

# 87 Fairest Lord Jesus

*Your eyes will see the King in His beauty. Isaiah 33:17*

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

God and man the Son. Thee will I cher - ish; Thee will I  
 bloom - ing garb of spring. Je - sus is fair - er; Je - sus is  
 twin - kling star - ry host. Je - sus shines bright - er; Je - sus shines  
 God and Son of man! Glo - ry and hon - or, Praise, ad - o -

hon - or, Thou my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown. *Optional*  
 pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing. *transition to*  
 pur - er Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast. *"More Precious*  
 ra - tion, Now and for - ev - er - more be Thine! *than Silver"*

TEXT: Anonymous German hymn, *Münster Gesangbuch*, 1677;  
 translated, Source unknown, stanzas 1-3; Joseph A. Seiss, stanza 4  
 MUSIC: *Schlesische Volkslieder*, 1842; arranged by Richard S. Willis  
 A lower setting may be found at No. 452

CRUSADERS' HYMN  
 5.6.8.5.5.8.

# 88 More Precious than Silver

*You are my Lord; apart from You I have no good thing. Psalm 16:2*

Lord, You are more pre - cious than sil - ver; Lord, You are more

TEXT: Lynn De Shazo  
 MUSIC: Lynn De Shazo

MORE PRECIOUS  
 Irregular meter

cost-ly than gold. Lord, You are more beau-ti-ful than

dia-monds, And noth-ing I de-sire com-pares with You.

*Optional extended or choral ending*

Noth-ing I de-sire, noth-ing I de-sire com-pares with You.

The end of NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME - A Worship Sequence

## Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee 89

*I have set the Lord always before me. Therefore my heart is glad. Psalm 16:8-9*

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;  
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find  
3. O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,  
4. But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

But sweet - er far Thy face to see And in Thy pres - ence rest.  
A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - ior of man-kind.  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!  
The love of Je - sus, what it is- None but His loved ones know.  
Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

TEXT: Attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux; translated by Edward Caswall  
MUSIC: John B. Dykes

ST. AGNES  
C.M.