

327 Behold How Beauteous, How Good and Pleasant

Heft 74

1. Be-hold how beauteous, how good and pleas-ant, When a-mong breth-ren u -
 2. There I would tar - ry, there make my dwell-ing, Al-though a cot - tage but

ni - ty dwells; When hand in hand To heav-en's land So man-y of them fare!
 poor and small; Where love is met, There we for-get All oth-er treas-ures dear,

Ah, there is beau-ty, bright and clear, Where we be-hold them here!
 And we are rich and of good cheer In all that we do here!

3. O loving Concord! Abide thou ever As sacred bond where the brethren dwell:
 Forsake them ne'er While they live here; Let naught their hearts divide;
 I! To endless joys do thou them guide, There at the Savior's side!||

328 Ther Will I Praise, O Great Jehovah

Heft 75

1. Thee will I praise, O great Je-ho-vah, And Thy rich fa - vor is my song!
 2. Ear-ly, when morn-ing's glow is call-ing, My spir-it lifts it - self to Thee;
 3. My heart to Thee shall con - se-crat-ed, My life to Thee shall hal-lowed be:

High hast Thou me, O God, ex - alt - ed, My joy - ous thanks to Thee be - long!
Late, when the shades of night are falling, My song doth praise Thee thank - ful - ly.
To Thee, my an - thems ded - i - cat - ed, All - Good, All - Faith - ful One, to Thee,

Ne'er shall I cease my praise to ren - der To Thee, Al - might - y, Wise and
O what a joy to come be - fore Thee, With ho - ly an - thems to a -
Shall in Thy tem - ple's ho - ly dwell - ing The praise and laud and grace be

I con - se - crate,
Ten - der.
dore Thee! To Thee my harp I con - se - crate, To Thee my harp I
swell - ing!
To Je - ho - vah!

con - se - crate, Thou art my song, Thou art my song, Je - ho - vah great!
To Je - ho - vah!