


Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee



Bernard of Clairvaux
Tr. Edward Caswall

(St. Agnes)


John B. Dykes



1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! O Joy of all the meek!
4. 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!
Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.




Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts



Bernard of Clairvaux
Tr. Ray Palmer

(Maryton)


Henry P. Smith



1. Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou fount of life, Thou light of men,
2. Thy truth unchanged hath ev - er stood; Thou sav - est those that on Thee call;
3. On Thee we feed, Thou liv - ing bread, And long to feast up - on Thee still;
*4. Our rest - less spir - its yearn for Thee, Where'er our changeful lot is cast -
5. O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay, Make all our moments calm and bright;

From all the bliss that earth im-parts We turn un-filled to Thee a - gain.
To them that seek Thee Thou art good; To them that find Thee, all in all.
We drink of Thee, Thou foun-tain-head, Whose streams each thirsting soul can fill.
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see, Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.
Chase the dark night of sin a - way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho - ly light.



I Am Dwelling on the Mountain

Harriett W. Re Qua

J. W. Dadmun

FINE

1. { I am dwell - ing on the moun - tain, Where the gold - en sun - light gleams }
 { O'er a land whose wondrous beau - ty Far ex - ceeds my fondest dreams. }
 2. { I am drink - ing at the foun - tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide, }
 { For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied. }

D. C. — Where the flow - ers bloom for ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright?
 D. C. — For I've found a rich - er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

Is not this the land of Beau - lah, Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light,
 There's no thirst - ing for life's pleas - ures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,

Into My Heart

H. D. C.

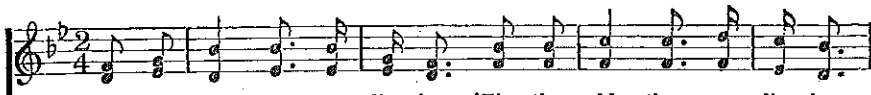
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 MARY G. CLARKE, OWNER

Harry D. Clarke

In - to my heart, In - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus;

Come in to - day, Come in to stay, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus.

The Old-Time Religion



CHO.—'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion,

1. It was good for our moth - ers, It was good for our moth - ers,
2. It has saved our . . fa - thers, I has saved our . . fa - thers,
3. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,
4. It will do when I am dy - ing, It will do when I am dy - ing,
5. It will take us all to heav - en, It will take us all to heav - en,



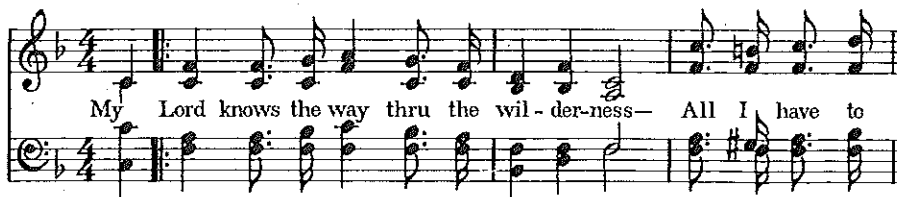
'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion, And it's good e-nough for me.
 It was good for our moth - ers, And it's good e-nough for me.
 It has saved our . . fa - thers, And it's good e-nough for me.
 Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, And it's good e-nough for me.
 It will do when I am dy - ing, And it's good e-nough for me.
 It will take us all to heav - en, And it's good e-nough for me.



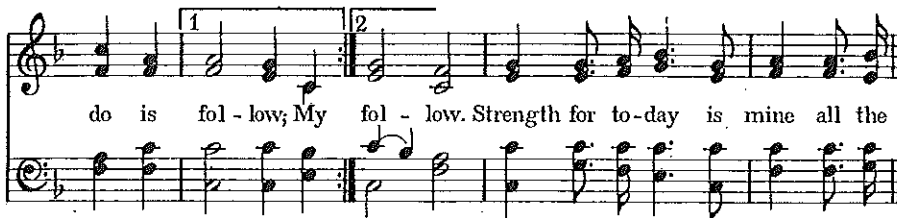
My Lord Knows the Way Thru the Wilderness

S.E.C.

Sidney E. Cox



My Lord knows the way thru the wil - der - ness— All I have to

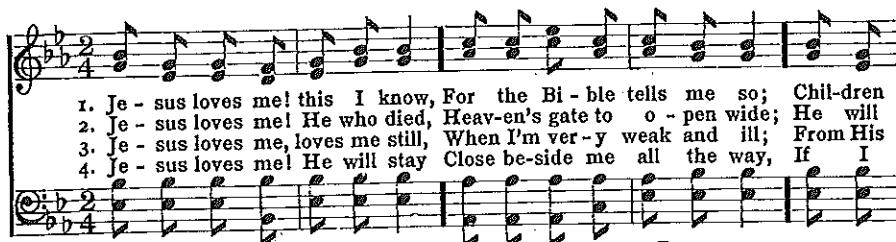


do is fol - low; My fol - low. Strength for to-day is mine all the

Jesus Loves Me! This I Know

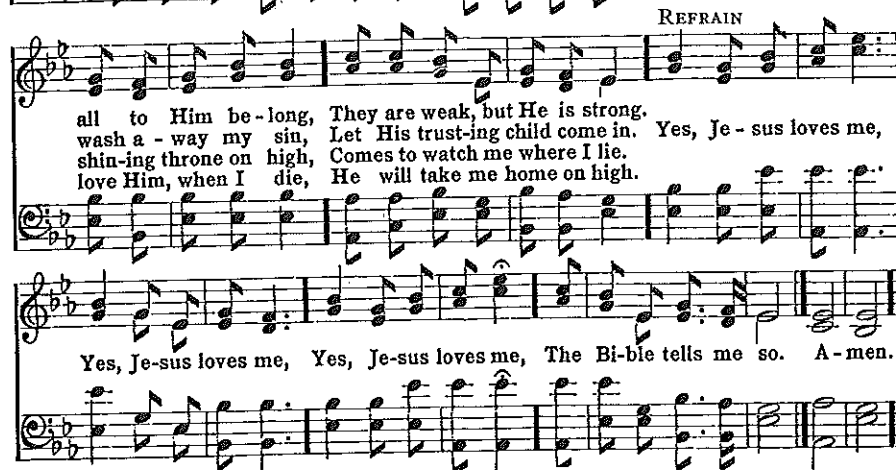
Anna B. Warner

William B. Bradbury



1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Chil - dren
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav - en's gate to o - pen wide; He will
 3. Je - sus loves me, loves me still, When I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way, If I

REFRAIN



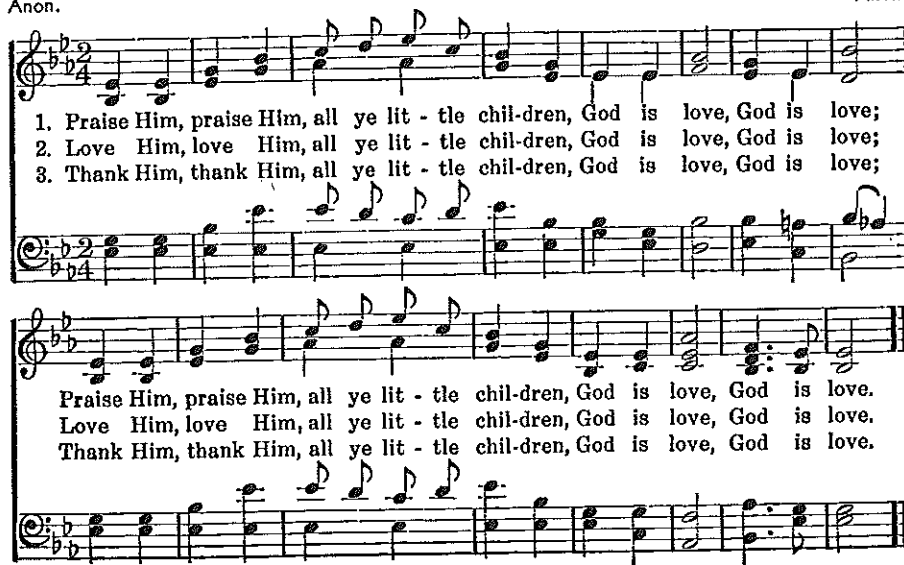
all to Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong.
 wash a - way my sin, Let His trust - ing child come in. Yes, Je - sus loves me,
 shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
 love Him, when I die, He will take me home on high.

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

Praise Him, All Ye Little Children

Anon.

Anon.



1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;
 2. Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;
 3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love;

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.
 Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.
 Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, God is love, God is love.

Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be?

Joseph Grigg
Alt. by Benjamin Francis

Henry K. Oliver

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-shamed of Thee?
2. A-shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve-ning blush to own a star;
3. A-shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven de-pend!
4. A-shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way;
5. Till then, nor is my boast-ing vain, Till then I boast a Sav - iour slain;

A-shamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days?
He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
And O, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me! A-MEN.

I'll Live for Him

Ralph E. Hudson

C. R. Dunbar

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

REFRAIN-I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

D. C. for Refrain
O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

Timothy Dwight

Adapted from Aaron Williams

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
 2. I love the Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend;
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heaven - ly ways,
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given

The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye And grav - en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be given Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield And bright - er bliss of heaven.

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

John Fawcett

Johann H. G. Nageli

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
 4. When we a - sun - der part It gives us in - ward pain; But

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 we shall still be joined in heart And hope to meet a - gain.


3 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

HAMBURG

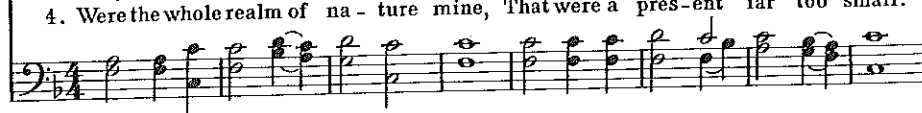

From a Gregorian Chant

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

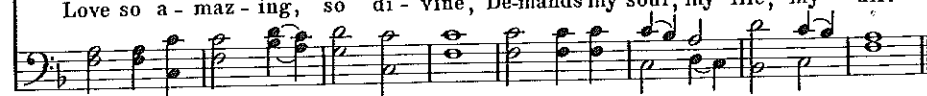
ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small:

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most—I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.




'Tis Midnight - and on Olive's Brow


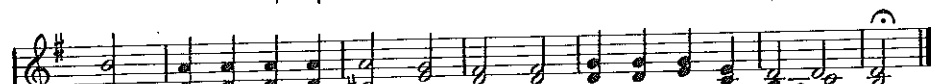
OLIVE'S BROW

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1816-1868

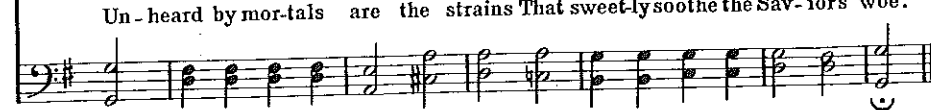
WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1794-1849



1. 'Tis mid-night-and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone;
 2. 'Tis mid-night-and from all re-moved The Sav-ior wrestles lone with fears;
 3. 'Tis mid-night-and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
 4. 'Tis mid-night-and from e-ther-plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;

'Tis mid-night-in the gar-den now The suf-f'ring Sav-ior prays a-lone.
 E'en that dis-ci-p-le whom He loved Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
 Yet He that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by His God.
 Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweet-ly soothe the Sav-ior's woe.



Blest Be the Tie That Binds

JOHN FAWCETT, 1740-1817

DENNIS

HANS G. NAEGELI, 1773-1836

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love! The
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
 4. When we a - sun - der part It gives us in - ward pain; But

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord!

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1752-1817

ST. THOMAS

AARON WILLIAMS, 1731-1776

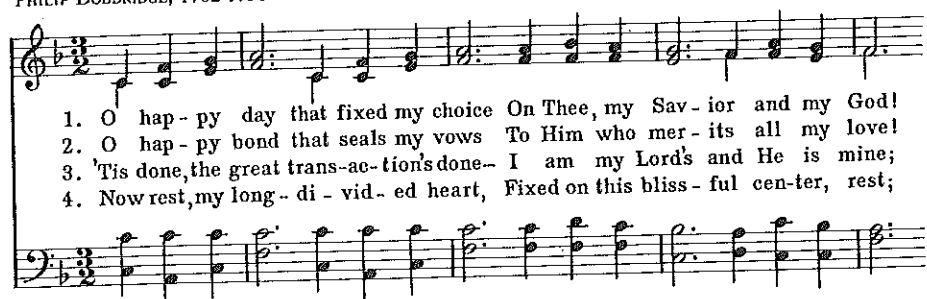
1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord! The house of Thine a - bode -
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend -
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways -
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye And grav - en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

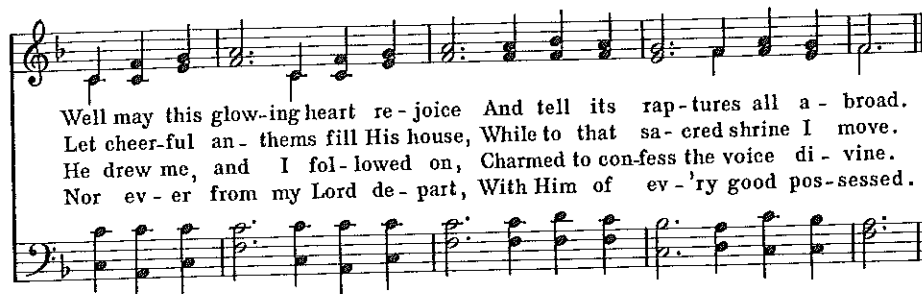
O Happy Day!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-1751

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, 1816-1876

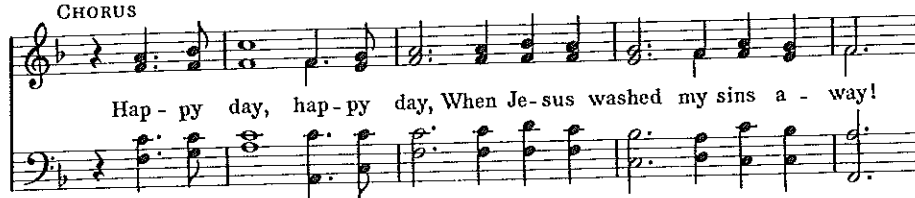


1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
2. O hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
3. 'Tis done, the great trans - ac - tion's done - I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter, rest;

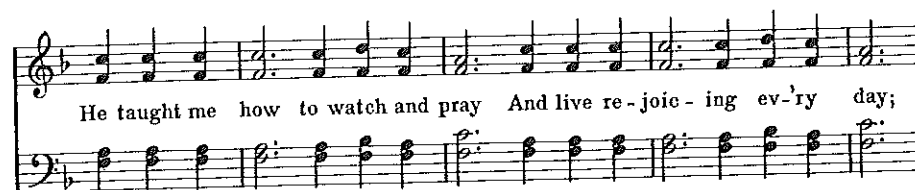


Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine.
Nor ev - er from my Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good pos - sessed.

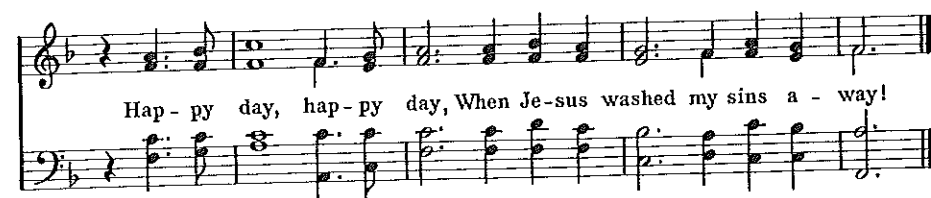
CHORUS



Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!



He taught me how to watch and pray And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;



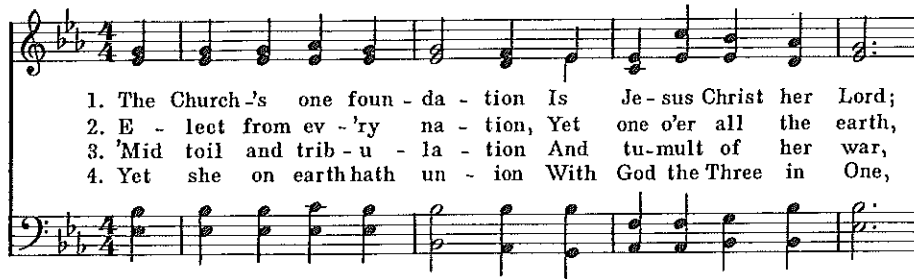
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

The Church's One Foundation

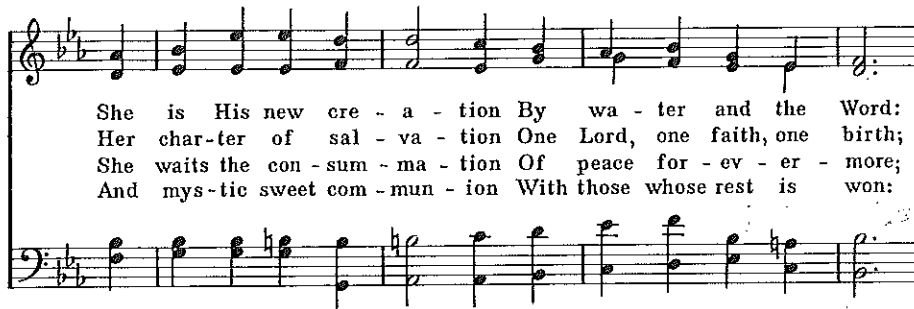
SAMUEL J. STONE, 1839-1900

AURELIA

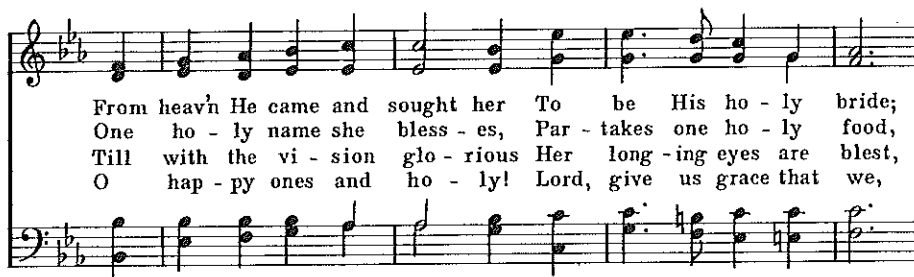
SAMUEL S. WESLEY, 1810-1876



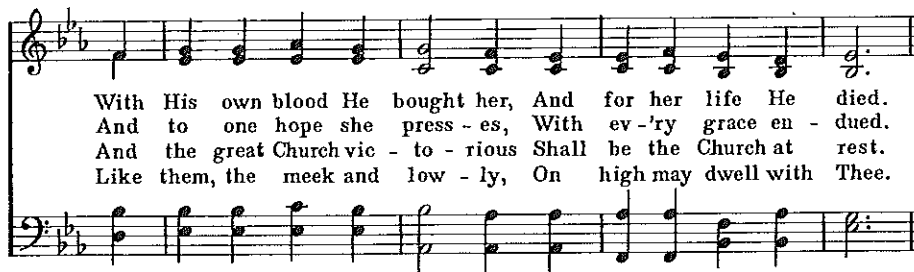
1. The Church-'s one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



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 - mun - ion 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,
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,



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.
Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.

Ride On! Ride On in Majesty!

ST. DROSTANE

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1791-1868

JOHN B. DYKES, 1823-1876

Arr. by Harold DeCou, 1932-

1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry;
 2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die;
 3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The wing - ed squad - rons of the sky
 4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die;

O Sav - ior meek, pur - sue Thy road With palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed.
 O Christ, Thy tri - umphs now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and conquered sin.
 Look down with sad and won - d'ring eyes To see th'ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice.
 Bow Thy meek head to mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.

Alternate tunes: OLD HUNDREDTH (original meter) - 8, WALTHAM - 98 (131)

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Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

MARTYRDOM

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

HUGH WILSON, 1766-1824

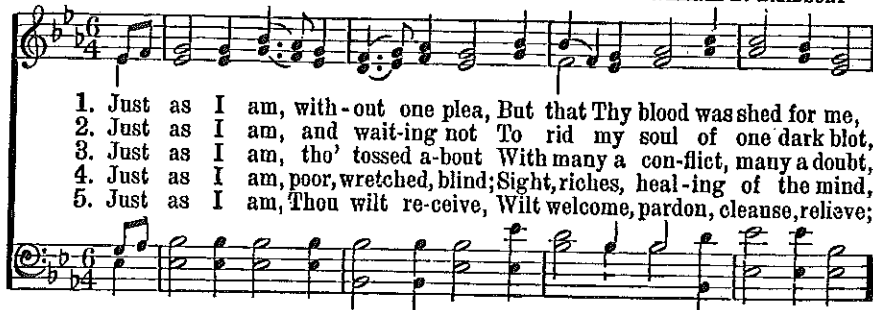
1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide And shut his glo - ries in,
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
 When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man the crea - ture's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way - 'Tis all that I can do.

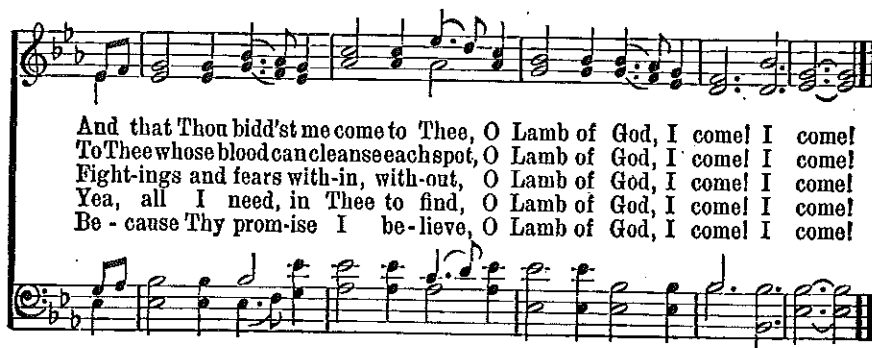
Just As I Am

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

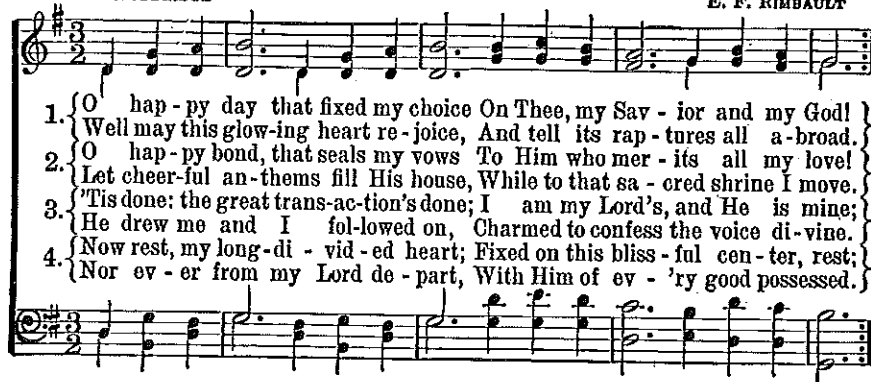


And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

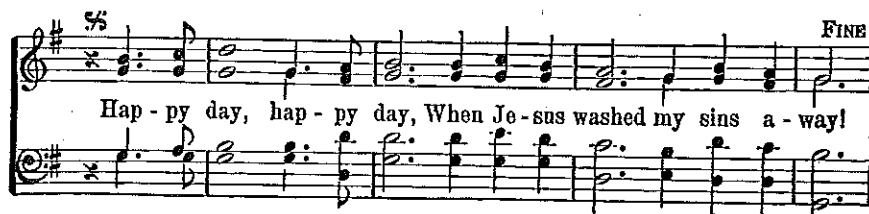
O Happy Day

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

E. F. RIMBAULT



1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God! }
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re - jice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }
 2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
 { Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }
 3. { 'Tis done: the great trans-ac-tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine; }
 { He drew me and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine. }
 4. { Now rest, my long-di - vid-ed heart; Fixed on this bliss - ful cen-ter, rest; }
 { Nor ev - er from my Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed. }



Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

FINE

O Come, Let Us Adore Him

Traditional

Wade's *Cantus Diversi*

1. O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore
 2. We'll praise His name for - ev - er, We'll praise His name for - ev -
 3. We'll give Him all the glo - ry, We'll give Him all the glo -
 4. For He a - lone is wor - thy, For He a - lone is wor -

Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.
 er, We'll praise His name for - ev - er, Christ the Lord.
 ry, We'll give Him all the glo - ry, Christ the Lord.
 thy, For He a - lone is wor - thy, Christ the Lord.

Tune: Refrain of ADESTE FIDELES

Ye Servants of God

CHARLES WESLEY

Attr. to William Croft

1. Ye serv - ants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a -
 2. God rul - eth on high, al - might - y to save, And still He is
 3. "Sal - va - tion to God, who sits on the throne!" Let all cry a -
 4. Then let us a - dore, and give Him His right - All glo - ry and

broad His won - der - ful name; The name, all - vic - to - rious, of Je - sus
 nigh, His pres - ence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion His tri - umph
 loud, and hon - or the Son; The prais - es of Je - sus the an - gels
 pow'r, all wis - dom and might, All hon - or and bless - ing, with an - gels

TRANSPOSED / Alternate, LYONS)

ISN'T HE WONDERFUL!

S. Jones

Arr. by Homer Hammontree

Is - n't He won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful, Is - n't

Je - sus, my Lord, won - der - ful! Eyes have seen, ears have heard, It's re -

cord - ed in God's Word - Is - n't Je - sus, my Lord, won - der - ful!

I LOVE HIM

Old Melody

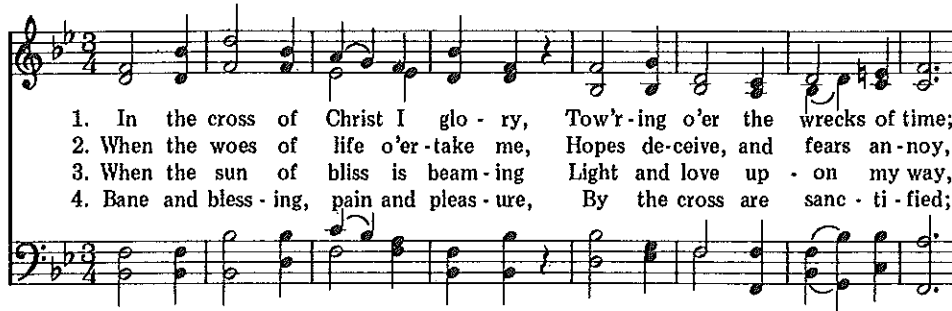
I love Him, I love Him, Because He first loved me, And purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal - vary's tree.

In the Cross of Christ I Glory

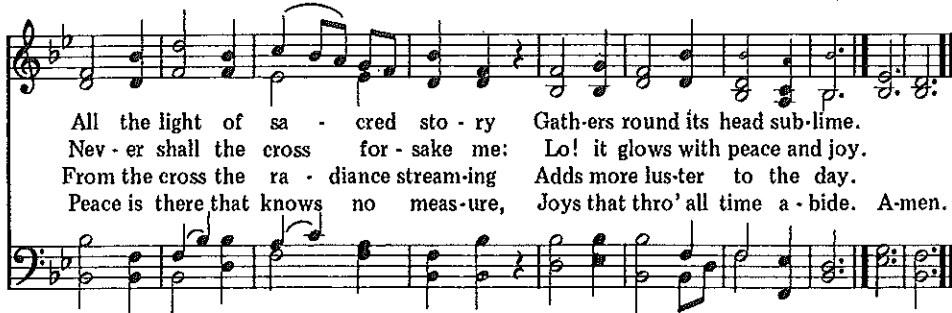
God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross . . . Gal. 6:14

JOHN BOWRING

ITHAMAR CONKEY



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;



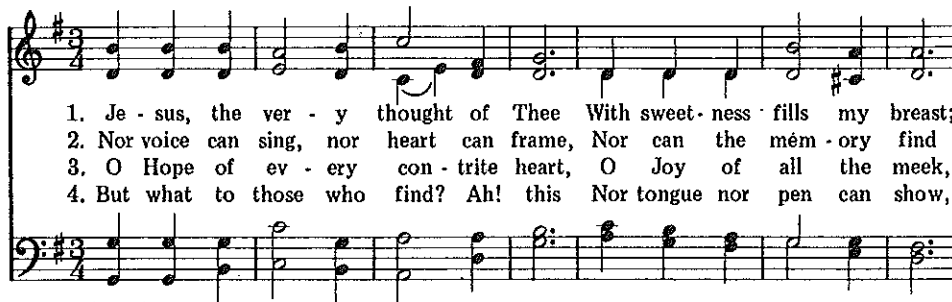
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - diance stream-ing Adds more lus-ter to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A-men.

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

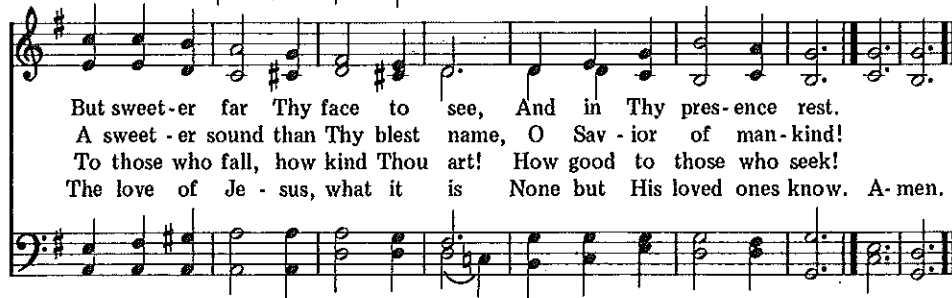
In whom, though now ye see Him not . . . ye rejoice. 1 Pet. 1:8

ATTR. TO BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX
 TRANS. BY EDWARD CASWALL

JOHN B. DYKES



1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mêm - ory 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,



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. A-men.

E. M. R.
CHORUS

HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER

Elton M. Roth

Two systems of musical notation. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a melody line and a bass line. The second system is similar. The lyrics are written below the melody line.

In my heart there rings a melody, There rings a melody with heaven's harmony;

In my heart there rings a mel-o-dy, There rings a mel-o-dy of love.

Father I Adore You

T.C.

①

Three part round (in unison)

②

Terrye Coelho

Two systems of musical notation. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a melody line and a bass line. The second system is similar. The lyrics are written below the melody line.

1. Fa - ther, I a-dore You, Lay my life be -
2. Je - sus, I a-dore You, Lay my life be -
3. Splr - it, I a-dore You, Lay my life be -

fore You, How I love You.
fore You, How I love You.
fore You, How I love You.

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Box 4669 Irvine, CA. 92716 U.S.A. All rights reserved.
International Copyright secured. Used by permission. A.S.C.A.P.

1. I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat,
 2. Re - fin - ing fire go thro' my heart, Re - fin - ing fire go thro' my heart,
 3. Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall,

CHO.—I can, I will, I do be-lieve; I can, I will, I do be-lieve;
D. C. for Chorus

I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy seat, Where Je-sus an - swers pray'r.
 Re - fin - ing fire go thro' my heart, Il - lu - mi - nate my soul.
 Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume.

I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je - sus saves me now.

(Chorus)

Mrs. C. H. M.

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 HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER

Mrs. C. H. Morris

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.

P. R.

CHORUS

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 THE RODEHEAVER CO., OWNER

Paul Rader

Spir - it, now melt and move All of our hearts with love,

Breathe on us from a - bove With old - time pow'r.

In Jordan's Stream

BRIDGEWATER

JOHN W. PETERSON, 1921-

JOHN W. PETERSON, 1921-



1. In Jor-dan's stream the Sav - ior stood Ful-fill - ing right-eous - ness,
 2. To - day we gath - er in Thy name, And 'tis a sa - cred hour;
 3. Our wit - ness to the world a - round Of Thy re - deem - ing grace;
 4. Nor would we cease to fol - low Thee, Con - tent with this a - lone;

And like a dove the Spir - it came His heart and life to bless.
 Bless these who fol - low in Thy steps, De - scend in love and pow'r.
 A wit - ness of our love for Thee, Our hope to see Thy face.
 On thru the gar - den, Cal - va - ry, Thy lot shall be our own.

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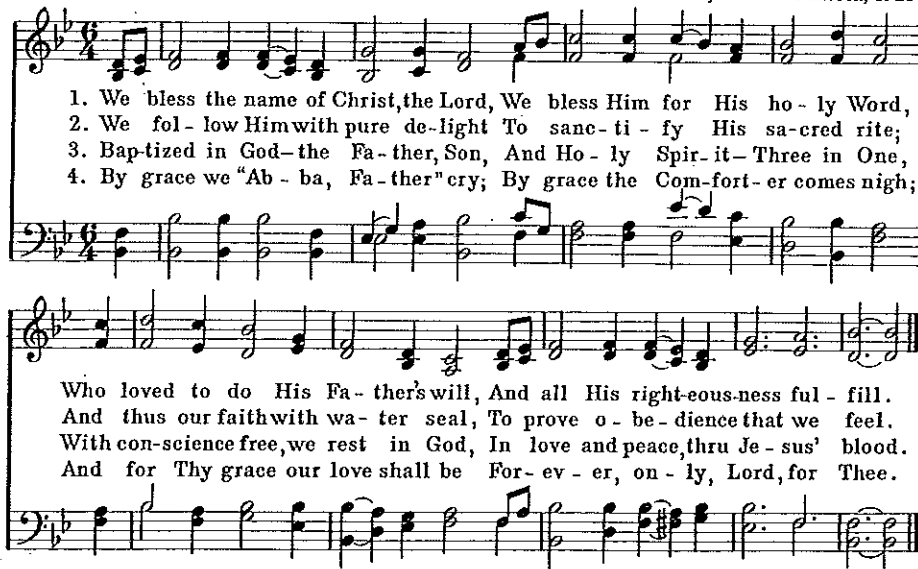
We Bless the Name of Christ, the Lord

RETREAT

SAMUEL F. COFFMAN, 1872-1954

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784-1872

Arr. by John W. Peterson, 1921-



1. We bless the name of Christ, the Lord, We bless Him for His ho - ly Word,
 2. We fol - low Him with pure de - light To sanc - ti - fy His sa - cred rite;
 3. Baptized in God - the Fa - ther, Son, And Ho - ly Spir - it - Three in One,
 4. By grace we "Ab - ba, Fa - ther" cry; By grace the Com - fort - er comes nigh;

Who loved to do His Fa - ther's will, And all His right - eous - ness ful - fill.
 And thus our faith with wa - ter seal, To prove o - be - dience that we feel.
 With con - science free, we rest in God, In love and peace, thru Je - sus' blood.
 And for Thy grace our love shall be For - ev - er, on - ly, Lord, for Thee.

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Responses After Prayer

GEORGE WHELPTON, 1847-1930

Hear our prayer, O Lord, Hear our prayer, O Lord;

In - cline Thine ear to us, And grant us Thy peace. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1903, by George Whelpton. Used by permission

ALL THINGS COME OF THEE

Arranged from Beethoven

All things come of Thee, O Lord; and of Thine own have we giv - en Thee. A - MEN.

Arr. from FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809-1847

Al-might-y Fa-ther, hear our prayer, and bless all souls that wait be-fore Thee. A - MEN.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

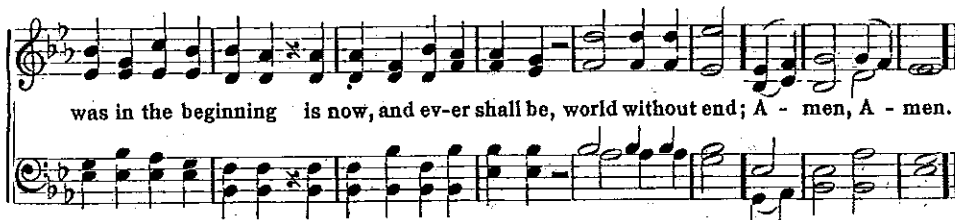
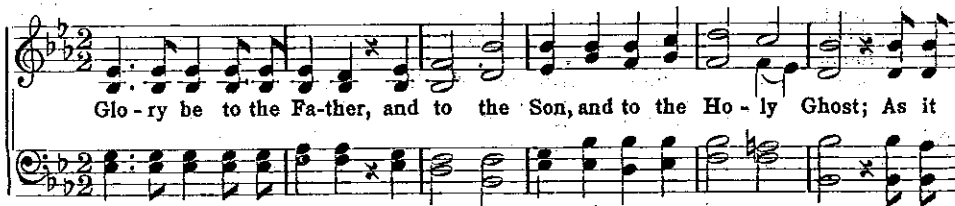
GREGORIAN.



1. Our Father which art in heaven, | Hallowed | be Thy | name.||
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this | day our— | daily | bread.||
And forgive us debts, as | we for - | give our | debtors.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - | liver | us from | evil: |
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - | ever. | A - | men.

GLORIA PATRI.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.

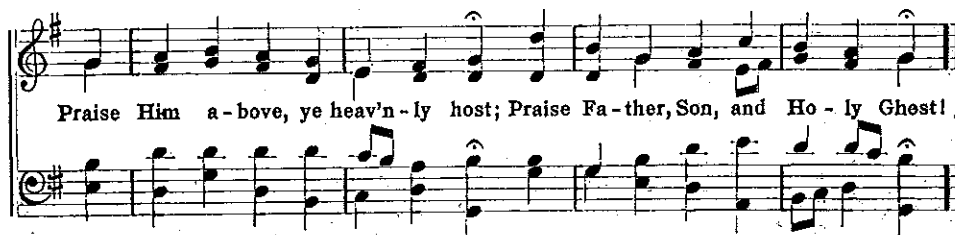
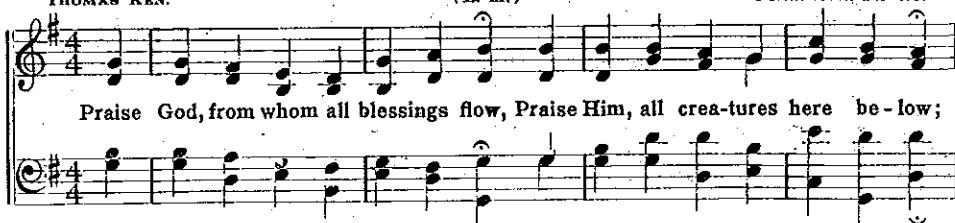


OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN.

(L. M.)

GUILLAUME FRANC.

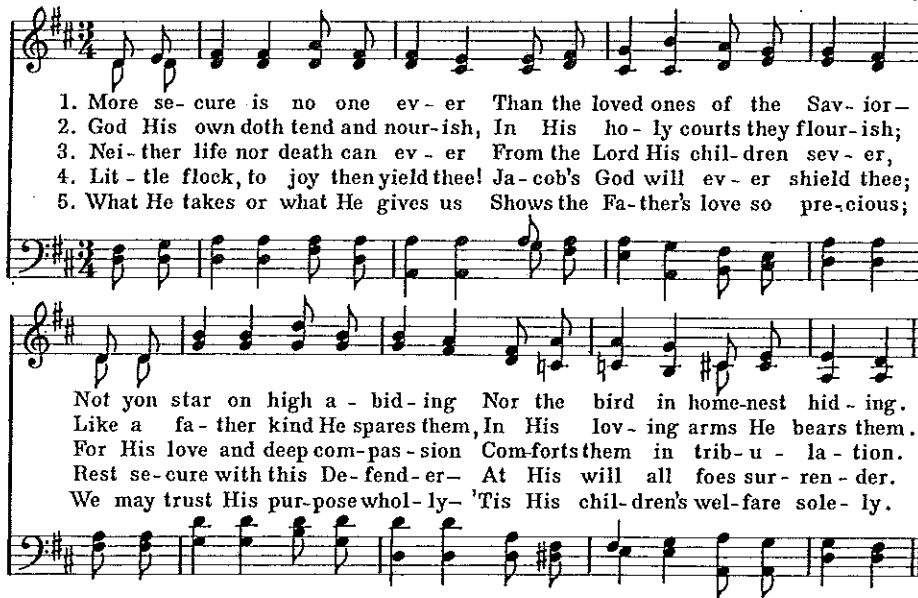


More Secure Is No One Ever

LINA SANDELL BERG, 1832-1903
Composite translation

TRYGGARE KAN INGEN VARA

Swedish melody



1. More se- cure is no one ev- er Than the loved ones of the Sav- ior—
2. God His own doth tend and nour- ish, In His ho- ly courts they flour- ish;
3. Nei- ther life nor death can ev- er From the Lord His chil- dren sev- er,
4. Lit- tle flock, to joy then yield thee! Ja- cob's God will ev- er shield thee;
5. What He takes or what He gives us Shows the Fa- ther's love so pre- cious;

Not you star on high a - bid - ing Nor the bird in home-nest hid - ing.
Like a fa - ther kind He spares them, In His lov - ing arms He bears them.
For His love and deep com-pas - sion Com-forts them in trib-u - la - tion.
Rest se- cure with this De-fend-er— At His will all foes sur- ren - der.
We may trust His pur-pose whol- ly— 'Tis His chil- dren's wel-fare sole- ly.

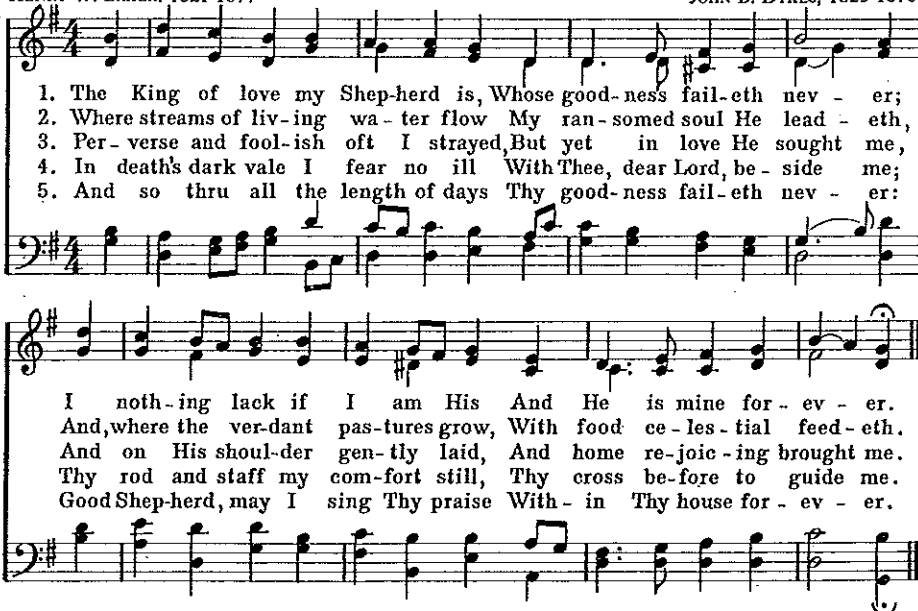
The King of Love My Shepherd Is

From Psalm 23

DOMINUS REGIT ME

HENRY W. BAKER, 1821-1877

JOHN B. DYKES, 1823-1876



1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv- ing wa- ter flow My ran- somed soul He lead - eth,
3. Per- verse and fool- ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;
5. And so thru all the length of days Thy good-ness fail-eth nev - er:

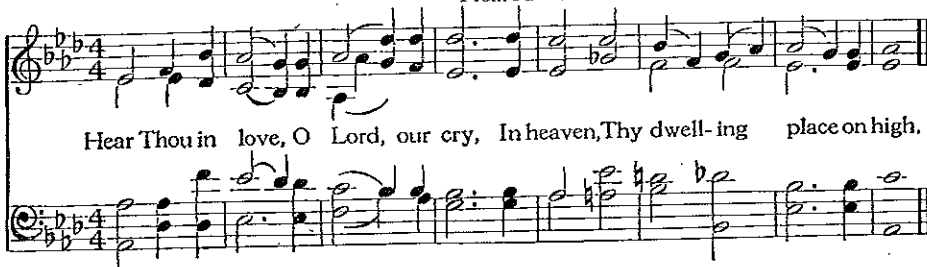
I noth- ing lack if I am His And He is mine for - ev - er.
And, where the ver- dant pas- tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
And on His shoul- der gen- tly laid, And home re- joic - ing brought me.
Thy rod and staff my com- fort still, Thy cross be- fore to guide me.
Good Shep-herd, may I sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE



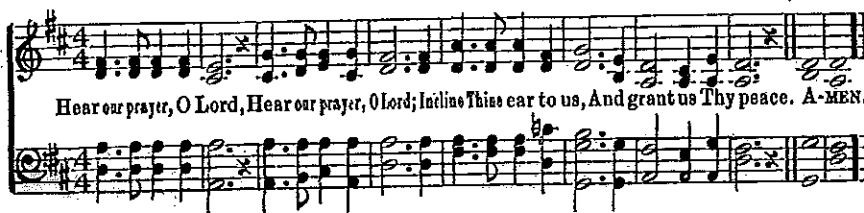
I was glad when they said un-to me, Let us go in-to the house of the Lord.

From FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809-1847



Hear Thou in love, O Lord, our cry, In heaven, Thy dwell-ing place on high.

George Whelpton



Hear our prayer, O Lord, Hear our prayer, O Lord; Incline Thine ear to us, And grant us Thy peace. A-MEN.

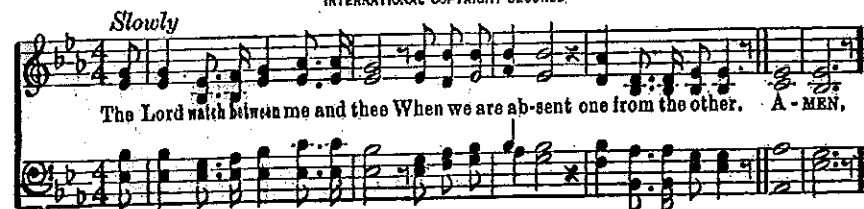
Theme From "The Holy City" Alfred R. Gaul



Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord of Hosts; Ho-ly, Holy, Ho-ly is the Lord of Hosts.

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G. H. G.



The Lord walk between me and thee When we are ab-sent one from the other. A-MEN.

ST. ANDREW. 6. 6. 8. 6.

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1823-1897

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1838-1896

We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be; All

The first system of musical notation for 'ST. ANDREW' is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be; All' are written below the notes.

that we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. A-MEN.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'that we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. A-MEN.' are written below the notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Thomas Ken

OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

Louis Bourgeois

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;

The first system of musical notation for 'OLD HUNDREDTH' is in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;' are written below the notes.

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

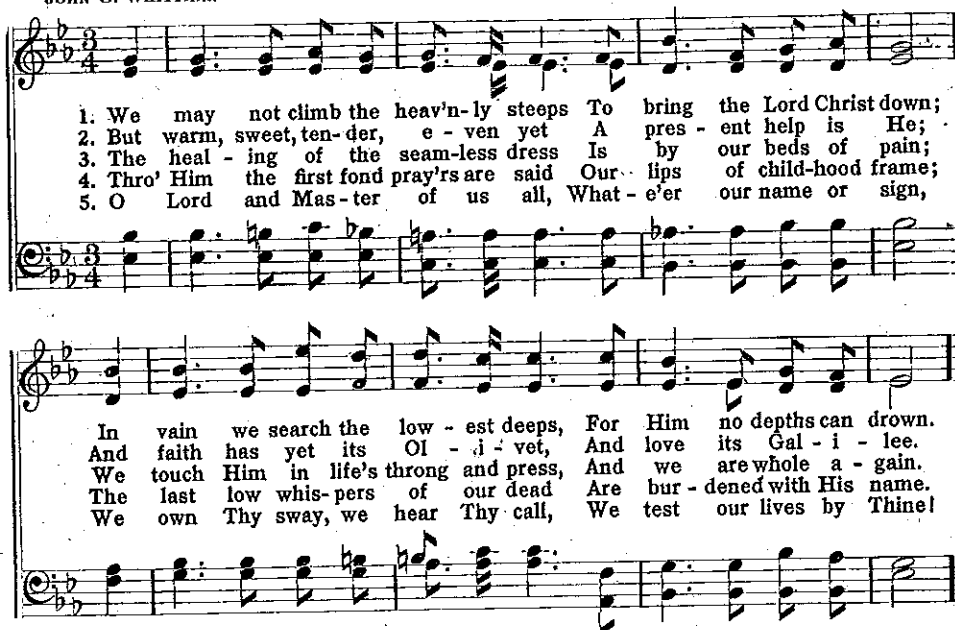
The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.' are written below the notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

WE MAY NOT CLIMB.

(SERENITY. C. M.)

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WILLIAM V. WALLACE.



1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steep To bring the Lord Christ down;
 2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, e-ven yet A pres-ent help is He;
 3. The heal-ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
 4. Thro' Him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of child-hood frame;
 5. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,

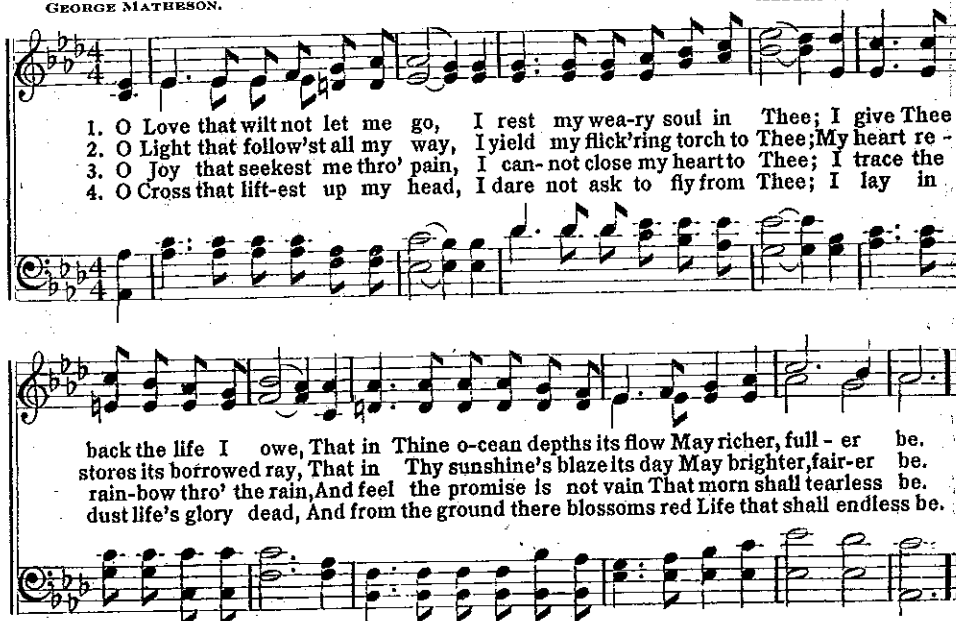
In vain we search the low-est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
 And faith has yet its Ol-i-vet, And love its Gal-i-lee.
 We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a-gain.
 The last low whis-pers of our dead Are bur-dened with His name.
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

O LOVE THAT WILT NOT LET ME GO

(ST. MARGARET. 8, 8, 8, 8, 6.)

GEORGE MATHESON.

ALBERT L. PRAGER.



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee; I give Thee
 2. O Light that follow'st all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
 3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
 4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from Thee; I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May richer, full-er be.
 stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May brighter, fair-er be.
 rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
 dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

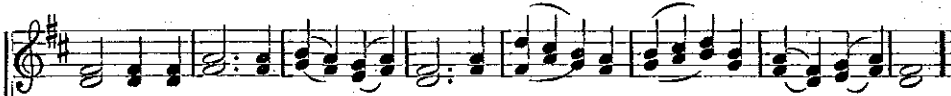
ISAAC WATTS.

(EUCCHARIST. L. M.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. When I sur-vey the, won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.



JESUS CALLS US.

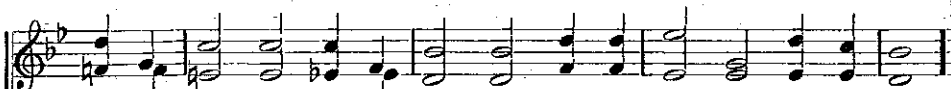
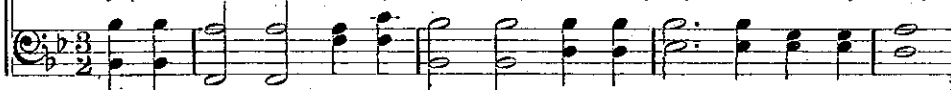
(GALILEE. 8, 7, 8, 7.)

Cecil F. Alexander.

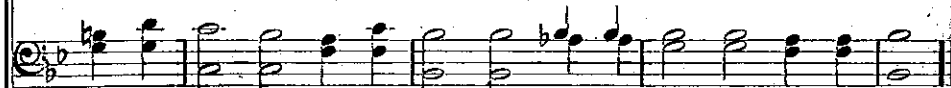
William H. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
2. Je - sus calls us, — from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store;
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us! by Thy mer - cies, Sa - viour, may we hear Thy call;



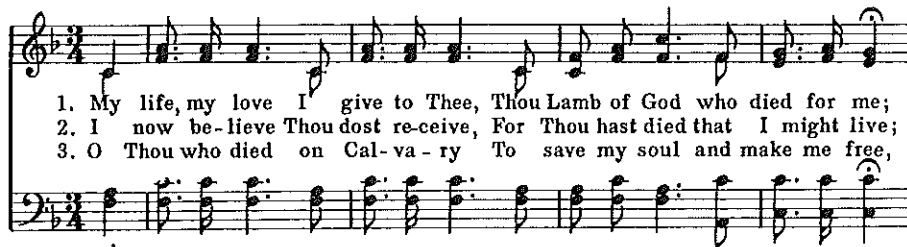
Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low me!"
From each i - dol that would keep us, — Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love me more!"
Still He calls, in cares and pleas - ures — "Chris - tian, love me more than these!"
Give our hearts to Thy o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all!



I'll Live for Him

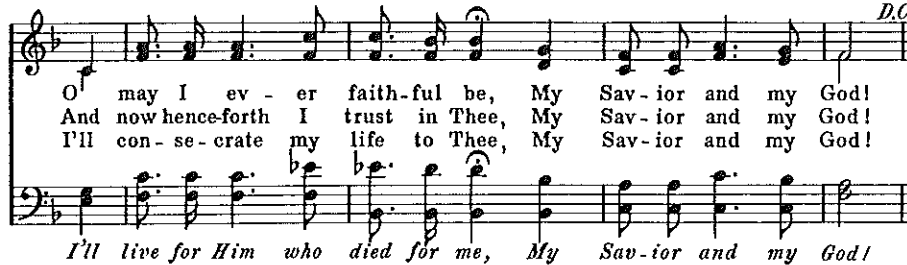
RALPH E. HUDSON

C. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry To save my soul and make me free,

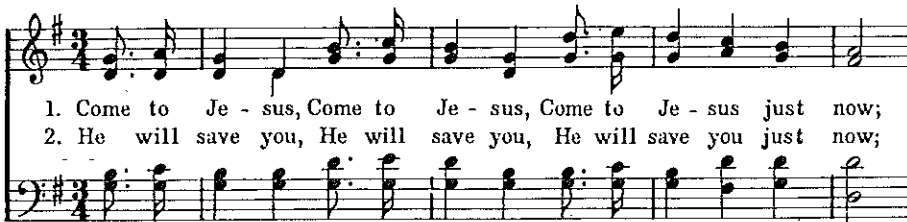
CHORUS—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*



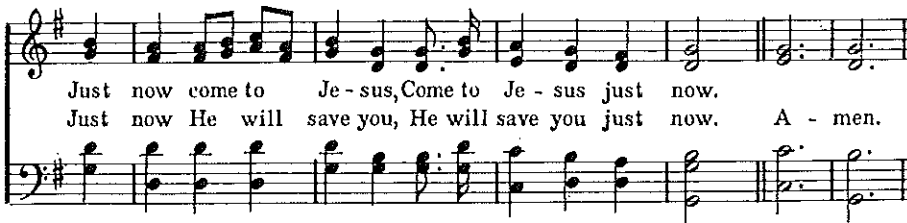
O may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
 And now hence-forth I trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
 I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

Come to Jesus



1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;
 2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now;



Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
 Just now He will save you, He will save you just now. A - men.

3. He is able.
4. He is willing.
5. Come, confess Him.

6. Come, obey Him.
7. He will hear you.
8. He'll forgive you.

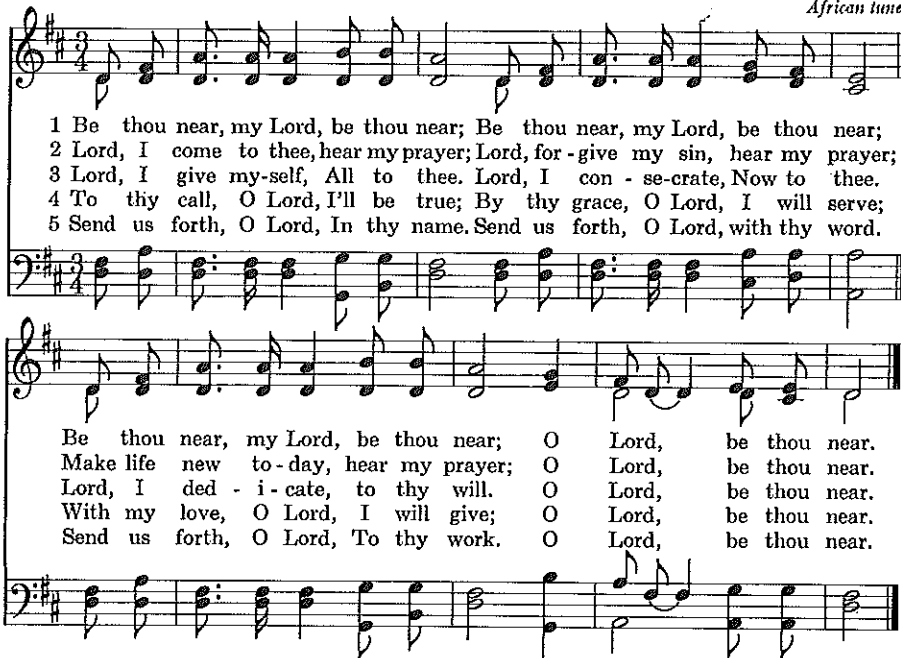
9. He will cleanse you.
10. Jesus loves you.
11. Only trust Him.

Be Thou Near

Herbert R. Peterson, 1902-

KUM BA YA 8.8.8.5.

African tune



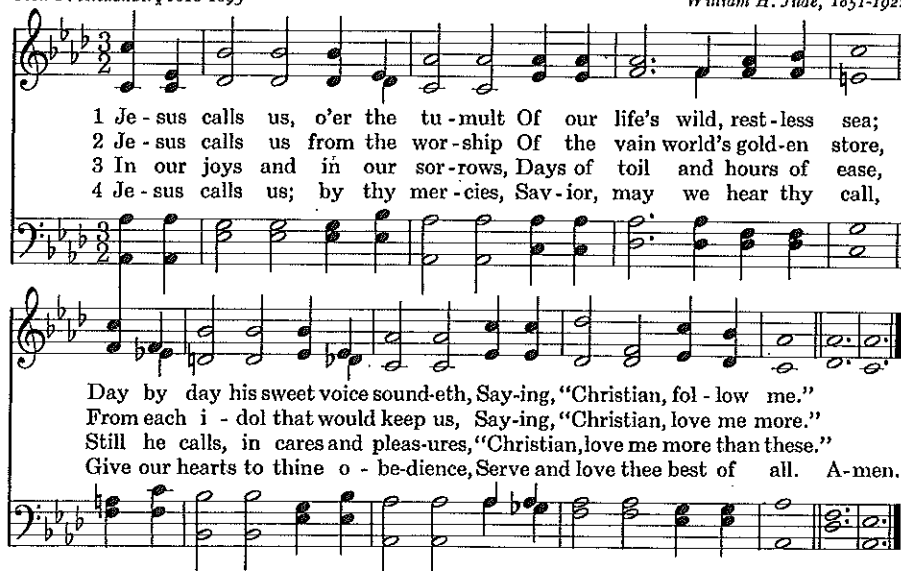
1 Be thou near, my Lord, be thou near; Be thou near, my Lord, be thou near;
 2 Lord, I come to thee, hear my prayer; Lord, for - give my sin, hear my prayer;
 3 Lord, I give my-self, All to thee. Lord, I con - se - crate, Now to thee.
 4 To thy call, O Lord, I'll be true; By thy grace, O Lord, I will serve;
 5 Send us forth, O Lord, In thy name. Send us forth, O Lord, with thy word.

Be thou near, my Lord, be thou near; O Lord, be thou near.
 Make life new to - day, hear my prayer; O Lord, be thou near.
 Lord, I ded - i - cate, to thy will. O Lord, be thou near.
 With my love, O Lord, I will give; O Lord, be thou near.
 Send us forth, O Lord, To thy work. O Lord, be thou near.

Jesus Calls Us

Based on Matthew 4:18-22
 Cecil F. Alexander, 1818-1895

GALILEE 8.7.8.7.
 William H. Jude, 1851-1922



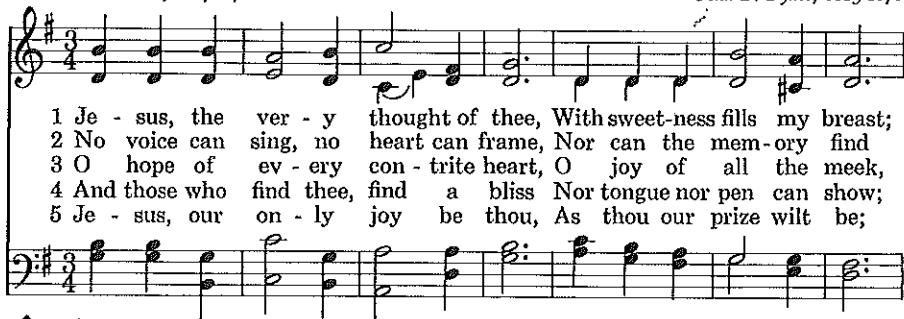
1 Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea;
 2 Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store,
 3 In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4 Je - sus calls us; by thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear thy call,

Day by day his sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol - low me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Christian, love me more."
 Still he calls, in cares and pleas-ures, "Christian, love me more than these."
 Give our hearts to thine o - be - dience, Serve and love thee best of all. A-men.

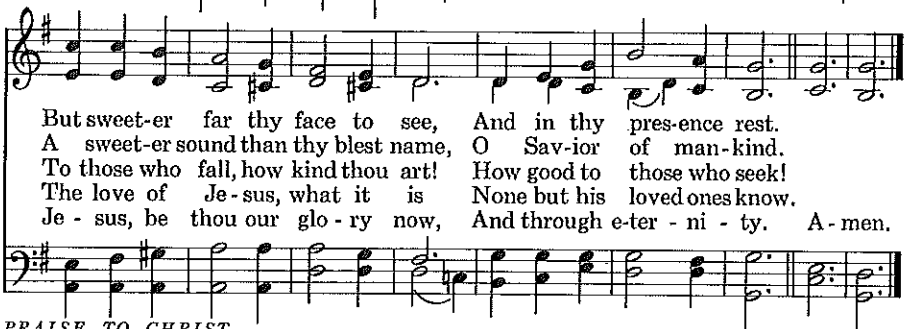
Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

*Latin: 12th century
Tr. Edward Caswall, 1814-1878*

*ST. AGNES C.M.
John B. Dykes, 1823-1876*



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-ory find
3 O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4 And those who find thee, find a bliss Nor tongue nor pen can show;
5 Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou, As thou our prize wilt be;



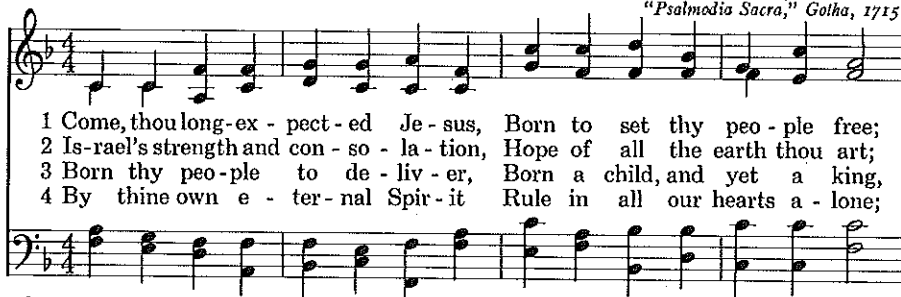
But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than thy blest name, O Sav-ior of man-kind.
To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but his loved ones know.
Je - sus, be thou our glo - ry now, And through e-ter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

PRAISE TO CHRIST

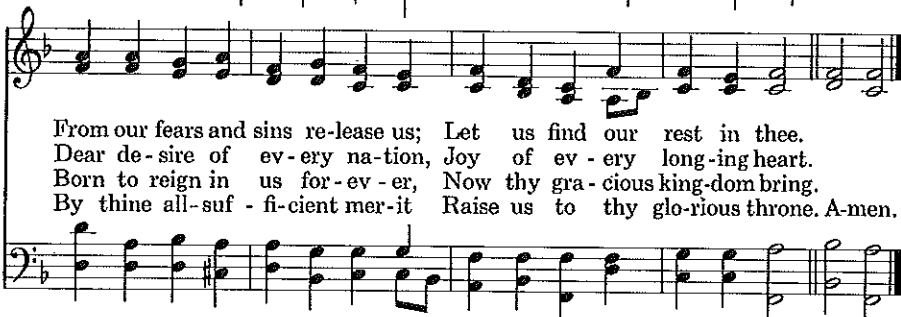
Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788, alt.

*STUTTGART 8.7.8.7.
Melody attr. to Christian F. Will, 1660-1716
"Psalmodia Sacra," Goltha, 1715*



1 Come, thou long-ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set thy peo - ple free;
2 Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth thou art;
3 Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child, and yet a king,
4 By thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it Rule in all our hearts a - lone;

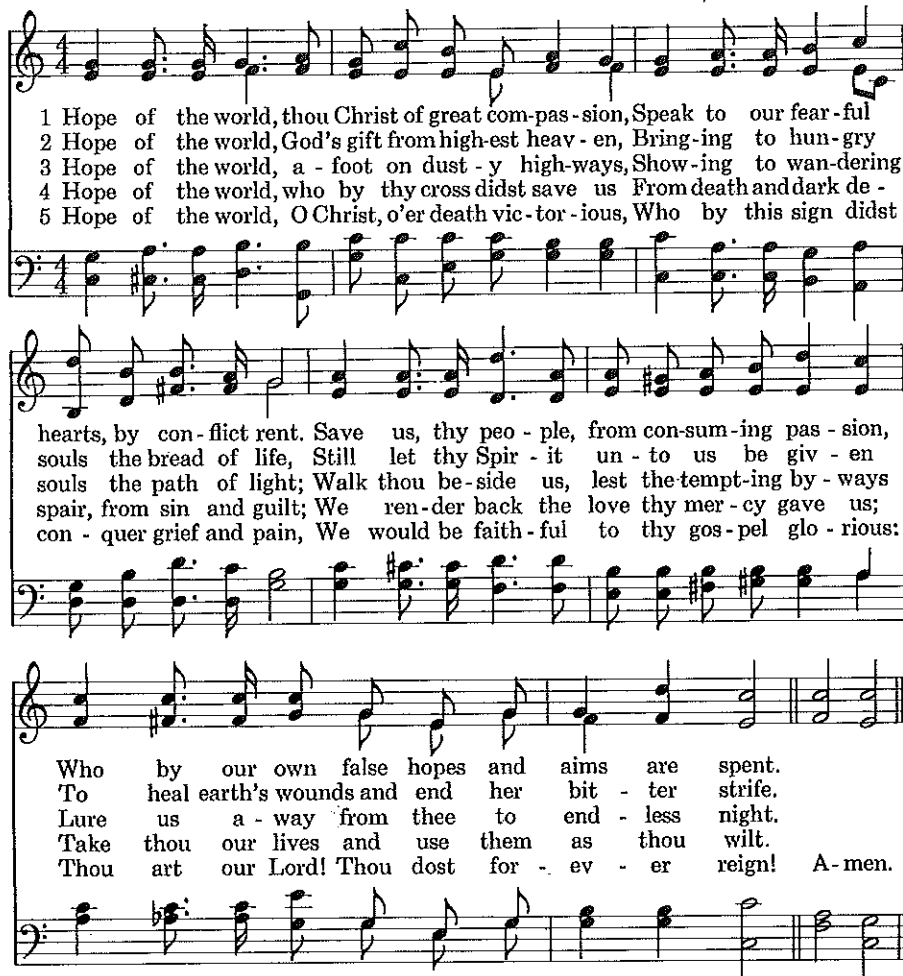


From our fears and sins re-lease us; Let us find our rest in thee.
Dear de-sire of ev - ery na - tion, Joy of ev - ery long-ing heart.
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now thy gra - cious king-dom bring.
By thine all-suf - fi - cient mer - it Raise us to thy glo - rious throne. A - men.

Hope of the World

Georgia Harkness, 1891-

ANCIENT OF DAYS 11.10.11.10.
J. Albert Jeffery, 1855-1929



1 Hope of the world, thou Christ of great com-pas-sion, Speak to our fear-ful
 2 Hope of the world, God's gift from high-est heav-en, Bring-ing to hun-gry
 3 Hope of the world, a-foot on dust-y high-ways, Show-ing to wan-dering
 4 Hope of the world, who by thy cross didst save us From death and dark de-
 5 Hope of the world, O Christ, o'er death vic-tor-ious, Who by this sign didst

hearts, by con-flict rent. Save us, thy peo-ple, from con-sum-ing pas-sion,
 souls the bread of life; Still let thy Spir-it un-to us be giv-en
 souls the path of light; Walk thou be-side us, lest the tempt-ing by-ways
 spair, from sin and guilt; We ren-der back the love thy mer-cy gave us;
 con-quer grief and pain, We would be faith-ful to thy gos-pel glo-rious:

Who by our own false hopes and aims are spent.
 To heal earth's wounds and end her bit-ter strife.
 Lure us a-way from thee to end-less night.
 Take thou our lives and use them as thou wilt.
 Thou art our Lord! Thou dost for-ev-er reign! A-men.

O Jesus Christ, to Thee May Hymns Be Rising

Bradford Gray Webster, 1898-

ANCIENT OF DAYS 11.10.11.10.
J. Albert Jeffery, 1855-1929

- 1 O Jesus Christ, to thee may hymns be rising
 In every city for thy love and care;
 Inspire our worship, grant the glad surprising
 That thy blest Spirit brings men everywhere.
- 2 Grant us new courage, sacrificial, humble,
 Strong in thy strength to venture and to dare;
 To lift the fallen, guide the feet that stumble,
 Seek out the lonely, and God's mercy share.

There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

Frederick W. Faber, 1814-1863

WELLESLEY 8.7.8.7.

Lizzie S. Tourjée, 1858-1913

1 There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
 2 For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
 3 There is plen-ti-ful re-demp-tion In the blood that has been shed;
 4 If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take him at his word;

There's a kind-ness in his jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
 There is joy for all the mem-bers In the sor-rows of the Head.
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.A-men.

How Gentle God's Commands

Philip Doddridge, 1702-1751

DENNIS S.M.

Arr. from Johann G. Nägeli, 1768-1836
 by Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

1 How gen-tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre-cepts are! Come,
 2 Be-neath his watch-ful eye His saints se-cure-ly dwell; That
 3 Why should this anx-ious load Press down your wea-ry mind? Haste
 4 His good-ness stands ap-proved, Un-changed from day to day; I'll

cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust his con-stant care.
 hand, which bears all na-ture up, Shall guide his chil-dren well.
 to your heav'n-ly Fa-ther's throne, And sweet re-fresh-ment find.
 drop my bur-den at his feet, And bear a song a way. A - men.

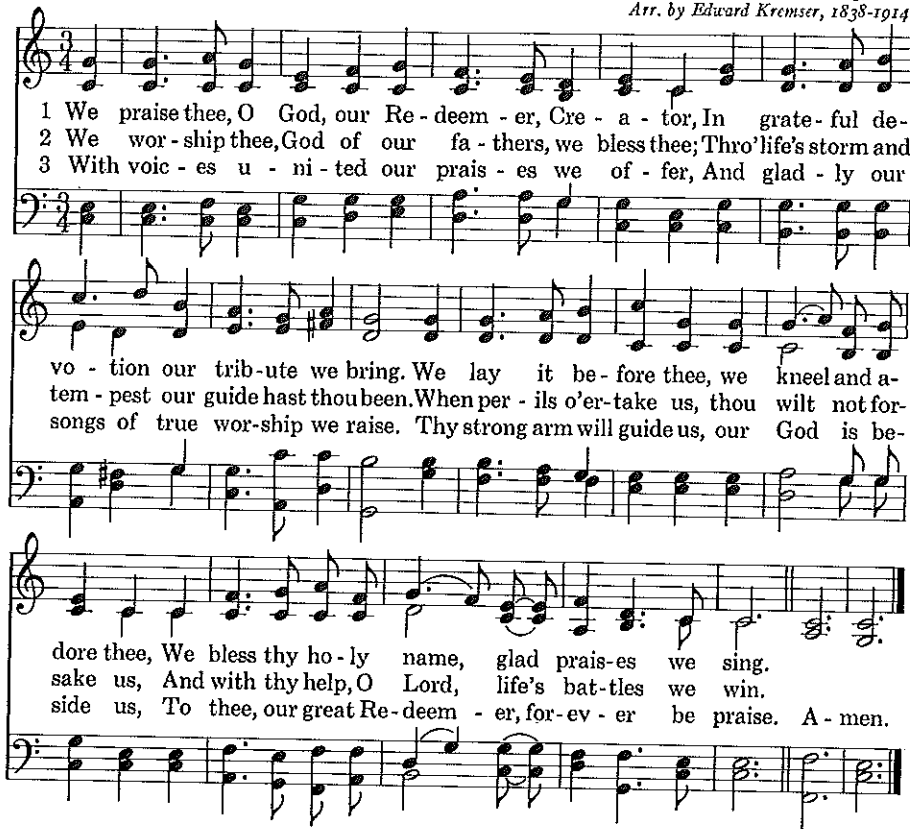
We Praise Thee, O God, Our Redeemer

Julia C. Cory, 1882-1963

KREMSER 12.11.12.11.

Netherlands Folk Song, 1626

Arr. by Edward Kremser, 1838-1914



1 We praise thee, O God, our Re-deem-er, Cre-a-tor, In grate-ful de-
 2 We wor-ship thee, God of our fa-thers, we bless thee; Thro' life's storm and
 3 With voic-es u-ni-ted our prais-es we of-fer, And glad-ly our

vo-tion our trib-ute we bring. We lay it be-fore thee, we kneel and a-
 tem-pest our guide hast thou been. When per-ils o'er-take us, thou wilt not for-
 songs of true wor-ship we raise. Thy strong arm will guide us, our God is be-

dore thee, We bless thy ho-ly name, glad prais-es we sing.
 sake us, And with thy help, O Lord, life's bat-tles we win.
 side us, To thee, our great Re-deem-er, for-ev-er be praise. A-men.

We Gather Together

Netherlands Folk Song

Tr. Theodore Baker, 1851-1934

KREMSER 12.11.12.11.

Netherlands Folk Song, 1626

Arr. by Edward Kremser, 1838-1914

- 1 We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing,
 He chastens and hastens his will to make known;
 The wicked oppressing now cease from distressing.
 Sing praises to his name; he forgets not his own.
- 2 Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,
 Ordaining, maintaining his kingdom divine,
 So from the beginning the fight we were winning;
 Thou, Lord, wast at our side, all glory be thine.
- 3 We all do extol thee, thou leader triumphant,
 And pray that thou still our defender wilt be.
 Let thy congregation escape tribulation.
 Thy name be ever praised! O Lord, make us free! Amen.

Savior, Breathe an Evening Blessing

JAMES EDMESTON, 1791-1867

EVENING PRAYER

GEORGE C. STEBBINS, 1846-1945

1. Sav - ior, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:
 2. Tho de - struc-tion walk a - round us, Tho the ar - rows past us fly,
 3. Tho the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can-not hide from Thee;
 4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us And our couch be-come our tomb,

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
 An-gel-guards from Thee sur-round us- We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 Thou art He who, nev-er wea-ry, Watch-est where Thy peo - ple be.
 May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in light and death-less bloom.

Sun of My Soul

JOHN KEBLE, 1792-1866

HURSLEY

From *Katholisches Gesangbuch*,
Vienna, c. 1774

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thru the world my way I take;

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes!
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast!
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 A - bide with me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove.

PRAISE GOD, FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS

Thomas Ken

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Louis Bourgeois

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow'. It is written for a four-part vocal choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a clear harmonic structure. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

ONLY BELIEVE

P. R.

CHORUS

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THE RODEHEAVER CO., OWNER

Paul Rader

On - ly be-lieve, 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.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Only Believe'. It is written for a four-part vocal choir and piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a clear harmonic structure. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

GLORIA PATRI

Charles Meinke

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. Amen, Amen.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Gloria Patri'. It is written for a four-part vocal choir and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a clear harmonic structure. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

Ride On! Ride On in Majesty!

Henry H. Milman, 1827
Stanza 1, line 3, alt.

ST. DROSTANE: L. M.
John B. Dykes, 1862

1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry;
2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die:
3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The wing - ed squad - rons of the sky
4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die;

O Sav - iour meek, pur - sue Thy road With palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed.
O Christ, Thy tri - umphs now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.
Look down with sad and won - dering eyes To see th' ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice.
Bow Thy meek head to mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign. A - MEN.

Alternative tune. "Winchester New." Hymn 242.
JESUS CHRIST: HIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRY

'Tis Midnight; and on Olive's Brow

William B. Tappan, 1822

OLIVE'S BROW: L. M.
William B. Bradbury, 1853

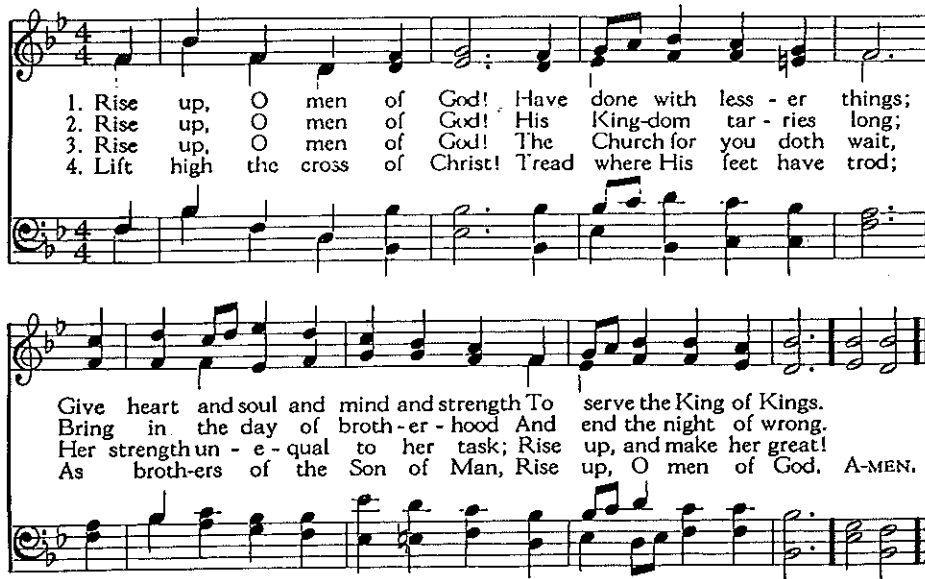
1. 'Tis mid - night; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone;
2. 'Tis mid - night, and from all re - moved, The Sav - iour wres - tles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis mid - night, and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sor - rows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis mid - night, and from heav - en - ly plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;

'Tis mid - night; in the gar - den now, The suf - fer - ing Sav - iour prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Mas - ter's grief and tears.
Yet He that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for - sak - en by His God.
Un - heard by mor - tals are the strains That sweet - ly soothe the Sav - iour's woe. A - MEN.

Rise Up, O Men of God!

William Pierson Merrill, 1911

FESTAL SONG: S. M.
William H. Walter, 1894



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;

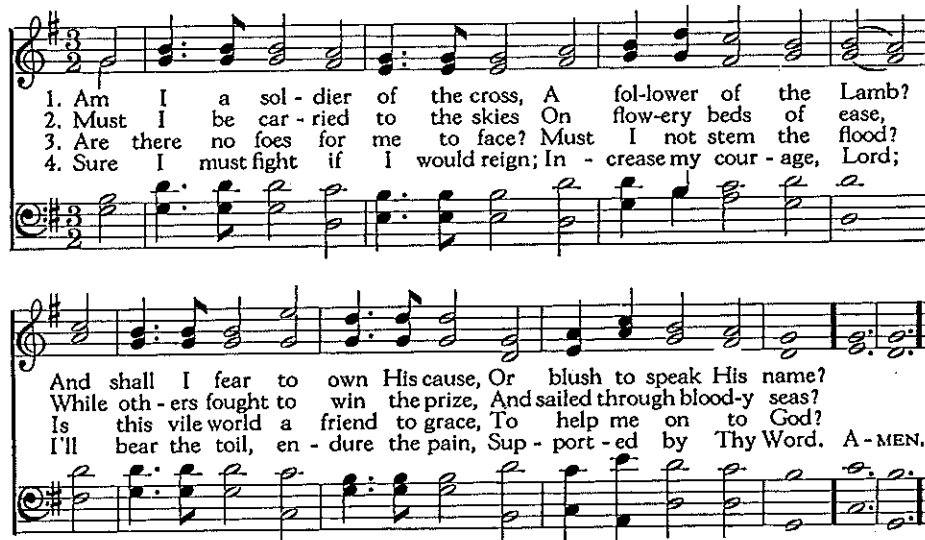
Give heart and soul and mind and strength To serve the King of Kings.
 Bring in the day of broth - er - hood And end the night of wrong.
 Her strength un - e - qual to her task; Rise up, and make her great!
 As broth - ers of the Son of Man, Rise up, O men of God. A-MEN.

Words used by permission of *The Presbyterian Tribune*.

Am I a Soldier of the Cross

Isaac Watts, 1724

ARLINGTON: C. M.
Thomas A. Arne, 1762



1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ery beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through blood - y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy Word. A-MEN.

LIEB IN CHRIST: LOYALTY AND COURAGE

Amens

DRESDEN

A - men, A - men.

Two staves of music in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

THREEFOLD

DANISH

A - men, A - men, A - men.

Two staves of music in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

THREEFOLD

TRADITIONAL

A - men, A - men, A - men.

Two staves of music in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

FOURFOLD

JOHN STAINER

A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

Two staves of music in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

SEVENFOLD

JOHN STAINER

A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

Two staves of music in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F#, C#). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

(AVON. C. M.)

ISAAC WATTS.

HUGH WILSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
 2. Was it for sins that I have done He suf - fered on the tree?
 3. Would might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head To sin - ners such as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - greel
 When Christ, the great Re - deem - er died For man the crea - ture's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY.

(WELLESLEY. 8, 7, 8, 7.)

F. W. FABER.

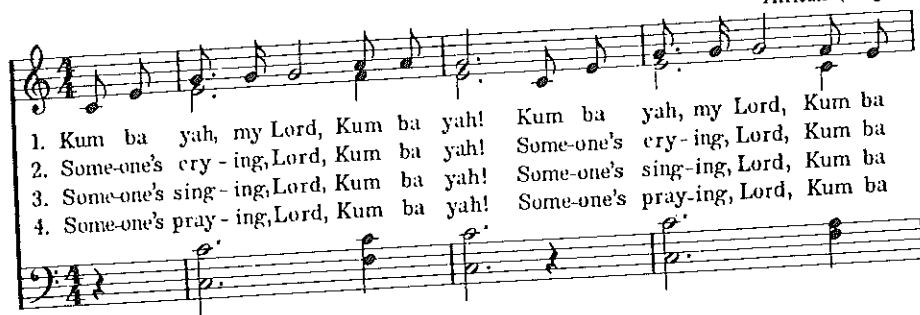
LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy Like the wide-ness of the sea;
 2. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;
 3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.

Kum Ba Yah

African (Angola)



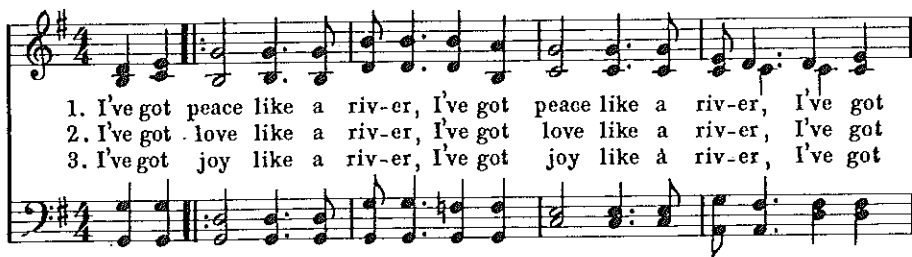
1. Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah! Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba
 2. Some-one's cry-ing, Lord, Kum ba yah! Some-one's cry-ing, Lord, Kum ba
 3. Some-one's sing-ing, Lord, Kum ba yah! Some-one's sing-ing, Lord, Kum ba
 4. Some-one's pray-ing, Lord, Kum ba yah! Some-one's pray-ing, Lord, Kum ba



yah! Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah! O Lord, Kum ba yah!
 yah! Some-one's cry-ing Lord, Kum ba yah! O Lord, Kum ba yah!
 yah! Some-one's sing-ing Lord, Kum ba yah! O Lord, Kum ba yah!
 yah! Some-one's pray-ing Lord, Kum ba yah! O Lord, Kum ba yah!

I've Got Peace Like a River

Traditional spiritual



1. I've got peace like a riv-er, I've got peace like a riv-er, I've got
 2. I've got love like a riv-er, I've got love like a riv-er, I've got
 3. I've got joy like a riv-er, I've got joy like a riv-er, I've got



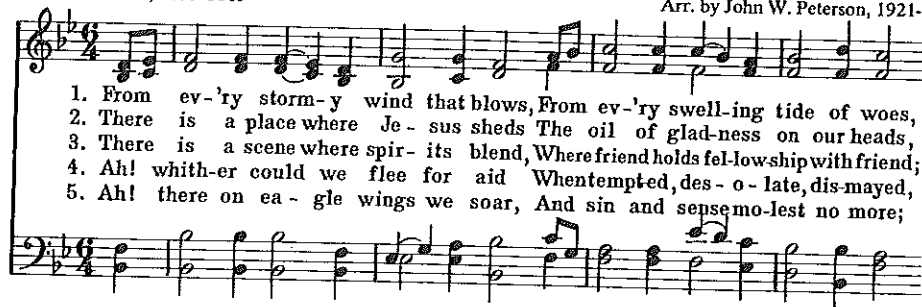
1
 2
 peace like a riv-er in my soul. I've got
 love like a riv-er in my soul. I've got
 joy like a riv-er in my soul. I've got riv-er in my soul.

From Every Stormy Wind That Blows

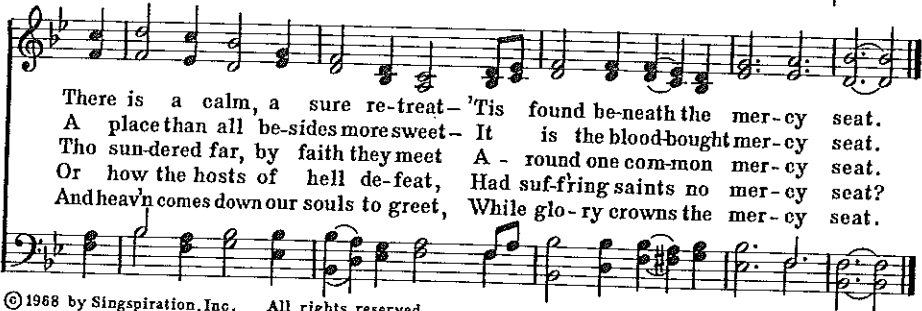
RETREAT

HUGH STOWELL, 1799-1865

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784-1872
Arr. by John W. Peterson, 1921-



1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel-lowship with friend;
4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid Whentempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed,
5. Ah! there on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sepsemo-lest no more;



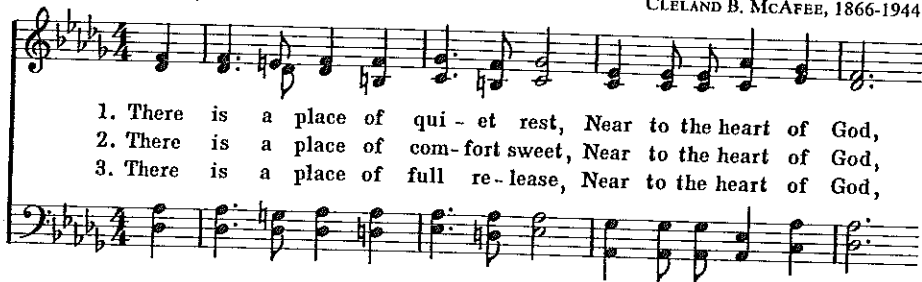
There is a calm, a sure re-treat-'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy seat.
A place than all be-sides moresweet- It is the blood-bought mer-cy seat.
Tho sun-dered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy seat.
Or how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suf-fring saints no mer-cy seat?
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glo-ry crowns the mer-cy seat.

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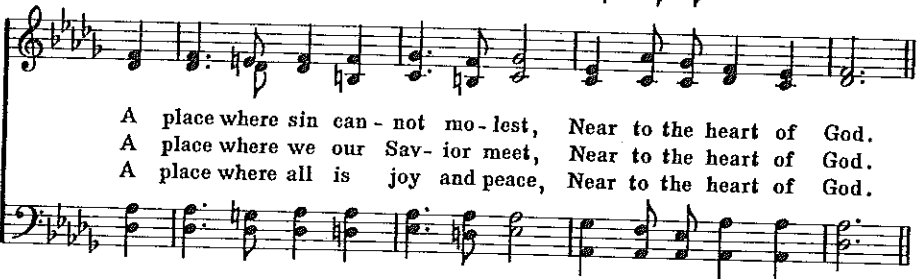
Near to the Heart of God

CLELAND B. McAFEE, 1866-1944

CLELAND B. McAFEE, 1866-1944



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



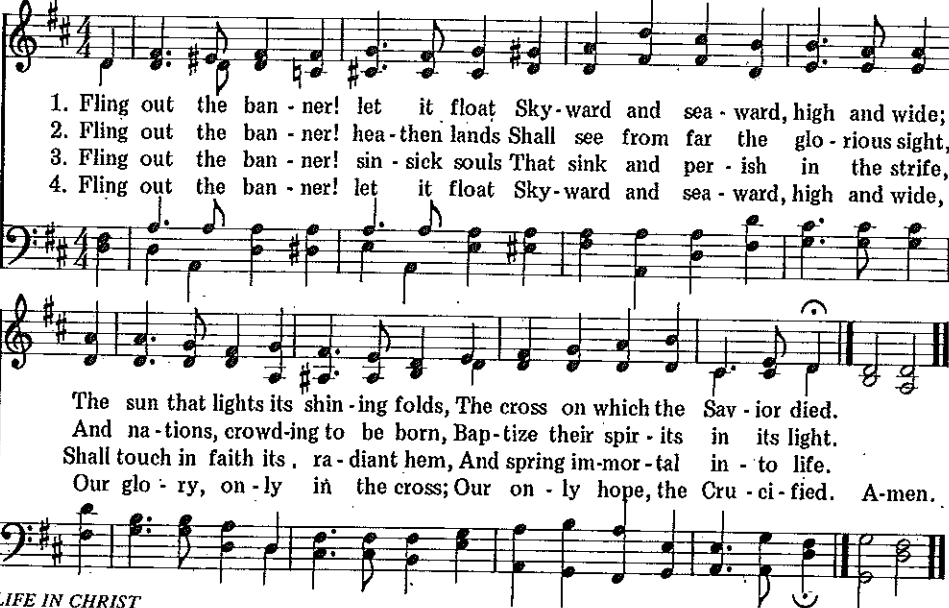
A place where sin can-not mo-lest, Near to the heart of God.
A place where we our Sav-ior meet, Near to the heart of God.
A place where all is joy and peace, Near to the heart of God.

Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float

Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee . . . Psa. 60:4

George W. Doane, 1848

WALTHAM L.M.
John B. Calkin, 1872



1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban-ner! hea-then lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
3. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls That sink and per-ish in the strife,
4. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide,

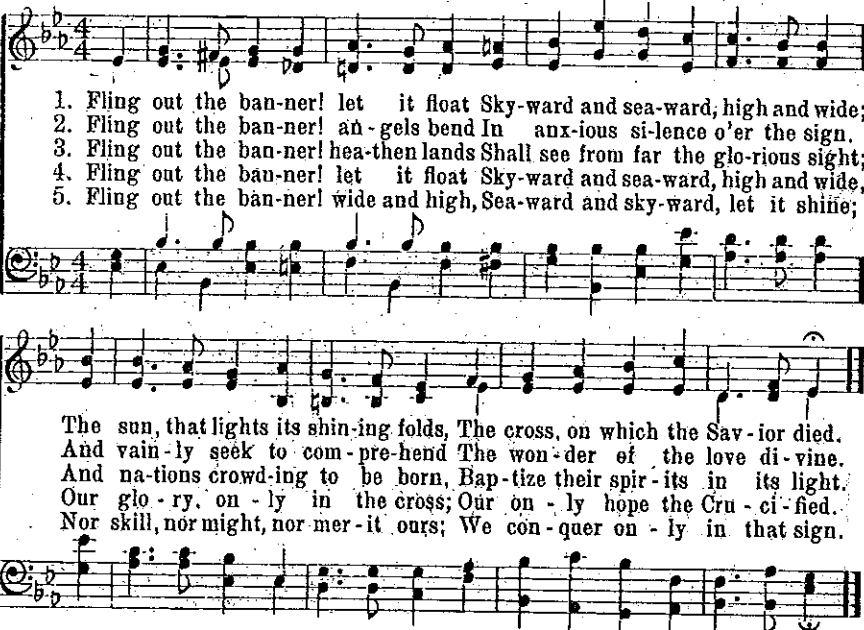
The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-ior died.
And na-tions, crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in-to life.
Our glo-ry, on-ly in the cross; Our on-ly hope, the Cru-ci-fied. A-men.

LIFE IN CHRIST

FLING OUT THE BANNER

George W. Doane

John B. Calkin



1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban-ner! an-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign.
3. Fling out the ban-ner! hea-then lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight;
4. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide,
5. Fling out the ban-ner! wide and high, Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine;

The sun, that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav-ior died.
And vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
And na-tions crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
Our glo-ry, on-ly in the cross; Our on-ly hope the Cru-ci-fied.
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on-ly in that sign.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord!

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

ST. THOMAS

AARON WILLIAMS

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord! The house of Thine a - bode -
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend -
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways -
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye And grav - en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

He Is Lord

Reverently

Source Unknown

He is Lord, He is Lord, He is ris - en from the dead and He is

Lord; Ev - ry knee shall bow, ev - ry tongue con - fess that Je - sus Christ is Lord.

Bless Thou the Gifts

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought; Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned;
Ours is the faith, the will, the thought; The rest, O God, is in Thy hand. A - men.

We Give Thee But Thine Own

WILLIAM W. HOW

JOSEPH BARNBY

We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be; All
that we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. A - men.

All Things Come of Thee

I Chronicles 29:14

Attr. to Ludwig van Beethoven

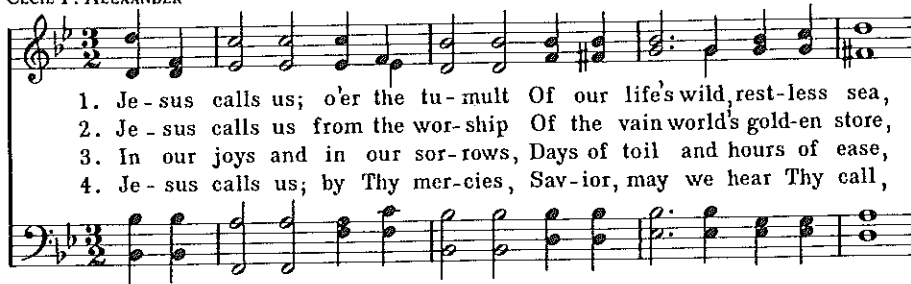
All things come of Thee, O Lord, and of Thine own have we giv-en Thee.

Jesus Calls Us

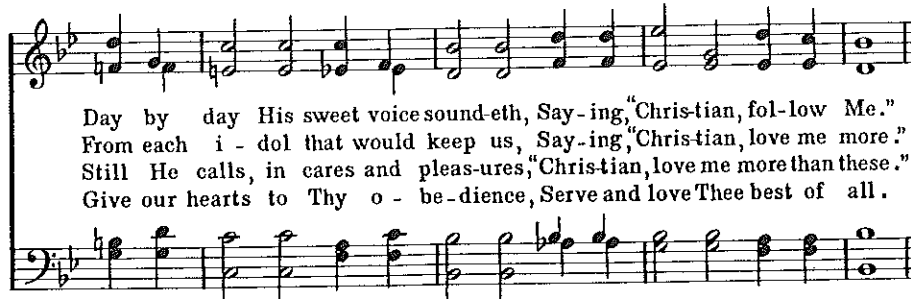
CECIL F. ALEXANDER

GALILEE

WILLIAM H. JUDE



1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea,
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store,
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je - sus calls us; by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,

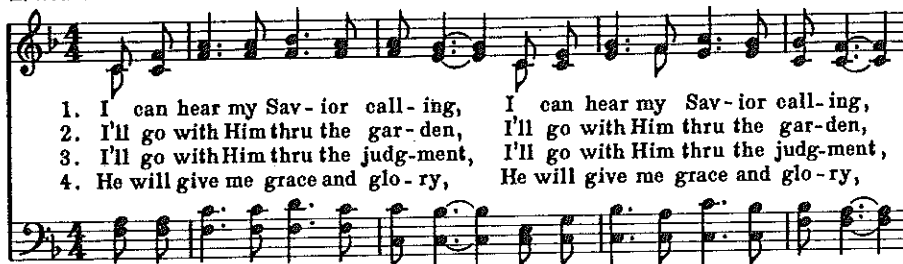


Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleas - ures, "Chris - tian, love me more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thy o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

Where He Leads Me

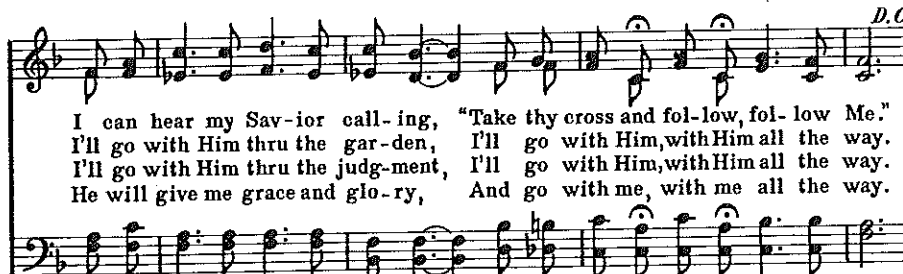
E. W. BLANDY

JOHN S. NORRIS



1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thru the gar - den, I'll go with Him thru the gar - den,
 3. I'll go with Him thru the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thru the judg - ment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

CHORUS—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,



I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
 I'll go with Him thru the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thru the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

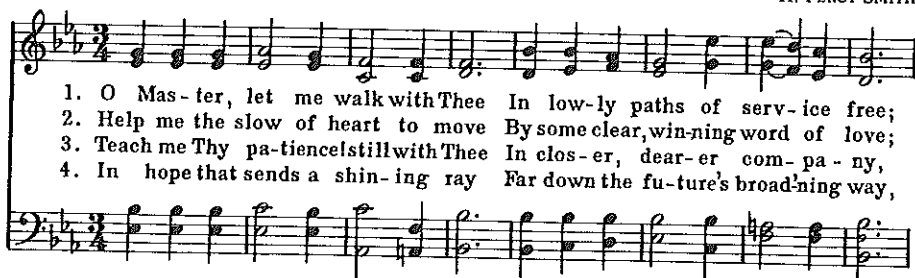
Where He leads me I will fol - low— I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

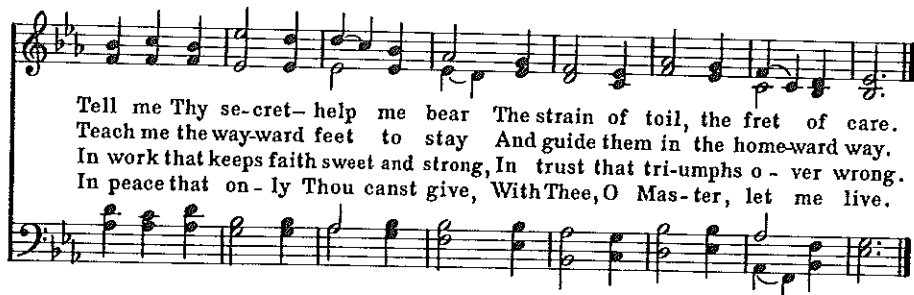
WASHINGTON GLADDEN

MARYTON

H. PERCY SMITH



1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, win-ning word of love;
 3. Teach me Thy pa-tience still with Thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,
 4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broad-ning way,



Tell me Thy se-cret- help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
 Teach me the way-ward feet to stay And guide them in the home-ward way.
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o-ver wrong.
 In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live.

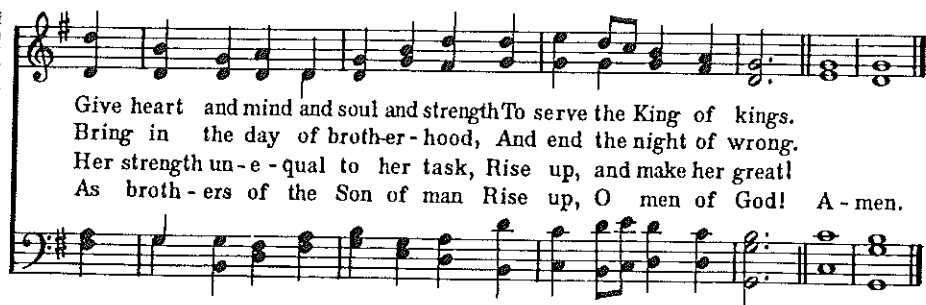
Rise Up, O Men of God

WILLIAM P. MERRILL

AARON WILLIAMS



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;

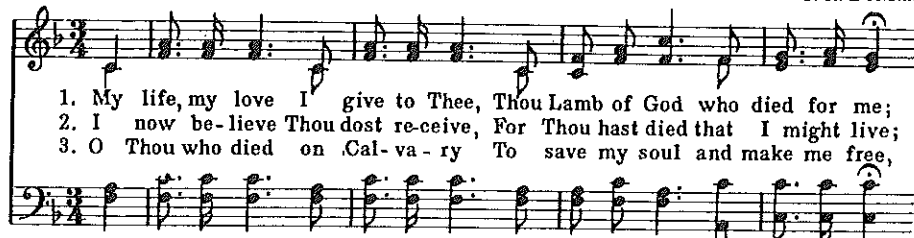


Give heart and mind and soul and strength To serve the King of kings.
 Bring in the day of brother-hood, And end the night of wrong.
 Her strength un-e-qual to her task, Rise up, and make her great!
 As broth-ers of the Son of man Rise up, O men of God! A-men.

I'll Live for Him

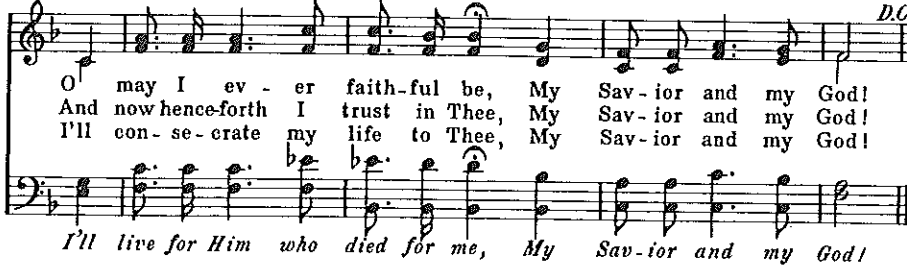
RALPH E. HUDSON

C. R. DUNBAR



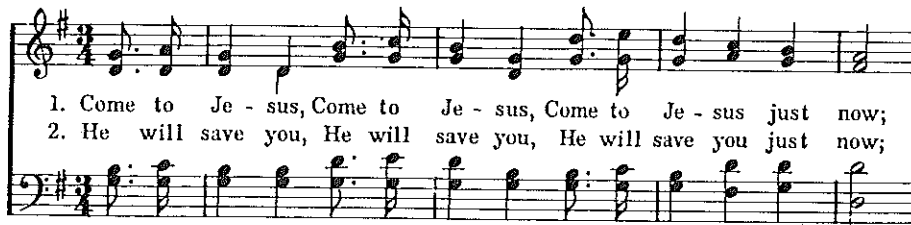
1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHORUS—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

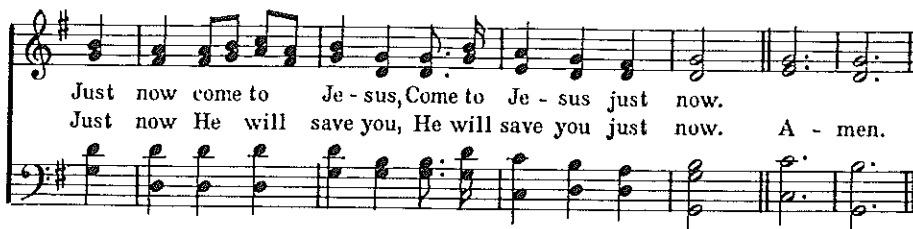


O may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
 And now henceforth I trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
 I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

Come to Jesus



1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;
 2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now;



Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
 Just now He will save you, He will save you just now. A - men.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 3. He is able. | 6. Come, obey Him. | 9. He will cleanse you. |
| 4. He is willing. | 7. He will hear you. | 10. Jesus loves you. |
| 5. Come, confess Him. | 8. He'll forgive you. | 11. Only trust Him. |

In - to my heart, In - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus;

Come in to-day, Come in to stay, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus.

I Do Believe

Chas. Wesley

(Chorus)

I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je - sus died for me;

And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

His Yoke is Easy

* * *

(Chorus)

R. E. Hudson

His yoke is eas - y, His bur-den light; I've found it so, I've found it so;

He lead-eth me, by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.

Praise Ye the Triune God

ELIZABETH R. CHARLES

I will . . . praise Thy name for Thy loving kindness. Psa. 138:2

FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING

1. Praise ye the Fa - ther! for His lov - ing kind - ness, Ten - der - ly
 2. Praise ye the Sav - ior! great is His com - pas - sion, Gra - cious - ly
 3. Praise ye the Spir - it! Com - fort - er of Is - rael, Sent of the

cares He for His err - ing chil - dren; Praise Him, ye an - gels,
 cares He for His cho - sen peo - ple; Young men and maid - ens,
 Fa - ther and the Son to bless us; Praise ye the Fa - ther,

praise Him in the heav - ens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!
 ye old men and chil - dren, Praise ye the Sav - ior!
 Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise ye the tri - une God!

Father, I Adore You

True worshipers will worship the Father in spirit and truth. John 4:23

TERRY COELHO

TERRY COELHO

Unison I II III

1. Fa - ther, I a - dore You, Lay my life be - fore You; How I love You.
 2. Je - sus, I a - dore You, Lay my life be - fore You; How I love You.
 3. Spir - it, I a - dore You, Lay my life be - fore You; How I love You.

Walk in the Light

CAMPMEETING

BERNARD BARTON, 1784-1849

American melody

Arr. by John W. Peterson, 1921-

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love
 2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly His,
 3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness passed a-way,
 4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shade shall wear;
 5. Walk in the light! thy path shall be A path, tho thorn-y, bright;

His Spir-it on-ly can be-stow Who reigns in light a-bove.
 Who dwells in cloud-less light enshrined, In whom no dark-ness is.
 Be-cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per-fect day.
 Glo-ry shall chase a-way its gloom, For Christ hath con-quered there.
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Him-self is light.

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Jesus Never Fails

ARTHUR A. LUTHER, 1891-1960

ARTHUR A. LUTHER, 1891-1960

1. Earth-ly friends may prove un-true, Doubts and fears as-sail; One still loves and
 2. Tho the sky be dark and drear, Fierce and strong the gale, Just re-mem-ber
 3. In life's dark and bit-ter hour Love will still pre-vail; Trust His ev-er-

CHORUS

cares for you, One who will not fail.
 He is near, And He will not fail. Je-sus nev-er fails, Je-sus
 last-ing pow'r- Je-sus will not fail.

nev-er fails; Heav'n and earth may pass a-way, But Je-sus nev-er fails.

There Is a Green Hill Far Away

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1848

MEDITATION: C. M.
John H. Gower, 1890

1. There is a green hill far a-way, Out-side a cit-y wall,
 2. We may not know, we can-not tell, What pains He had to bear;
 3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good;
 4. There was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;
 5. O dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him too,

Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
 That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His pre-cious blood.
 He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.
 And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. A-MEN.

JESUS CHRIST: HIS PASSION AND ATONEMENT

203 The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

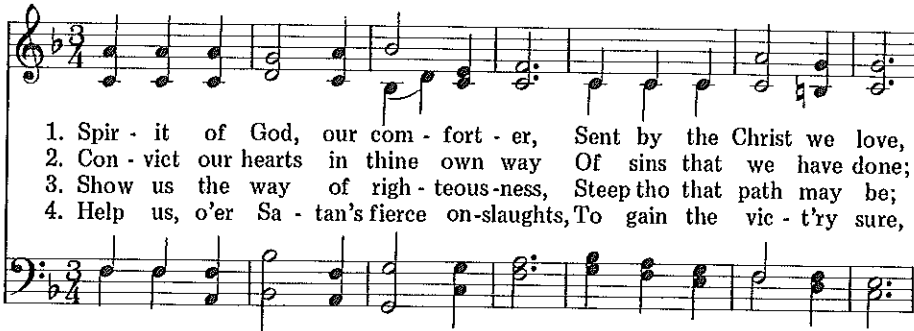
Latin, pub. Cologne, c. 1695
 Trans. by Francis Pott, 1861

VICTORY: 8. 8. 8. with Alleluia
 Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, 1591
 Adapted by William H. Monk, 1861

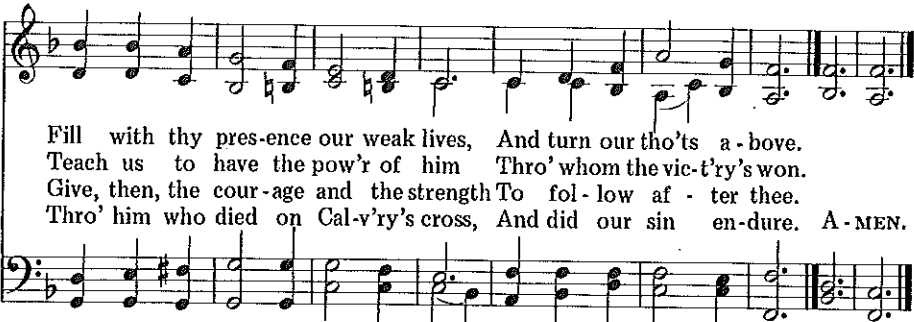
1. The strife is o'er, the bat-tle done; The vic-to-ry of life is won;
 2. The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their le-gions hath dis-persed;
 3. The three sad days have quick-ly sped; He ris-es glo-rious from the dead;
 4. He closed the yawn-ing gates of hell; The bars from heaven's high por-tals fell;
 5. Lord, by the stripes which wound-ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy serv-ants free,

The song of tri-umph has be-gun. Al-le-lu-ia!
 Let shouts of ho-ly joy out-burst. Al-le-lu-ia!
 All glo-ry to our ris-en Head! Al-le-lu-ia!
 Let hymns of praise His tri-umphs tell. Al-le-lu-ia!
 That we may live and sing to Thee. Al-le-lu-ia! A-MEN.

Spirit of God, Our Comforter



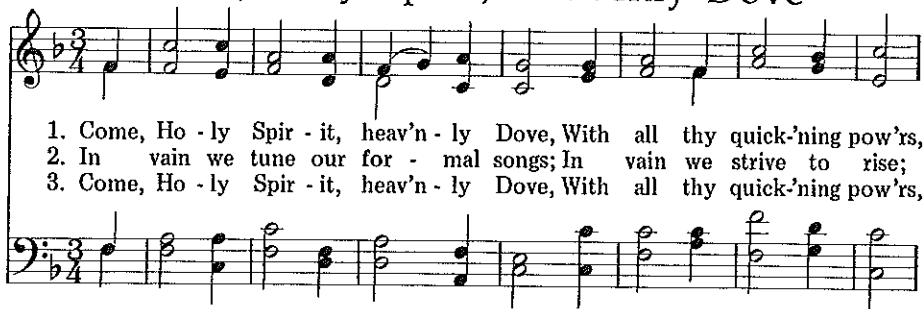
1. Spir - it of God, our com - fort - er, Sent by the Christ we love,
 2. Con - vict our hearts in thine own way Of sins that we have done;
 3. Show us the way of righ - teous-ness, Steep tho that path may be;
 4. Help us, o'er Sa - tan's fierce on-slaughts, To gain the vic - t'ry sure,



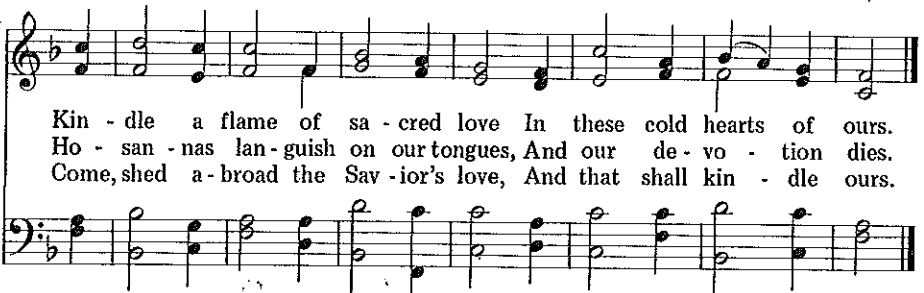
Fill with thy pres-ence our weak lives, And turn our tho'ts a - bove.
 Teach us to have the pow'r of him Thro' whom the vic-t'ry's won.
 Give, then, the cour-age and the strength To fol - low af - ter thee.
 Thro' him who died on Cal-v'ry's cross, And did our sin en-dure. A - MEN.

Words, William L. Hendricks, 1974. © Copyright 1975 Broadman Press. All rights reserved. Tune
 ST. AGNES, John B. Dykes, 1866.
 This tune in a higher key, No. 73.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick-'ning pow'rs,
 2. In vain we tune our for - mal songs; In vain we strive to rise;
 3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick-'ning pow'rs,



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Come, shed a - broad the Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

Words, Isaac Watts, 1707. Tune MEAR, American Psalm Tune, 18th Century.