Nelson.

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

Scripture taken from *The Holy Bible*, New King James Version® (NKJV). © 1982 by Thomas Nelson, Inc. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

New International Version®, NIV® (NIV). © 1973, 1978, 1984 by Biblica, Inc.™ Used by permission of Zondervan. All rights reserved worldwide.

Contemporary English Version (CEV) of the Bible © 1991 by the American Bible Society. Used by permission.

American Standard Version (ASV). Public domain.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data is available

ISBN-13: 978-0-78525-168-2

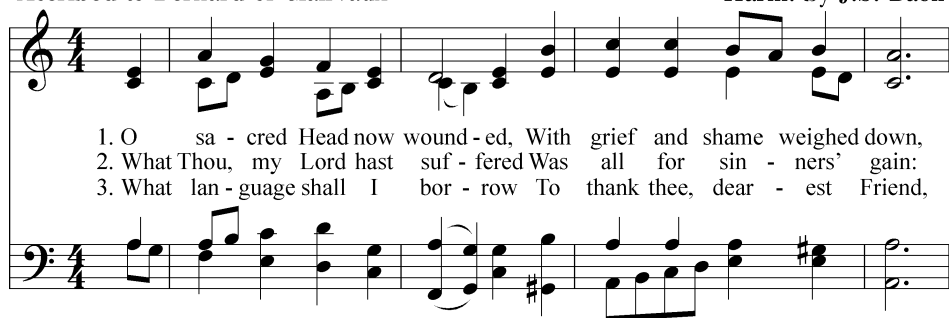
Printed in the United States of America

13 14 15 16 LB 23 22 21 20 19

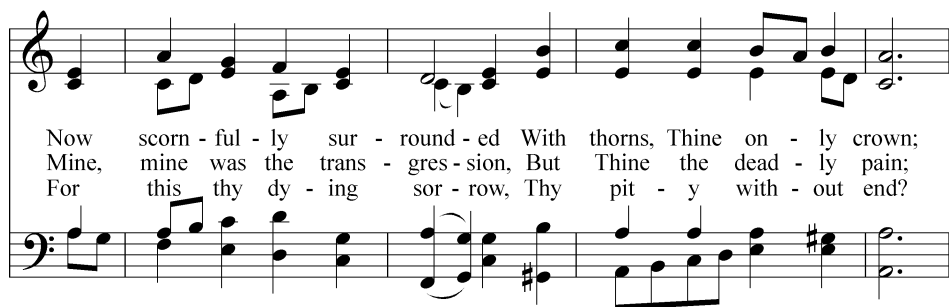
O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Based on Medieval Latin poem
Ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux

Hans Leo Hassler
Harm. by J.S. Bach



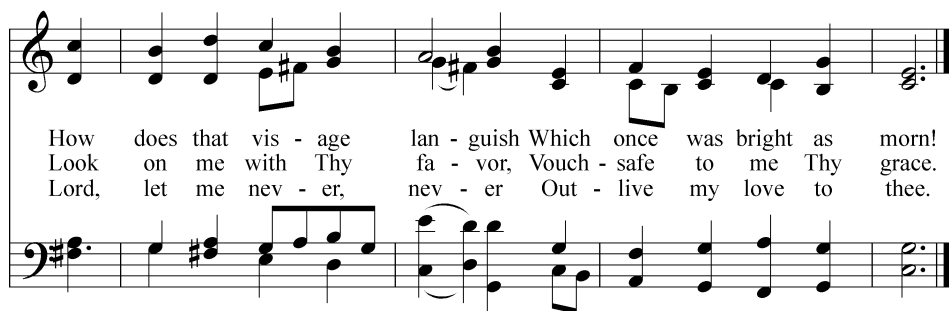
1. O sa - cred Head now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
2. What Thou, my Lord hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain:
3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank thee, dear - est Friend,



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



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

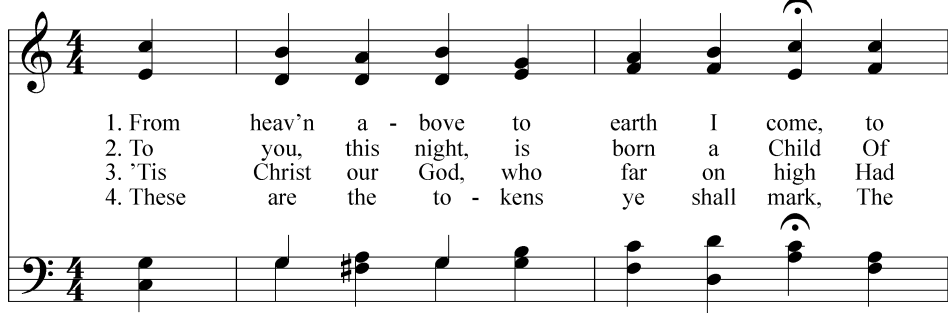


How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to thee.

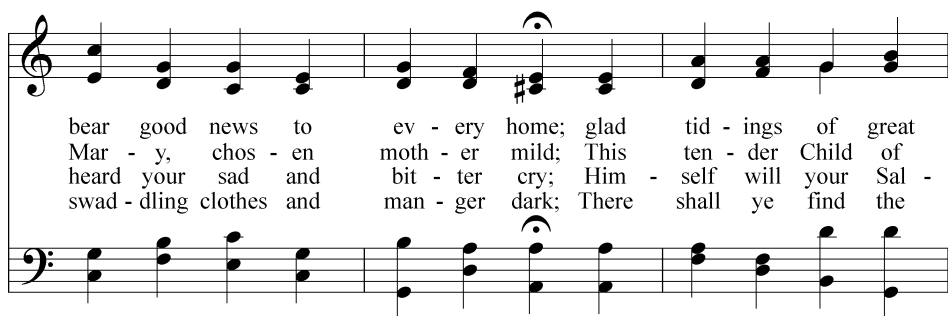
From Heaven Above to Earth I Come

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.

All People That on Earth Do Dwell

William Kethe

Genevan Psalter

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell,
 2. The Lord, ye know, is God in deed,
 3. O, en - ter then His gates with praise,
 4. For why? The Lord our God is good,

Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice;
 With - out our aid He did us make;
 Ap - proach with joy His courts to;
 His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure;

Him serve with mirth His praise forth tell,
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,
 Praise laud and bless His Name al - ways,
 His truth at all times firm - ly stood,

Come ye be fore Him and re - joice.
 And for His sheep He doth us take.
 For it is seem - ly so to do.
 And shall from age to age en - dure.

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 - ing;
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!

If Thou But Suffer God to Guide Thee

Georg Neumark

Georg Neumark

1. If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee, and hope in
 2. On - ly be still, and wait His lei - sure in cheer-ful
 3. Sing, pray, and keep his ways un - swerv - ing, so do thine

Him through all thy ways, He'll give thee strength, what - e'er be - tide thee,
 hope, with heart con - tent To take what - e'er Thy Fa-ther's plea-sure
 own part faith-ful - ly; And trust His Word, though un - de - serv - ing,

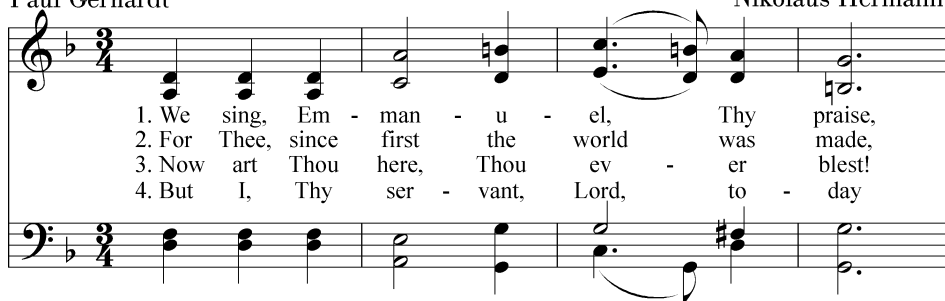
and bear thee through the e - vil days; Who trusts in God's un -
 and all - dis - cern - ing love hath sent; Nor doubt our in - most
 thou yet shall find it true for thee; God nev - er yet for -

chang - ing love builds on the Rock that naught can move.
 wants are known to Him who chose us for His own.
 sook at need the soul that trust - ed Him in - deed.

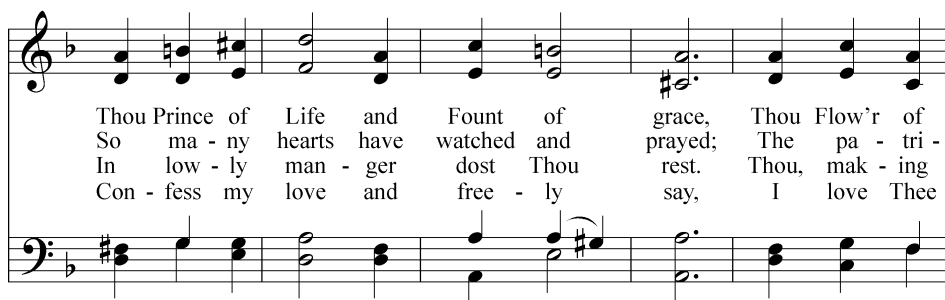
We Sing, Emmanuel, Thy Praise

Paul Gerhardt

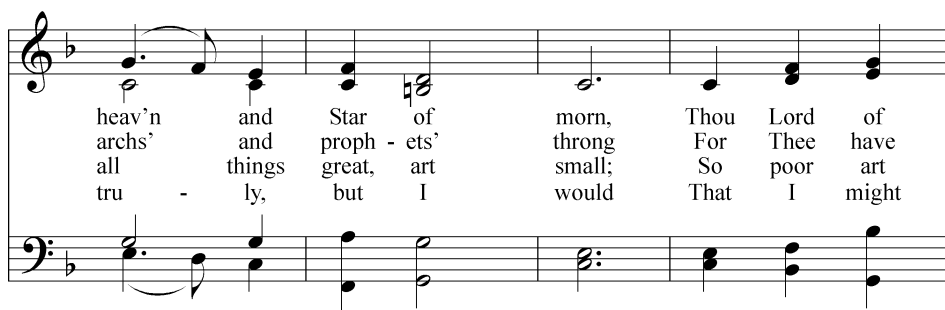
Nikolaus Hermann



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
 arches' and proph - ets' morn, For Thee have
 all things great, art small; So poor art
 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!

Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring

Martin Janus

Johann Schop
Arr. by J.S. Bach

1. Je - su, joy of man's de - sir - ing,
Drawn by Thee, our souls as - pir - ing
2. Through the way where hope is guid - ing,
Where the flock, in Thee con - fid - ing,

Ho - ly wis - dom, love most bright;
Soar to un - cre - a - ted light.
Hark, what peace ful from mu - sic rings;
Drink of joy from death - less springs.

Word of God, our flesh that fash - ioned, With the
Theirs is beau - ty's fair - est plea - sure; Theirs is

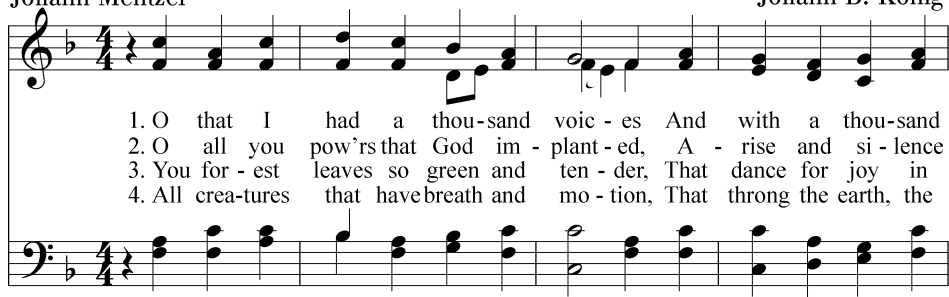
fire wis - dom's life hol - iest pas - sioned, Striv - ing still to
wis - dom's life hol - iest trea - sure. Thou dost e - ver

truth un - known, Soar - ing, dy - ing round Thy throne.
lead Thine own In the love of joys un - known.

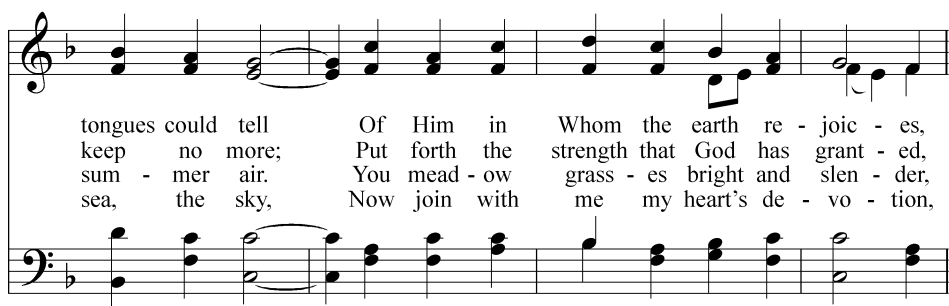
O That I Had a Thousand Voices

Johann Mentzer

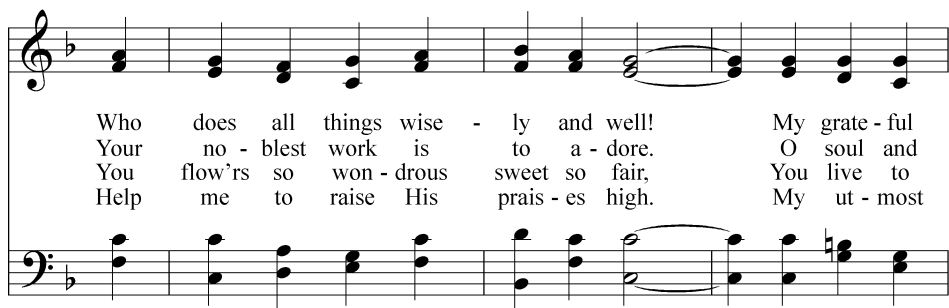
Johann B. König



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 - joic - 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.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts

Gregorian Chant
Arr. by Lowell Mason

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

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

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

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

Join All the Glorious Names

Isaac Watts, stanzas 2 and 3 Robert J. Morgan

John Darwall

1. Join all the glo - rious names, Of wis - dom, love and
2. The Babe of Beth - le - hem, the Faith - ful Wit - ness,
3. Al - pha, O - me - ga He, One like the Son of

pow'r, That ev - er mor - tals knew, That an - gels
He Is first and last, was dead, now lives to
Man, Ar - rayed in light, He reigned be - fore the

ev - er bore: All are too mean to
set us free. He washed our sins. He
world be - gan. He was, and is, and

speak His worth, Too poor to set my Sav - ior forth.
is the King, the Lord, the Word, to Him we sing.
to come our Glo - rious Lord, God's on - ly Son.

Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts

George Frederick Handel

Arr. 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,
 ploy, 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

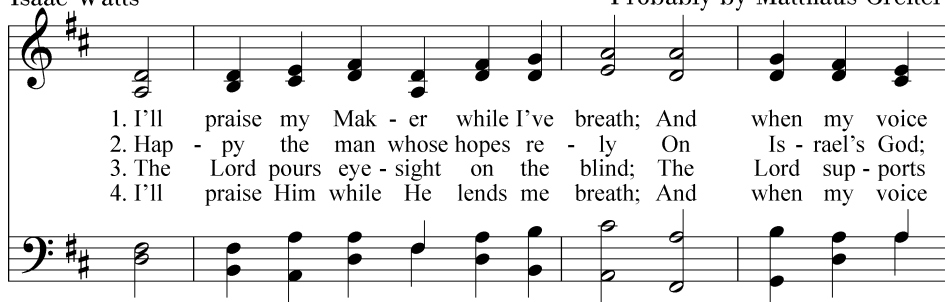
1. And heav'n and na-ture sing, And

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,

I'll Praise My Maker While I've Breath

Isaac Watts

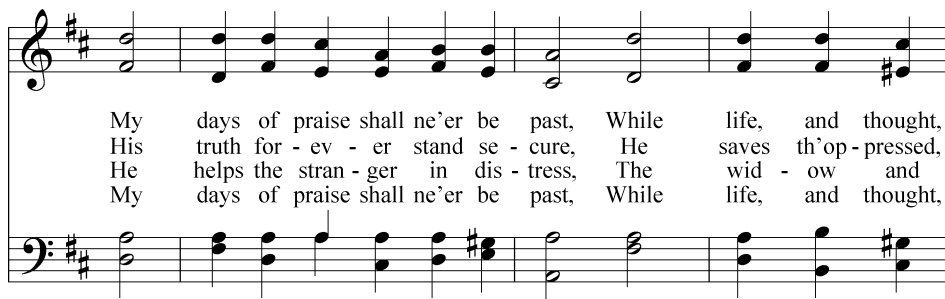
Probably by Matthäus Greiter



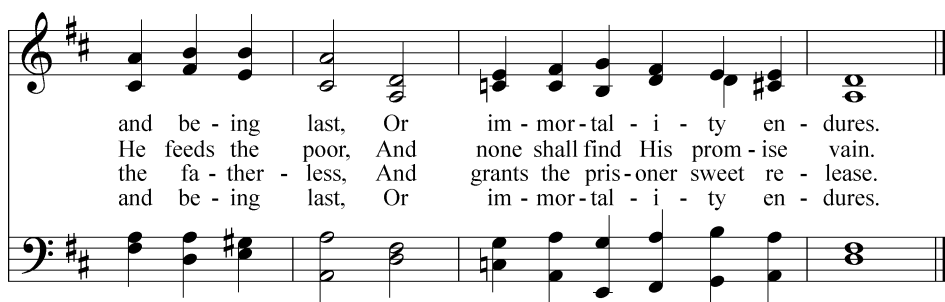
1. I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath; And when my voice
 2. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God;
 3. The Lord pours eye - sight on the blind; The Lord sup - ports
 4. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath; And when my voice



is lost in death, Praise shall em-ploy my no - bler powers.
 He made the sky And earth and seas with all their train.
 the faint - ing mind; He sends the la - boring con-science peace,
 is lost in death, Praise shall em-ploy my no - bler powers.



My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought,
 His truth for - ev - er stand se - cure, He saves th'op - pressed,
 He helps the stran - ger in dis - tress, The wid - ow and
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought,

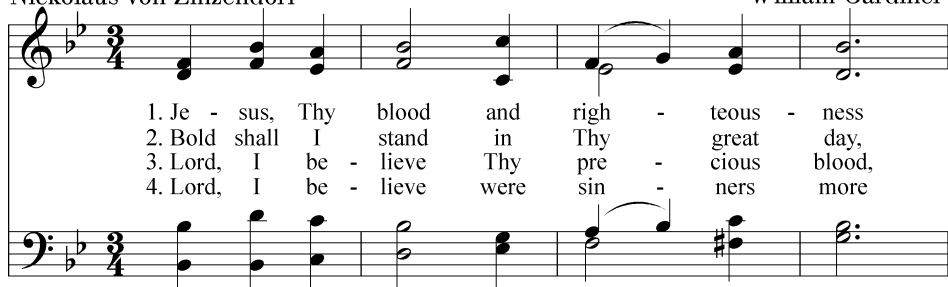


and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.
 He feeds the poor, And none shall find His prom - ise vain.
 the fa - ther - less, And grants the pris - oner sweet re - lease.
 and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness

Nickolaus von Zinzendorf

William Gardiner



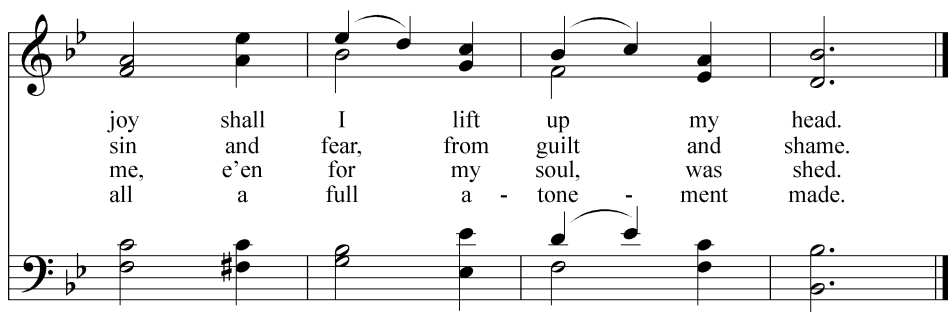
1. Je - sus, Thy blood and righ - teous - ness
 2. Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
 3. Lord, I be - lieve Thy pre - cious blood,
 4. Lord, I be - lieve were sin - ners more



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



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

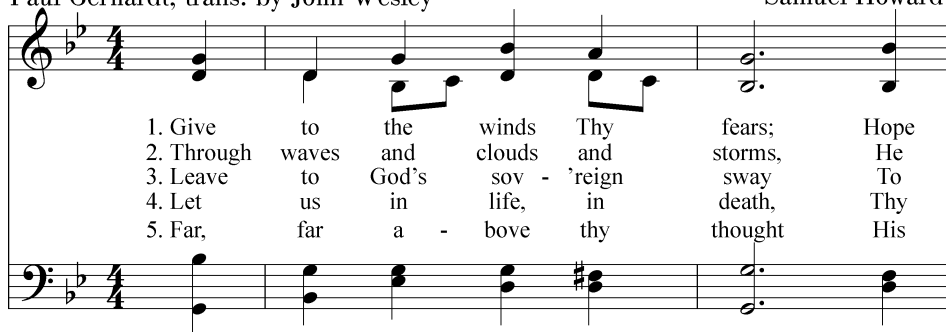


joy shall I lift up my head.
 sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
 me, e'en for my soul, was shed.
 all a full a - tone ment made.

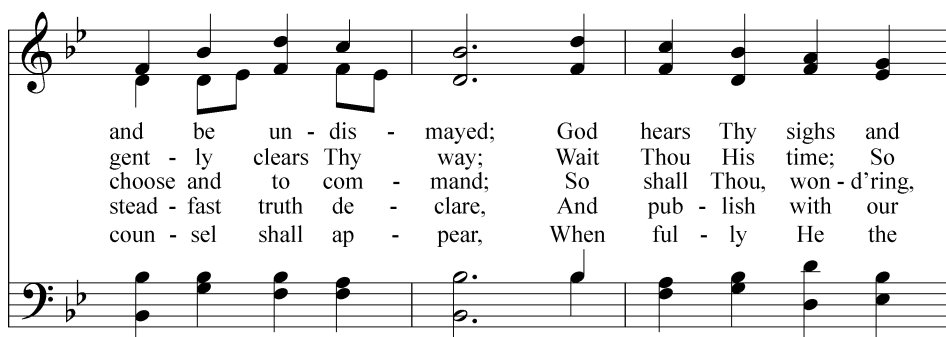
Give to the Winds Thy Fears

Paul Gerhardt, trans. by John Wesley

Samuel Howard



1. Give to the winds Thy fears; Hope
2. Through waves and clouds and storms, He
3. Leave to God's sov - reign sway To
4. Let us in life, in death, Thy
5. Far, far a - bove thy thought His



and be un - dis - mayed; God hears Thy sighs and
gent - ly clears Thy way; Wait Thou His time; So
choose and to com - mand; So shall Thou, won - d'ring,
stead - fast truth de - clare, And pub - lish with our
coun - sel shall ap - pear, When ful - ly He the



counts Thy tears, God shall lift up Thy head.
shall this night soon end in joy - ous day.
own that way, How wise, how strong His hand!
lat - est breath Thy love and guard - ian care.
work hath wrought That caused thy need - less fear.

Where Shall My Wondering Soul Begin?

Charles Wesley

Unison

Attr. to Jeremiah Ingalls

1. Where shall my won - dering soul be - gin? How
 2. Come, O my guilt - ty breth - ren, come, Groan -

shall I all to heaven as - pire? A slave re -
 ing be - neath your load of sin! His bleed - ing

deemed from death and sin, A brand plucked from e -
 heart shall make you room; His o - pen side shall

ter - nal fire, How shall I e - qual tri - umphs
 take you in. He calls you now, in - vites you

raise, Or sing my great De - liv - erer's praise?
 home: Come, O my guilt - ty breth - ren, come!

O for a Heart to Praise My God

Charles Wesley

A Collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems
Probably arranged by John F. Lampe

1. O for a heart to praise my
2. A heart re - signed, sub - mis - sive,
3. A hum - ble, low - ly, con - trite
4. A heart in ev - ery thought re -

God, A heart from sin set free, A
meek, My great Re - deem - er's throne, Where
heart, Be - liev - ing, true love and clean; Which
newed, And full of love di - vine; Per -

heart that al - ways feels Thy
on - ly Christ is heard to
nei - ther life nor death can
fect and right and pure and

blood, So free - ly shed for me!
speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
part, From Christ who dwells with - in!
good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

Ye Servants of God

Charles Wesley

Probably by William Croft

Charles Wesley

Probably by William Croft

1. Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim,
2. God rul-eth on high, al-might-y on the save;
3. "Sal-va-tion to God, who sits on the throne!"
4. Then let us a-dore and give Him His right;

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Ye Servants of God'. It features a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time, with lyrics in four parts. The melody is simple and homophonic, using a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are: 1. Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, 2. God rul-eth on high, al-might-y on the save; 3. "Sal-va-tion to God, who sits on the throne!" 4. Then let us a-dore and give Him His right;

And pub - lish a - broad His won - der - ful Name;
 And still He is nigh, His pres - ence we have;
 Let all cry a - loud and hon - or the Son:
 All glo - ry and pow'r, all wis - dom and might,

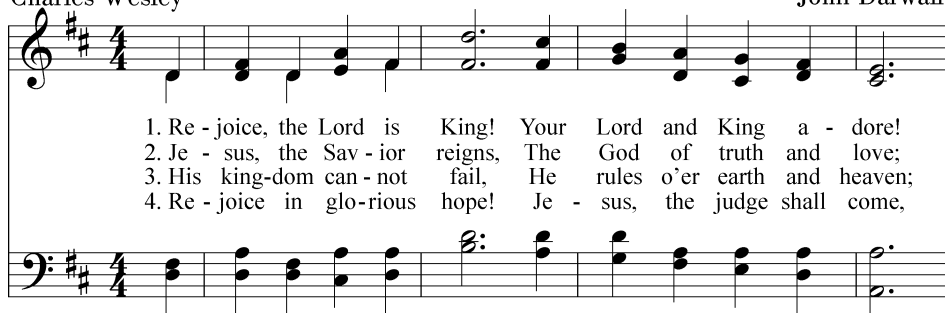
The Name all - vic - to - rious of Je - sus ex - tol;
The great con - gre - ga - tion His tri - umph shall sing,
The prais - es of Je - sus the an - gels pro - claim,
All hon - or and bless - ing, with an - gels a - bove,

His king - dom is glo - rious, He rules o - ver all.
 Je - sus, our King.
 Fall - down on their fac - es and wor - ship the Lamb.
 And thanks nev - er ceas - ing, and in - fi - nite love.

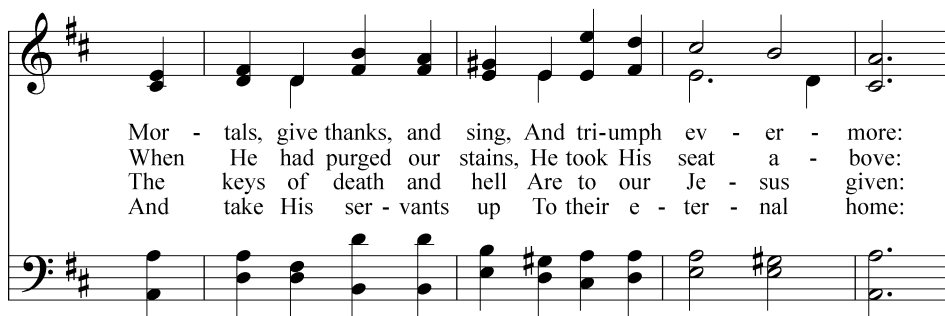
Rejoice, the Lord Is King

Charles Wesley

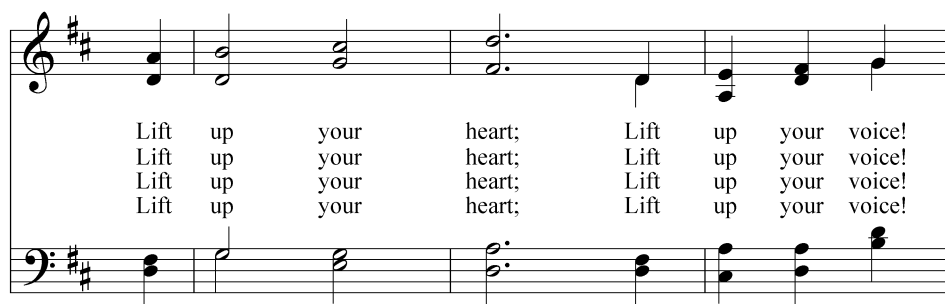
John Darwall



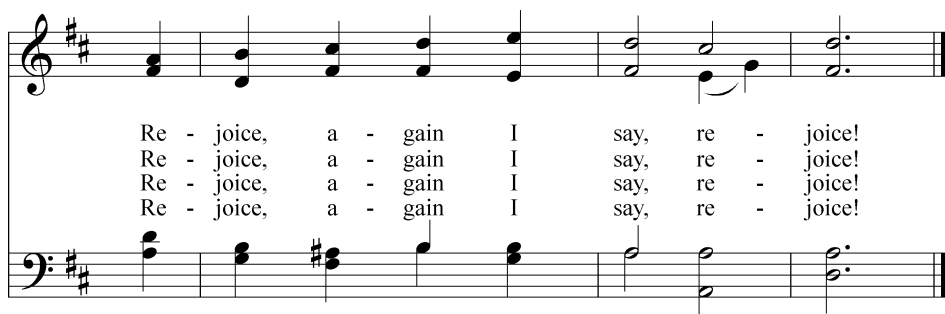
1. Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore!
2. Je - sus, the Sav - ior reigns, The God of truth and love;
3. His king - dom can - not fail, He rules o'er earth and heaven;
4. Re - joice in glo - rious hope! Je - sus, the judge shall come,



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!

Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

Charles Wesley

Rowland H. Prichard

1. Come, Thou long ex - spect - 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 our rest in Thee.
Born a Child gra - cious yet king - dom King;
Now Thy 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 us to Thy glo - rious throne.

Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

Charles Wesley

John Zundel



1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe, Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast!
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er; Let us all Thy life re - ceive.
4. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be.



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it; Let us find Thy prom - ised rest.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave.
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee:



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion; Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art.
Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be.
Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, 'Til in heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
End of faith, as its Be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.



Be Still, My Soul

Katherina 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,

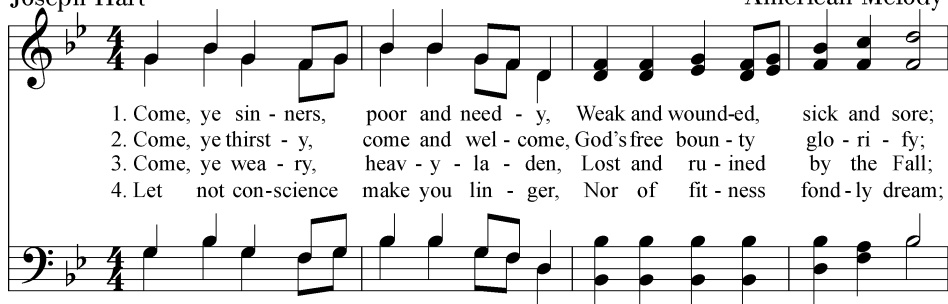
In ev-'ry change He faith-ful will re-main. Be still, my soul; Thy
All now mys-te-rious shall be bright at last. Be still, my soul; the
Sor-row for-got, love's pur-est joys re-stored. Be still, my soul; when

best, Thy heaven-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.

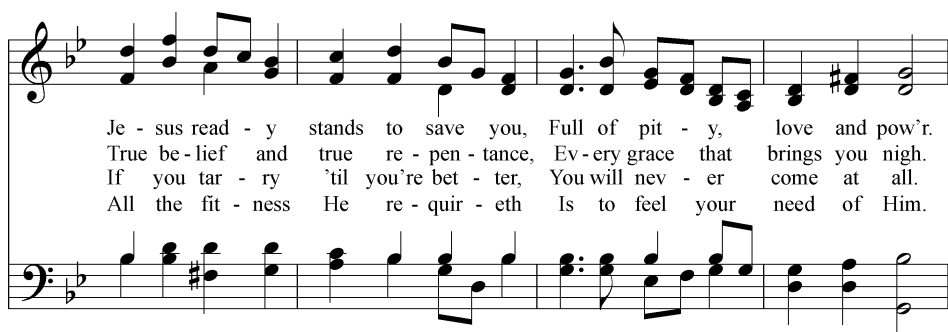
I Will Arise and Go to Jesus

Joseph Hart

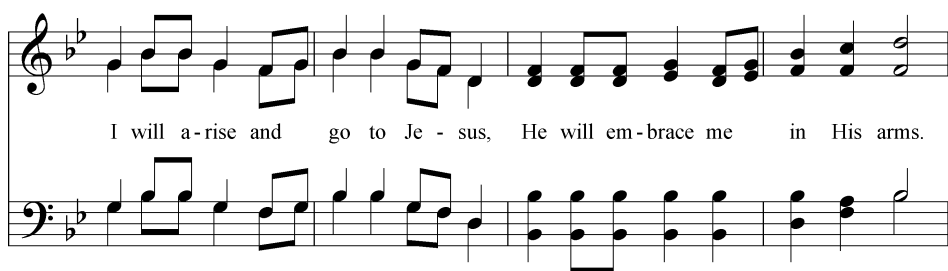
American Melody



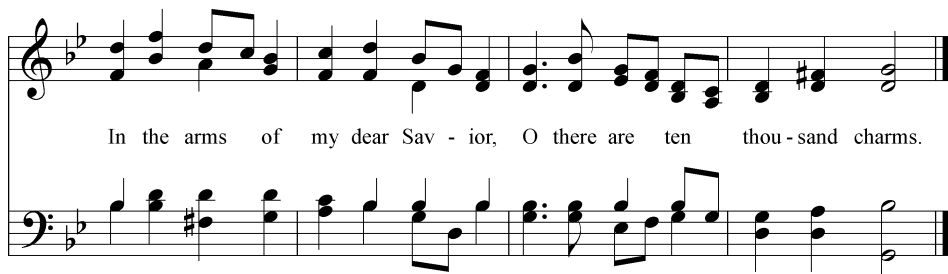
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst - y, come and wel - come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the Fall;
4. Let not con-science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond -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



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



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



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

The Saints Should Never Be Dismayed

William Cowper

Alexander R. Reinagle

1. The saints should nev - er be dis - mayed, Nor
 2. This A - br'am found: he raised the knife; God
 3. Once Da - vid seemed Saul's cer - tain prey; But
 4. When Jo - nah sunk be - neath the wave, He
 5. Blest proofs of pow'r and grace di - vine, That
 6. Wait for His sea - son - a - ble aid, And

sink in hope - less fear; For when they least ex -
 saw, and said, "For - bear! Yon ram shall yield his
 hark! the foe's at hand; Saul turns his arms an -
 thought to rise no more; But God pre - pared a
 meet us in His Word! May ev - ery deep felt
 though it tar - ry, wait: The pro - mise may be

pect His aid, The Sav - ior will ap - pear.
 mean - er life; Be - hold the vic - tim there."
 oth - er way, To save th'in - vad - ed land.
 fish to save, And bear him to the shore.
 care of mine Be trust - ed with the Lord.
 long de - layed, But can - not come too late."

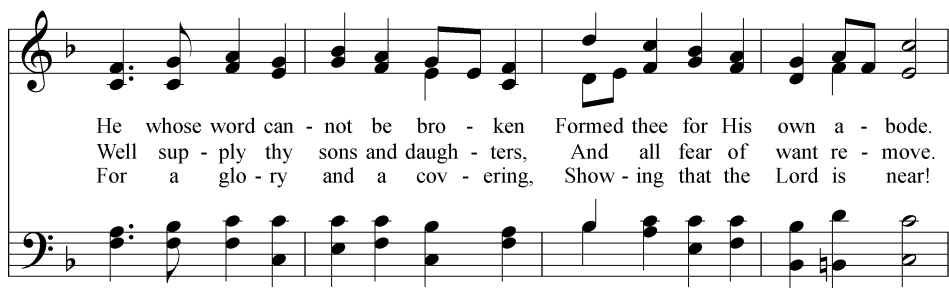
Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

John Newton

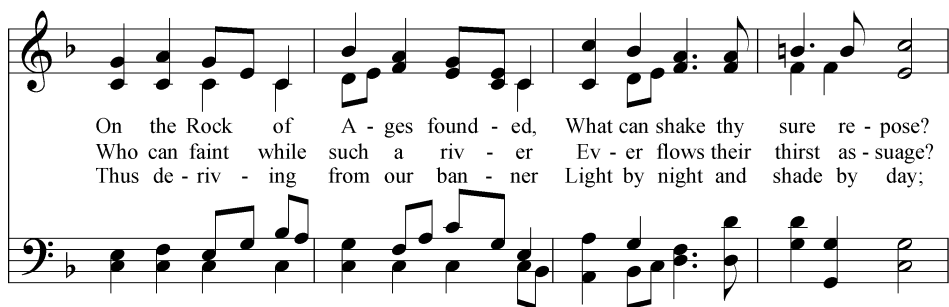
Franz Joseph Haydn



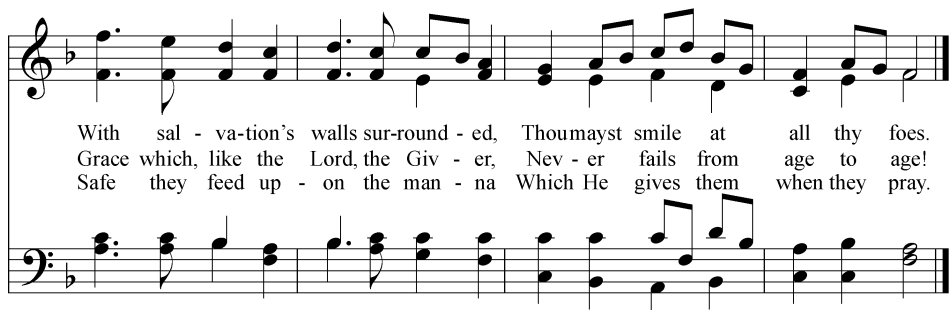
1. Glo - rious things of Thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from e - ter - nal Love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - ering, See the cloud and fire ap - pear



He whose word can - not be bro - ken Formed thee for His own a - bode.
Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move.
For a glo - ry and a cov - ering, Show - ing that the Lord is near!



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst as - suage?
Thus de - riv - ing from our ban - ner Light by night and shade by day;



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age!
Safe they feed up - on the man - na Which He gives them when they pray.

On Jordan's Stormy Banks

Samuel Stennett

American Folk Melody

1. On Jor-dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill - ing winds nor poi - s'nous breath Can reach that health - ful shore;
4. When I shall reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest,

To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns And scat-ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor-row, pain and death Are felt and feared no more.
For I shall see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest.

I am bound for the Prom - ised Land, I am bound for the Prom - ised Land;

O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the Prom-ised Land.

Praise the Lord! Ye Heavens Adore Him

Published by Thomas Coram

John H. Wilcox

1. Praise the Lord! Ye heav'ns a - dore Him; praise Him,
2. Praise the Lord! For He is glo - rious; nev - er

an - gels, in the height; Sun and moon, re - joice be -
shall His prom - ise fail; God hath made His saints vic -

fore Him; praise Him, all ye stars of light. Praise the
to - rious; sin and death shall not pre - vail. Praise the

Lord! for He hath spo - ken; worlds His might - y voice o - beyed:
God of our sal - va - tion! hosts on high, His pow'r pro - claim;

Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken for their guid - ance He hath made.
Heav'n and earth and all cre - a - tion, laud and mag - ni - fy His name.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in 3/4 time and B-flat major. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The score ends with a double bar line.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

Timothy Dwight

Aaron Williams

1. I love Thy king - dom Lord, The
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her
3. For her my tears shall fall, For
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To

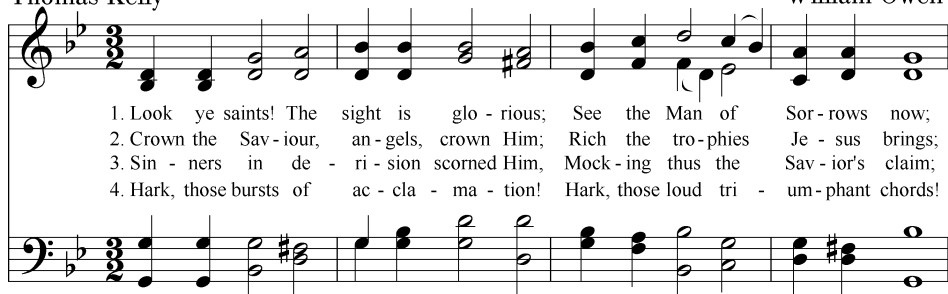
house of Thine a - bode, The Church our blest Re -
walls be - fore Thee stand Dear as the ap - ple
her my prayers as - cend, To her my cares and
prize her heaven - ly ways, Her sweet com - mu - nion,
Zi - on shall be given The bright - est glo - ries

deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heaven.

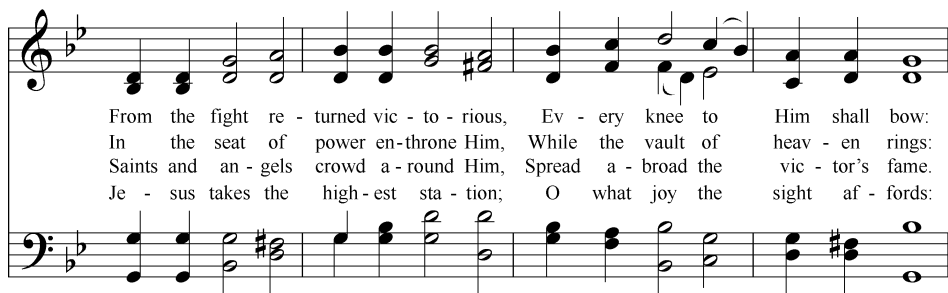
Look, Ye Saints, the Sight Is Glorious

Thomas Kelly

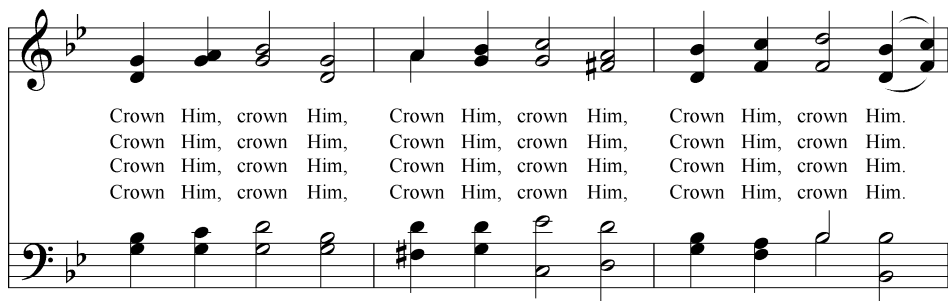
William Owen



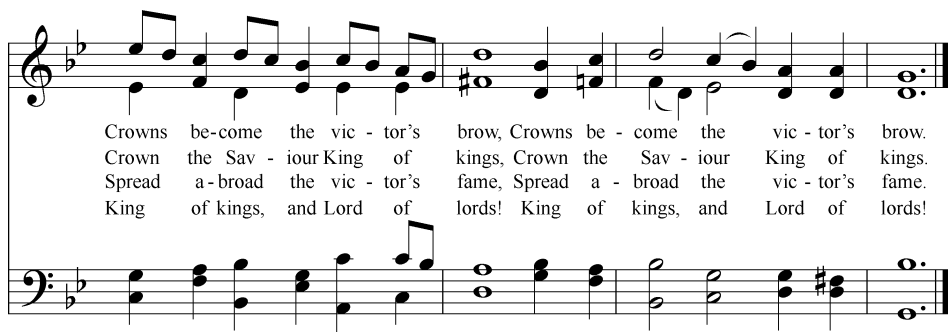
1. Look ye saints! The sight is glo - rious; See the Man of Sor - rows now;
 2. Crown the Sav - iour, an - gels, crown Him; Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings;
 3. Sin - ners in de - ri - sion scorned Him, Mock - ing thus the Sav - ior's claim;
 4. Hark, those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark, those loud tri - um - phant chords!



From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious, Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow:
 In the seat of power en - throne Him, While the vault of heav - en rings:
 Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him, Spread a - broad the vic - tor's fame.
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion; O what joy the sight af - fords:



Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him.
 Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him.
 Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him.
 Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown Him.



Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow, Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow.
 Crown the Sav - iour King of kings, Crown the Sav - iour King of kings.
 Spread a - broad the vic - tor's fame, Spread a - broad the vic - tor's fame.
 King of kings, and Lord of lords! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

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.



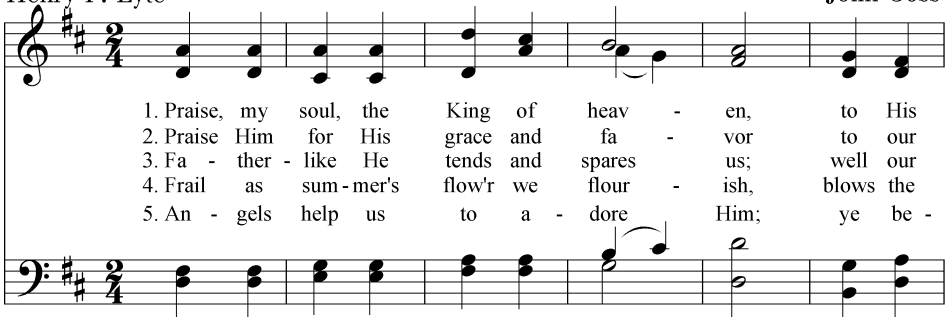
No - el, No - el, No - el, No - el, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.



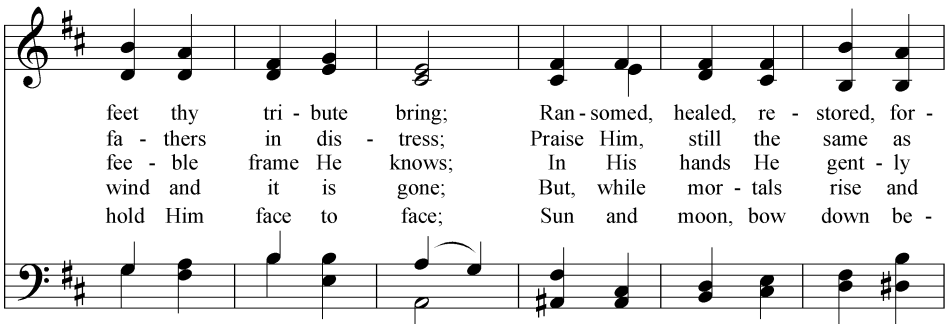
Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Henry F. Lyte

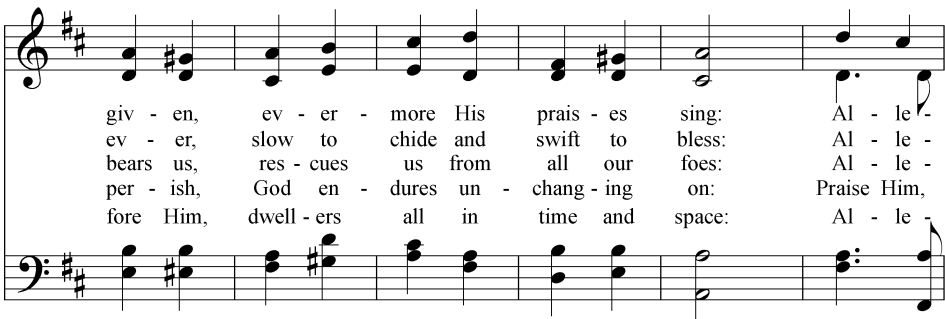
John Goss



1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, to His
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor to our
 3. Fa - ther - like He tends and spares us; well our
 4. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish, blows the
 5. An - gels help us to a - dore Him; ye be -



feet thy tri - bute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for -
 fa - thers in dis - tress; Praise Him, still the same as
 fee - ble frame He knows; In His hands He gent - ly
 wind and it is gone; But, while mor - tals rise and
 hold Him face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be -



giv - en, ev - er - more His prais - es sing: Al - le -
 ev - er, slow to chide and swift to bless: Al - le -
 bears us, res - cues us from all our foes: Al - le -
 per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on: Praise Him,
 fore Him, dwell - ers all in time and space: Al - le -



lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness!
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows!
 Praise Him, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the High E - ter - nal One.
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace!

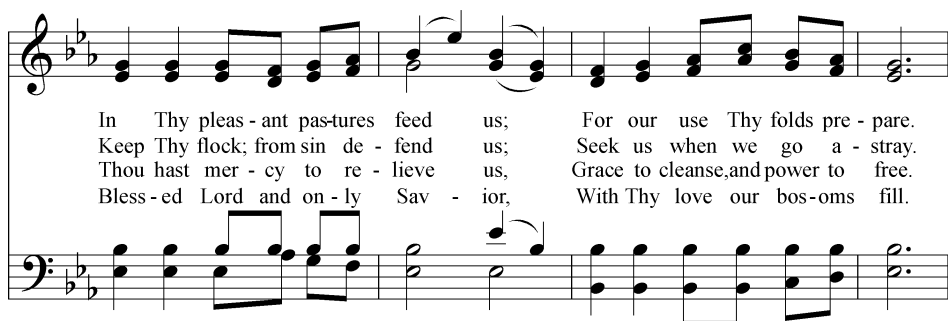
Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

Attr. to Dorothy A. Thrupp

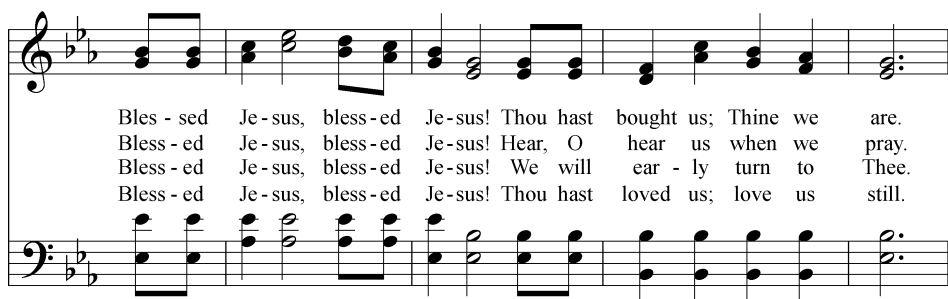
William B. Bradbury



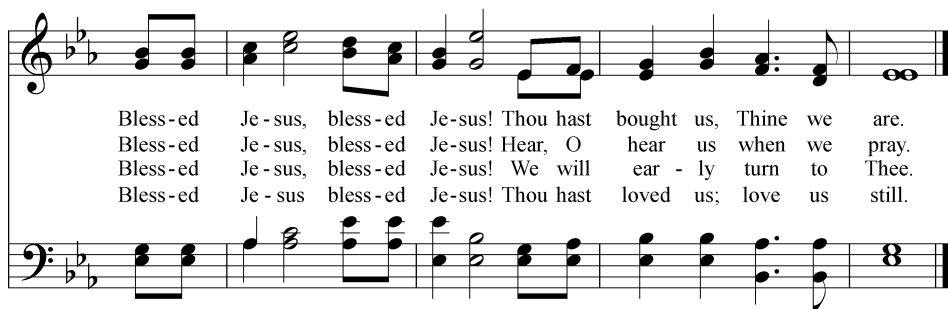
1. Sav - ior, like a Shepherd lead us; Much we need Thy ten - der care.
 2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us; Be the Guard - ian of our way.
 3. Thou hast prom - ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be;
 4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will.



In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre - pare.
 Keep Thy flock; from sin de - fend us; Seek us when we go a - stray.
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
 Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - oms fill.



Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us; Thine we are.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us when we pray.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! Thou hast loved us; love us still.



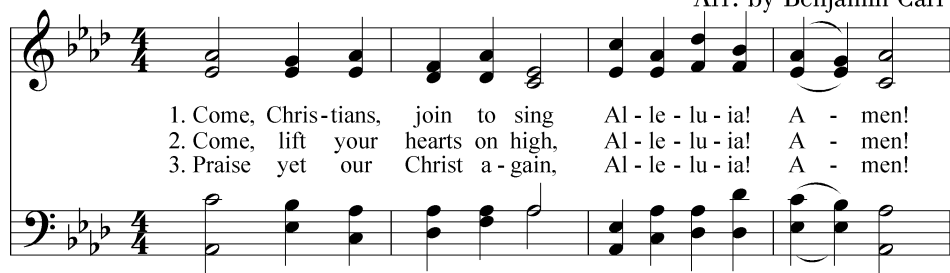
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us; Thine we are.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us when we pray.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus! Thou hast loved us; love us still.

Come, Christians, Join to Sing

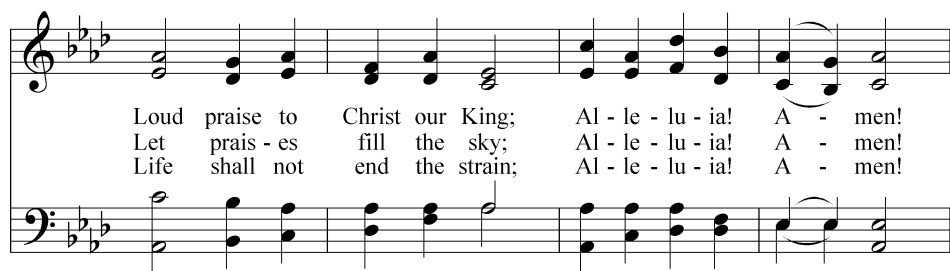
Christian Henry Bateman

Traditional Spanish Melody

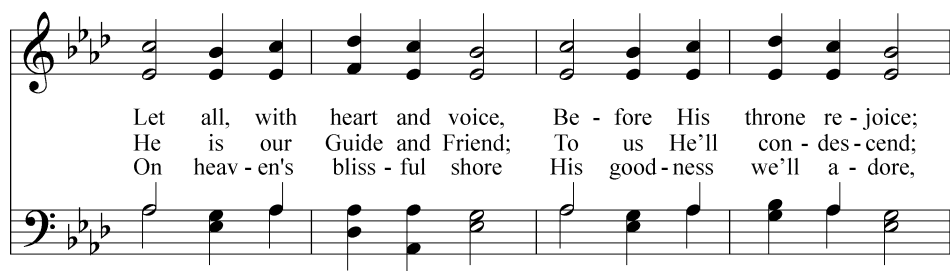
Arr. by Benjamin Carr



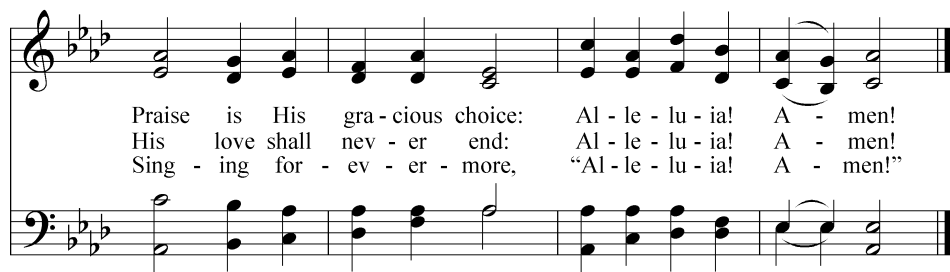
1. Come, Chris-tians, join to sing Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
2. Come, lift your hearts on high, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
3. Praise yet our Christ a - gain, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!



Loud praise to Christ our King; Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
Let prais - es fill the sky; Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
Life shall not end the strain; Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!



Let all, with heart and voice, Be - fore His throne re - joice;
He is our Guide and Friend; To us He'll con - des - cend;
On heav - en's bliss - ful shore His good - ness we'll a - dore,



Praise is His gra - cious choice: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
His love shall nev - er end: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
Sing - ing for - ev - er - more, "Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!"

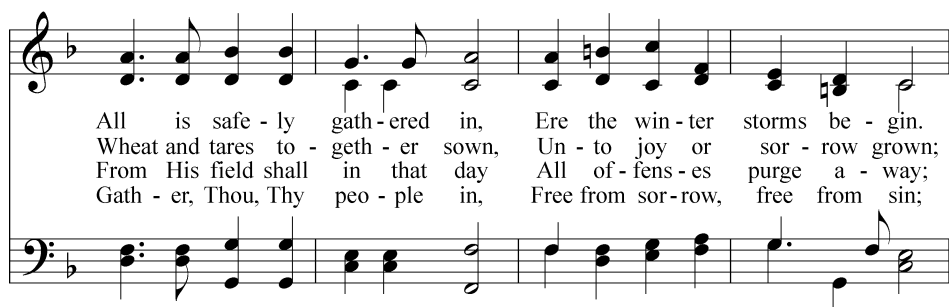
Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Henry Alford

George J. Elvey



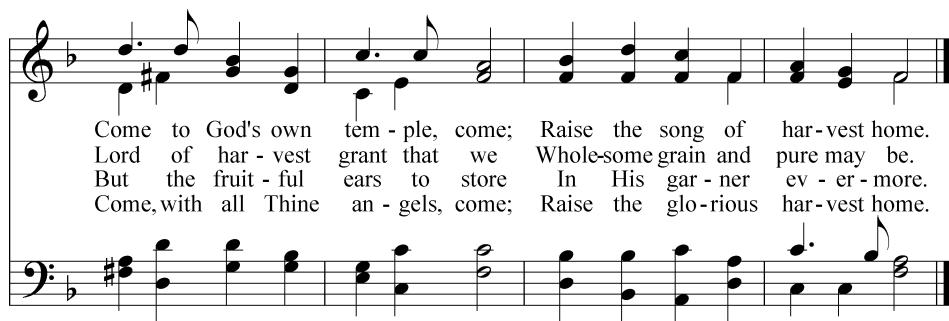
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home.
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;
 4. Ev-en so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi-nal har-vest home;



All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin.
 Wheat and tares to- geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown;
 From His field shall in that day All of-fens-es purge a-way;
 Gath-er, Thou, Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;



God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
 First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear.
 Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
 There for-ev-er pu-ri-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide.

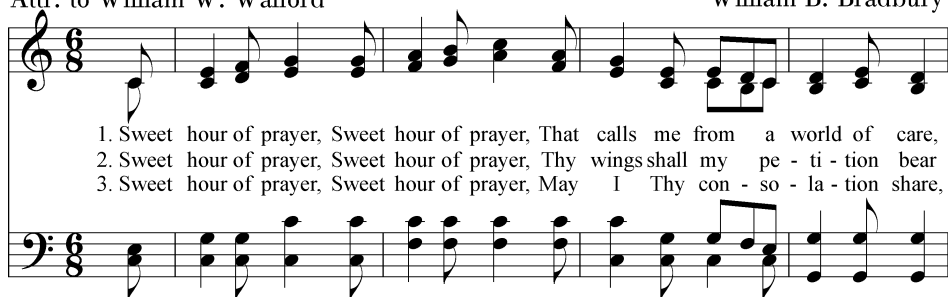


Come to God's own tem-ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home.
 Lord of har-vest grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.
 Come, with all Thine an-gels, come; Raise the glo-rious har-vest home.

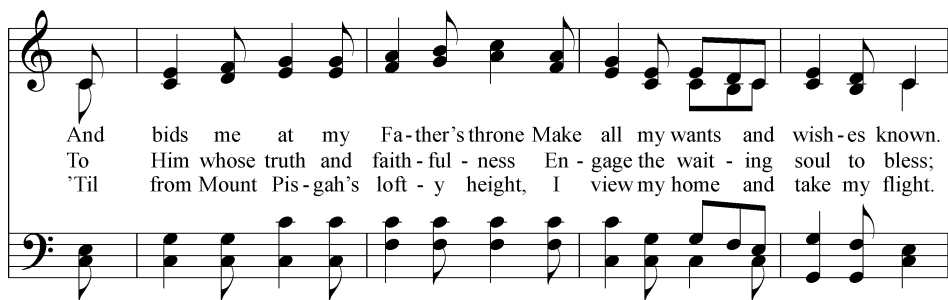
Sweet Hour of Prayer

Attr. to William W. Walford

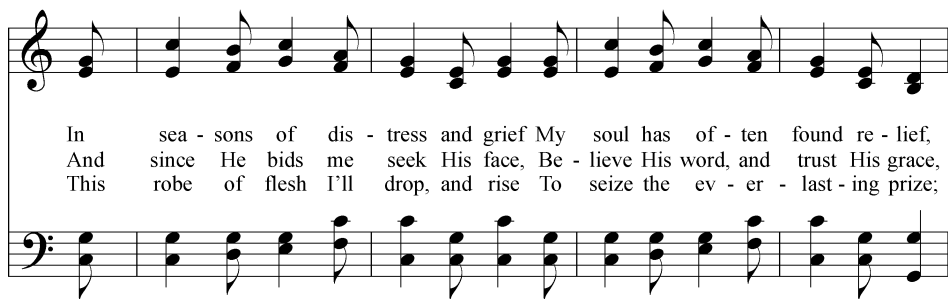
William B. Bradbury



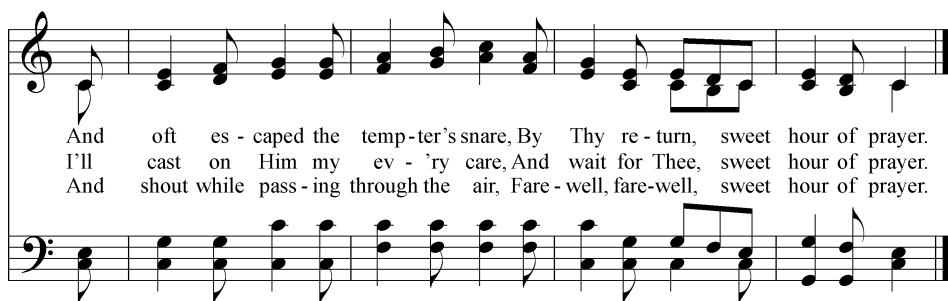
1. Sweet hour of prayer, Sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, Sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of prayer, Sweet hour of prayer, May I Thy con - so - la - tion share,



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.

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 features a treble and bass staff in 12/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Fall on your knees! O hear the an - gel'.

voic - es! O night di - vine! O

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'voic - es! O night di - vine! O'.

night when Christ was born, O night di -

The third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'night when Christ was born, O night di -'.

vine! O night, O night di - vine!

The fourth system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'vine! O night, O night di - vine!'.

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,

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Unison All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small,' are written below the notes.

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

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It ends with a double bar line and the word 'Fine' in italics. The lyrics 'All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.' are written below the notes.

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

The third system introduces a four-part vocal setting. The lyrics are numbered 1 through 4, corresponding to the four parts. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

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 fourth system continues the four-part vocal setting. It ends with a double bar line and the word 'D.C.' in italics. The lyrics are written below the notes.

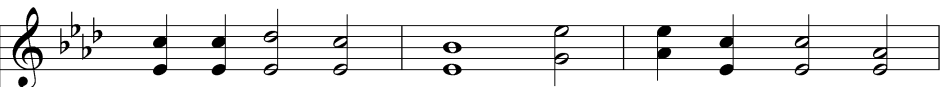
My God, How Wonderful Thou Art

Frederick W. Faber

Carl G. Gläser; arr. by Lowell Mason



1. My God, how won - der - ful Thou art, Thy
 2. How dread are Thine e - ter - nal years, O
 3. How won - der - ful, how beau - ti - ful The
 4. O how I fear Thee, liv - ing God, With
 5. Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord, Al -



maj - es - ty how bright! How beau - ti - ful Thy
 ev - er - last - ing Lord, By pros - trate spir - its
 sight of Thee must be. Thine end - less wis - dom,
 deep - est ten - d'rest fears; And wor - ship Thee with
 might - y as Thou art; For Thou hast stooped to



mer - cy seat, In depths of burn - ing light!
 day and night In - ces - sant - ly a - dored!
 bound - less pow'r And awe - some pur - i - ty.
 trem - bling hope And pen - i - ten - tial tears.
 ask of me The love of my poor heart.

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 Come, O Come, Emmanuel

Latin Hymn, 9th cent.

Translated by John M. Neale

Thomas Helmore

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!

Children of the Heavenly Father

Carolina W. Sandell-Berg

Swedish Melody

1. Chil - dren of the heaven - ly Fa - ther, Safe - ly
2. God His own doth tend and nour - ish, In His
3. Nei - ther life nor death shall ev - er, From the
4. Though He giv - eth or He tak - eth, God His

in His bos - om gath - er; Nest - ling bird nor star in
ho - ly courts they flour - ish; From all e - vil things He
Lord His chil - dren sev - er; Un - to them His grace He
chil - dren ne'er for - sak - eth; His the lov - ing pur - pose

heav - en Such a ref - uge e'er was giv - en.
spares them, In His might - y arms He bears them.
show - eth, And their sor - rows all He know - eth.
sole - ly To pre - serve them pure and ho - ly.

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,



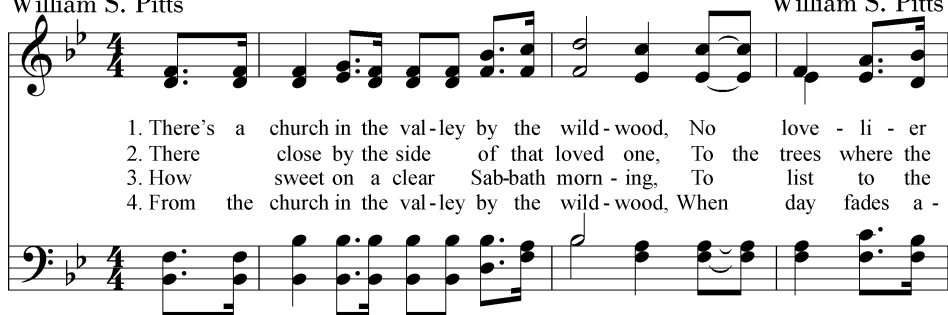
O how I love Je - sus; Be - cause He first loved me.



Little Brown Church in the Vale

William S. Pitts

William S. Pitts

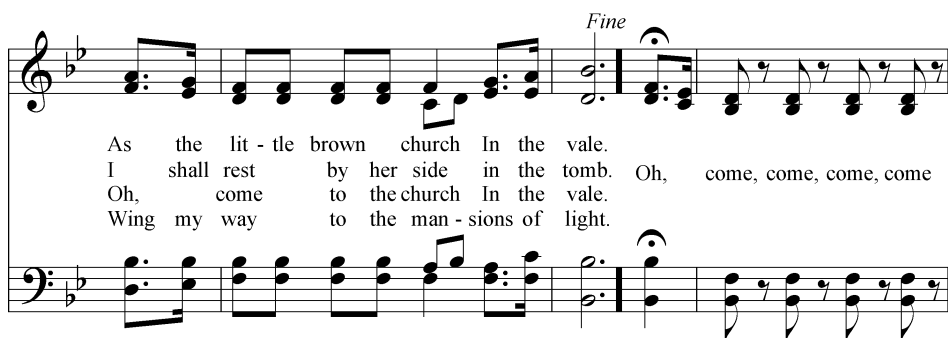


1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
 2. There close by the side of that loved one, To the trees where the
 3. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the
 4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a -



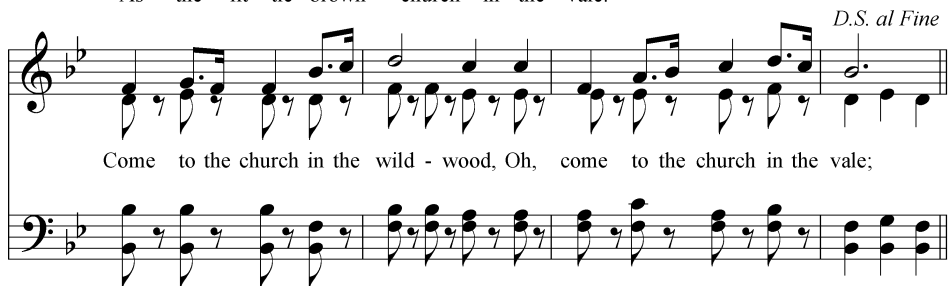
spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood
 wild flow-ers bloom; Where the fare-well hymn will be chant-ed,
 clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing,
 way in-to night. I would fain from this spot of my child-hood,

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.



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

We Three Kings of Orient Are

John H. Hopkins, Jr.

John H. Hopkins, Jr.



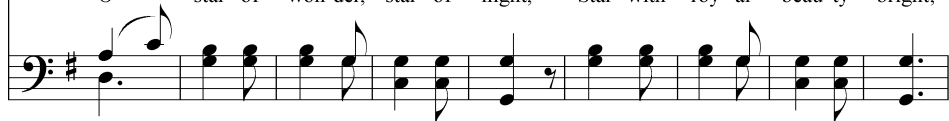
1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we trav - erse a - far;
2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him a - gain;
3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I, In - cense owns a De - i - ty night;
4. Myrrh is mine, its bit - ter per - fume, Breathes a life of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



Praise Ye the Triune God

Elizabeth R. Charles

Friedrich F. Flemming

1. Praise ye the Fa - ther! For His lov - ing kind - ness,
2. Praise ye the Sa - vior! Great is His com - pas - sion,
3. Praise ye the Spir - it! Com - fort - er of Is - rael,

ten - der - ly cares He For His err - ing
gra - cious - ly cares He for His cho - sen
sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to

chil - dren; Praise Him, ye an - gels, praise Him in the
peo - ple; young men and maid - ens, ye old men and
bless us; praise to the Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly

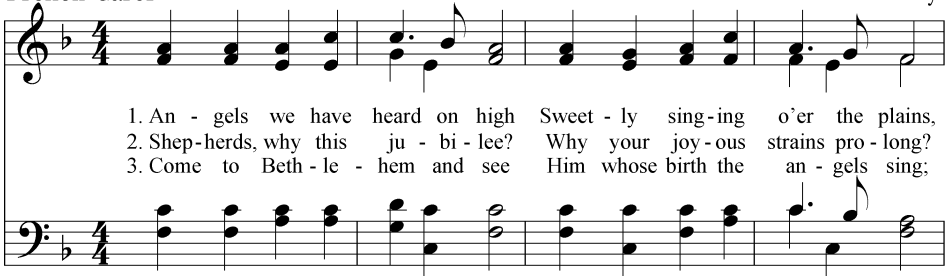
heav - ens, praise ye Je - ho - - - vah!
chil - dren, praise ye the Sav - - - ior!
Spir - it, praise ye the tri - une God!

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 score consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines. The score ends with a double bar line.

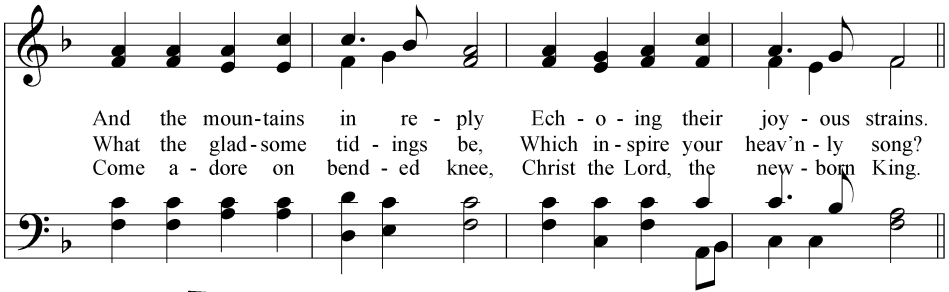
Angels We Have Heard on High

French Carol

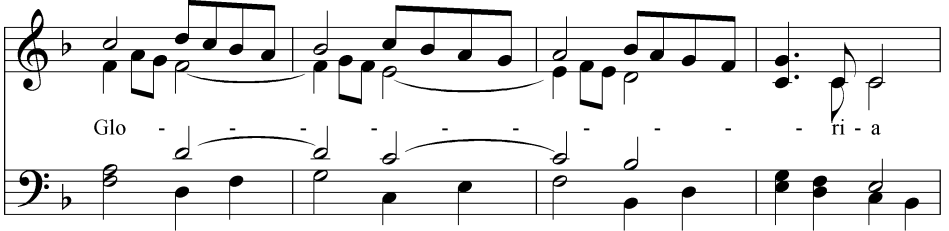
French Melody



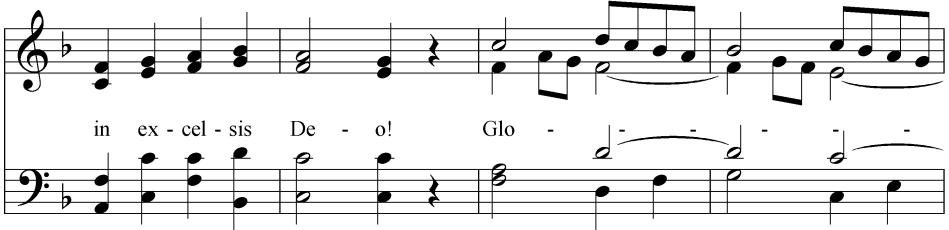
1. An - gels we have heard on high Sweet - ly sing-ing o'er the plains,
2. Shep-herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your joy - ous strains pro - long?
3. Come to Beth - le - hem and see Him whose birth the an - gels sing;



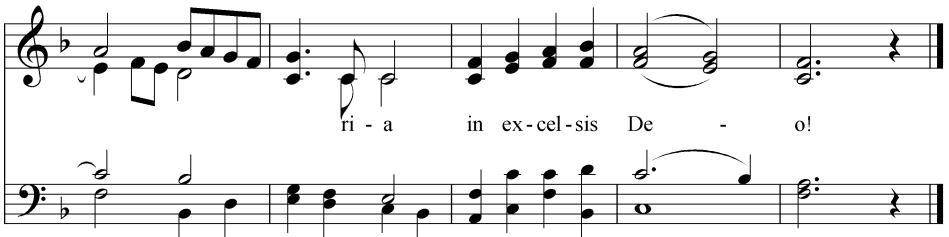
And the moun-tains in re - ply Ech - o - ing their joy - ous strains.
What the glad-some tid - ings be, Which in - spire your heav'n - ly song?
Come a - dore on bend - ed knee, Christ the Lord, the new - born King.



Glo - ri - a



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

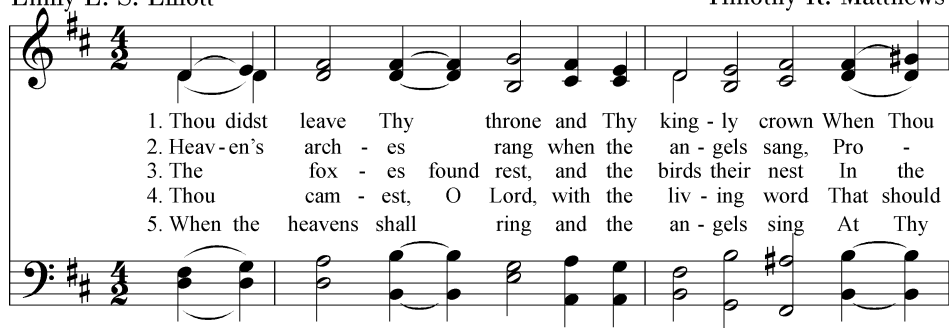


ri - a in ex-cel-sis De - o!

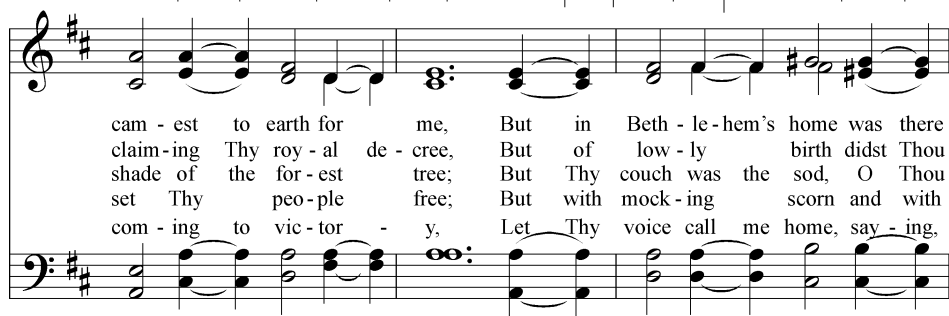
Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne

Emily E. S. Elliott

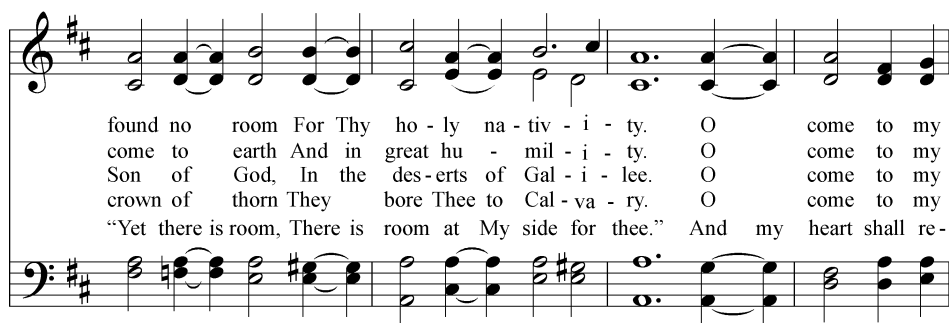
Timothy R. Matthews



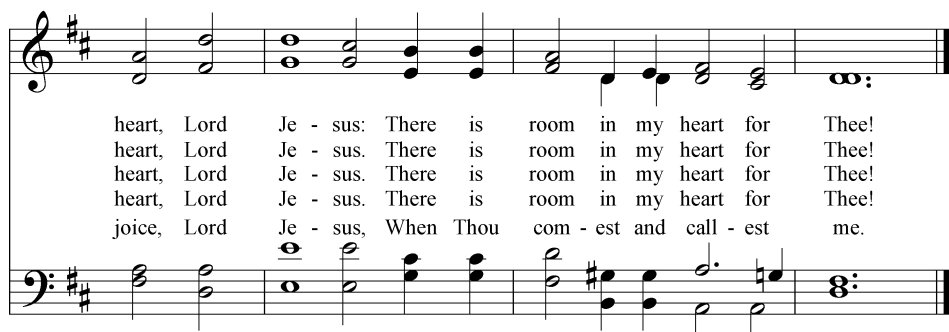
1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown When Thou
 2. Heav - en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro -
 3. The fox - es found rest, and the birds their nest In the
 4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That should
 5. When the heavens shall ring and the an - gels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

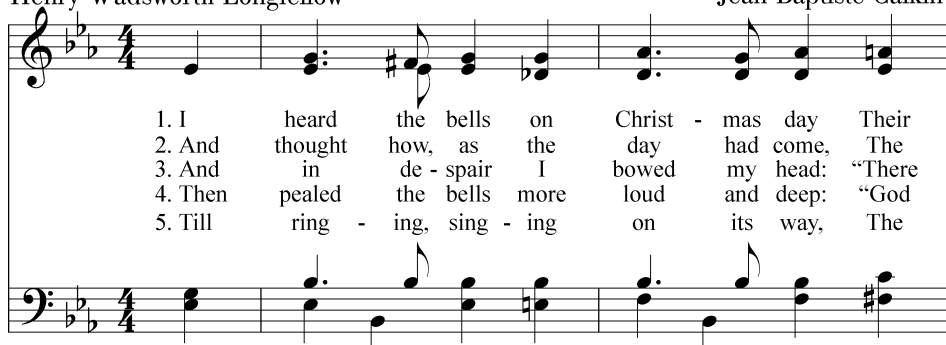


heart, Lord Je - sus: There is room in my heart for Thee!
 heart, Lord Je - sus: There is room in my heart for Thee!
 heart, Lord Je - sus: There is room in my heart for Thee!
 heart, Lord Je - sus: There is room in my heart for Thee!
 joyce, Lord Je - sus, When Thou com - est and call - est me.

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 - fries 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!

For All the Saints

William W. How

Ralph Vaughan Williams

1. For all the saints Who from their la - bors rest,
2. Thou wast their Rock, their fort - ress and their might;
3. O blest com - mu - nion, fel - low - ship di - vine!
4. And when the strife is fierce, the war - fare long,
5. From earth's wide bounds and o - cean's far - thest coast,

Who Thee by faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy
Thou, Lord, their Cap - tain in the well - fought fight;
We fee - bly strug - gle; they in glo - ry shine. Yet
Steals on the ear the dis - tant tri - umph song, And
Through gates of pearl streams in the count - less host,

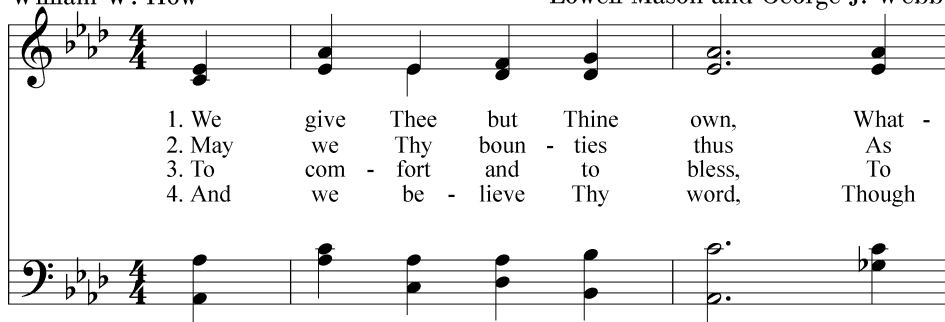
name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blest.
Thou in the dark - ness drear, their one true light.
all are the one in Thee, for all are Thine.
hearts are brave a - gain and arms are strong.
Sing - ing to Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

Al - - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

We Give Thee But Thine Own

William W. How

Lowell Mason and George J. Webb



1. We give Thee but Thine own, What -
2. May we Thy boun - ties thus As
3. To com - fort and to bless, To
4. And we be - lieve Thy word, Though



e'er the gift may be. All that we have is
stew - ards true re - ceive. And glad - ly, as Thou
find a balm for woe, To tend the lone and
dim our faith may be. What - ev - er task we



Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
bless - est us, To Thee our first - fruits give.
fa - ther - less, Is an - gels' work be - low.
do, O Lord, We do it un - to Thee.

What Child Is This?

William C. Dix

English Melody

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 Christ-ian, 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.

Ring the Bells of Heaven

William O. Cushing

George F. Root

1. Ring the bells of heav-en! There is joy to-day, For a soul re-
2. Ring the bells of heav-en! There is joy to-day, For the wan-d'rer
3. Ring the bells of heav-en! Spread the feast to-day! An-gels swell the

turn-ing from the wild! See! the Fa-ther meets Him out up-on the way,
now is rec-on-ciled; Yes, a soul is res-cued from His sin-ful way,
glad tri-um-phiant strain! Tell the joy-ful ti-dings, bear it far a-way!

Wel-com-ing His wea-ry, wan-d'ring child.
And is born a-new a ran-somed child. Glo-ry! Glo-ry! How the
For a pre-cious soul is born a-gain.

an-gels sing! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! How the loud harps ring! 'Tis the ran-somed

ar-my, like a might-y sea, Peal-ing forth the an-them of the free.

The Church's One Foundation

Samuel J. Stone

Samuel S. Wesley



1. The Church - 's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord,
 2. She is from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
 4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mu - nion With those whose rest is won;



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 With all her sons and daugh - ters, who by the Mas - ter's hand



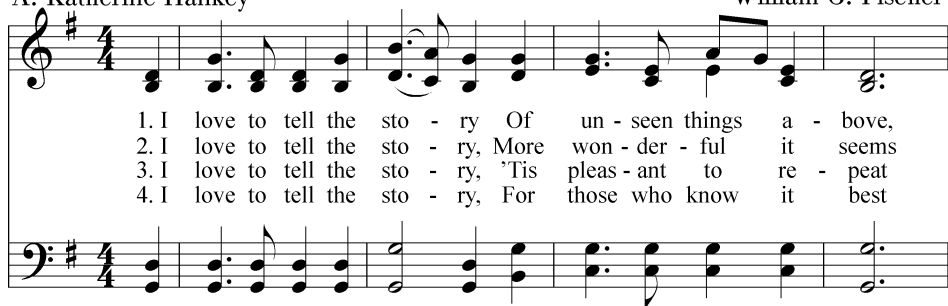
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
 Led through the death - ly wa - ters, Re - pose in Ed - en land.



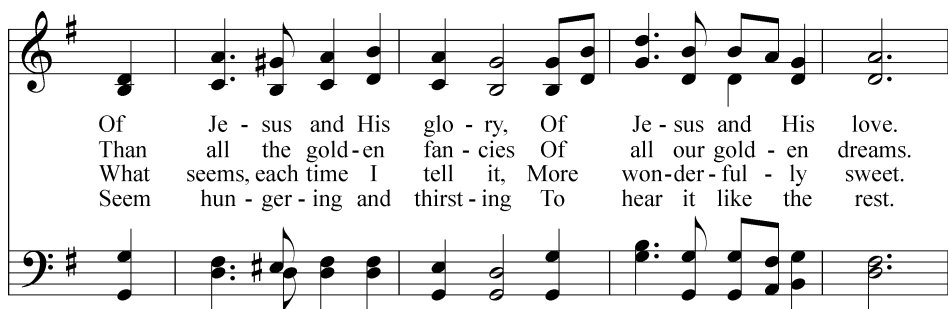
I Love to Tell the Story

A. Katherine Hankey

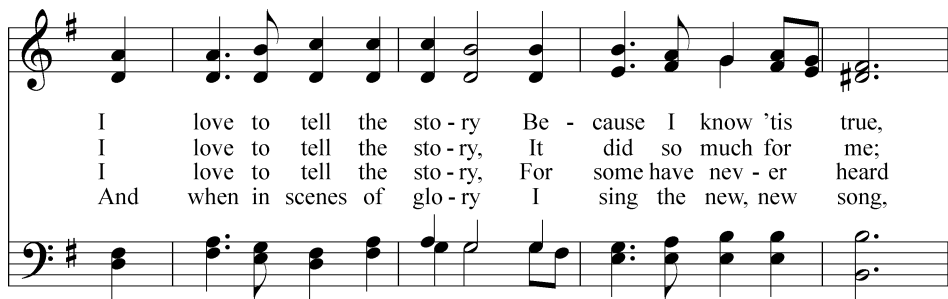
William G. Fischer



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.

The Cleansing Wave

Phoebe W. Palmer

Phoebe P. Knapp

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

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

The cleans-ing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and Oh, it cleans-eth me;

Oh praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me, It cleans-eth me, yes, cleans-eth me.

Whispering Hope

Alice Hawthorne
Duet

Alice Hawthorne



Soft as the voice of an an - gel, Breathing a les-son un - heard,

Hope with a gen - tle per - sua - sion Whis-pers her com-fort-ing word:

Wait till the dark - ness is o - ver, Wait till life's tem-pest is done,

Hope for the sun-shine to - mor - row, Aft - er the show - er is gone.

Whis - per-ing hope, O how wel - come thy voice,
Whis-per-ing hope, whis-per-ing hope, Wel-come thy voice, O how welcometh voice,

Mak - ing my heart in its sor - row re - joice.
Mak-ing my heart, Mak-ing my heart in its sor-row, its sor-row re - joice.

Yield Not to Temptation

Horatio R. Palmer

Horatio R. Palmer

1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin;
2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lan - guage dis - dain;
3. To him that o'er - com - eth God giv - eth a crown;

Each vic - t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win;
God's name hold in rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain;
Thro' faith we shall con - quer, Though of - ten cast down;

Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark pas - sions sub - due;
Be thought - ful and ear - nest, Kind - heart - ed and true;
He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will re - new;

Look ev - er to Je - sus, He will car - ry you through.
Look ev - er to Je - sus, He will car - ry you through.
Look ev - er to Je - sus, He will car - ry you through.

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

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,

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

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,

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

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.

The fourth system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are written below the staves.

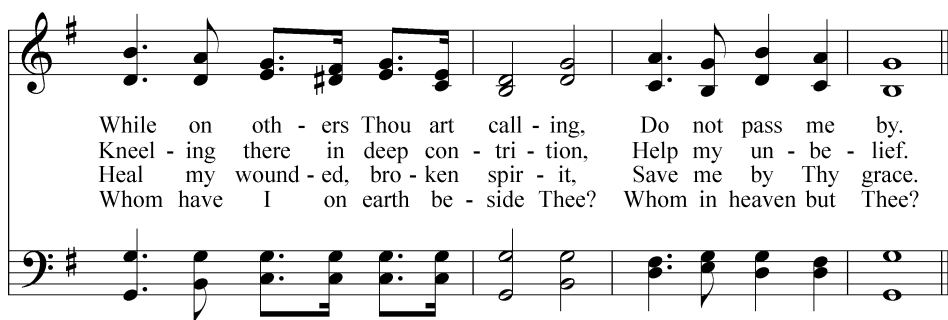
Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior

Fanny J. Crosby

William H. Doane



1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior; Hear my hum - ble cry!
2. Let me at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face.
4. Thou, the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me!



While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heaven but Thee?



Sav - ior, Sav - ior, hear my hum - ble cry!

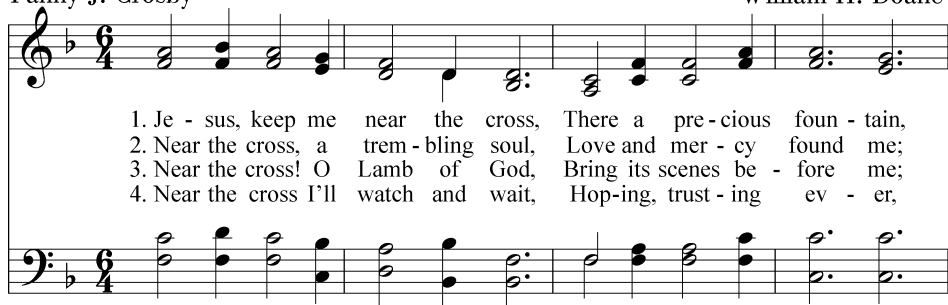


While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

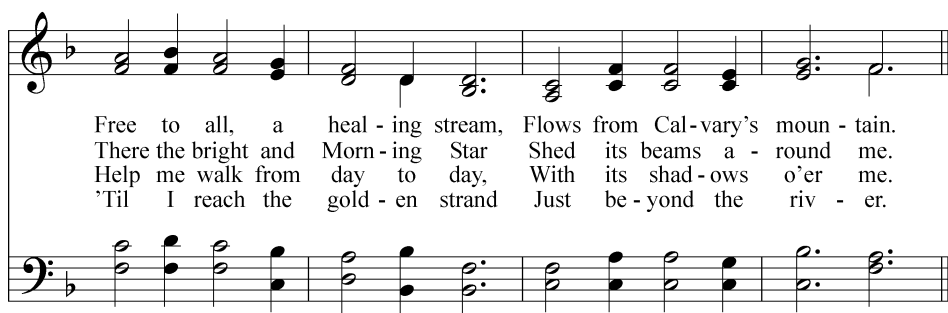
Near the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby

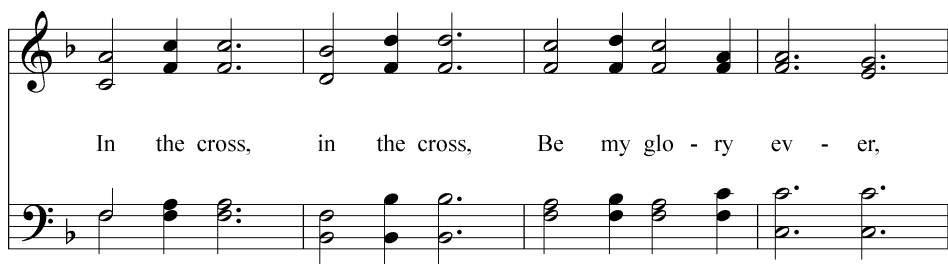
William H. Doane



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,

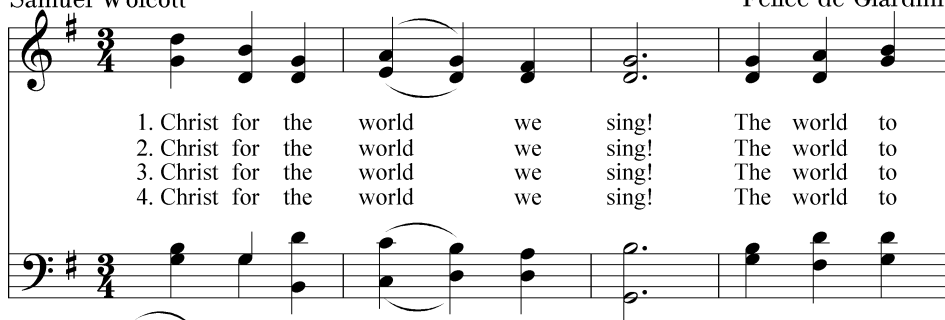


'Til my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

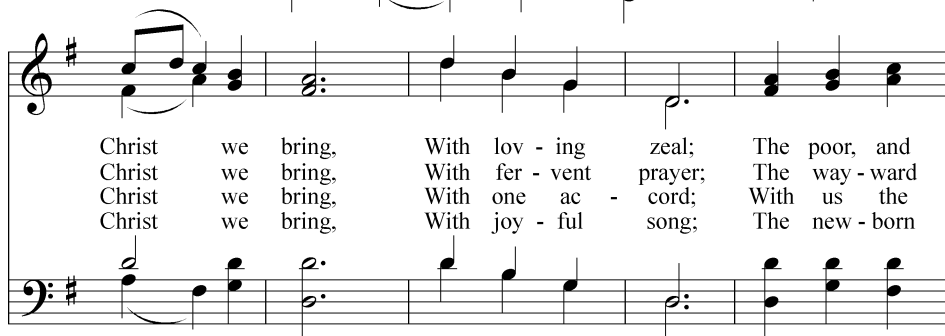
Christ for the World We Sing

Samuel Wolcott

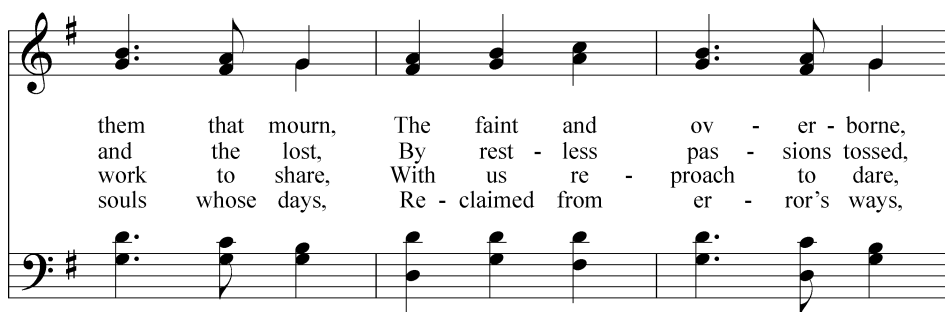
Felice de Giardini



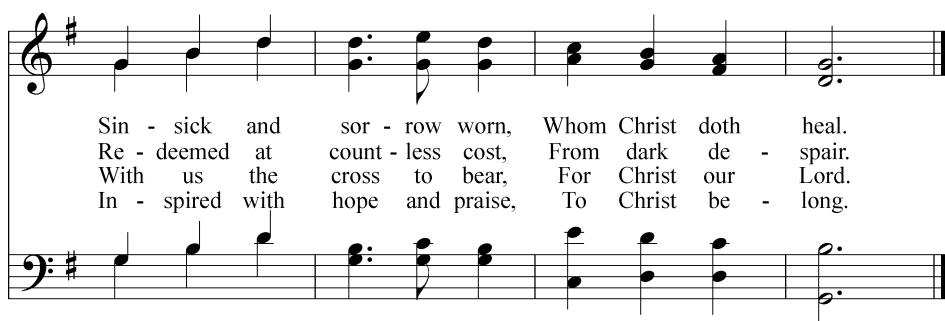
1. Christ for the world we sing! The world to
 2. Christ for the world we sing! The world to
 3. Christ for the world we sing! The world to
 4. Christ for the world we sing! The world to



Christ we bring, With lov - ing zeal; The poor, and
 Christ we bring, With fer - vent prayer; The way - ward
 Christ we bring, With one ac - cord; With us the
 Christ we bring, With joy - ful song; The new - born



them that mourn, The faint and ov - er - borne,
 and the lost, By rest - less pas - sions tossed,
 work to share, With us re - proach to dare,
 souls whose days, Re - claimed from er - ror's ways,



Sin - sick and sor - row worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
 Re - deemed at count - less cost, From dark de - spair.
 With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord.
 In - spired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long.

Take the Name of Jesus with You

Lydia Baxter

William H. Doane

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe.
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev-er As a shield from ev-ery snare;
3. At the name of Je-sus bow-ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet;

It will joy and com-fort give you; Take it then wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions 'round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
King of kings, we'll glad-ly crown Him When our jour-ney is com-plete.

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

O Zion, Haste

Mary A. Thomson

James Walch

1. O Zi - on, haste, Thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to
2. Be - hold how man - y thou - sands still are ly - ing, Bound in the
3. Pro - claim to ev - ery peo - ple, tongue, and na - tion that God in
4. Give of Thy sons to bear the mes - sage glo - rious, Give of thy

all the world that God is light; That He who made all na - tions
dark - some pris - on house of sin. With none to tell them of the
whom they live and move is love; Tell how He stooped to save His
wealth to speed them on their way; Pour out Thy soul for them in

is not will - ing One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Sav - ior's dy - ing, Or of the life He died for them to win.
lost cre - a - tion, And died on earth that we might live a - bove.
prayer vic - to - rious, O Zi - on, haste to bring the bright - er day.

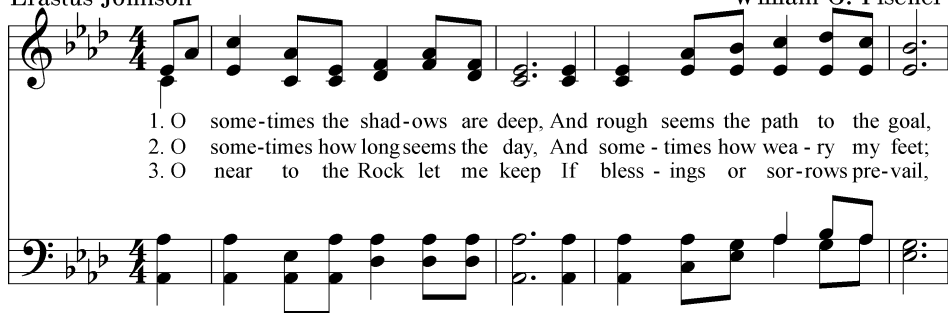
Pub - lish glad tid - ings, Tid - ings of peace,

Tid - ings of Je - sus, Re - demp - tion and re - lease.

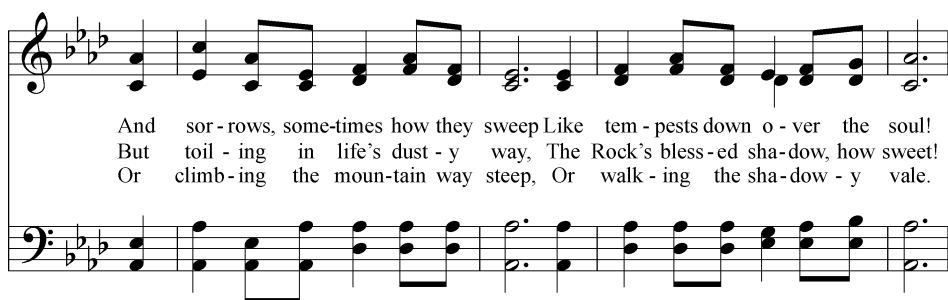
The Rock That Is Higher Than I

Erastus Johnson

William G. Fischer



1. O some-times the shad-ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. O some-times how long seems the day, And some - times how wea - ry my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep If bless - ings or sor-rows pre-vail,



And sor - rows, some-times how they sweep Like tem - pests down o - ver the soul!
But toil - ing in life's dust - y way, The Rock's bless-ed sha-dow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the moun-tain way steep, Or walk - ing the sha-dow - y vale.



O then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I;



O then to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I!

All for Jesus

Mary D. James

Source Unknown



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



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



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



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



Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

Edward Hopper

John E. Gould

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the

life's tem - pes - tuous sea; Un - known waves be - fore me
 hush the o - cean wild; Boi - s - t'rous waves o - bey Thy
 fear - ful break - ers roar 'Twixt me and the peace - ful

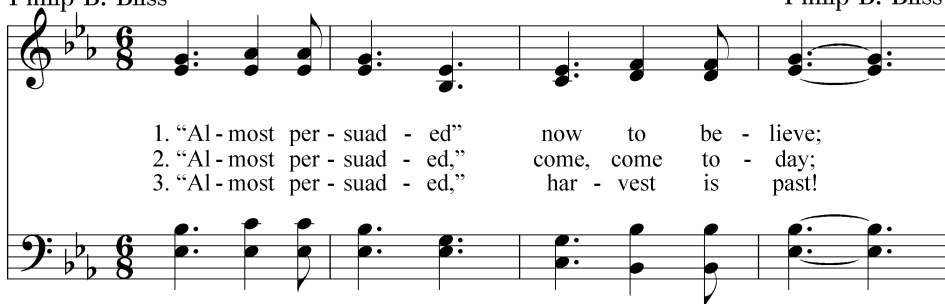
roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach - 'rous shoal; Chart and
 will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!" Won - drous
 rest, Then while lean - ing on Thy breast, May I

com - pass came from Thee - Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me!
 Sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me!
 hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

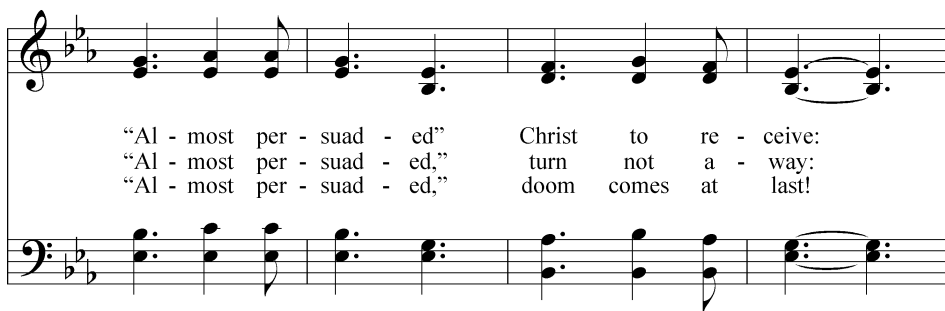
Almost Persuaded

Philip B. Bliss

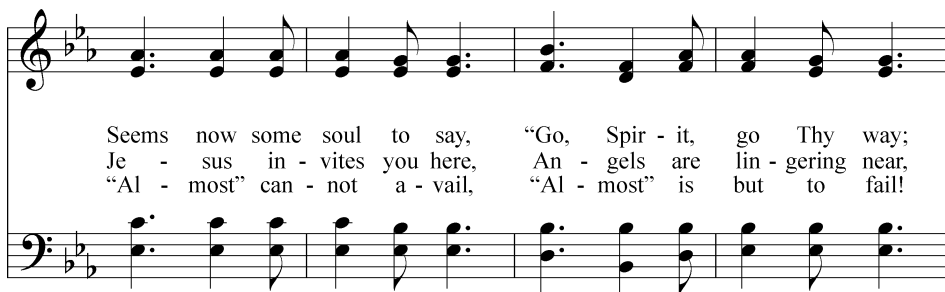
Philip B. Bliss



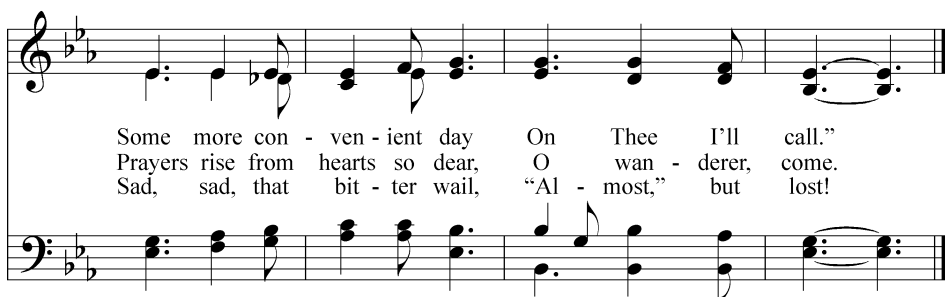
1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve;
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day;
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past!



"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

First system of musical notation. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4 and B4, then a dotted quarter note C5, and continues with various chords and single notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

No-bo-dy knows the trou-ble I've seen; No-bo-dy knows but Je-sus.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note G4, eighth notes A4 and B4, a dotted quarter note C5, and then a series of chords. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

No-bo-dy knows the trou-ble I've seen; Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a series of chords. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

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;

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with chords and a melodic line. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

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 features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by a half note F4, then a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a half note C4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

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

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues with a half note Bb4, a half note A4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, and a half note E4. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

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. It includes two verses of lyrics. The melody features a half note D5, a half note C5, a quarter note Bb4, a quarter note A4, and a half note G4. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

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. The melody features a half note F4, a half note E4, a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a half note Bb3. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

Whiter Than Snow

James Nicholson

William G. 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.

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

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!

To God Be the Glory

Fanny J. Crosby

William H. Doane

1. 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.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three flats. The piano accompaniment starts with a bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. To God be the glo - ry, great things He hath done. So loved He the'. The second system continues the lyrics: 'world that He gave us His Son, Who yield - ed His life, an a -'. The third system continues: 'tone-ment for sin, And o - pened the life-gate, that all may go in.'. The fourth system continues: 'Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice! Praise the'. The fifth system continues: 'Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo - ple re - joice! O come to the Fa - ther thru'. The sixth system concludes with: '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.

Peace, Perfect Peace

Edward H. Bickersteth

Orlando Gibbons

1. Peace, per-fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace, per-fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties pressed?
3. Peace, per-fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?
4. Peace, per-fect peace, with loved ones far a - way?
5. Peace, per-fect peace, our fu - ture all un - known?

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in B-flat major. The lyrics are arranged in five lines, each corresponding to a different verse of the hymn. The music consists of simple chords and single notes, with a final cadence in the bass staff.

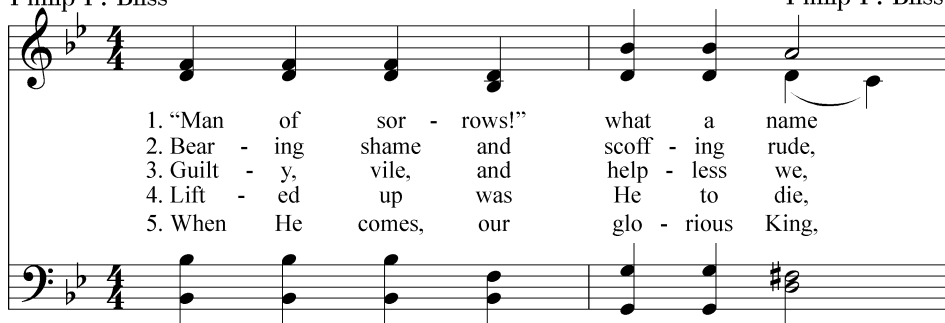
The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
To do the will of Je - sus: this is rest.
On Je - sus' bos - om naught but calm is found.
In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe, and they.
Je - sus we know, and He is on the throne.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody from the first system. It also features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The lyrics are arranged in five lines, each corresponding to a different verse of the hymn. The music consists of simple chords and single notes, with a final cadence in the bass staff.

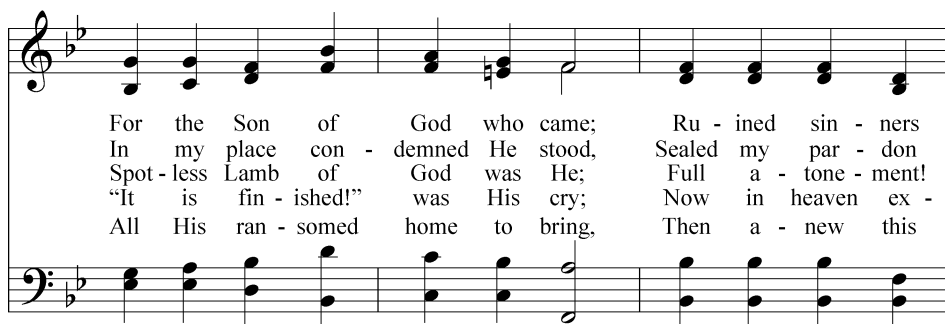
Hallelujah, What a Savior!

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, Sealed 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!

The Light of the World Is Jesus

Philip P. Bliss

Philip P. Bliss

1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide; The Light of the
3. Ye dwell - ers in dark-ness with sin - blind - ed eyes, The Light of the
4. No need of the sun - light in Heav - en, we're told, The Light of the

world is Je - sus; Like sun - shine at noon - day His glo - ry shone in,
world is Je - sus; We walk in the Light when we fol - low our Guide;
world is Je - sus; Go, wash at His bid - ding, and light will a - rise,
world is Je - sus; The Lamb is the light in the Cit - y of Gold;

The Light of the world is Je - sus. Come to the Light, 'tis

shin - ing for thee! Sweet - ly the Light has dawned up-on me; Once I was

blind, but now I can see; The Light of the world is Je - sus!

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-iour 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 fad-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!

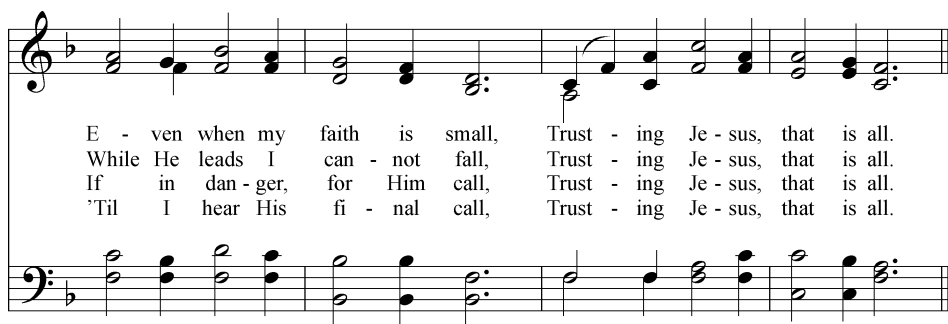
Trusting Jesus

Edgar P. Stites

Ira D. Sankey



1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - ery day, Trust - ing through a storm - y way;
2. Bright - ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine.
3. Sing - ing if my way is clear, Pray - ing if the path be drear;
4. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth be past;



E - ven when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
'Til I hear His fi - nal call, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;



Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

I Am His, and He Is Mine

George Robinson

James Mountain

1. Loved with ev - er - last - ing love, Led by grace that love to know,
2. Heav'n a - bove is soft - er blue, Earth a - round is sweet - er green;
3. Things that once were wild a - larms Can - not now dis - turb my rest;
4. His for - ev - er, on - ly His, Who the Lord and me shall part?

Spir - it breath - ing from a - bove, Thou hast taught me it is so!
Some - thing lives in ev - ery hue Christ - less eyes have nev - er seen!
Closed in ev - er - last - ing arms, Pil - lowed on the lov - ing breast!
Ah, with what a rest of bliss Christ can fill the lov - ing heart!

O this full and per - fect peace From His pres - ence all di - vine -
Birds with glad - der songs o'er - flow, Flow'rs with deep - er beau - ties shine,
O to lie for - ev - er here, Doubt and care and self re - sign,
Heav'n and earth may fade and flee, First - born light in gloom de - cline,

In a love which can - not cease, I am His and He is mine; mine.
Since I know, as I now know, I am His and He is mine; mine.
While He whis - pers in my ear, I am His and He is mine; mine.
But while God and I shall be, I am His and He is mine; mine.

Nothing but the Blood

Robert Lowry

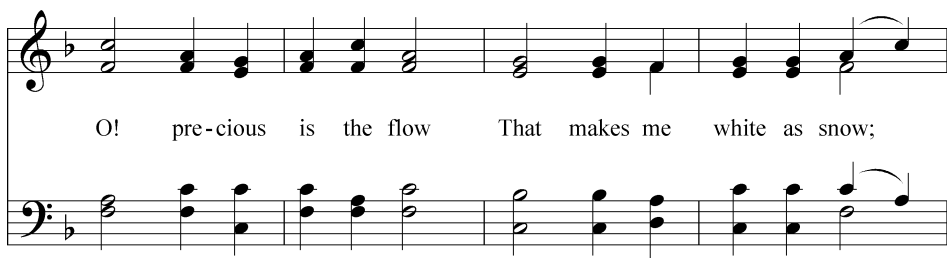
Robert Lowry



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.

God of Our Fathers

Daniel C. Roberts

George W. Warren

3

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,

3

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;

3

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!

8

Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

Walter Chalmers Smith

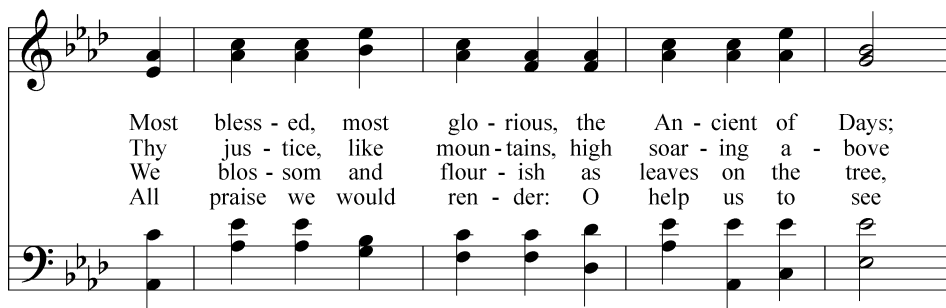
Welsh Hymn Melody



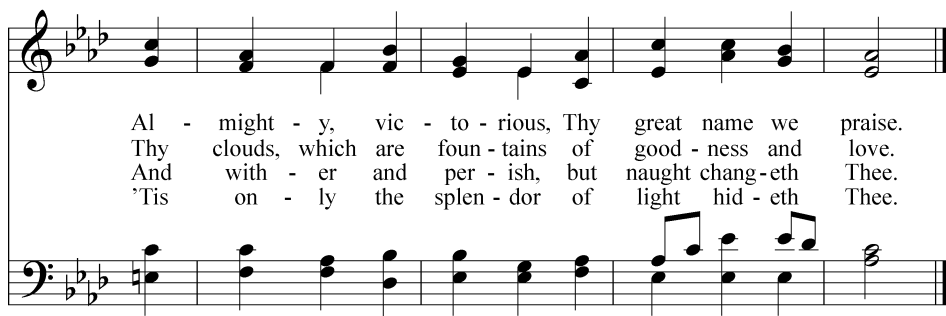
1. Im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise,
 2. Un - rest - ing, un - hast - ing, and si - lent as light;
 3. To all, life Thou giv - est, to both great and small;
 4. Great Fa - ther of glo - ry, pure Fa - ther of light;



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.

A Child of the King

Harriet E. Buell

John B. Sumner

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
2. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by
3. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build - ing a

wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and dia - monds, of
choice, and an al - ien by birth; But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
pal - ace for me o - ver there; Though ex - iled from home, yet

sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told.
name's writ - ten down, An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.
still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King.

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

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

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 B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system includes three verses of lyrics. The second system continues the lyrics. The third system continues the lyrics. The fourth system continues the lyrics. The fifth system continues the lyrics. The sixth system continues the lyrics. The score ends with a double bar line.

Break Thou the Bread of Life

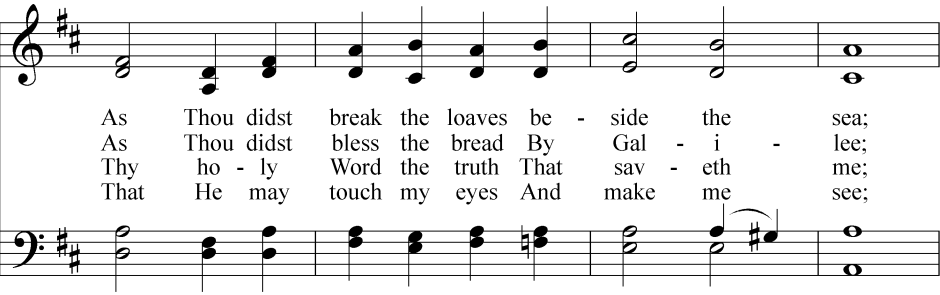
Mary A. Lathbury, stanzas 1 & 2

Alexander Groves, stanzas 3 & 4

William F. Sherwin



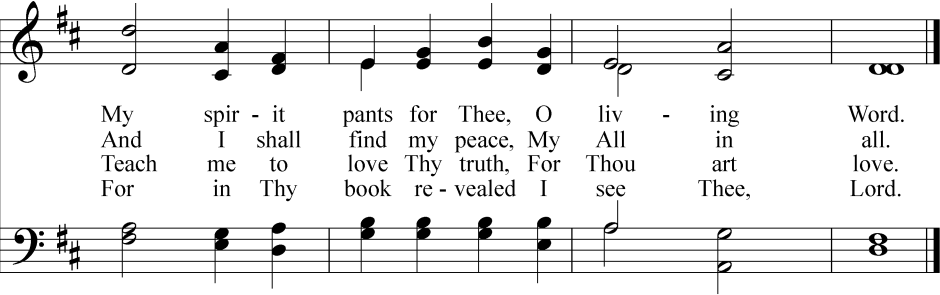
1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me,
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me,
 3. Thou art the Bread of Life, O Lord, to me,
 4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me,



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



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



My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
 And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
 Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
 For in Thy book re - vealed I see Thee, Lord.

Who Is on the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal

C. Luise Reichardt

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter
 3. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the

be His help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the
 we the ar - my, Raise the war - rior psalm; But for love that
 King's own ar - my None can o - ver - throw. 'Round His stan - dard

world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the
 claim - eth rang - ing, Lives for whom He died; He whom Je - sus
 Vic - tory to se - cure, For His truth un -

Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
 nam - eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con - strain - ing,
 chang - ing Makes the tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing

By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side— Sav - ior, we are Thine.

Truehearted, Wholehearted

Frances R. Havergal

George C. Stebbins

1. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, faith - ful and loy - al,
2. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, Full - est al - le - giance
3. True - heart - ed, whole - heart - ed, Sav - ior all - glo - rious!

King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be;
Yield - ing hence - forth to our glo - ri - ous King;
Take Thy great pow - er and reign there a - lone,

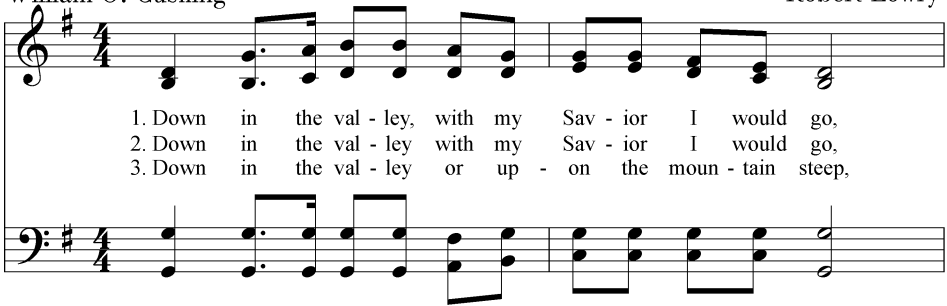
Un - der the stan - dard ex - alt - ed and roy - al,
Val - iant en - deav - or and lov - ing o - be - dience,
O - ver our wills and af - fec - tions vic - to - rious,

Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee.
Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now we would bring.
Free - ly sur - ren - dered and whol - ly Thine own.

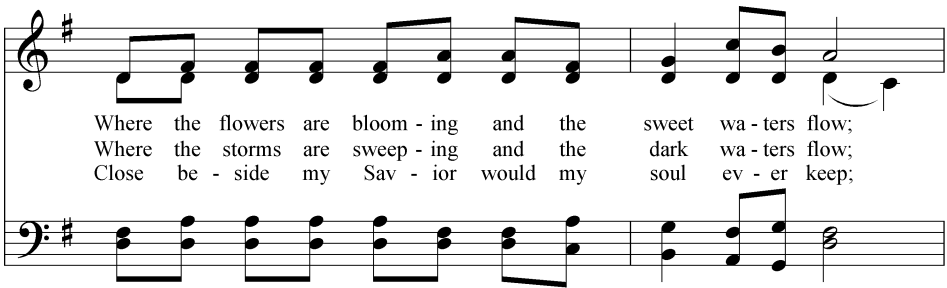
Follow On

William O. Cushing

Robert Lowry



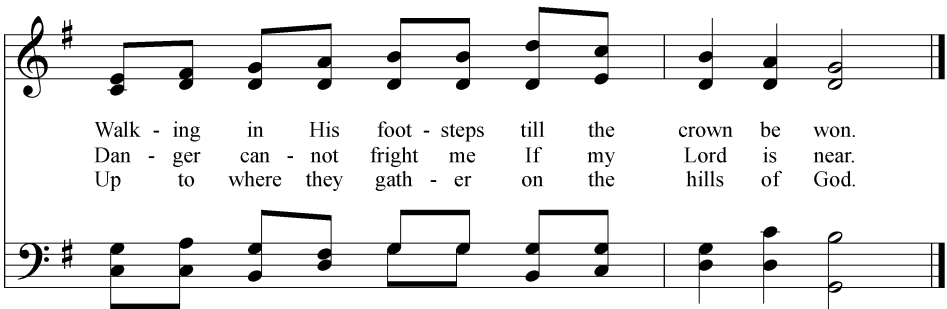
1. Down in the val - ley, with my Sav - ior I would go,
2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go,
3. Down in the val - ley or up - on the moun - tain steep,



Where the flowers are bloom - ing and the sweet wa - ters flow;
Where the storms are sweep - ing and the dark wa - ters flow;
Close be - side my Sav - ior would my soul ev - er keep;



Ev - ery - where He leads me I would fol - low, fol - low on,
With His hand to lead me I will nev - er, nev - er fear,
He will lead me safe - ly in the path that He has trod,



Walk - ing in His foot - steps till the crown be won.
Dan - ger can - not fright me If my Lord is near.
Up to where they gath - er on the hills of God.

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?

Breathe on Me

Edwin Hatch

B.B. McKinney

1. Ho - ly Spir-it, breathe on me, Un - til my heart is clean;
2. Ho - ly Spir-it, breathe on me, My stub-born will sub - due.
3. Ho - ly Spir-it, breathe on me, Fill me with pow'r di - vine;
4. Ho - ly Spir-it, breathe on me, Till I am all Thine own,

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in 6/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Let sun-shine fill its in-most part, With not a cloud be-tween.
Teach me in words of liv-ing flame What Christ would have me do.
Kin - dle a flame of love and zeal With - in this heart of mine.
Un - til my will is lost in Thine, To live for Thee a - lone.

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

Breathe on me, breathe on me, Ho - ly Spir-it, breathe on me;

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

Take Thou my heart, cleanse ev-'ry part, Ho - ly Spir - it, breathe on me.

The fourth system concludes the hymn with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the staff.

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!"

A Shelter in the Time of Storm

Vernon J. Charlesworth

Ira D. Sankey

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

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

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

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are arranged in four systems, each corresponding to a line of music. The first system includes four numbered verses. The second system continues the lyrics. The third system begins with 'O Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A' and continues across two lines. The fourth system concludes with 'Rock in a wea-ry land; A Shel-ter in the time of storm.' The piano part consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal melody.

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 - dols 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

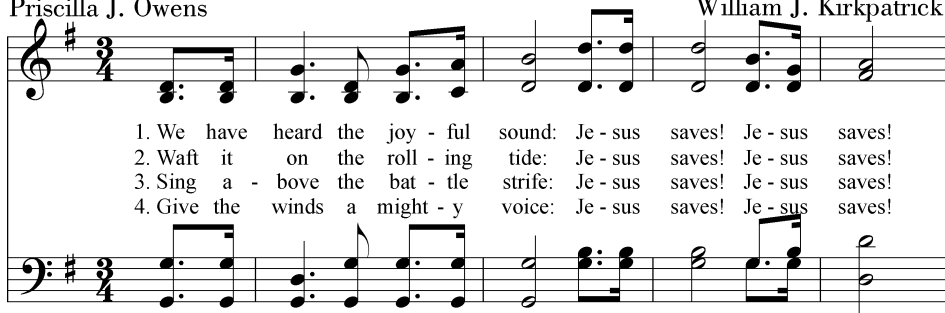
tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll; He's the
 Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal; He's the
 riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll; He's the

Hal - le - lu - jah!

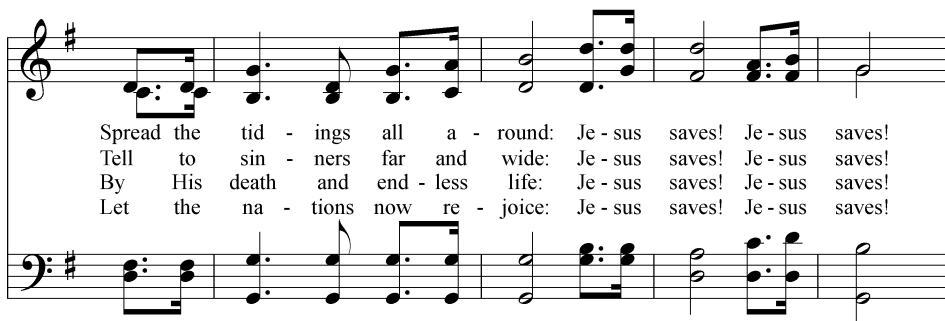
Jesus Saves

Priscilla J. Owens

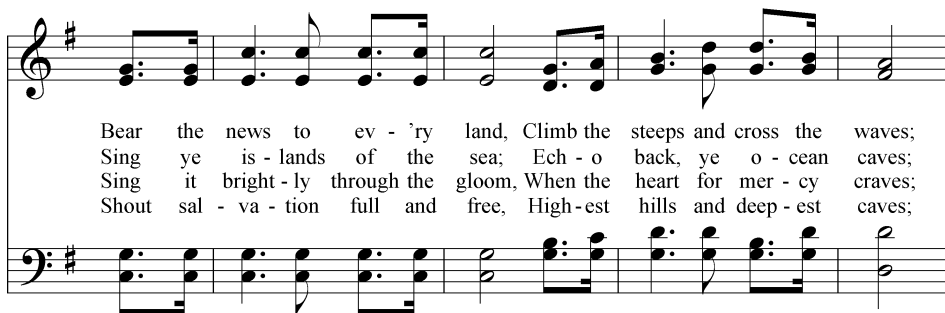
William J. Kirkpatrick



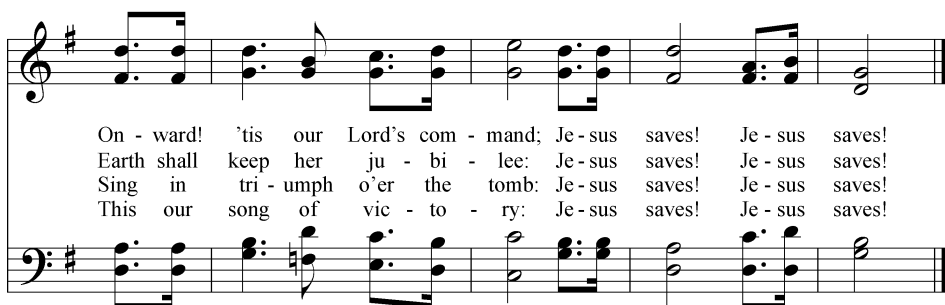
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



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



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steepes and cross the waves;
 Sing ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
 Sing it bright - ly through the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

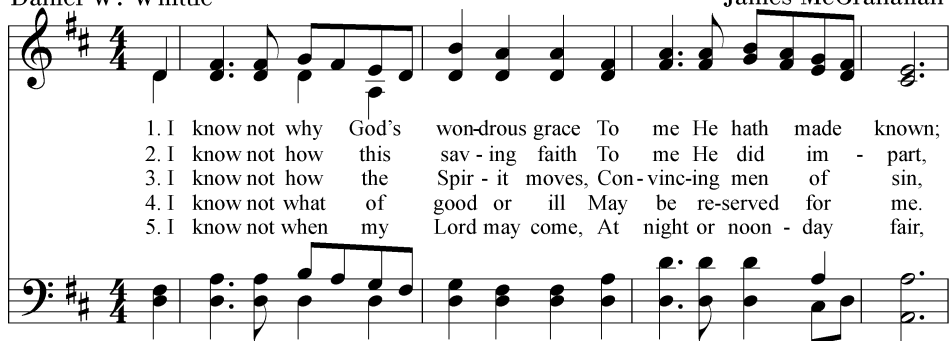


On - ward! 'tis our Lord's com - mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 This our song of vic - to - ry: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

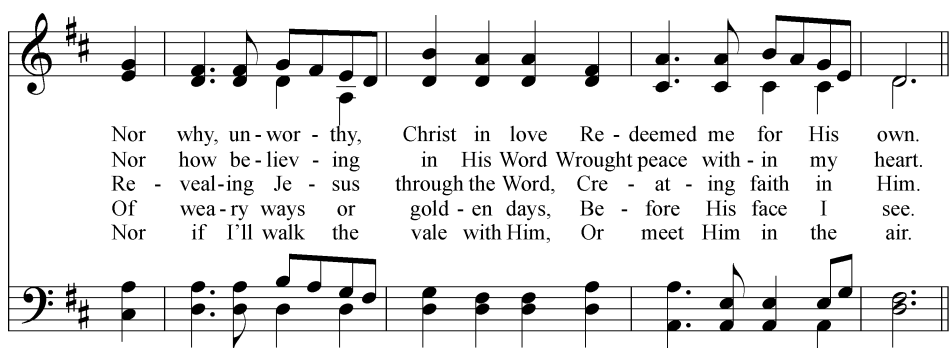
I Know Whom I Have Believed

Daniel W. Whittle

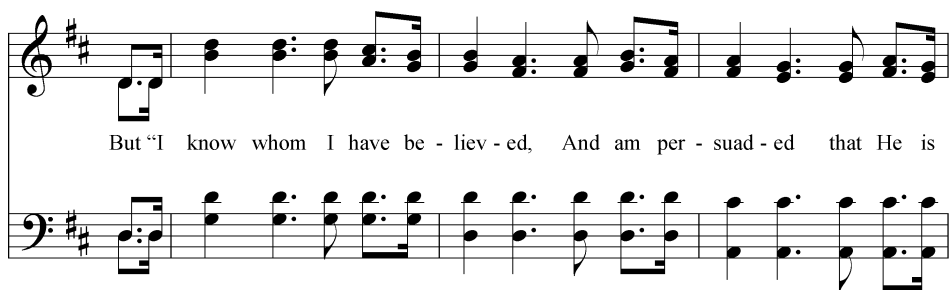
James McGranahan



1. I know not why God's won-drous grace To me He hath made known;
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me.
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon - day fair,



Nor why, un - wor - thy, Christ in love Re - deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing in His Word Wrought peace with - in my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or meet Him in the air.



But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, And am per - suad - ed that He is

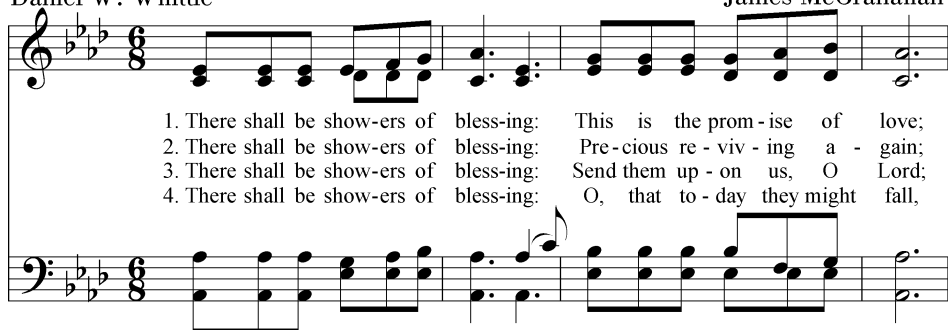


a - ble To keep that which I've com - mit - ted, Un - to Him a - gainst that day."

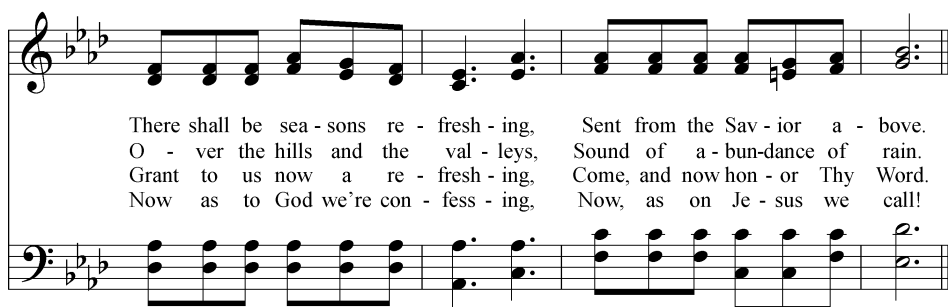
There Shall Be Showers of Blessing

Daniel W. Whittle

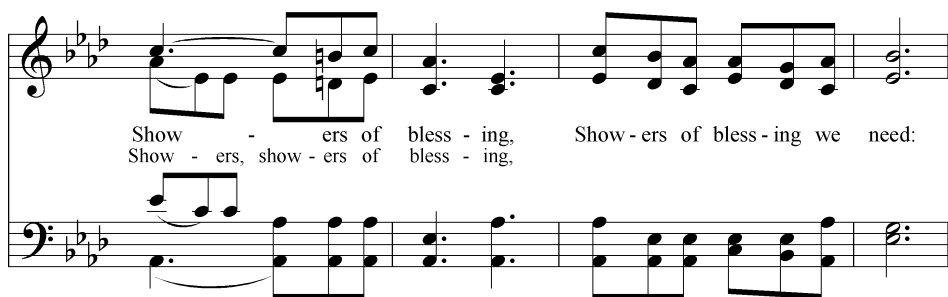
James McGranahan



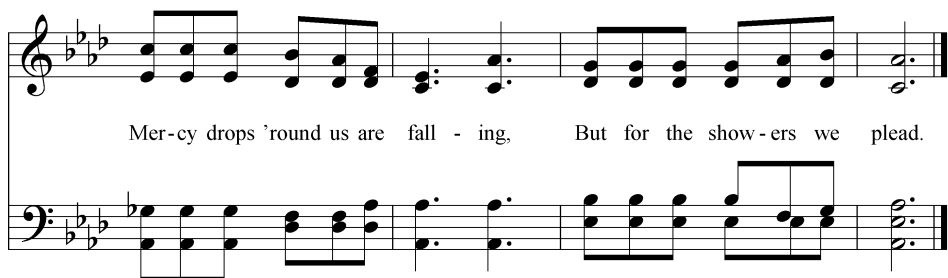
1. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing: This is the prom - ise of love;
2. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing: Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing: Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. There shall be show-ers of bless-ing: O, that to - day they might fall,



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.

The Banner of the Cross

Daniel W. Whittle

James McGranahan

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers
 2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stan - dard
 3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
 4. When the glo - ry dawns, 'tis draw - ing ver - y near, It is has - tening

of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,
 be dis - played; And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord,
 tid - ings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
 day by day; Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,

While as ran - somed ones we sing.
 For the truth be not dis - mayed! March - ing on, march - ing
 While the Lord shall claim His own! on, on
 And the cross the world shall sway!

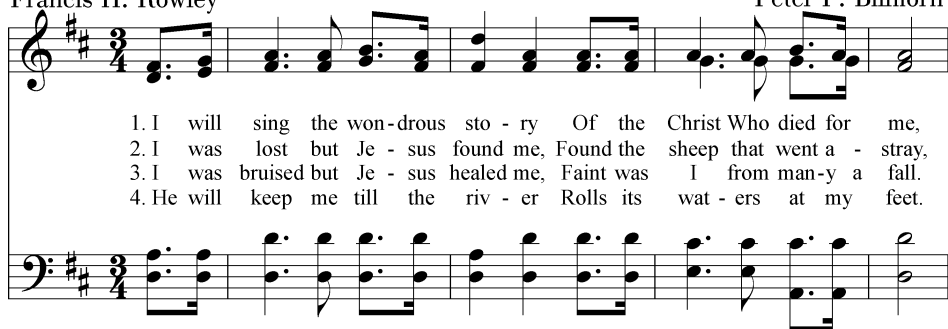
on, on, For Christ count ev - ery - thing but loss! And to
 on, on, ev - ery - thing, ev - ery - thing but loss!

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

I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

Francis H. Rowley

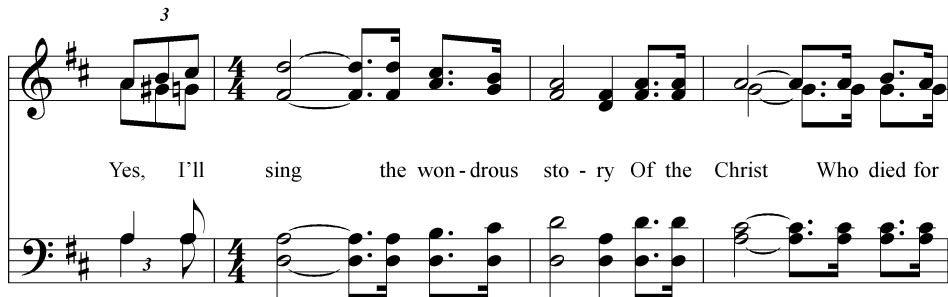
Peter P. Billhorn



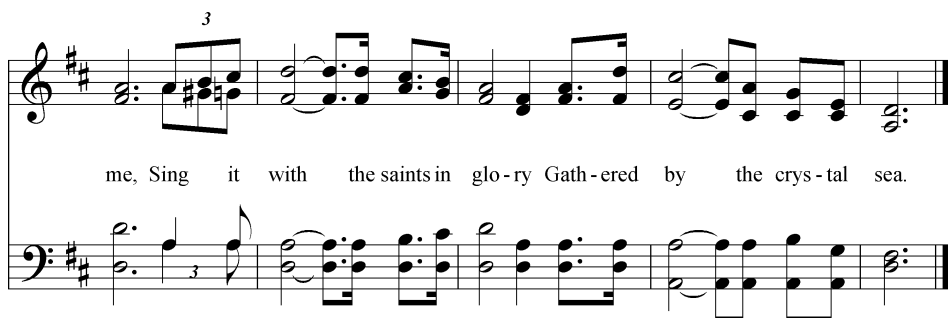
1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ Who died for me,
2. I was lost but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
3. I was bruised but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from man-y a fall.
4. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wat - ers at my feet.



How He left His home in glo - ry For the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone and fears pos - sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.



Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ Who died for

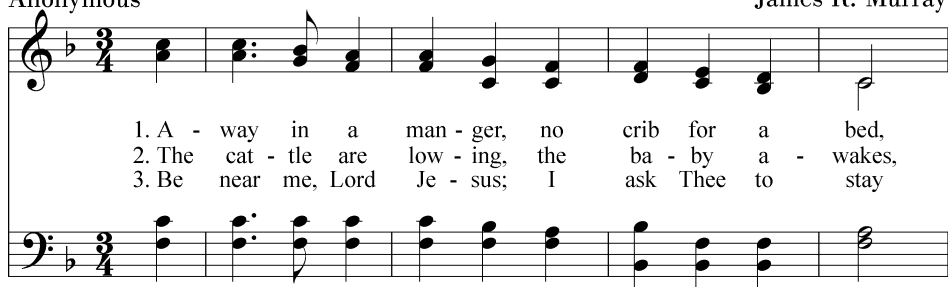


me, Sing it with the saints in glo - ry Gath - ered by the crys - tal sea.

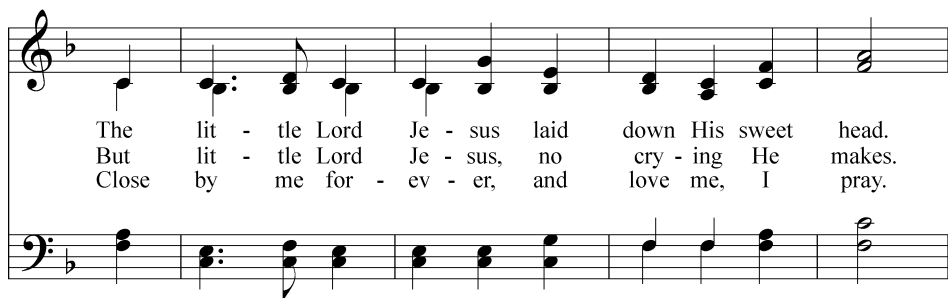
Away in a Manger

Anonymous

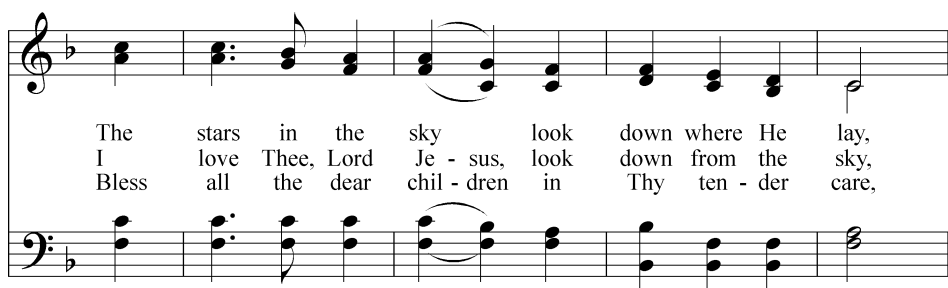
James R. Murray



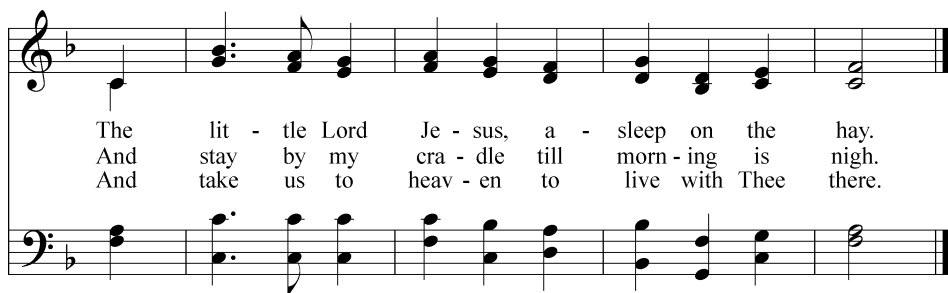
1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed,
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the ba - by a - wakes,
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus; I ask Thee to stay



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,

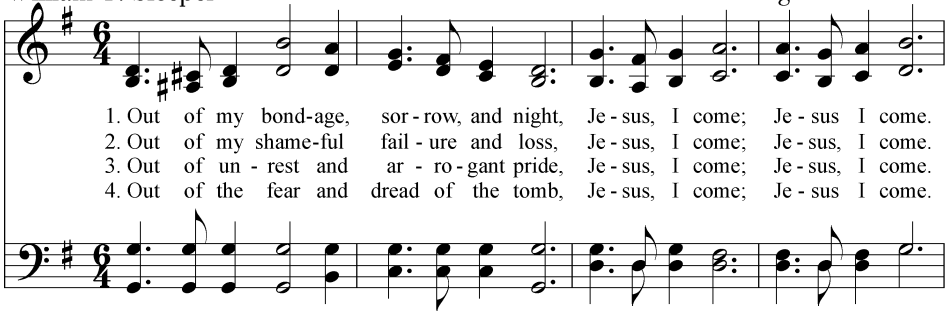


The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a - sleep on the hay.
And stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is nigh.
And take us to heav - en to live with Thee there.

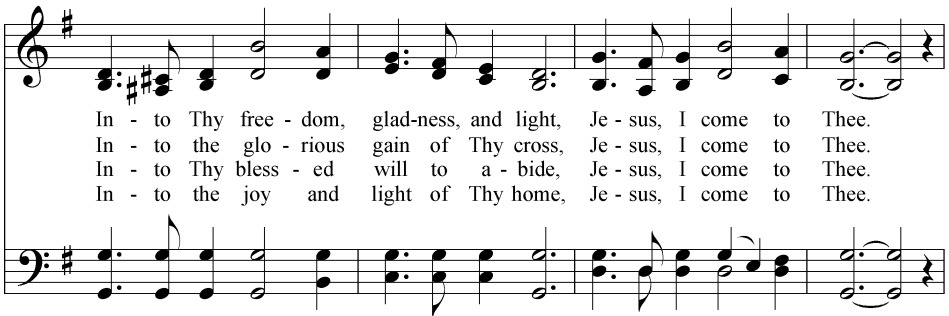
Jesus, I Come

William T. Sleeper

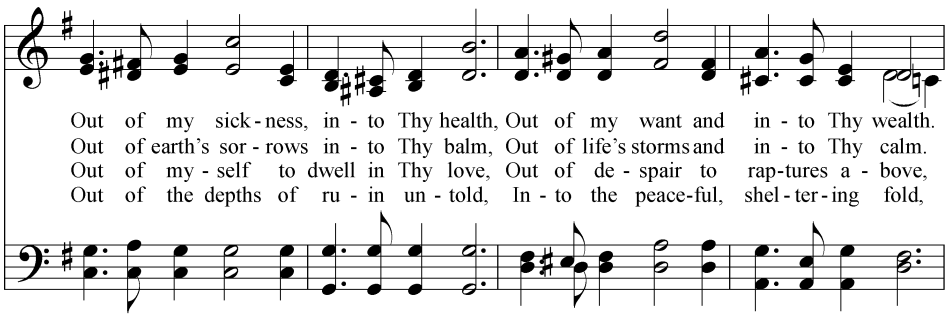
George C. Stebbins



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 on 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.

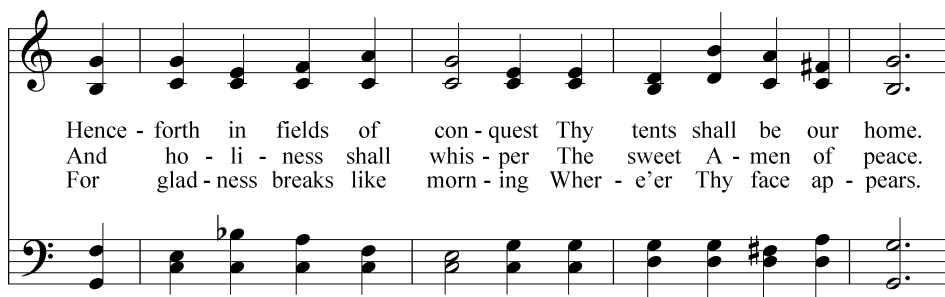
Lead On, O King Eternal

Ernest W. Shurtleff

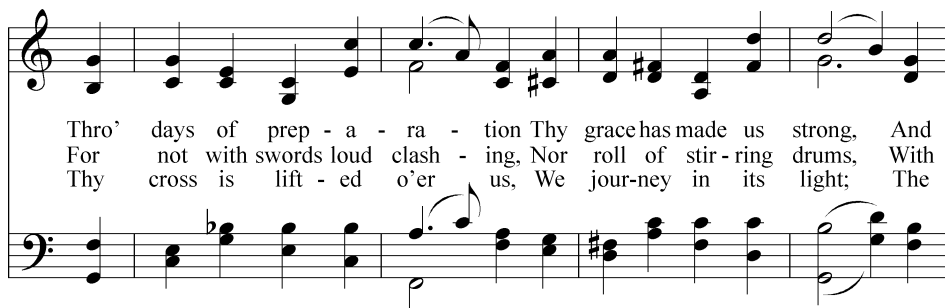
Henry T. Smart



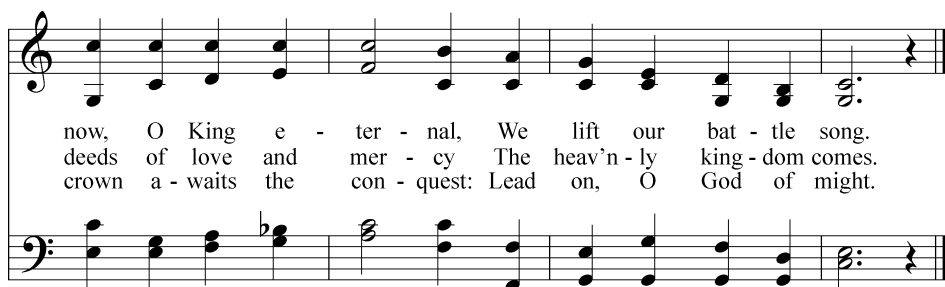
1. Lead on, O King e - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King e - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King e - ter - nal, We fol - low not with fears,



Hence - forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.
And ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace.
For glad - ness breaks like morn - ing Wher - e'er Thy face ap - pears.



Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong, And
For not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums, With
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us, We jour - ney in its light; The

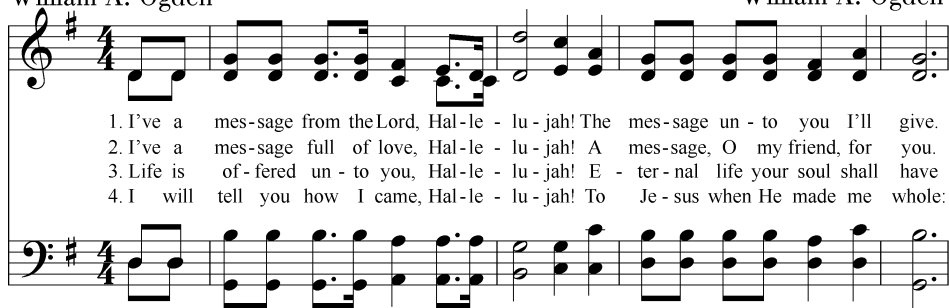


now, O King e - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
deeds of love and mer - cy The heav'n - ly king - dom comes.
crown a - waits the con - quest: Lead on, O God of might.

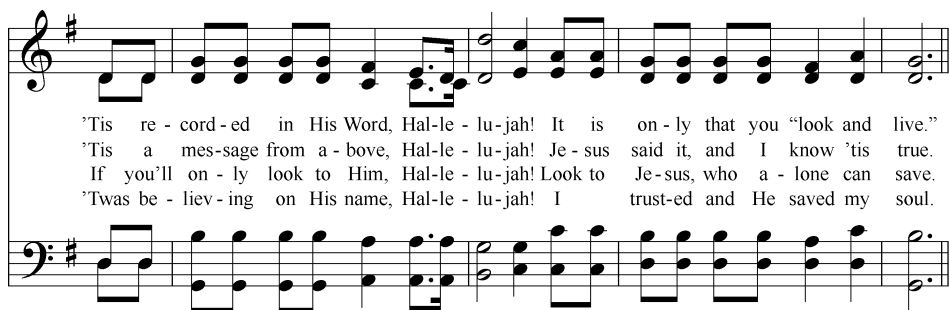
Look and Live

William A. Ogden

William A. Ogden



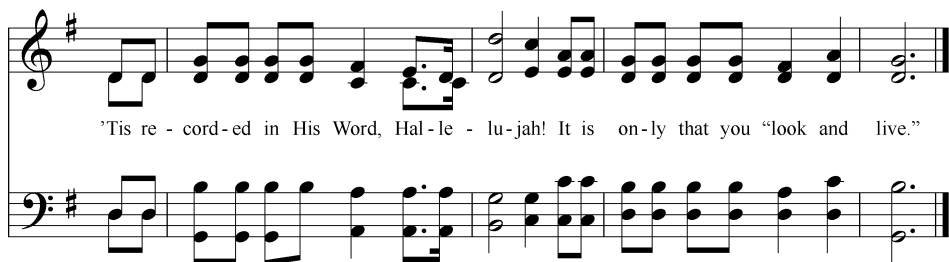
1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal-le - lu - jah! The mes-sage un - to you I'll give.
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le - lu - jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you.
3. Life is of - fered un - to you, Hal-le - lu - jah! E - ter - nal life your soul shall have
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le - lu - jah! To Je - sus when He made me whole:



'Tis re - cord - ed in His Word, Hal-le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove, Hal-le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
If you'll on - ly look to Him, Hal-le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus, who a - lone can save.
'Twas be - liev - ing on His name, Hal-le - lu - jah! I trust - ed and He saved my soul.



"Look and live," my broth - er, live. Look to Je - sus now and live.
"Look and live," "look and live,"



'Tis re - cord - ed in His Word, Hal-le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."

The Haven of Rest

Henry L. Gilmour

George D. Moore

1. My soul, in sad ex - ile, was out on life's sea. So bur - dened with
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak - ing
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old

sin and dis - tressed, 'Til I heard a sweet voice say - ing, "Make Me your choice,"
 hold of the Word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul,
 sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have

And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest. I've an - chored my soul in the
 The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
 A home in the ha - ven of rest.

Ha - ven of Rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more; The tem - pest may

sweep o'er the wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

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.

Make Me a Captive, Lord

George Matheson

George J. Elvey

1. Make me a cap-tive, Lord, And then I shall be free; Force
 2. My heart is weak and poor Un - til its Mas - ter find; It
 3. My power is faint and low Till I have learned to serve; It
 4. My will is not my own Till Thou hast made it Thine; If

me to ren - der up my sword, And I shall con - queror be. I
 has no spring of ac - tion sure, It var - ies with the wind. It
 wants the need - ed fire to glow, It wants the breeze to nerve; It
 it would reach a mon - arch's throne, It must its crown re - sign; It

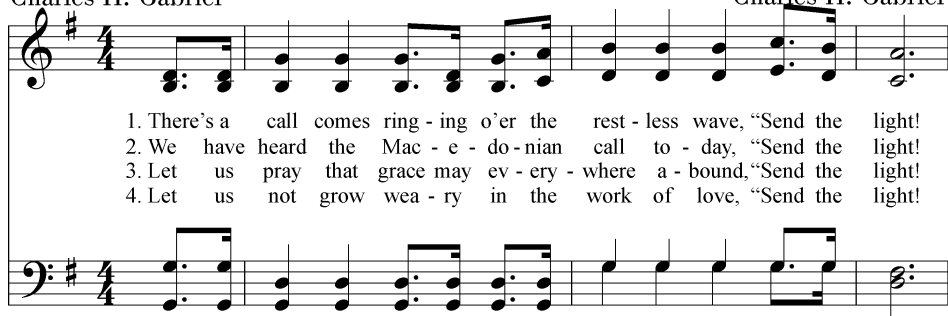
sink in life's a - larms When by my - self I stand; Im -
 can - not free - ly move Till Thou hast wrought its chain; En -
 can - not drive the world, Un - til it - self be driv'n; Its
 on - ly stands un - bent, A - mid the clash - ing strife, When

pris - on me with - in Thine arms, And strong shall be my hand.
 slave it with Thy match-less love, And death-less it shall reign.
 flag can on - ly be un - furled When Thou shalt breathe from heav'n.
 on Thy bos - om it has leant And found in Thee its life.

Send the Light

Charles H. Gabriel

Charles H. Gabriel



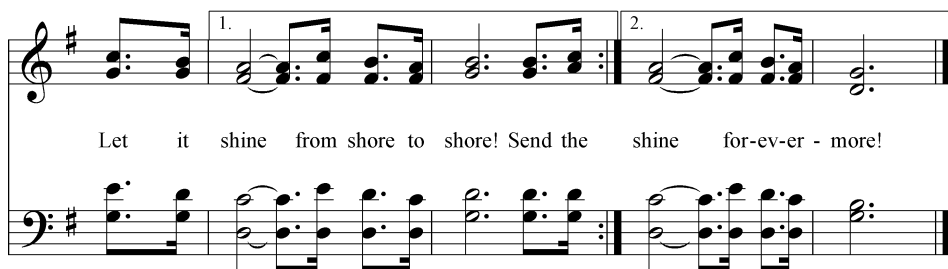
1. There's a call comes ring - ing o'er the rest - less wave, "Send the light!
 2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to - day, "Send the light!
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev - ery - where a - bound, "Send the light!
 4. Let us not grow wea - ry in the work of love, "Send the light!



Send the light!" There are souls to res - cue, There are souls to save,
 Send the light!" And a gold - en off - 'ring at the cross we lay,
 Send the light!" And a Christ - like spir - it ev - 'ry - where be found,
 Send the light!" Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,



Send the light! Send the light! Send the light, The bless - ed gos - pel light;



1. Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the shine for - ev - er - more!
 2.

Saved by Grace

Fanny J. Crosby

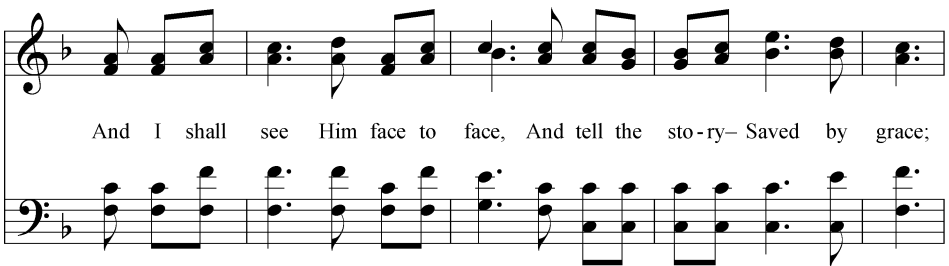
George C. Stebbins



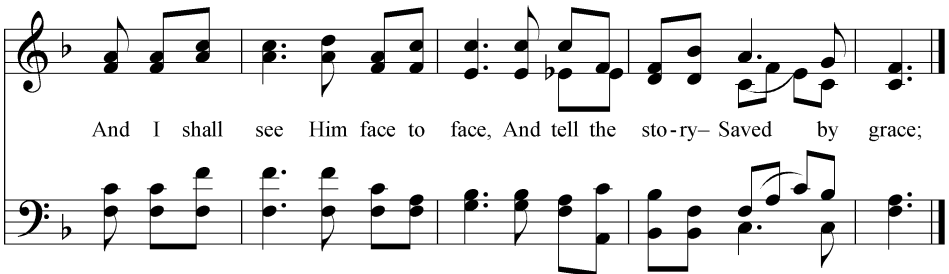
1. Some day the sil-ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon'twill be,
3. Some day when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ros-y-tint-ed west,
4. Some day till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burn-ing bright,



But O the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know: my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord will say, "Well done!" And I shall en-ter in-to rest.
That when my Sav-ior ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry- Saved by grace;



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry- Saved by grace;

Faith Is the Victory

John H. Yates

Ira D. Sankey

1. En - camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris - tian sol - diers, rise, And
 2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God. We
 3. To him that o - ver - comes the foe, White rai - ment shall be giv'n. Be -

press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies. A - gainst the foe in
 tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod. By faith they like a
 fore the an - gels he shall know His name con - fessed in heav'n. Then on - ward from the

vales be - low, Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know,
 whirl-wind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field; The faith by which they con - quer'd death
 hill of light, Our hearts with love a - flame; We'll van - quish all the hosts of night,

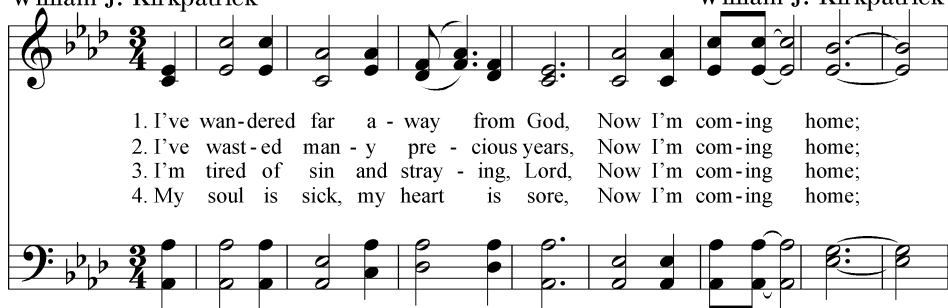
That ov - er - comes the world.
 Is still our shin - ing shield. Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the
 In Je - sus' con - qu'ring name.

vic - to - ry! O, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That ov - er - comes the world.

Lord, I'm Coming Home

William J. Kirkpatrick

William J. Kirkpatrick



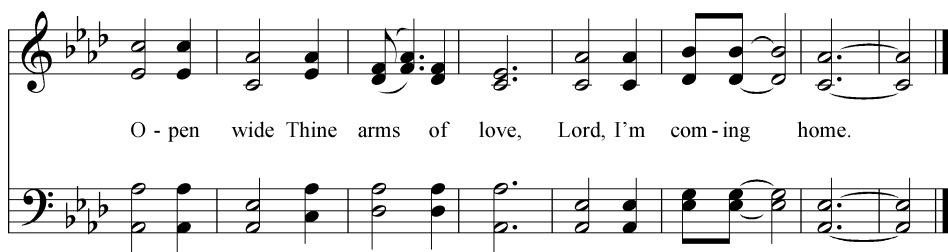
1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast-ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;



The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy Word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



Com - ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,

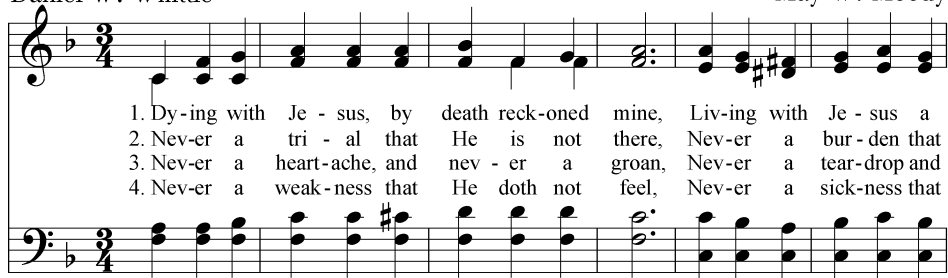


O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

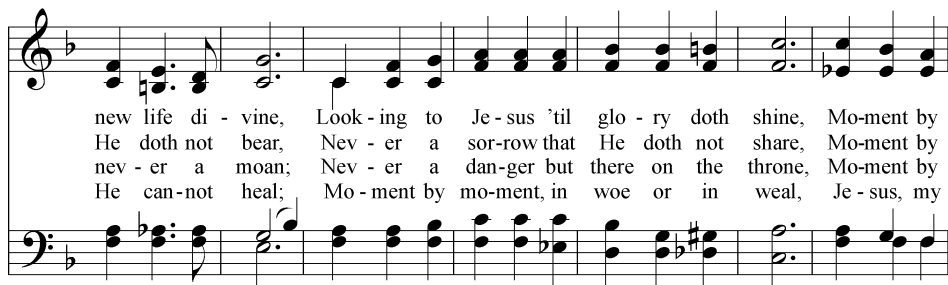
Moment by Moment

Daniel W. Whittle

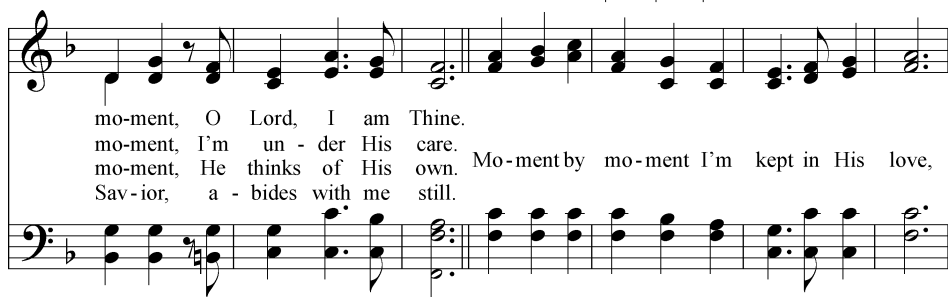
May W. Moody



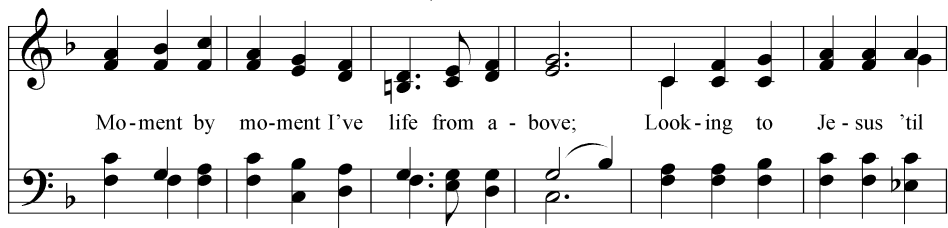
1. Dy-ing with Je - sus, by death reck-oned mine, Liv-ing with Je - sus a
 2. Nev-er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev-er a bur - den that
 3. Nev-er a heart-ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev-er a tear-drop and
 4. Nev-er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev-er a sick-ness that



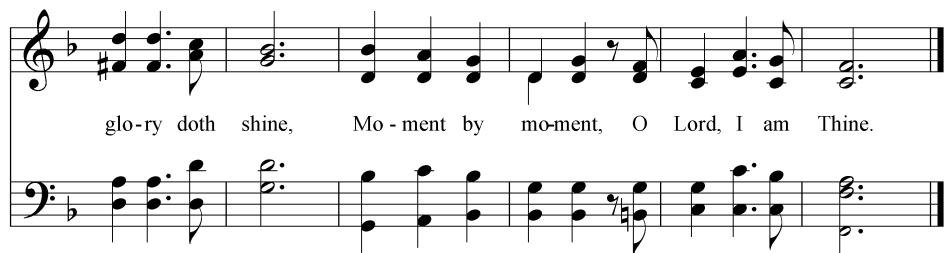
new life di - vine, Look - ing to Je - sus 'til glo - ry doth shine, Mo-ment by
 He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor-row that He doth not share, Mo-ment by
 nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan-ger but there on the throne, Mo-ment by
 He can-not heal; Mo - ment by mo-ment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my



mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
 mo-ment, I'm un - der His care.
 mo-ment, He thinks of His own. Mo-ment by mo-ment I'm kept in His love,
 Sav - ior, a - bides with me still.



Mo-ment by mo-ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus 'til



glo-ry doth shine, Mo - ment by mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

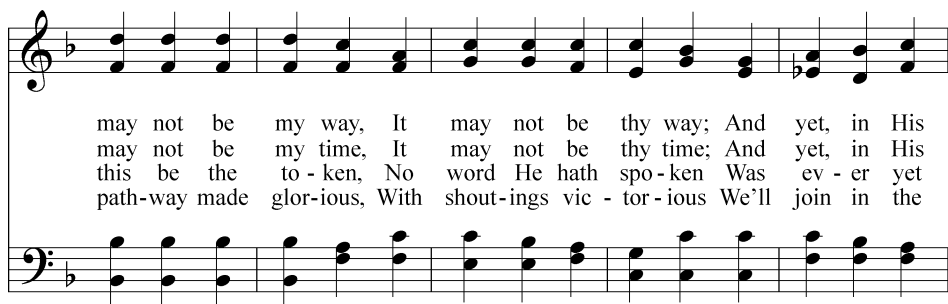
The Lord Will Provide

Mrs. A.W. Cook

Phillip Phillips



1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will pro - vide; It
 2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will pro - vide; It
 3. De - spond then no long - er; the Lord will pro - vide; And
 4. March on then right bold - ly; the sea shall di - vide, The



may not be my way, It may not be thy way; And yet, in His
 may not be my time, It may not be thy time; And yet, in His
 this be the to - ken, No word He hath spo - ken Was ev - er yet
 path-way made glor-ious, With shout-ings vic - tor-ious We'll join in the



own way, "The Lord will pro-vide."
 own time, "The Lord will pro-vide."
 bro - ken: "The Lord will pro-vide." Then, we'll trust in the Lord, And
 cho - rus, "The Lord will pro-vide."



He will pro - vide; Yes, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will pro - vide.

They Were in an Upper Chamber

Charlie D. Tillman

Charlie D. Tillman

1. They were in an up - per cham-ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de - scend-ed, With the sound of rush-ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old-time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers who were true;

The first system of music is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The vocal line (treble clef) features a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment (bass clef) consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a chordal accompaniment of eighth and quarter notes.

When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend-ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is prom-ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it too.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a more active melody with some sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now,

The third system features a more active vocal melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap - tize ev - 'ry one.

The fourth system concludes the piece with a final vocal phrase and a piano accompaniment that ends with a double bar line.

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!

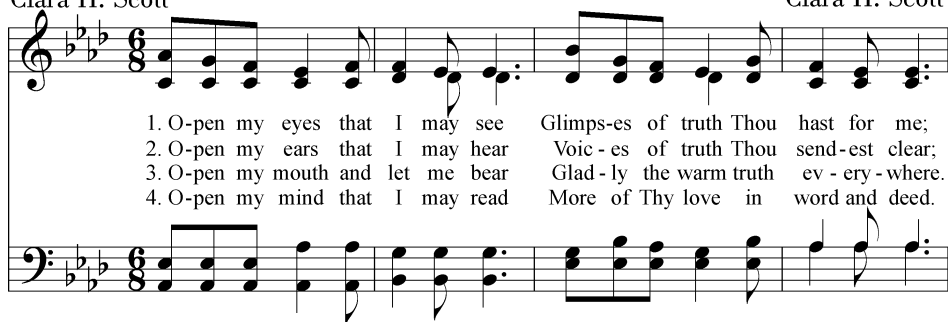
Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug - gles, He will guide 'til the day is done;

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

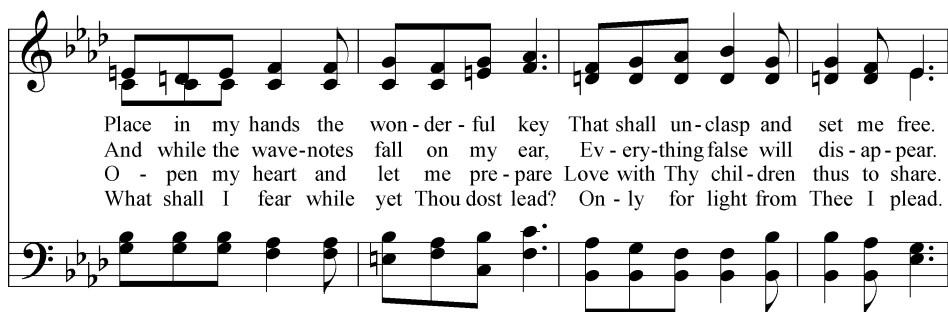
Open My Eyes That I May See

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 Voic-es of truth Thou send-est clear;
 3. O - pen my mouth and let me bear 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!

O to Be Like Thee!

Thomas O. Chisholm

William J. Kirkpatrick

1. O to be like Thee! Bless-ed Re - deem - er, This is my con - stant
 2. O to be like Thee! Full of com - pas - sion, Lov - ing, for - giv - ing,
 3. O to be like Thee! Low - ly in - spir - it, Ho - ly and harm - less,
 4. O to be like Thee! While I am plead - ing, Pour out Thy Spir - it,

long - ing and prayer; Glad - ly I'll for - feit all of earth's treas - ures,
 ten - der and kind. Help - ing the help - less, cheer - ing the faint - ing.
 pa - tient and brave; Meek - ly en - dur - ing cru - el re - proach - es,
 fill with Thy love. Make me a tem - ple deemed to re - ceive You:

Je - sus, Thy per - fect like - ness to wear.
 Seek - ing the wan - dering sin - ner to find! O to be like Thee!
 Will - ing to suf - fer oth - ers to save.
 Fit me for life and heav - en a - bove.

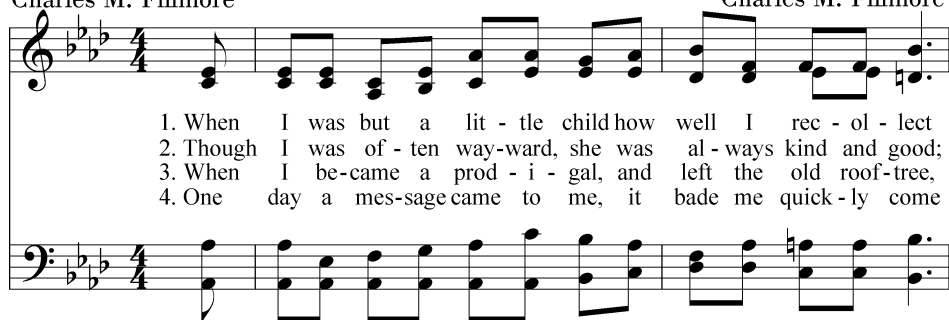
O to be like Thee, Bless-ed Re - deem - er, pure as Thou art! Come in Thy

sweet - ness, come in Thy full - ness; Stamp Thine own im - age deep on my heart.

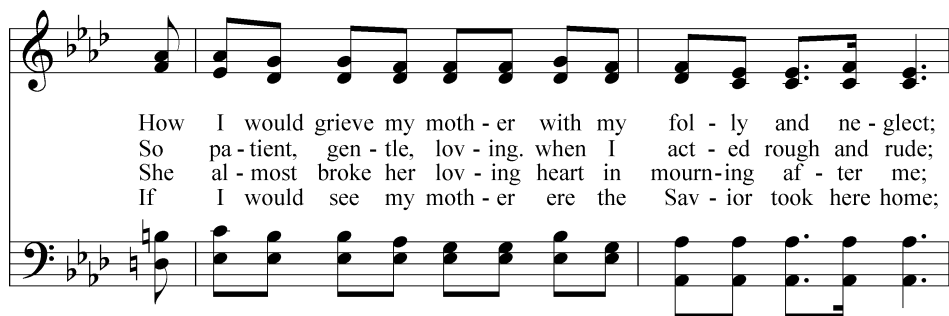
Tell Mother I'll Be There

Charles M. Fillmore

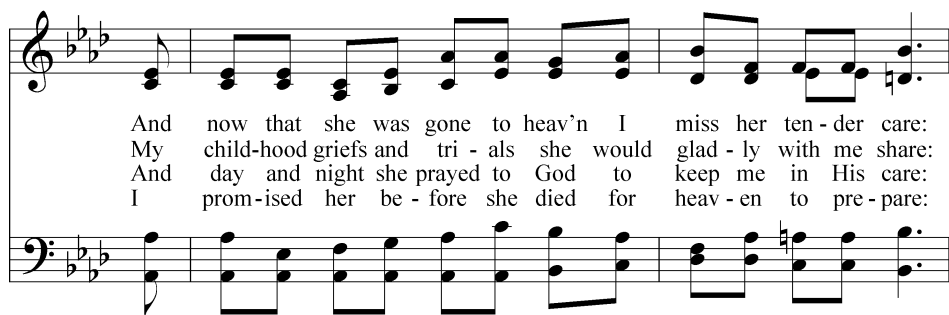
Charles M. Fillmore



1. When I was but a lit - tle child how well I rec - ol - lect
2. Though I was of - ten way - ward, she was al - ways kind and good;
3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof - tree,
4. One day a mes - sage came to me, it bade me quick - ly come



How I would grieve my moth - er with my fol - ly and ne - glect;
So pa - tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when I act - ed rough and rude;
She al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn - ing af - ter me;
If I would see my moth - er ere the Sav - ior took here home;



And now that she was gone to heav'n I miss her ten - der care:
My child - hood griefs and tri - als she would glad - ly with me share:
And day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care:
I prom - ised her be - fore she died for heav - en to pre - pare:



O Sav - ior, tell my moth - er I'll be there! (I'll be there!)
O Sav - ior, tell my moth - er I'll be there! (I'll be there!)
O Sav - ior, tell my moth - er I'll be there! (I'll be there!)
O Sav - ior, tell my moth - er I'll be there! (I'll be there!)

Higher Ground

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Charles H. Gabriel

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev-ery
 2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-
 3. I want to live a-bove the world, Though Sa-tan's darts at me are
 4. I want to scale the ut-most height And catch a gleam of glo-ry

day; Still pray-ing as I'm on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my
 may; Though some may dwell where these a-bound, My prayer, my
 hurled; For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of
 bright; But still I'll pray 'til heaven I've found "Lord, lead me

feet on high-er ground."
 aim is high-er ground.
 saints on high-er ground.
 on to high-er ground."

Lord, lift me up and let me

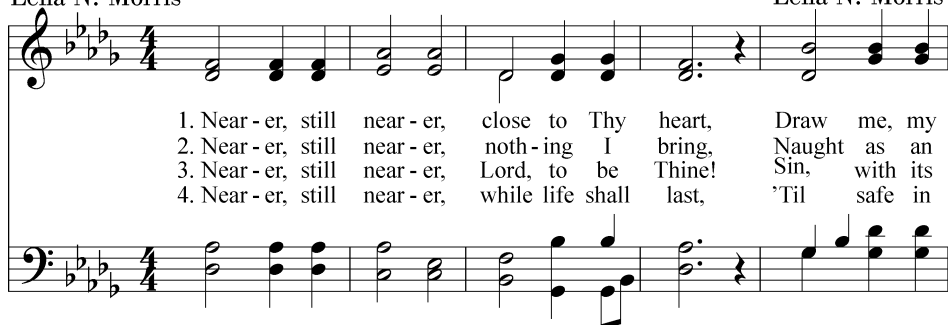
stand By faith on heav-en's ta-ble-land, A high-er

plain than I have found: Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

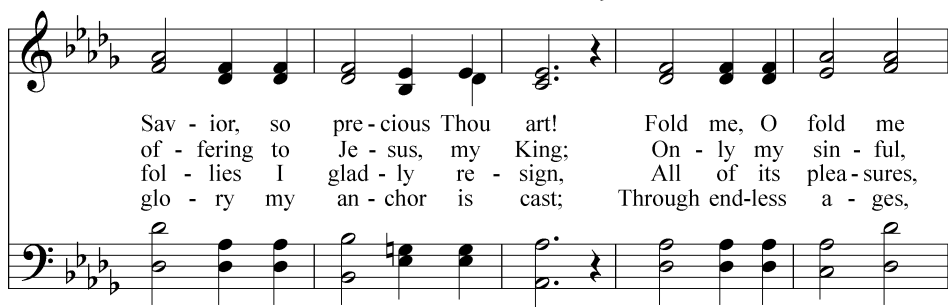
Nearer, Still Nearer

Lelia N. Morris

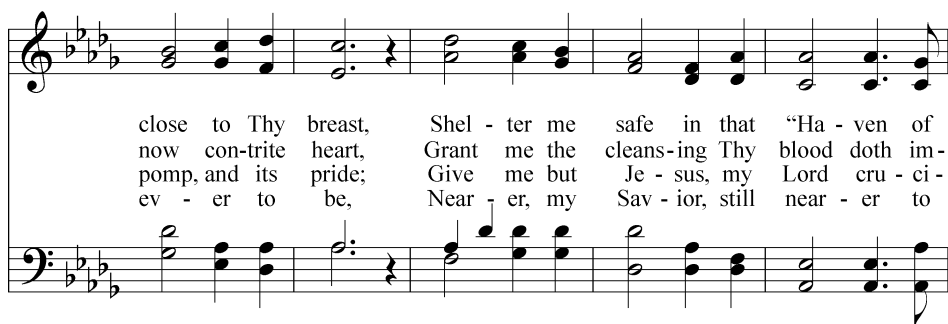
Lelia N. Morris



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



Sav - ior, so pre - cious Thou art! Fold me, O fold me
 of - fering to Je - sus, my King; On - ly my sin - ful,
 fol - lies I glad - ly re - sign, All of its plea - sures,
 glo - ry my an - chor is cast; Through end - less a - ges,



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



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

Let Jesus Come into Your Heart

Lelia N. Morris

Lelia N. Morris

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Foun - tains for cleans-ing are flow - ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void, this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man - sions of rest,

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your

doubt - ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw

o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are arranged in four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system contains four verses of the hymn. The second system continues the lyrics with a bridge. The third system contains the main chorus. The fourth system concludes the hymn with a final verse. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines that support the vocal melody.

Deeper, Deeper

Charles P. Jones

Charles P. Jones

1. Deep - er, deep - er in the love of Je - sus Dai - ly let me go;
 2. Deep - er, deep - er bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Take me deep - er still,
 3. Deep - er, deep - er tho' it cost hard tri - als, Deep - er let me go!
 4. Deep - er, high - er, ev - 'ry day in Je - sus, Till all con - flicts past,

High - er, high - er in the school of wis - dom, More of grace to know.
 Till my life is whol - ly lost in Je - sus, And His per - fect will.
 Root - ed in the ho - ly love of Je - sus, Let me fruit - ful grow.
 Finds me con - qu'ror, and in His own im - age Per - fect - ed at last.

O, deep - er yet, I pray, - er yet, I pray, And
 O, deep - er yet, I pray, deep - er yet, I pray, And

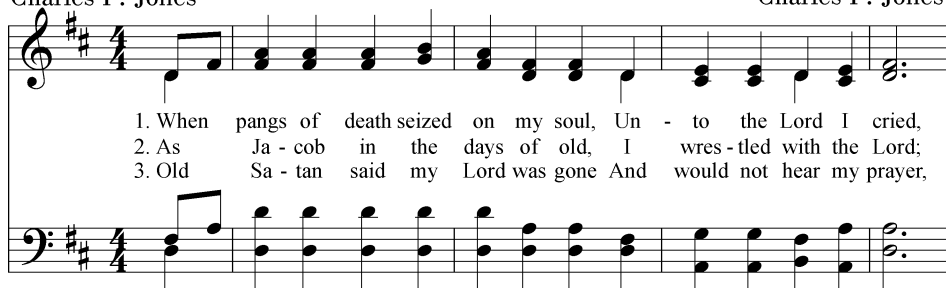
high - er ev - 'ry day, er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er, bless - ed
 high - er ev - 'ry day, high - er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er, bless - ed Lord,

Lord, In Thy pre - cious, ho - ly Word.
 wis - er bless - ed Lord,

I Would Not Be Denied

Charles P. Jones

Charles P. Jones



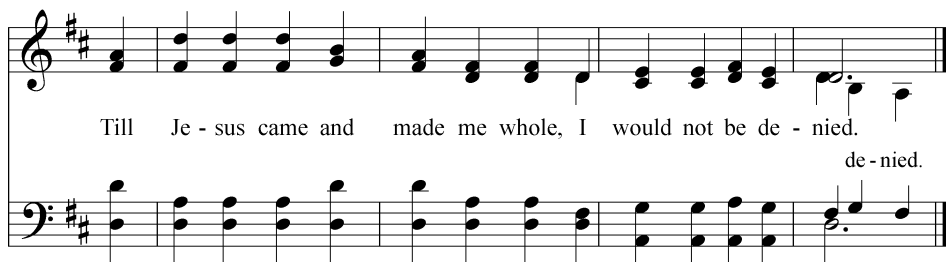
1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Un - to the Lord I cried,
2. As Ja - cob in the days of old, I wres - tled with the Lord;
3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone And would not hear my prayer,



Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.
And in - stant with a cour - age bold, I stood up - on His Word.
But praise the Lord the work is done, And Christ the Lord is here.



I would not be de - nied, I would not be de - nied,
de-nied, de-nied,



Till Je - sus came and made me whole, I would not be de - nied.
de - nied.

God Leads Us Along

G. A. Young

G. A. Young

1. In shad - y green pas - tures, so rich and so sweet, God leads His dear
 2. Some - times on the mount where the sun shines so bright, God leads His dear
 3. Though sor - rows be - fall us and Sa - tan op - pose, God leads His dear
 4. A - way from the mire and a - way from the clay, God leads His dear

chil - dren a - long; Where the wa - ter's cool flow bathes the wea - ry one's feet,
 chil - dren a - long; Some - times in the val - ley, in dark - est of night,
 chil - dren a - long; Through grace we can con - quer, de - feat all our foes,
 chil - dren a - long; A - way up in glo - ry, e - ter - ni - ty's day

God leads His dear chil - dren a - long. Some thru the wa - ters, some thru the

flood, Some thru the fire, but all thru the blood; Some thru great sor - row, but

God gives a song, In the night sea - son, and all the day long.

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.



Nothing Between

Charles A. Tindley

Charles A. Tindley

1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav - ior, Naught of this world's de -
 2. Noth-ing be-tween, like world - ly plea-sure: Hab - its of life, though
 3. Noth-ing be-tween, like pride or sta - tion: Self or friends shall
 4. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man - y hard tri - als, Though the whole world a -

lu - sive dream; I have re - nounced all sin - ful plea - sure,
 harm - less they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er,
 not in - ter - vene; Though it may cost me much trib - u - la - tion,
 gainst me con - vene, Watch - ing with prayer and much self - de - ni - al,

Je - sus is mine! There's noth - ing be - tween.
 He is my all! There's noth - ing be - tween. Noth - ing be - tween my
 I am re - solved! There's noth - ing be - tween.
 Tri - umph at last, with noth - ing be - tween.

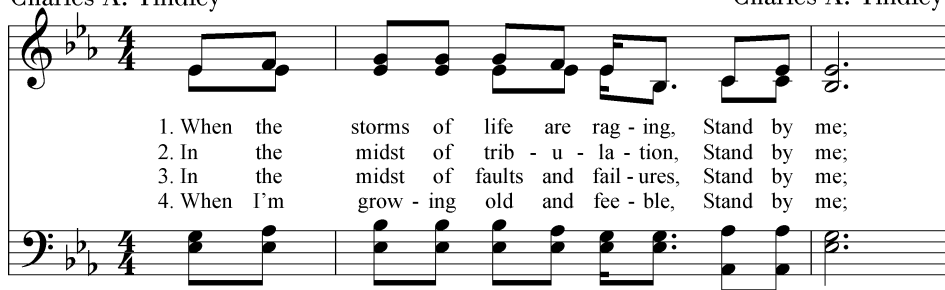
soul and the Sav - ior, So that His bless - ed face may be seen;

Noth-ing pre-ven-ting the least of His fa - vor: Keep the way clear! Let noth-ing be-tween.

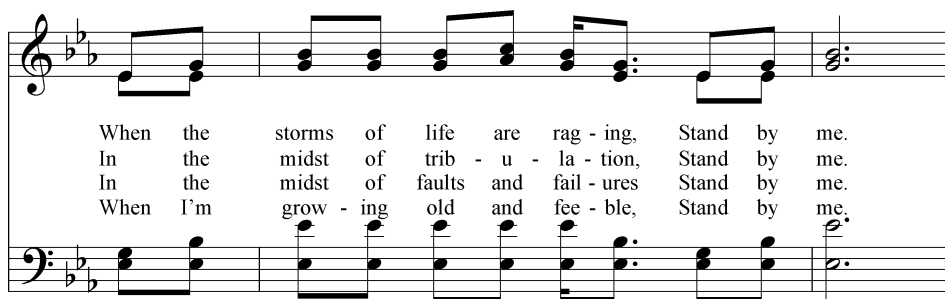
Stand by Me

Charles A. Tindley

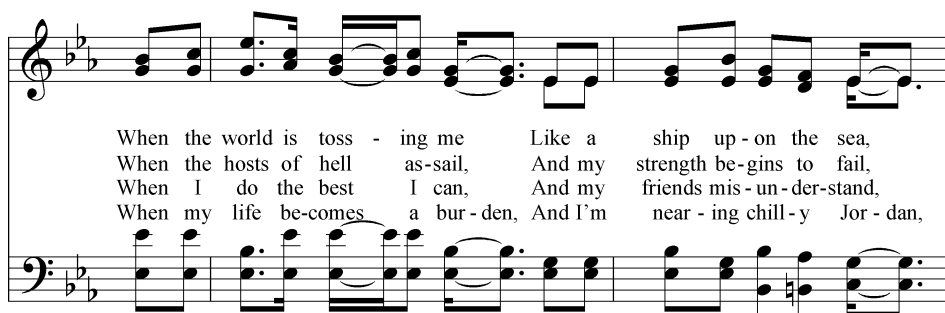
Charles A. Tindley



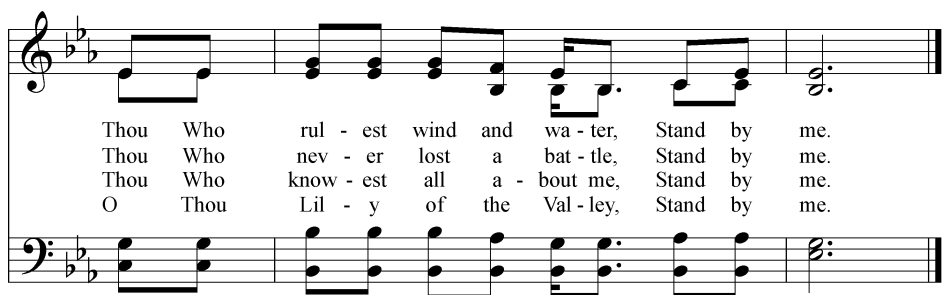
1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Stand by me;
2. In the midst of trib - u - la - tion, Stand by me;
3. In the midst of faults and fail - ures, Stand by me;
4. When I'm grow - ing old and fee - ble, Stand by me;



When the storms of life are rag - ing, Stand by me.
In the midst of trib - u - la - tion, Stand by me.
In the midst of faults and fail - ures, Stand by me.
When I'm grow - ing old and fee - ble, Stand by me.



When the world is toss - ing me Like a ship up - on the sea,
When the hosts of hell as - sail, And my strength be - gins to fail,
When I do the best I can, And my friends mis - un - der - stand,
When my life be - comes a bur - den, And I'm near - ing chill - y Jor - dan,



Thou Who rul - est wind and wa - ter, Stand by me.
Thou Who nev - er lost a bat - tle, Stand by me.
Thou Who know - est all a - bout me, Stand by me.
O Thou Lil - y of the Val - ley, Stand by me.

We'll Understand It Better By and By

Charles A. Tindley

Charles A. Tindley

1. We are of - ten tossed and driv'n on the rest - less sea of time, Roll - ing
2. Tri - als dark on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der - stand, All the

clouds and howl - ing tem - pests oft suc - ceed a bright sun - shine; In that
ways that God would lead us to that bless - ed prom - ised land; But He'll

land of per - fect day, when the mists have rolled a - way, We will
guide us with His eye, and we'll fol - low till we die, We will

Refrain: how we've ov - er - come; And we'll

un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by. by and by. By and by

un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.

when the morn - ing comes, When the saints of God are gath - ered home, We'll tell the sto - ry

Fine

D.S.

The Way of the Cross Leads Home

Jessie B. Pounds

Charles H. Gabriel

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross,
2. I must needs go on in the blood - sprin - kled way,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world,

There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight
The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb
To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says, "Come,"

of the gates of light, If the way of the cross I miss.
to the heights sub - lime, Where the soul is at home with God.
and I seek my home, Where He waits at the o - pen door.

The way of the cross leads home, The way of the cross leads home;
leads home, leads home;

It is sweet to know as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

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 4/4. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Go, Tell It on the Mountain

John W. Work Jr.

American Folk Song



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!



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



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.



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,

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

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:

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

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

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

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

The fourth system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are written below the staves.

One Day

J. Wilbur Chapman

Charles H. Marsh

1. One day when heav - en was filled with His prais - es,
 2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun - tain,
 3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den,
 4. One day the grave could con - ceal Him no long - er,
 5. One day the trum - pet will sound for His com - ing,

One day when sin was as black as could be,
 One day they nailed Him to die on the tree;
 One day He rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free;
 One day the stone rolled a - way from the door;
 One day the skies with His glo - ry will shine;

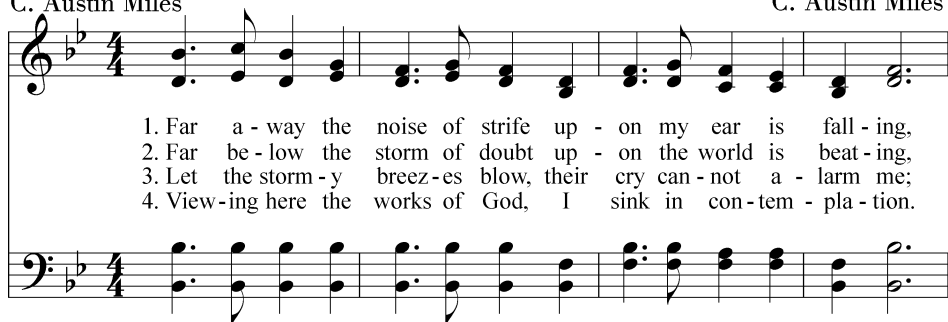
Je - sus came forth to be born of a vir - gin,
 Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de - spised and re - ject - ed,
 An - gels came down o'er His tomb to keep vig - il;
 Then He a - rose, o - ver death He had con - quered,
 Won - der - ful day, my be - lov - ed one's bring - ing!

Dwelt a - mong men, my Ex - am - ple is He!
 Bear - ing our sins, my Re - deem - er is He!
 Hope of the hope - less, my Sav - ior is He!
 Now is as - cend - ed, my Lord ev - er - more!
 Glo - ri - ous Sav - ior, this Je - sus is mine!

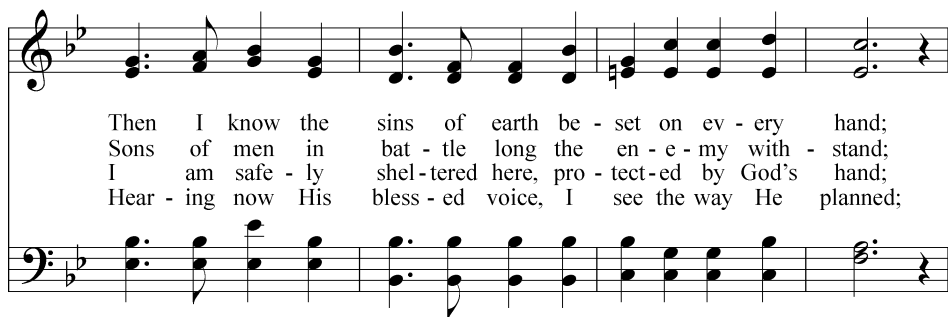
Dwelling in Beulah Land

C. Austin Miles

C. Austin Miles



1. Far a - way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall - ing,
 2. Far be - low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat - ing,
 3. Let the storm - y breez - es blow, their cry can - not a - larm me;
 4. View - ing here the works of God, I sink in con - tem - pla - tion.



Then I know the sins of earth be - set on ev - ery hand;
 Sons of men in bat - tle long the en - e - my with - stand;
 I am safe - ly shel - tered here, pro - tect - ed by God's hand;
 Hear - ing now His bless - ed voice, I see the way He planned;



Doubt and fear and things of earth in vain to me are call - ing,
 Safe am I with - in the cas - tle of God's Word re - treat - ing,
 Here the sun is al - ways shin - ing, here there's naught can harm me,
 Dwell - ing in the Spir - it, here I learn of full sal - va - tion,



None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
 Noth - ing then can reach me, 'tis Beu - lah Land.
 I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
 Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.

Rise Up, O Men of God

William P. Merrill

William H. Walter

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the Soprano and Alto parts, with the Tenor and Bass parts providing harmonic support. The lyrics are arranged in four lines, each corresponding to a different voice part. The first line of lyrics is for the Soprano part, the second for the Alto, the third for the Tenor, and the fourth for the Bass. The lyrics are: 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!

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!

What If It Were Today?

Lelia N. Morris

Lelia N. Morris

1. Je - sus is com - ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa - tan's do - min - ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faith - ful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with chords in the bass line. The lyrics are printed below the staff.

Com - ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh - ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watch - ing in glad - ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are printed below the staff.

Com - ing to claim His cho - sen bride, All the re - deemed and pu - ri - fied,
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies;
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn - ing light breaks in east - ern sky,

The third system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are printed below the staff.

O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide, What if it were to - day?
When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day?
Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh, What if it were to - day?

The fourth system concludes the hymn with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the staff.

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-longs.
 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

1. else could help, Love lift-ed me; 2. Love lift-ed me.

To Canaan's Land I'm on My Way

William M. Golden

William M. Golden



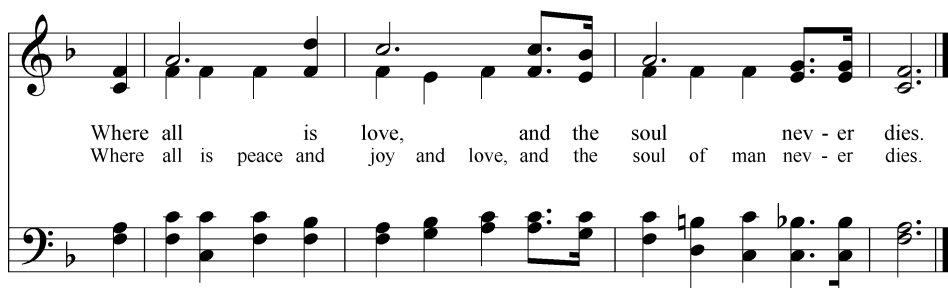
1. To Ca-naan's land I'm on my way, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies;
 2. A rose is bloom-ing there for me, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies;
 3. A love-light beams a - cross the foam, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies;
 4. I'm on my way to that fair land, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies;



My dark - est night will turn to day, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies.
 And I will spend e - ter - ni - ty, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies.
 It shines to light the shores of home, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies.
 Where there will be no part - ing hand, Where the soul (of man) nev-er dies.



No sad fare - wells, no tear - dimmed eyes,
 Dear friends, there'll be no sad fare-wells, There'll be no tear-dimmed eyes,



Where all is love, and the soul nev - er dies.
 Where all is peace and joy and love, and the soul of man nev - er dies.

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, 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.

Ivory Palaces

Henry Barraclough

Henry Barraclough

1. My Lord has gar-ments so won-drous fine, And myrrh their tex-ture fills;
2. His life had al-so its sor-rows sore, For al-oes had a part;
3. His gar-ments too were in cas-sia dipped, With heal-ing in a touch;
4. In gar-ments glo-ri-ous He will come, To o-pen wide the door;

Its fra-grance reached to this heart of mine, With joy my be-ing thrills.
And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear-drops start.
Each time my feet in some sin have slipped, He took me from its clutch.
And I shall en-ter my heav'n-ly home, To dwell for-ev-er-more.

Out of the i-vo-ry pal-a-ces, In-to a world of woe,

On-ly His great, e-ter-nal love Made my Sav-ior go.

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,

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.

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.

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.

Saved!

Oswald Jeffrey Smith

Roger M. Hickman

1. Saved! Saved! Saved! My sins are all for - giv'n,
2. Saved! Saved! Saved! By grace and grace a - lone.
3. Saved! Saved! Saved! O joy be - yond com - pare!

The first system of music is in 6/8 time. The treble staff features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment of eighth notes.

Christ is mine! I'm on my way to heav'n,
Oh, what won - drous love to me was shown,
Christ my life, and I His con - stant care,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff includes some chromatic movement, and the bass staff remains steady.

Once a guilt - y sin - ner, lost, un - done,
In my stead Christ Je - sus bled and died.
Yield - ing all and trust - ing Him a - lone,

The third system of music. The treble staff has a more active melody with some grace notes, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Now a child of God, Saved thro' His Son.
Bore my sins, for me was cru - ci - fied.
Liv - ing now each mo - ment as His own.

The final system of music. The treble staff concludes with a sustained chord, and the bass staff ends with a final cadence.

Lead Me to Calvary

Jennie Evelyn Hussey

William J. Kirkpatrick



1. King of my life, I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glo - ry be;
2. Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Ten - der - ly mourned and wept;
3. Let me, like Ma - ry, through the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee;
4. May I be will - ing, Lord, to bear, Dai - ly my cross for Thee;



Lest I for - get Thy thorn crowned brow, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.
An - gels in robes of light ar - rayed, Guard - ed Thee whilst Thou slept.
Show to me now the emp - ty tomb, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.
E - ven Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.



Lest I for - get Geth - sem - a - ne, Lest I for - get Thine ag - o - ny,



Lest I for - get Thy love for me, Lead me to Cal - va - ry.



Only Believe

Paul Rader

Paul Rader

1. Fear not, lit - tle flock, from the cross to the throne, From death in - to
 2. Fear not, lit - tle flock, He go - eth a - head, Your Shep - herd se -
 3. Fear not, lit - tle flock, what - ev - er your lot; He en - ters all

life He went for His own; All pow - er in earth, all pow - er a -
 lect - eth the path you must tread; The wa - ters of Ma - rah, He'll sweet-en for
 rooms, "the doors be - ing shut." He nev - er for - sakes, He nev - er is

bove, Is giv - en to Him for the flock of His love.
 thee, He drank all the bit - ter in Geth - sem - a - ne. On - ly be - lieve,
 gone, So count on His presence in dark - ness and dawn.

on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos - si - ble, on - ly be - lieve;

On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve; All things are pos - si - ble, on - ly be - lieve.

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.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are arranged in three systems, each with three lines of text corresponding to different verses. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

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.

Words & Music: Elton M. Roth. © Copyright 1924. Renewal 1951 Hope Publishing Co.,
Carol Stream, IL 60188. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

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; fly a - way; To a home on God's ce - les - tial shore,
 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.

© Copyright 1932 in "Wonderful Message" by Hartford Music Co. Renewed 1960 by Alfred E. Brumley & Sons/SESAC (admin. by ICG). All rights reserved. Used by permission.

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.

Words & Music: B. B. McKinney. © Copyright 1936. Published by Broadman Press. Used by permission.

It Took a Miracle

John W. Peterson

John W. Peterson

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

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

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

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

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

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.

© Copyright 1961, renewed 1989 by John W. Peterson Music Company. All rights reserved.
 Used by permission.

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
 But joy he gives; But great - er still the calm as -
 nal war with pain; 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!

Copyright © 1971 by William J. Gaither. All rights reserved. Used by permission of Gaither Music Company.

Join All the Glorious Names

Isaac Watts, stanzas 2 and 3 Robert J. Morgan

John Darwall

1. Join all the glo - rious names, Of wis - dom, love and
2. The Babe of Beth - le - hem, the Faith - ful Wit - ness,
3. Al - pha, O - me - ga He, One like the Son of

pow'r, That ev - er mor - tals knew, That an - gels
He Is first and last, was dead, now lives to
Man, Ar - rayed in light, He reigned be - fore the

ev - er bore: All are too mean to
set us free. He washed our sins. He
world be - gan. He was, and is, and

speak His worth, Too poor to set my Sav - ior forth.
is the King, the Lord, the Word, to Him we sing.
to come our Glo - rious Lord, God's on - ly Son.