

242. IN THAT CRYSTAL CITY

NA KRISTALNOM MORU

1. { In that crys-tal cit-y yon', } { In the hap-py }
 Saints re-joyce in pur-est love, } Sings for joy the
 2. { There the faith-ful hosts re-joyce, } { There re-deemed throngs }
 And their songs of prais-es voice, } Sing to Him their

6
 fa-ther-land } Ev-er on that peace-ful strand,
 hap-py band. } Hal-le-lu-jah, A men.
 of our Lord } For-ev-er to life re-stored,
 sweet ac-cord. }

3. Raise up high your tuneful song, Hallelujah, Amen.
 Praise our God, so kind and strong, Hallelujah, Amen.
 Holy is whom here we praise, To whom our anthems we raise,
 As transfixed on Him we gaze. Hallelujah, Amen.

243. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

O ISUSE SPASE DUŠE

1. Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly, While the
 2. Hide me, oh, my Sav-ior, hide me, Till the storm of life is past! Safe in-
 3. Yea, I have no oth-er ref-uge, Help-less turns my soul to Thee; Leave me

16
 floods are roll-ing near-er, While the tem-pest still is high!
 to the ha-ven guide me, O re-ceive my soul at last!
 not, nor yet for-sake me, Still sup-port and com-fort me!

4. All my trust in Thee is anchored, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless spirit With the shadow of Thy wing!
 5. In Thy grace is full redemption Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing stream abounding Make and keep me pure within!
 6. Lord, Thou art the living fountain, Freely let me take of Thee!
 May the source of life eternal Rise in all eternity!

244. NIGHT IS FALLING O'ER THE SKY

LAKO S' SPUŠTA TIHA NOĆ

p *mf*

1. Night is fall - ing o'er the sky, o - ver hill and vale, Rest is com - ing by and
 2. Sow the seeds of faith and peace 'neath the moon's dim glow; Spe - cial seeds to those in -
 3. Com - fort - er, Thy love pour down on these bless - ed hearts. Lead them on to heav - en's

by, Soon our Lord we'll hail! Round our cot - tage in the night, with his watch - ful
 crease who are in deep woe. Help them, love to them now show, in their pain and
 crown, for their joy de - parts. And with - out Thy bless - ings, Lord, we are all but

f

eye, Guards the an - gel, fair and bright, 'neath the star - lit sky.
 tears. When in grief their tears do flow, tell them heav - en nears!
 nought; Send Thy love in great ac - cord, as Thou al - ways wrought!

245. THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA

SAMARJANKA

1. { The wom - an of Sa - ma - ria came for wa - ter to the well. } But hadst thou known the gift of
 The Lord hath said, "I thirst," yet, no, He could not her com - pel.

God, known I was Christ be - fore, Thou wouldst have asked for liv - ing wa - ter, that thou thirst no more.

2. Believe that hour cometh now, from Holy God, divine,
 When all will worship Him in truth, with His blest will align.
 I now believe that Thou art Christ, Messiah true and great,
 For Thou my past well knoweth and for us what doth await.

3. Her waterpot she left behind, with joy to tell the tale,
 Of Jesus Christ, the blessed One, who ever will prevail.
 O come, this wondrous Man behold, our Savior, this is He
 Accept Him as thy Lord and King, for He will set you free.