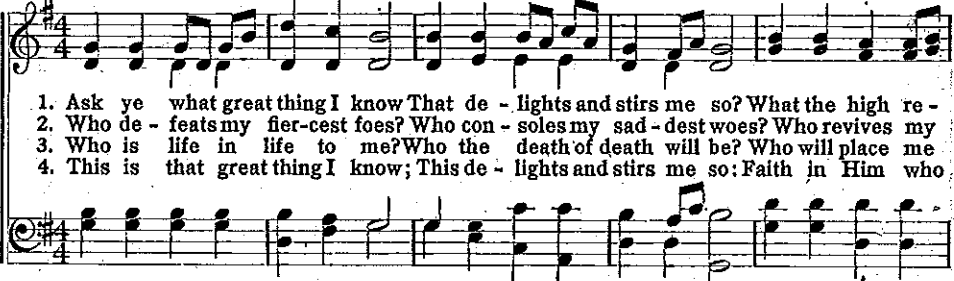


JESUS CHRIST THE CRUCIFIED.

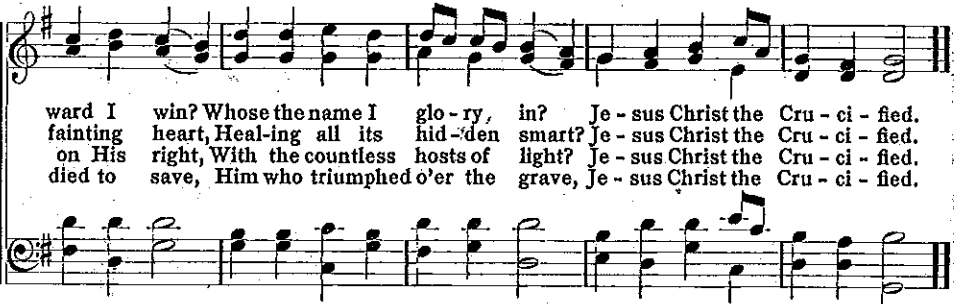
(HENDON. 7, 7, 7, 7.)

JOHANN C. SCHWEDLER.

H. A. CESAR MALAN.



1. Ask ye what great thing I know That de - lights and stirs me so? What the high re -
 2. Who de - feats my fier - cest foes? Who con - soles my sad - dest woes? Who revives my
 3. Who is life in life to me? Who the death of death will be? Who will place me
 4. This is that great thing I know; This de - lights and stirs me so: Faith in Him who



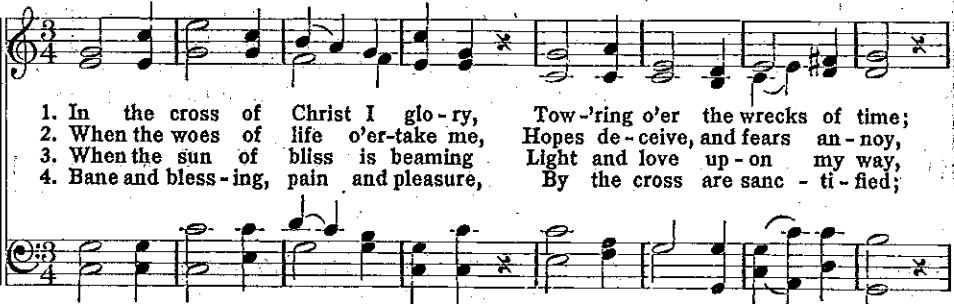
ward I win? Whose the name I glo - ry, in? Je - sus Christ the Cru - ci - fied.
 fainting heart, Heal - ing all its hid - den smart? Je - sus Christ the Cru - ci - fied.
 on His right, With the countless hosts of light? Je - sus Christ the Cru - ci - fied.
 died to save, Him who triumphed o'er the grave, Je - sus Christ the Cru - ci - fied.

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

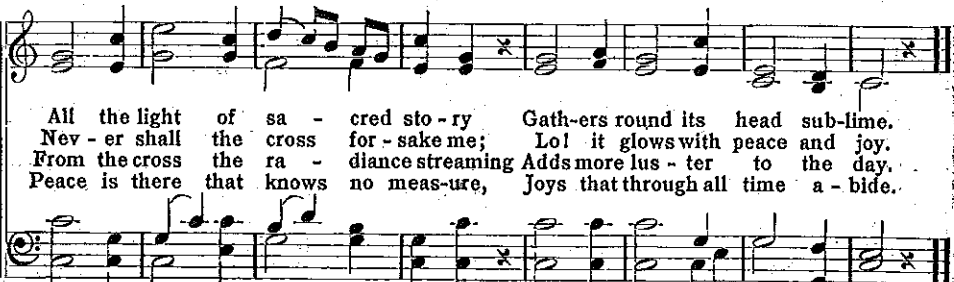
(RATHBUN. 8, 7, 8, 7.)

JOHN BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

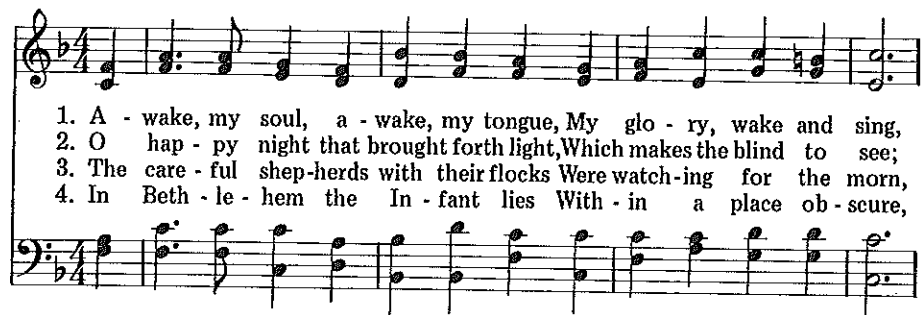


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

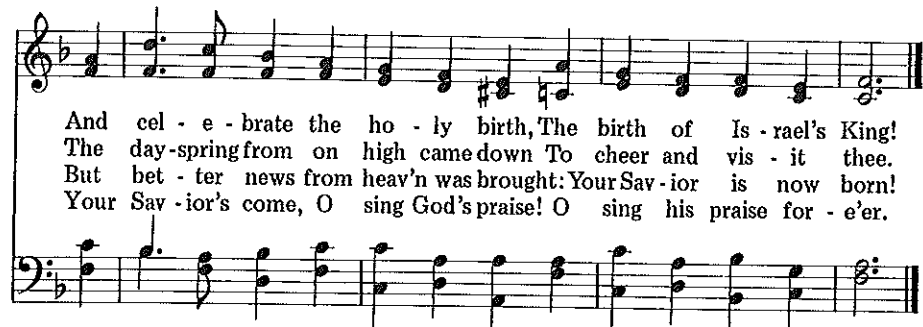


All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - diancy streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no meas - ure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

Awake, My Soul, Awake, My Tongue



1. A - wake, my soul, a - wake, my tongue, My glo - ry, wake and sing,
 2. O hap - py night that brought forth light, Which makes the blind to see;
 3. The care - ful shep - herds with their flocks Were watch - ing for the morn,
 4. In Beth - le - hem the In - fant lies With - in a place ob - scure,



And cel - e - brate the ho - ly birth, The birth of Is - rael's King!
 The day - spring from on high came down To cheer and vis - it thee.
 But bet - ter news from heav'n was brought: Your Sav - ior is now born!
 Your Sav - ior's come, O sing God's praise! O sing his praise for - e'er.

Words, Benjamin Keach, 1696. Tune WINCHESTER OLD, Thomas Est's *Whole Book of Psalms*, 1592.

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1
While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.</p> | <p>4
"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All gently wrapped in swaddling clothes,
And in a manger laid."</p> |
| <p>2
"Fear not!" said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.</p> | <p>5
Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:</p> |
| <p>3
"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Savior, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:</p> | <p>6
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heav'n to men
Begin and never cease!"</p> |

Luke 2:8-14. Words, paraphrased, Nahum Tate, 1700. Tune WINCHESTER OLD, Thomas Est's *Whole Book of Psalms*, 1592.

Bless the Lord, O My Soul

All that is within me, bless His holy name. Ps. 103:1

ADAPTED FROM PSALM 103:1

TRADITIONAL

Bless the Lord, O my soul; Bless the Lord, O my soul;

And all that is with - in me, bless His ho - ly name.

Clap Your Hands

Clap your hands...shout to God...Psa. 47:1

JIMMY OWENS

JIMMY OWENS

Two-Part Canon

Clap your hands, all you peo-ple; Shout un-to God with a voice of tri-umph

Clap your hands, all you peo-ple; Shout un-to God with a voice of praise! Ho-

san - na! Ho - san - na! Shout un-to God with a voice of tri-umph!

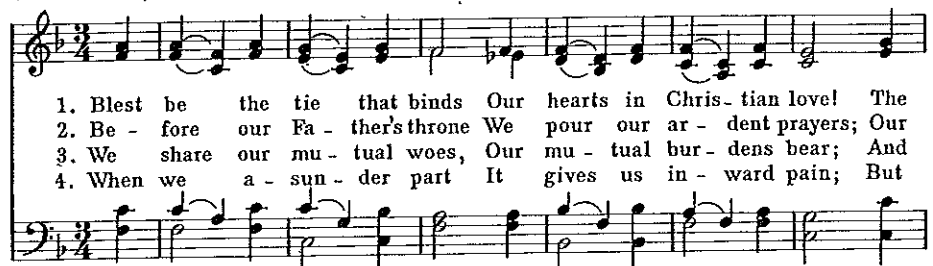
Praise Him! Praise Him! Shout un-to God with a voice of praise!

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

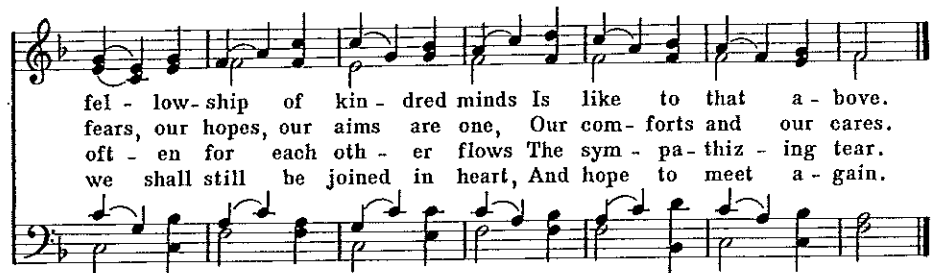
JOHN FAWCETT, 1740-1817

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!

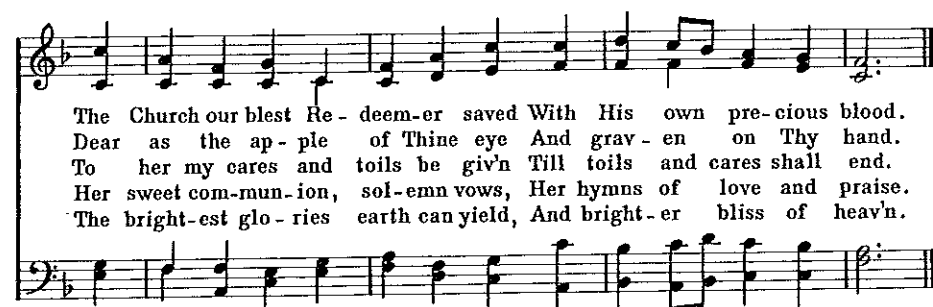
TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1752-1817

ST. THOMAS

AARON WILLIAMS, 1731-1776



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord! The house of Thine a - 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.

This tune in a higher key: 23

Breathe on Me, Breath of God

He breathed on them, and saith, Receive ye the Holy Ghost. John 20:22

Edwin Hatch, 1878

TRENTHAM S.M.
Robert Jackson, 1888



1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new, That I may
 2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure, Un - til my
 3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine, Un - til this
 4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev - er die, But live with

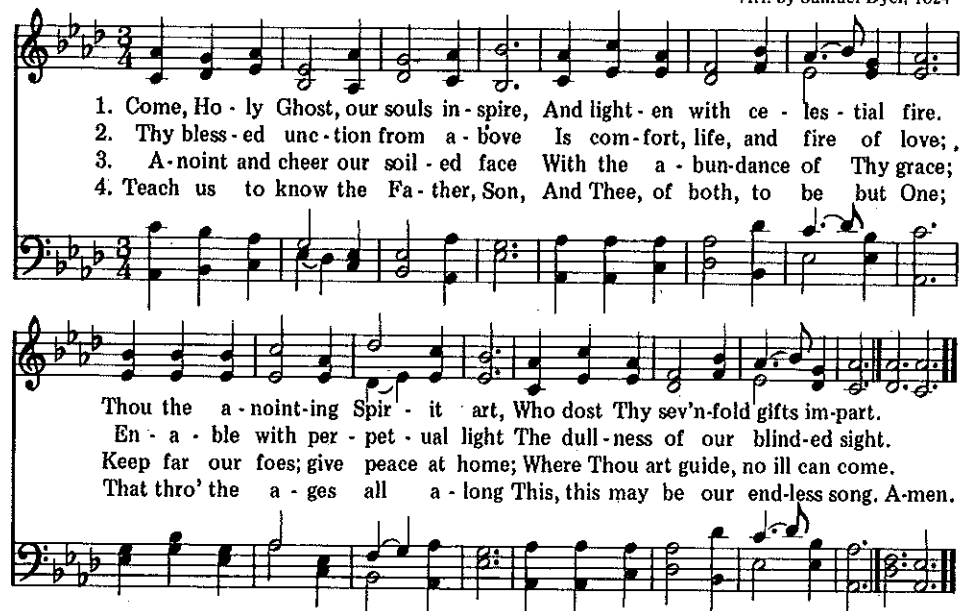
love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.
 will is one with Thine, To do and to en - dure.
 earth - ly, part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.
 Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

Come, Holy Ghost, Our Souls Inspire

... The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost ... Rom. 5:5

Attr. to Rabanus Maurus, c. 776-856
Trans. by John Cosin, 1627

MENDON L.M.
Traditional German melody
Arr. by Samuel Dyer, 1824



1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce - les - tial fire.
 2. Thy bless - ed unc - tion from a - bove Is com - fort, life, and fire of love;
 3. A - noint and cheer our soil - ed face With the a - bun - dance of Thy grace;
 4. Teach us to know the Fa - ther, Son, And Thee, of both, to be but One;

Thou the a - noint - ing Spir - it art, Who dost Thy sev'n-fold gifts im - part.
 En - a - ble with per - pet - ual light The dull - ness of our blind - ed sight.
 Keep far our foes; give peace at home; Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
 That thro' the a - ges all a - long This, this may be our end - less song. A-men.

A Charge to Keep I Have

Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called. Eph. 4:1

CHARLES WESLEY

LOWELL MASON



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill; O
 3. Arm me with watch - ful care As in Thy sight to live, And
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And still on Thee re - ly, O

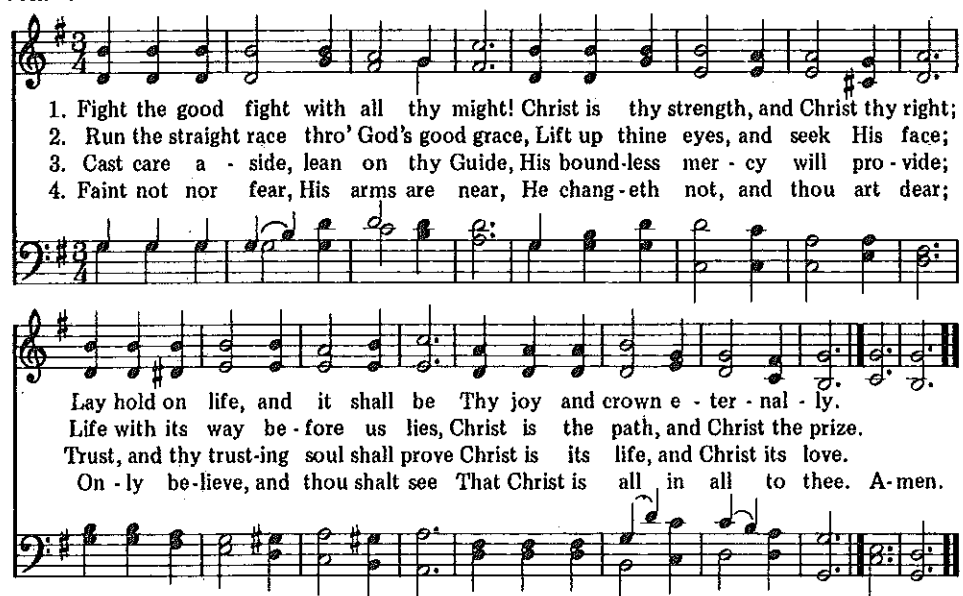
nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will!
 now Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give!
 let me not my trust be - tray, But press to realms on high. A - men.

Fight the Good Fight with All Thy Might

Fight the good fight of faith. 1 Tim. 6:12

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

WILLIAM BOYD



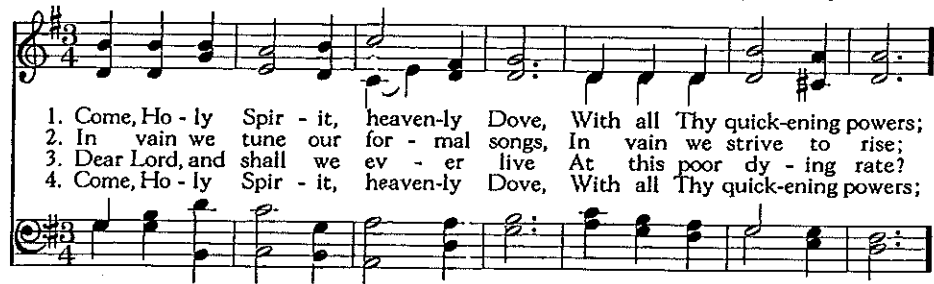
1. Fight the good fight with all thy might! Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
 2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
 3. Cast care a - side, lean on thy Guide, His bound-less mer - cy will pro - vide;
 4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near, He chang-eth not, and thou art dear;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
 Life with its way be - fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
 Trust, and thy trust-ing soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
 On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee. A - men.

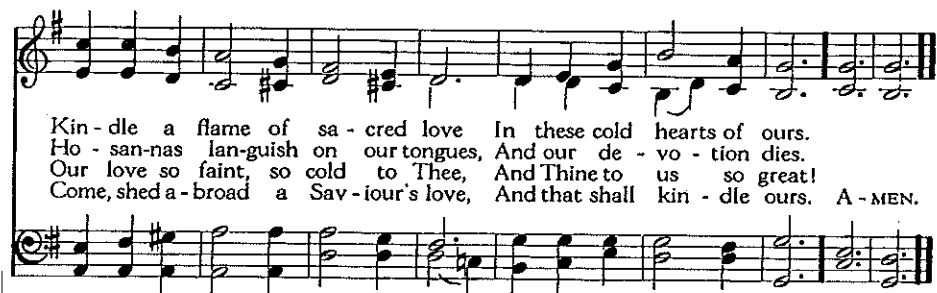
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

Isaac Watts, 1707

ST. AGNES: C. M.
John B. Dykes, 1866



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-ening powers;
2. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
3. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate?
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-ening powers;



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.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great!
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours. A - MEN.


Holy Spirit, Truth Divine

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

MERCY: 7. 7. 7. 7.
Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk, 1867



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine, Glow with - in this heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Power di - vine, Fill and nerve this will of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Right di - vine, King with - in my con-science reign;



Word of God, and in - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.
Kin - dle ev - ery high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire.
By Thee may I strong-ly live, Brave-ly bear, and no - bly strive.
Be my Law, and I shall be Firm - ly bound, for-ev - er free. A - MEN.

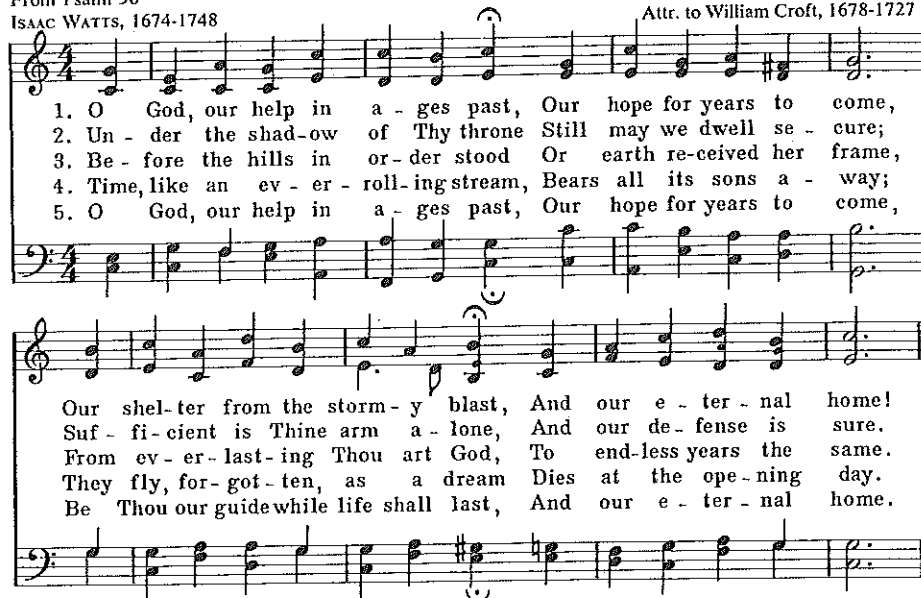
O God, Our Help in Ages Past

ST. ANNE

From Psalm 90

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

Attr. to William Croft, 1678-1727



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Un - der the shad-ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood Or earth re - ceived her frame,
 4. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
 5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

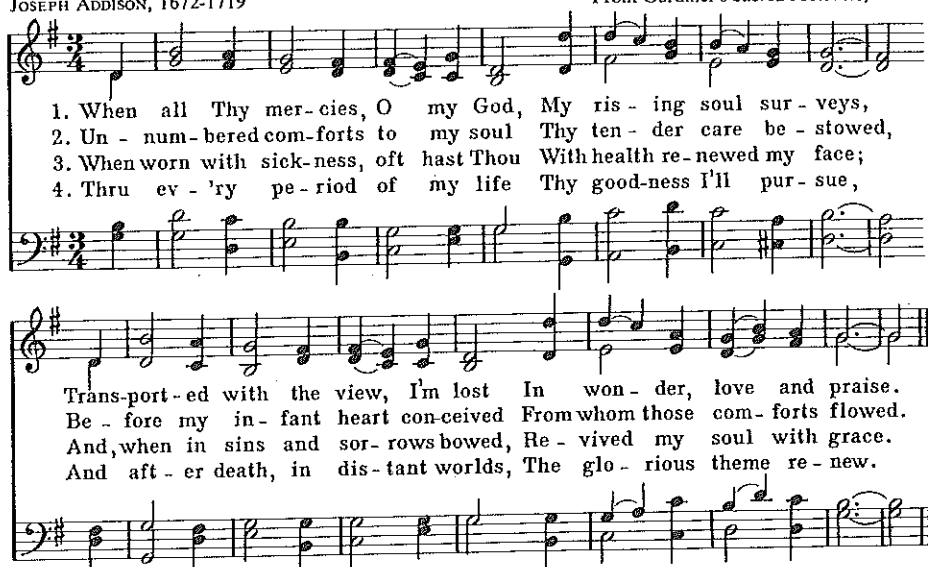
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope - ning day.
 Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

When All Thy Mercies, O My God

BELMONT

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719

From Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1812



1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
 2. Un - num - bered com - forts to my soul Thy ten - der care be - stowed,
 3. When worn with sick - ness, oft hast Thou With health re - newed my face;
 4. Thru ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life Thy good - ness I'll pur - sue,

Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.
 Be - fore my in - fant heart con - ceived From whom those com - forts flowed.
 And, when in sins and sor - rows bowed, Re - vived my soul with grace.
 And aft - er death, in dis - tant worlds, The glo - rious theme re - new.

Breathe on Me, Breath of God

EDWIN HATCH, 1835-1889

TRENTHAM

ROBERT JACKSON, 1842-1914

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,
 2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure,
 3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine,
 4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev - er die,

That I may love what Thou dost love And do what Thou wouldst do.
 Un - til with Thee I will one will - To do and to en - dure.
 Till all this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.
 But live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.

Holy Ghost, with Light Divine

MERCY

ANDREW REED, 1787-1862

LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, 1829-1869

Arr. by Edwin P. Parker, 1836-1925

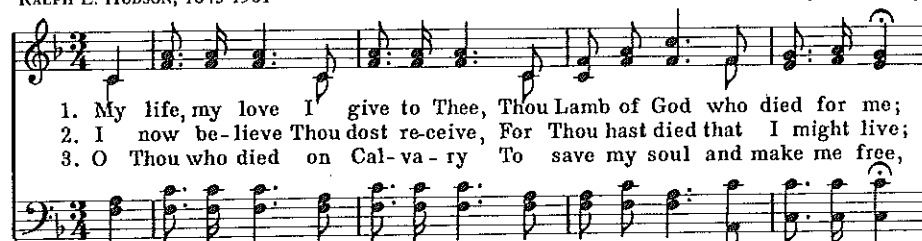
1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin with - out con - trol Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleed - ing heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign su - preme and reign a - lone.

I'll Live for Him

RALPH E. HUDSON, 1843-1901

C. R. DUNBAR, 19th century



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!

I Have Decided to Follow Jesus

Attributed to an Indian prince
 As sung in Garo, Assam

Folk melody from India
 Arr. by Norman Johnson, 1928-



1. I have de-cid - ed to fol - low Je - sus, I have de-cid - ed
 2. Tho no one join me, still I will fol - low, Tho no one join me,
 3. The world be-hind me, the cross be-fore me, The world be-hind me,
 to fol - low Je - sus, I have de-cid - ed to fol - low Je - sus -
 still I will fol - low, Tho no one join me, still I will fol - low -
 the cross be-fore me, The world be-hind me, the cross be-fore me -
 No turn - ing back, (No turn - ing back,) no turn - ing back!

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Fight the Good Fight

PENTECOST

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1811-1875

WILLIAM BOYD, 1847-1928

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might! Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race thru God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, lean on thy Guide, His bound-less mer- cy will pro- vide;
4. Faint not nor fear, for He is near, He chang-eth not and thou art dear;

Lay hold on life and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
Life with its way be - fore us lies, Christ is the path and Christ the prize.
Trust, and thy trust-ing soul shall prove Christ is its life and Christ its love.
On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

Rise Up, O Men of God!

FESTAL SONG

WILLIAM P. MERRILL, 1867-1954

WILLIAM H. WALTER, 1825-1893

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!

Alternate tune: ST. THOMAS--23, 188

Words used by permission of "The Presbyterian Outlook," Richmond, Va.

There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

WELLESLEY

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863

LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE, 1858-1913
Arr. by Jon Drevits, 1928-

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind,
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.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior, There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

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No, Not One!

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR., 1856-1922

GEORGE C. HUGG, 1848-1907

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 souls' 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!

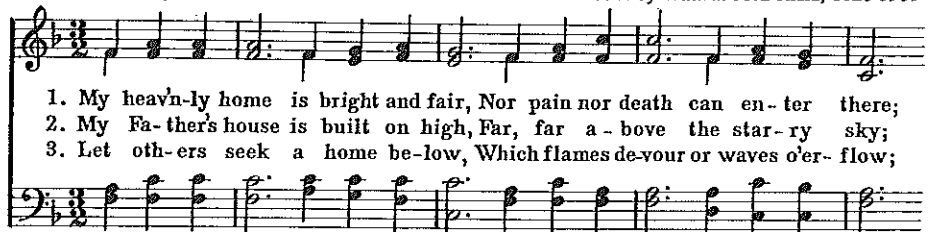
D.S.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus- No, not one! no, not one!

I'm Going Home

MILLER

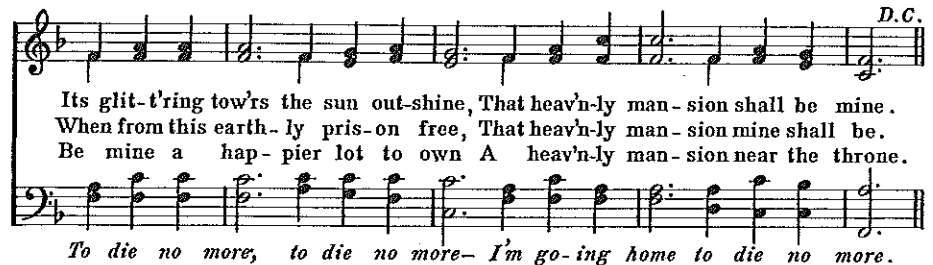
WILLIAM HUNTER, 1811-1877

WILLIAM MILLER, 19th century
Arr. by William McDonald, 1820-1901



1. My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair, Nor pain nor death can en-ter there;
2. My Fa-ther's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star-ry sky;
3. Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, Which flames de-vour or waves o'er- flow;

CHORUS—*I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more;*



D.C.
Its glit-t'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine, That heav'n-ly man-sion shall be mine.
When from this earth-ly pris-on free, That heav'n-ly man-sion mine shall be.
Be mine a hap-pier lot to own A heav'n-ly man-sion near the throne.
To die no more, to die no more— I'm go-ing home to die no more.

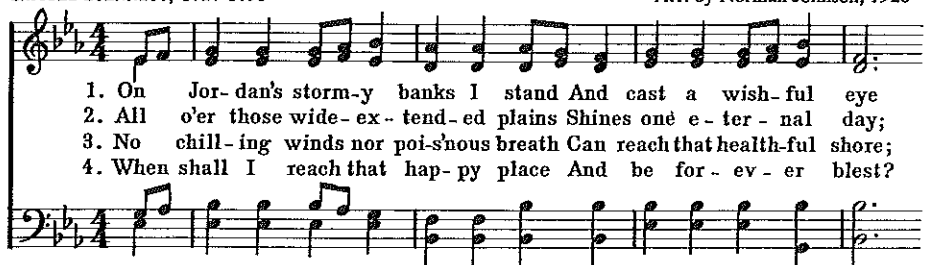
On Jordan's Stormy Banks

American melody

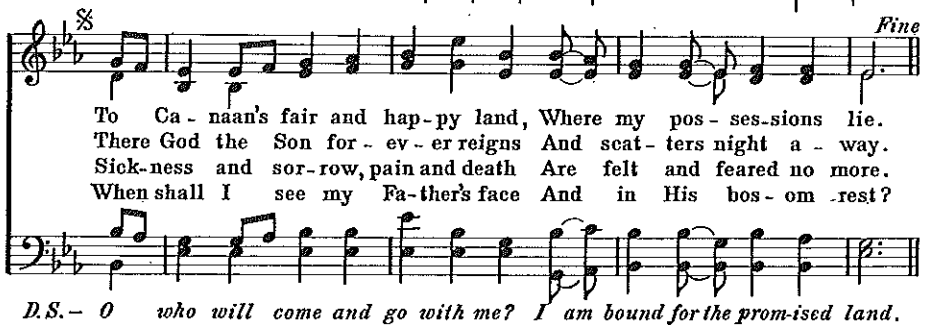
Adapted by Rigdon M. McIntosh, 1836-1899

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1727-1795

Arr. by Norman Johnson, 1928-



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



Fine
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.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face And in His bos-om rest?
D.S.— O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

HIS ADORATION AND PRAISE

Make a Joyful Noise

Shout for joy to the Lord, all the earth. Ps. 98:4

4 Part Canon



Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth! Make a joyful noise unto the Lord!



Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth! Make a joyful noise unto the Lord! Make a



loud noise and re-joice! Sing praises! Make a joyful noise unto the Lord! Make a



loud noise and re-joice! Sing praises! Make a joy-ful noise un-to the Lord!

TEXT and MUSIC: Jimmy Owens; based on Psalm 98:4

JOYFUL NOISE
12.8.12.8.10.8.10.8.

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Clap Your Hands

Clap your hands, all you nations: shout to God with cries of joy. Ps. 47:1

2 Part Canon



Clap your hands, all you peo-ple; Shout un-to God with a voice of tri-umph!



Clap your hands, all you peo-ple; Shout un-to God with a voice of praise! Ho-



san - na! Ho - san - na! Shout un-to God with a voice of tri-umph!



Praise Him! Praise Him! Shout un-to God with a voice of praise!

TEXT and MUSIC: Jimmy Owens; based on Psalm 47:1

CLAP YOUR HANDS
Irregular meter

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TRANS OUR SAVIOR

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

Call on the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. 1:2

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole And calms the trou-bled breast;
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place;
4. Je - sus, my Shep - herd, Broth-er, Friend, My Proph-et, Priest and King,
5. Till then I would Thy love pro-claim With ev - 'ry fleet-ing breath;

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul And to the wea - ry, rest.
My nev - er - fail - ing treas-ure, filled With bound-less stores of grace!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
And may the mus - ic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

TEXT: John Newton
MUSIC: Alexander R. Reinagle

ST. PETER
C.M.

Jesus Is the Sweetest Name I Know

Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever. Heb. 13:8

Je - sus is the sweet-est name I know, And He's just the same as His love-ly name,
And that's the rea-son why I love Him so; Oh, Je - sus is the sweet-est name I know.

TEXT and MUSIC: Lela Long

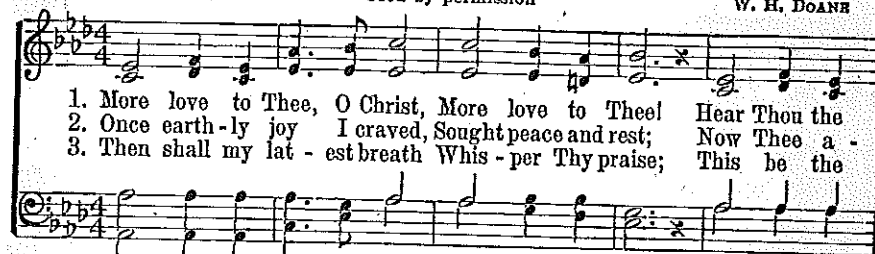
SWEETEST NAME
9 10 10 10

MORE LOVE TO THEE

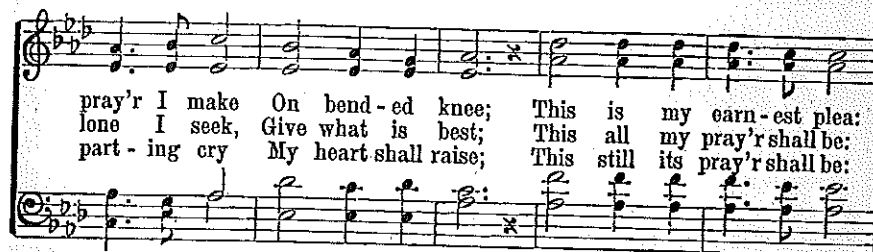
ELIZABETH PRENTISS

Used by permission

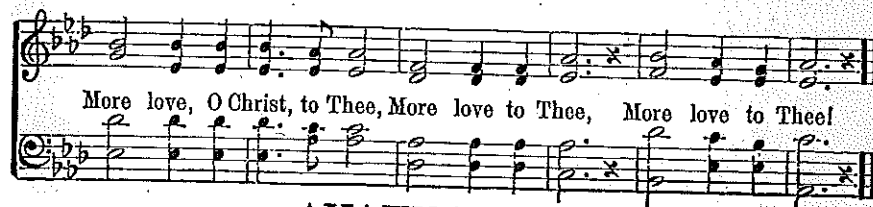
W. H. DOANE



1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
 3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the



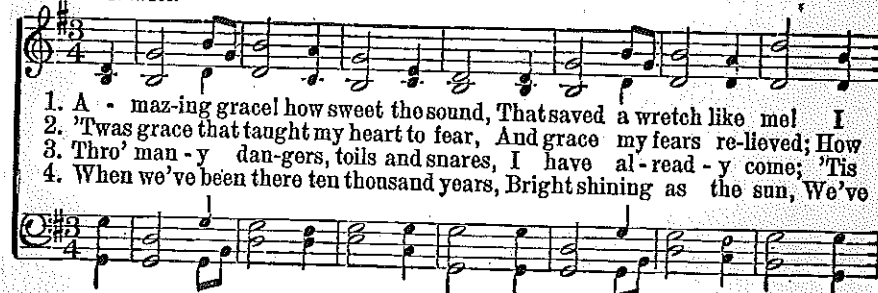
pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea:
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be:
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:



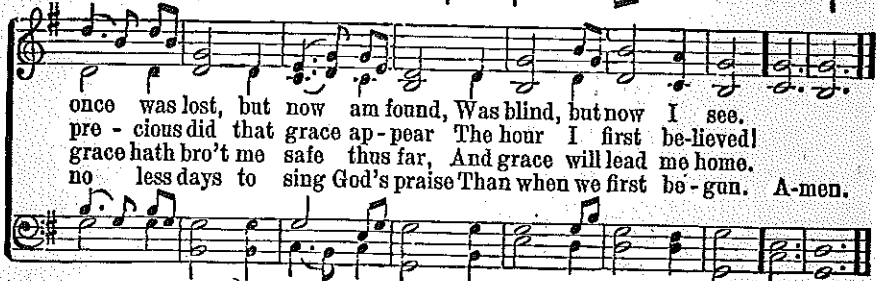
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

AMAZING GRACE

JOHN NEWTON



1. A - maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
 3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al-read - y come; 'Tis
 4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've




once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 pre - cious did that grace ap-pear The hour I first be-lieved!
 grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be-gun. A-men.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE


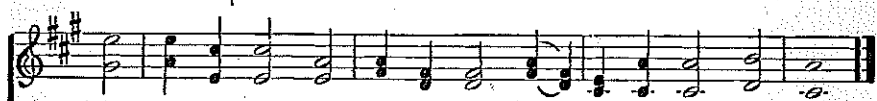
Rev. Isaac Watts

AZMON, C. M.

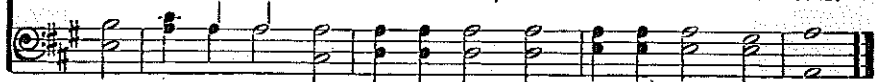
Carl G. Gläser
Arr. by Lowell Mason



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. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate?
4. 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.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great!
Come, shed a - broad a Sav-iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.




WALK IN THE LIGHT

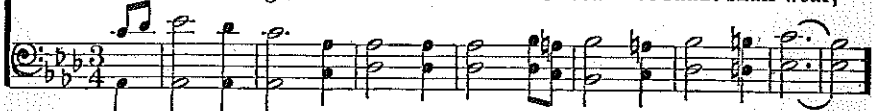

Bernard Barton

MANOAH, C. M.

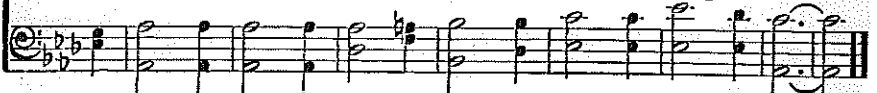
From Francis J. Haydn



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;

His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove.
Who dwells in cloud-less light en-shrined, 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 conquered there.

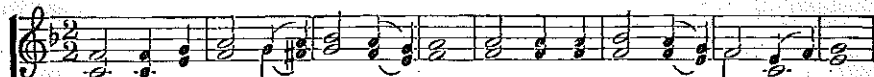


WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

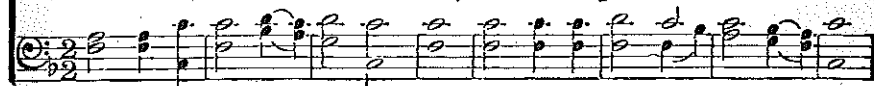

ISAAC WATTS

HAMBURG. L. M.


Arr. by 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 Lord;
 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, Demands my soul, my life, my all.





IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST

Sir John Bowring


Itamar Conkey



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-'ring 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 streaming Adds more lus-ter to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.



BLEST BE THE TIE

John Fawcett

Hans G. Naegeli

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.

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 aux-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;

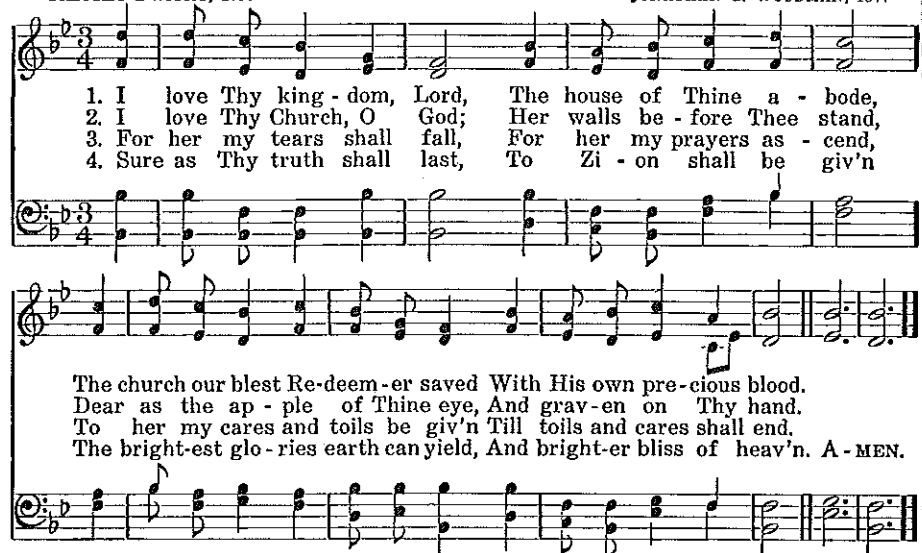
The sun, that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav-iour died.
 And vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
 And na-tions crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
 Our glo-ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci - fied.
 Nor skill,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

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800

(STATE STREET. S. M.)

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN, 1844



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. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

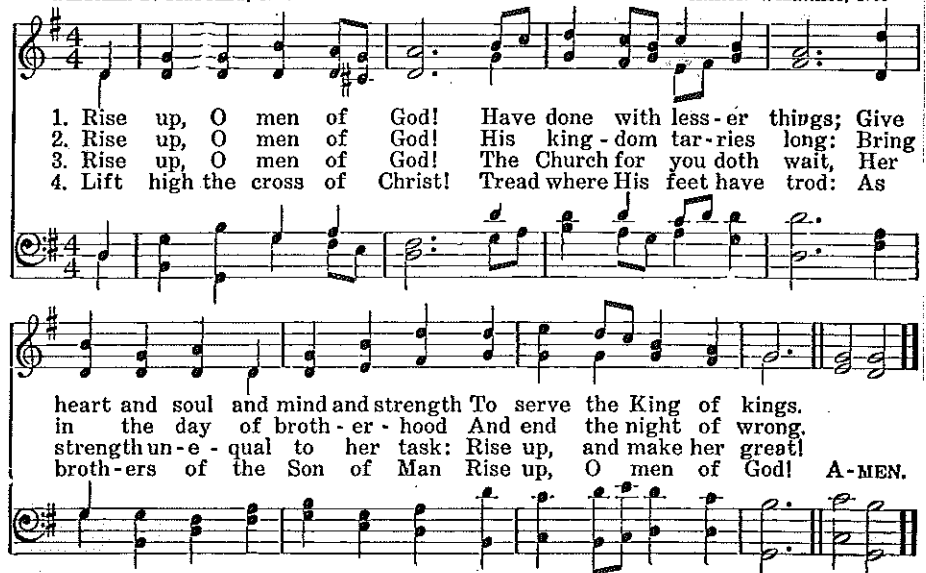
The church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n Till toils and cares shall end.
 The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n. A - MEN.

Rise Up, O Men of God

WILLIAM P. MERRILL, 1911

(ST. THOMAS. S. M.)

AARON WILLIAMS, 1763



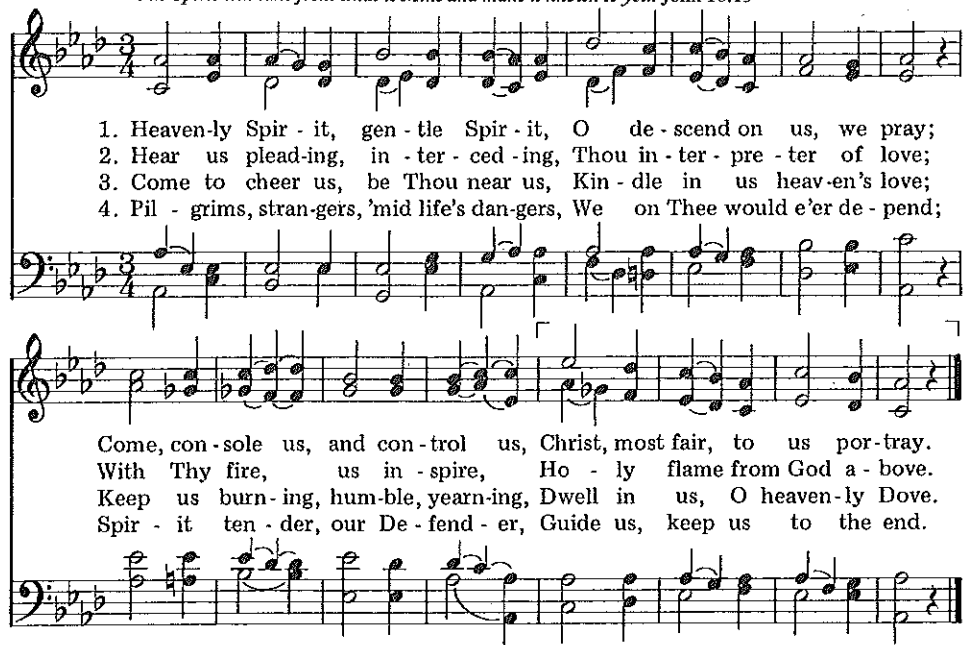
1. Rise up, O men of God! Have done with less-er things; Give
 2. Rise up, O men of God! His king - dom tar-ries long: Bring
 3. Rise up, O men of God! The Church for you doth wait, Her
 4. Lift high the cross of Christ! Tread where His feet have trod: As

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

THE HOLY SPIRIT

Heavenly Spirit, Gentle Spirit

The Spirit will take from what is Mine and make it known to you. John 16:15



1. Heaven-ly Spir - it, gen - tle Spir - it, O de - scend on us, we pray;
 2. Hear us plead-ing, in - ter - ced - ing, Thou in - ter - pre - ter of love;
 3. Come to cheer us, be Thou near us, Kin - dle in us heav-en's love;
 4. Pil - grims, stran-gers, 'mid life's dan-gers, We on Thee would e'er de - pend;

Come, con - sole us, and con - trol us, Christ, most fair, to us por - tray.
 With Thy fire, us in - spire, Ho - ly flame from God a - bove.
 Keep us burn - ing, hum - ble, yearn - ing, Dwell in us, O heav - en - ly Dove.
 Spir - it ten - der, our De - fend - er, Guide us, keep us to the end.

TEXT: Joel Blomquist; translated by Gerhard W. Palmgren

MUSIC: Joel Blomquist

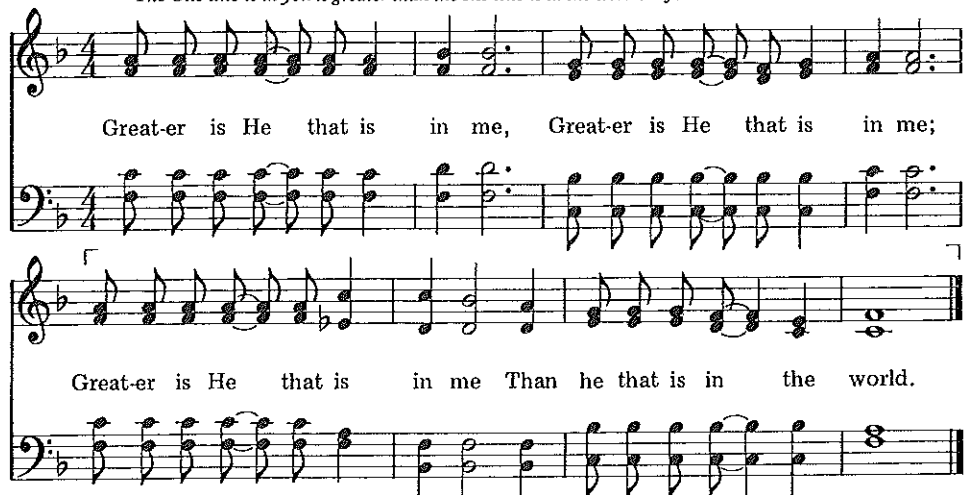
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HIMLADUVA

8.7.8.7.

Greater Is He That Is in Me

The One who is in you is greater than the one who is in the world. 1 John 4:4



Great - er is He that is in me, Great - er is He that is in me;

Great - er is He that is in me Than he that is in the world.

TEXT and MUSIC: Lanny Wolfe; based on 1 John 4:4

GREATER IS HE

8.8.8.7.

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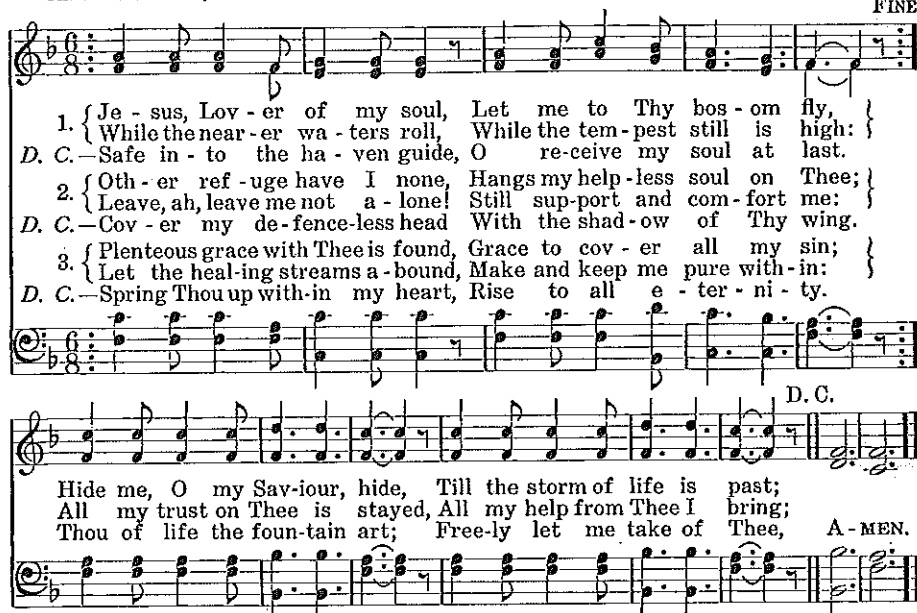
Jesus, Lover of My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740

(MARTYN. 7, 7, 7, 7, D.)

SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834

FINE



1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high: }
 D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee; }
 { Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone! Still sup - port and com - fort me: }
 D. C. - Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 3. { Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; }
 { Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in: }
 D. C. - Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

D. C.

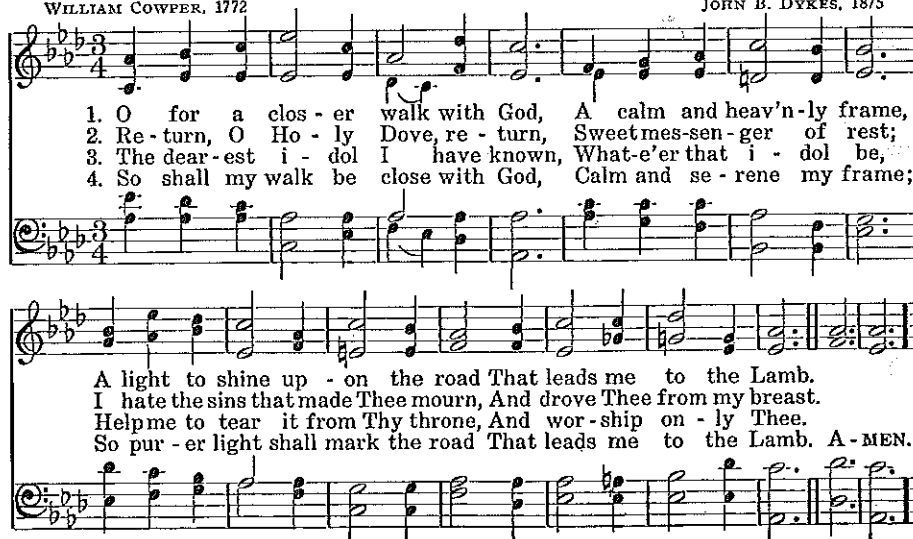
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee, A - MEN.

O For a Closer Walk With God

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772

(BEATITUDO. C. M.)

JOHN B. DYKES, 1875



1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame,
 2. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest;
 3. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What - e'er that i - dol be,
 4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.
 So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb. A - MEN.

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091-1153
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849

(ST. AGNES. C. M.)

JOHN B. DYKES, 1866



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 mem'-ry find,
3. O Hope of ev - 'ry 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-iour 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. A - MEN.



Fairest Lord Jesus

MÜNSTER, 1677
Translated circa 1850

(CRUSADER'S HYMN. 5, 6, 8, 5, 5, 8)

Silesian Folk Song
Arranged by RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1850



1. Fair-est Lord Je-sus, Rul-er of all na - ture, O Thou of God and man the Son;
2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands, Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
3. Fair is the sun-shine, Fairer still the moonlight, And all the twinkling, starry host;



- Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crown.
Je - sus is fair-er, Je - sus is pur-er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
Je-sus shines brighter, Je-sus shines purer Than all the angels heav'n can boast. A - MEN.



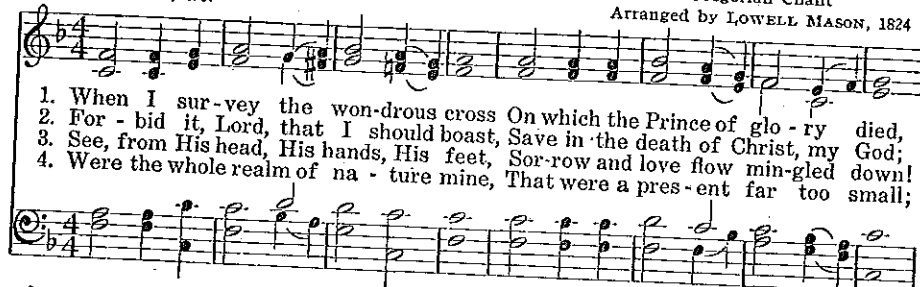
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

(HAMBURG. L. M.)

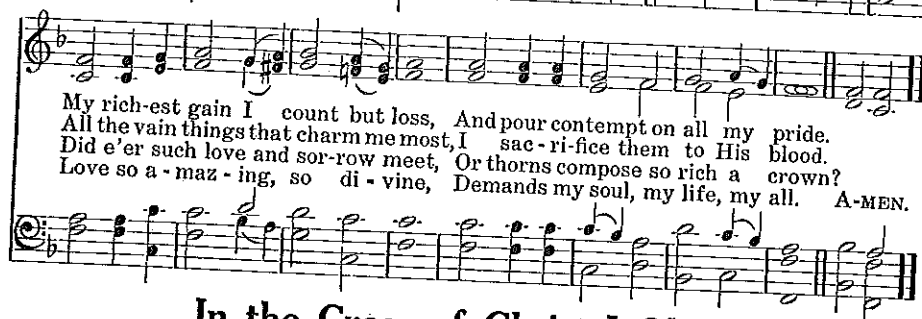
ISAAC WATTS, 1707

Gregorian Chant

Arranged by LOWELL MASON, 1824



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;



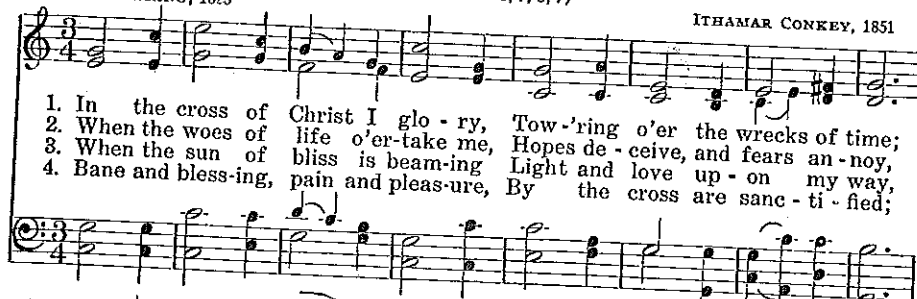
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. A-MEN.

In the Cross of Christ I Glory

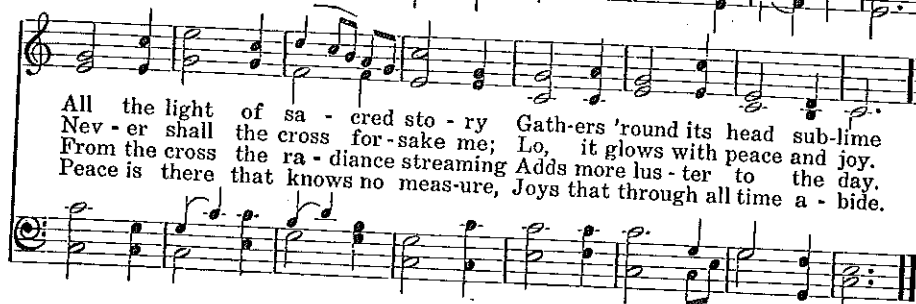
JOHN BOWRING, 1825

(RATHBUN. 8, 7, 8, 7)

ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1851



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - ring 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 streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

Lord, Dismiss Us

JOHN FAWCETT

(ZION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7)

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830

1. { Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }
 { Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace; }
 2. { Thanks we give and ad-o-ra-tion, For Thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound; }
 { May the fruits of Thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound; }

O re-fresh us, Trav-'ling through this wil-der-ness;
 Ev-er faith-ful To the truth may we be found;

O re-fresh us, Trav-'ling through this wil-der-ness.
 Ev-er faith-ful To the truth may we be found. A-MEN.

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

(ZION)

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land,
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
 ¶: Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more. :||
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing stream doth flow;
 Let the fire and cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 ¶: Strong Deliv'rer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield. :||
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of deaths and hell's Destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 ¶: Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee. :||

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1745

Come, Thou Almighty King

CHARLES WESLEY, 1757

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4)

FELICE DE GIARDINI, 1769

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
 4. To Thee, great One in Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be,

Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
 Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev - er - more. His sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
 word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.

Shepherd of Tender Youth

(The earliest known hymn of the Christian Church)

(ITALIAN HYMN)

- 1 Shepherd of tender youth,
 Guiding in love and truth
 Through devious ways;
 Christ, our triumphant King,
 We come Thy name to sing,
 And here our children bring,
 To sound Thy praise!
- 2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
 The all-subsiding Word,
 Healer of strife:
 Thou didst Thyself abase,

That from sin's deep disgrace
 Thou mightest save our race,
 And give us life.

- 3 Ever be Thou our Guide,
 Our Shepherd and our Pride,
 Our Staff and Song:
 Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
 By Thy enduring word.
 Lead us where Thou hast trod,
 Make our faith strong.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, 200, A. D.
 Translated by HENRY M. DEXTER, 1846

Come into His Presence

Come before Him with joyful songs. Ps. 100:2

4 Part Canon



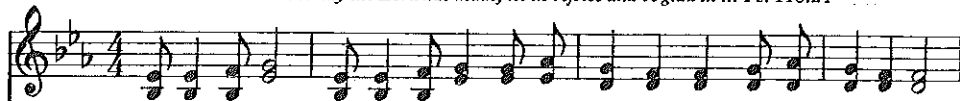
1. Come in - to His pres-ence sing-ing Al - le-lu - ia, al - le-lu - ia, al - le-lu - ia.
2. Come in - to His pres-ence sing-ing Je - sus is Lord, Je - sus is Lord, Je - sus is Lord.
3. Praise the Lord together singing Worthy the Lamb, worthy the Lamb, worthy the Lamb.
4. Praise the Lord to-geth-er sing-ing Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God.

TEXT and MUSIC: Source unknown

HIS PRESENCE
8.4.4.4.

This Is the Day

This is the day the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it. Ps. 118:24



This is the day, this is the day that the Lord hath made, that the Lord hath made.



We will re-joice, we will re-joice and be glad in it, and be glad in it.



This is the day that the Lord hath made; We will re-joice and be glad in it.



This is the day, this is the day that the Lord hath made.



TEXT and MUSIC: Les Garrett; adapted from Psalm 118:24

THIS IS THE DAY
Irregular meter

O for a Closer Walk With God

William Cowper

W. Gardiner

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heaven - ly frame,
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
 3. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What - e'er that i - dol be,
 4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.
 So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb. A - men.

O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

Washington Gladden

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 wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o - ver wrong.
 In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live. A-MEN.

O Breath of Life

Bessie P. Head

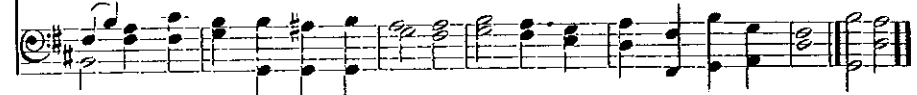
Mary J. Hammond



1. O Breath of Life, come sweeping through us, Re-vive Thy church with life and pow'r;
2. O Wind of God, come bend us, break us, Till hum-bly we con-fess our need;
3. O Breath of Love, come breathe with-in us, Re-new-ing thought and will and heart;
4. O Heart of Christ, once bro-ken for us, 'Tis there we find our strength and rest;
5. Re - vive us, Lord! Is zeal a - ba - ting While harvest fields are vast and white?



O Breath of Life, come, cleanse, renew us, And fit Thy Church to meet this hour.
Then in Thy ten-der-ness re-make us, Re - vive, re - store, for this we plead.
Come, Love of Christ, a-fresh to win us, Re - vive Thy Church in ev-ery part.
Our bro-ken con-trite hearts now solace, And let Thy wait-ing Church be blest.
Re - vive us, Lord, the world is waiting, Equip Thy Church to spread the light. A-MEN.



Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

Rev. Isaac Watts

Rev. John B. Dykes



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all Thy quick - ening powers
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these tri - fling toys;
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate?
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all Thy quick - ening powers;



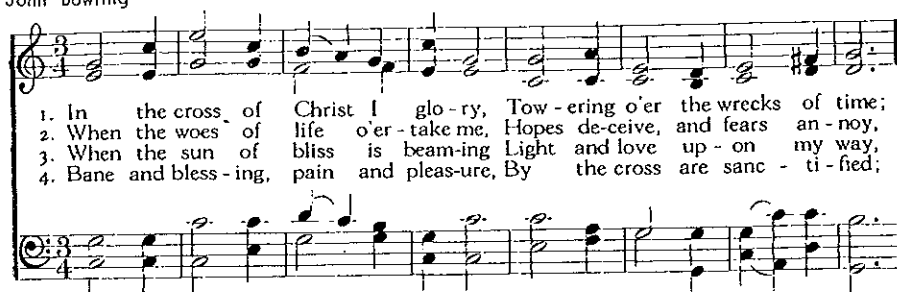
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls can neith - er fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great!
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - iour's love, And that shall kin - dle ours. A - MEN.



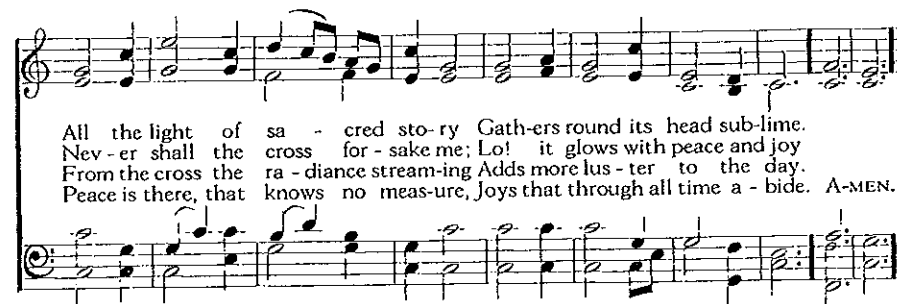
In the Cross of Christ I Glory

John Bowring

Ilhamar Conkey



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-ering 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;

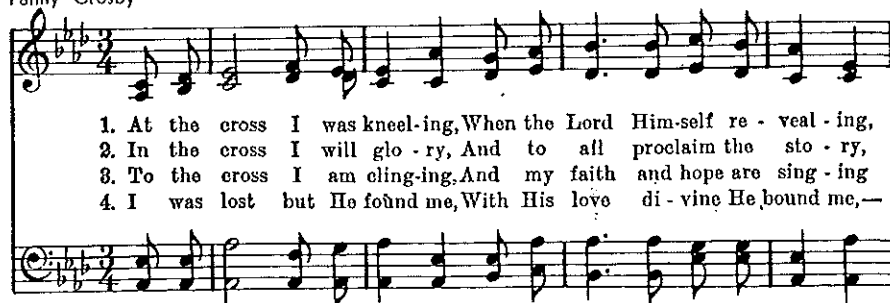


All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy
 From the cross the ra-diance stream-ing Adds more lus-ter to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that through all time a-bide. A-MEN.

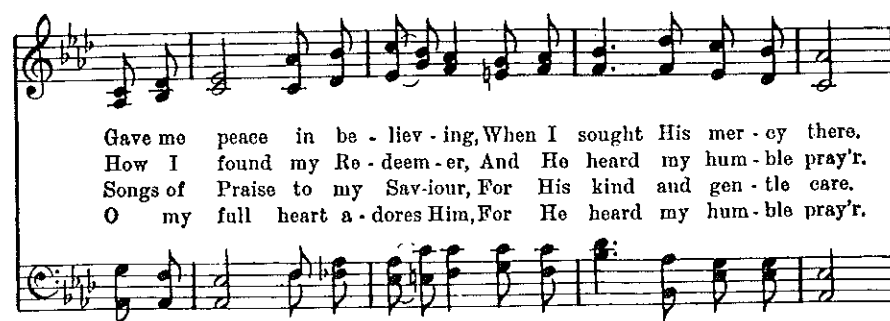
At the Cross I Was Kneeling

Fanny Crosby

Alfred B. Smith



1. At the cross I was kneel-ing, When the Lord Him-self re-veal-ing,
 2. In the cross I will glo-ry, And to all proclaim the sto-ry,
 3. To the cross I am cling-ing, And my faith and hope are sing-ing
 4. I was lost but He found me, With His love di-vine He bound me,—

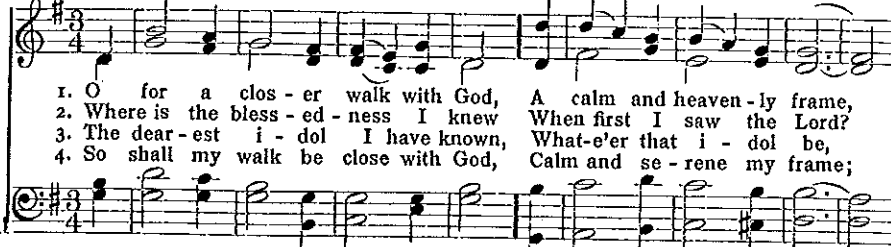


Gave me peace in be-liev-ing, When I sought His mer-cy there,
 How I found my Re-deem-er, And He heard my hum-ble pray'r.
 Songs of Praise to my Sav-iour, For His kind and gen-tle care.
 O my full heart a-dores Him, For He heard my hum-ble pray'r.

O for a Closer Walk With God

William Cowper

W. Gardiner



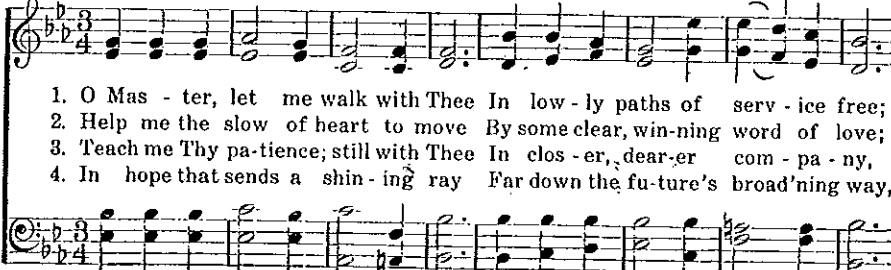
1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heaven - ly frame,
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
 3. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What - e'er that i - dol be,
 4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.
 So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb. A - men.

O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

Washington Gladden

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 wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o - ver wrong.
 In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live. A - MEN.

Rev. Jas. P. Sullivan

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Mildred Ellen Sullivan

O say, but I'm glad, I'm glad, O say, but I'm glad;

Je - sus has come and my cup's o - ver - run, O say, but I'm glad.

This musical score is for a song in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Brightly **HAPPY BIRTHDAY**

1. Good morn - ing to you, Good morn - ing to you,
2. Hap - py birth - day to you, Hap - py birth - day to you,
3. A wel - come to you, A wel - come to you,
4. 'Tis love brings us here, 'Tis love brings us here,

Good morn - ing, dear chil - dren, Good morn - ing to you!
Hap - py birth - day, dear chil - dren, Hap - py birth - day to you!
A wel - come, dear chil - dren, A wel - come to you!
'Tis love, dear chil - dren, 'Tis love brings us here.

This musical score is for a song in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

May Jesus bless you May Jesus bless you
May Jesus bless you The whole year through

Now the Day Is Over

SABINE BARING-GOULD

JOSEPH BARNBY

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, ...
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; ...
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee; ...
 4. Thro' the long night-watch-es May Thine an - gels spread ..
 5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A-MEN.

1. eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.

Sun of My Soul

JOHN KEBLE

ADAPTED FROM "KATHOLISCHES GESANGBUCH"

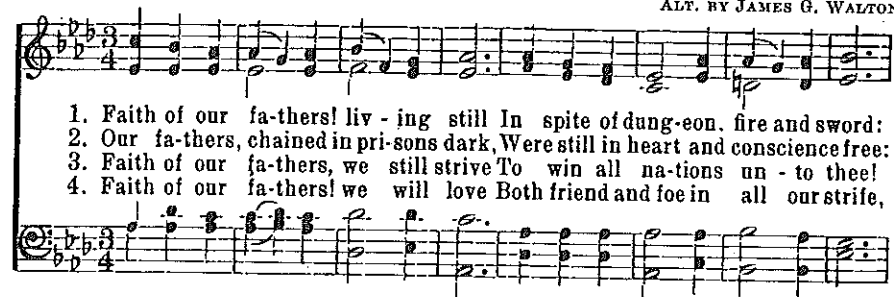
1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
 4. Be near to bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we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

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, 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.
 Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove. A-MEN.

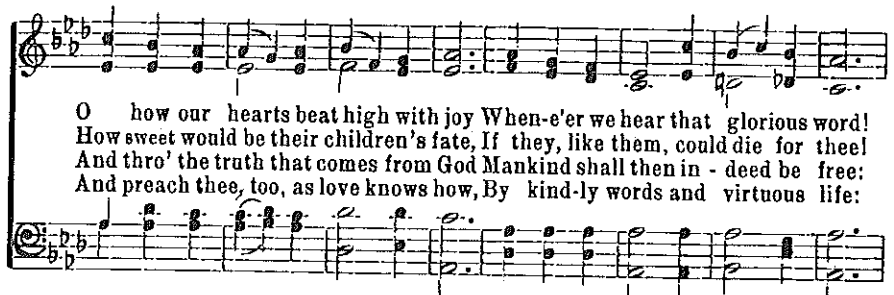
Faith of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER

HENRI F. HEMY
ALT. BY JAMES G. WALTON



1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv - ing still In spite of dung-eon, fire and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pri-sons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa-thers, we still strive To win all na-tions un - to thee!
4. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,



O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glorious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then in - deed be free:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life:



Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of Our Mothers

TUNE-ABOVE

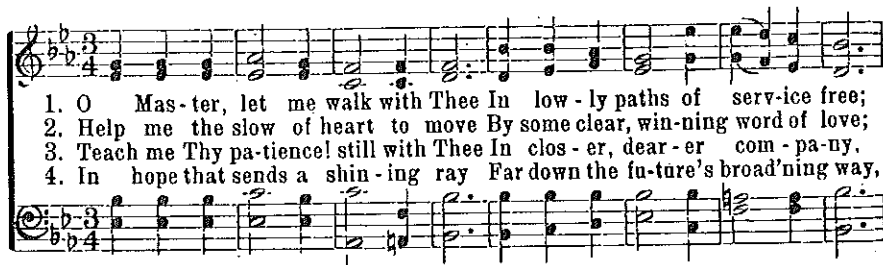
- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Faith of our mothers, living still
In cradle song and bedtime prayer;
In nursery lore and fireside love,
Thy presence still pervades the air:
Faith of our mothers, living faith!
We will be true to thee till death. | 3 Faith of our mothers, guiding faith,
For youthful longing, youthful doubt,
How blurred our vision, blind our way,
Thy providential care without:
Faith of our mothers, guiding faith,
We will be true to thee till death. |
| 2 Faith of our mothers, loving faith,
Fount of our childhood's trust and grace,
Oh, may thy consecration prove
Source of a finer, nobler race:
Faith of our mothers, living faith,
We will be true to thee till death. | 4 Faith of our mothers, Christian faith,
In truth beyond our stumbling creeds,
Still serve the home and save the Church,
And breathe thy spirit thro' our deeds:
Faith of our mothers, Christian faith!
We will be true to thee till death. |

Words by A. B. Patten

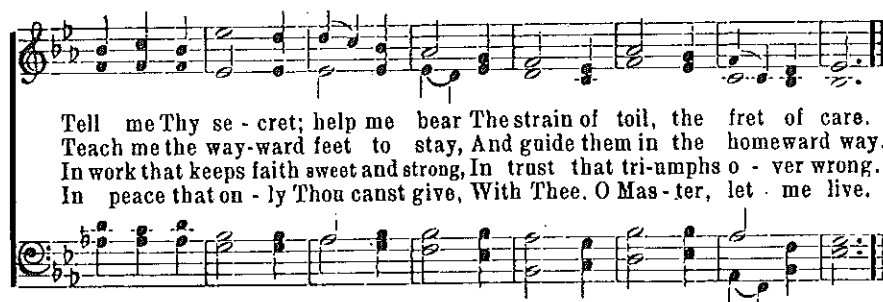
O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

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,

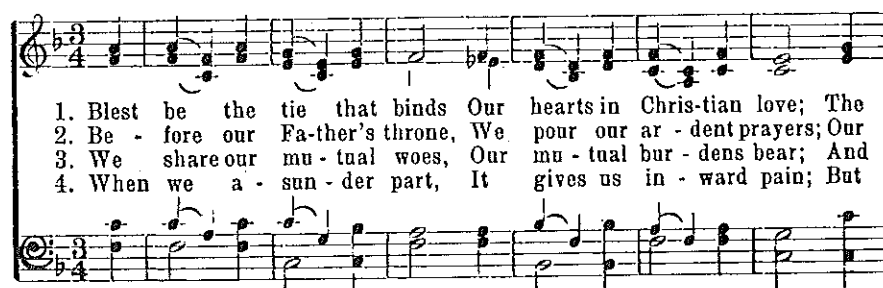


Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
 Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o-ver wrong.
 In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee. O Mas-ter, let-me live.

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

JOHN FAWCETT

HANS G. NÄGELI
 ARR. BY LOWELL MASON

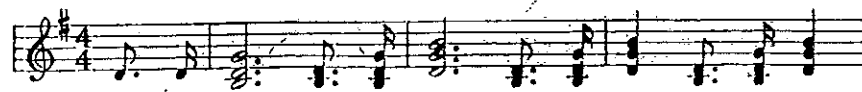


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The
 2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our
 3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear; And
 4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain; But



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. A-MEN.

TAPS



1. Fad - ing light, dim the sight, And a star gems the sky,
2. Day is done, gone the sun, From the lake, from the hills,



gleam-ing bright. From a - far draw - ing nigh Falls the night.
from the sky; All is well, safe - ly rest; God is nigh.

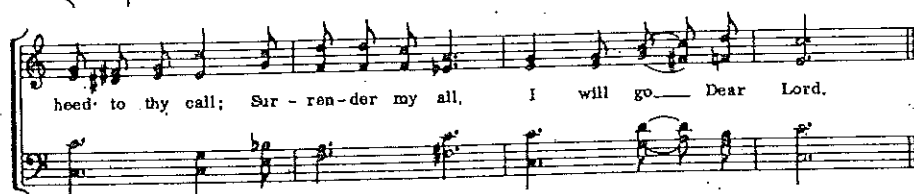
I WILL GO

H. B.

Harry Bollback



I will go Dear Lord; I'll o - bey Thy, WORD. — Give



heed to thy call; Sur - ren - der my all, I will go — Dear Lord.

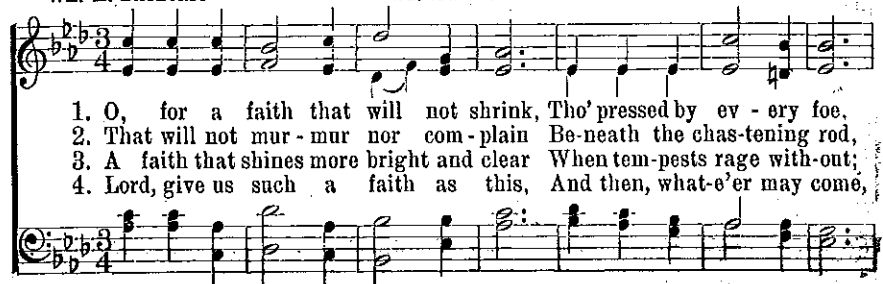
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O, for a Faith That Will Not Shrink

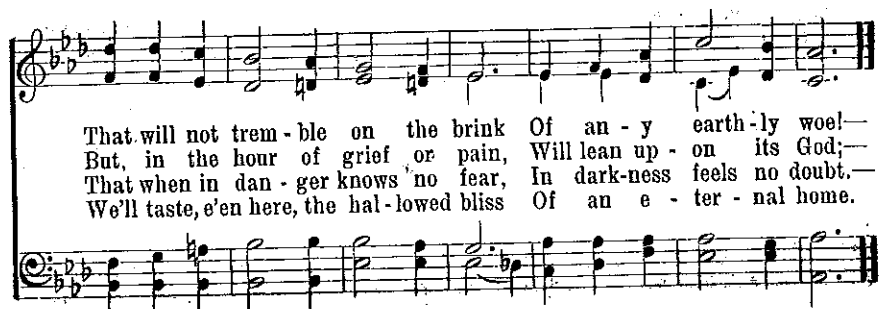
WM. H. BATHURST

ST. AGNES

JOHN B. DYKES



1. O, for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev - ery foe,
 2. That will not mur - mur nor com - plain Be - neath the chas - tening rod,
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tem - pests rage with - out;
 4. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, what - e'er may come,



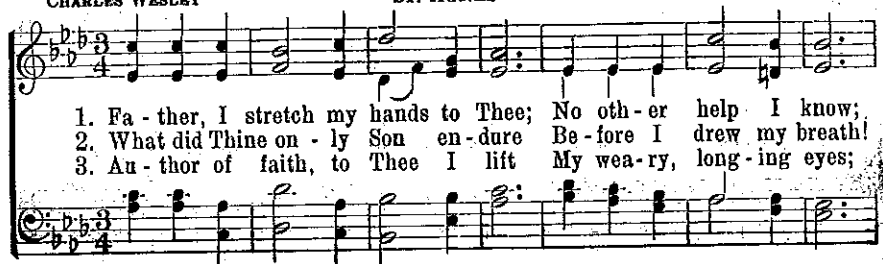
That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe!—
 But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God;—
 That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark - ness feels no doubt.—
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hal - lowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

Father, I Stretch My Hands to Thee

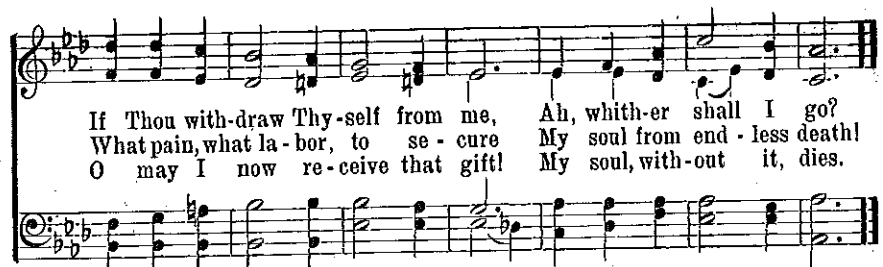
CHARLES WESLEY

ST. AGNES

Rev. J. B. DYKES



1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
 2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath!
 3. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;




If Thou with - draw Thy - self from me, Ah, whith - er shall I go?
 What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
 O may I now re - ceive that gift! My soul, with - out it, dies.

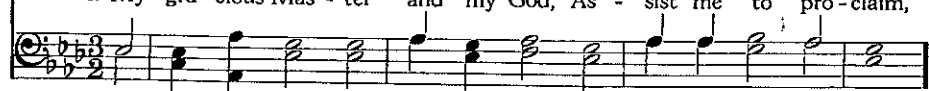
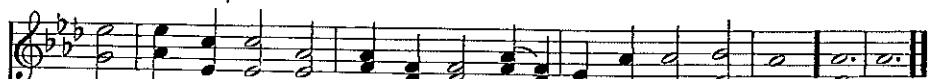
O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing

Charles Wesley, 1739; alt.

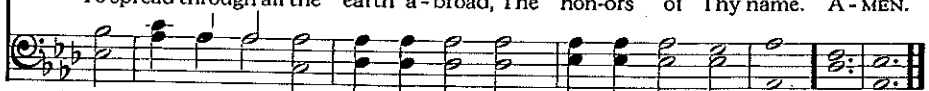
AZMON: C. M.
Carl G. Gläser, 1828
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839



1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise,
2. Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;
3. He breaks the power of reign-ing sin, He sets the pris-oner free;
4. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the sin-ful clean, His blood a-'vail'd for me.
To spread through all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name. A-MEN.




Alternative tune, "Richmond," Hymn 436.

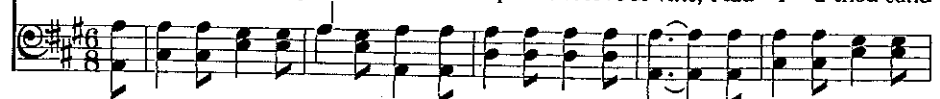

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

Samuel Stennett, 1787


ORTONVILLE: C. M.
Thomas Hastings, 1837



1. Ma-jes-tic sweet-ness sits en-throned Up-on the Sav-iour's brow; His head with ra-diant
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is He than
3. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me tri-umph
4. To heaven, the place of His a-bode, He brings my wea-ry feet; Shows me the glo-ries
5. Since from His boun-ty I re-ceive Such proofs of love di-vine, Had I a thou-sand

glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
all the fair That fill the heav-en-ly train, That fill the heav-en-ly train.
o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.
of my God, And makes my joys com-plete, And makes my joys com-plete.
hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine. A-MEN.

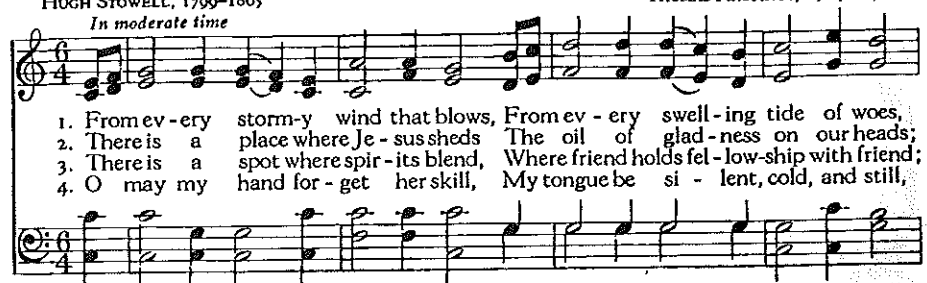


From Every Stormy Wind That Blows

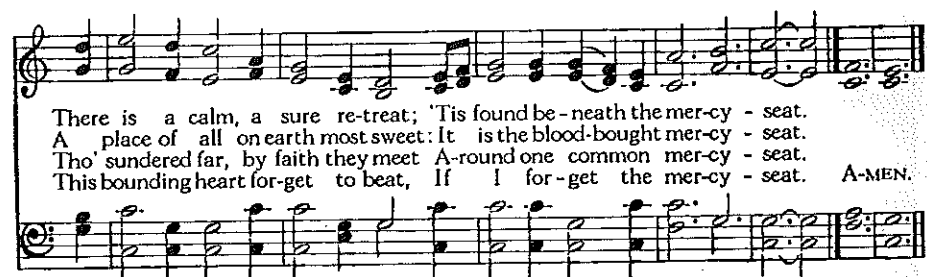
RETREAT. L. M.

HUGH STOWELL, 1799-1865
In moderate time

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784-1872



1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery 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 spot where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship with friend;
4. O may my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold, and still,



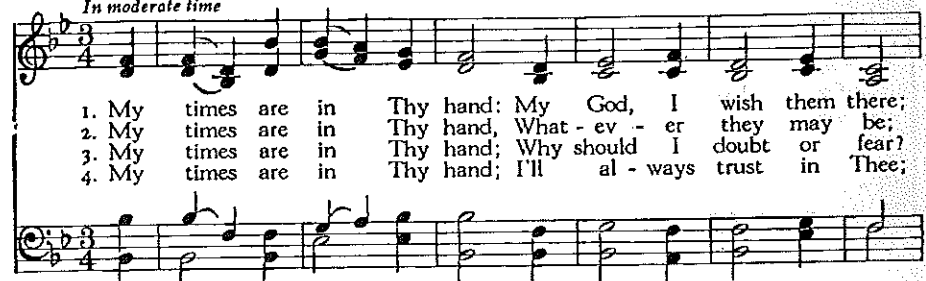
There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet: It is the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one common mer - cy - seat.
This bounding heart for - get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy - seat. A - MEN.

My Times Are in Thy Hand

FERGUSON. S. M.

WILLIAM F. LLOYD, 1791-1853
In moderate time

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1811-1884



1. My times are in Thy hand: My God, I wish them there;
2. My times are in Thy hand, What - ev - er they may be;
3. My times are in Thy hand; Why should I doubt or fear?
4. My times are in Thy hand; I'll al - ways trust in Thee;



My life, my friends, my soul, I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
Pleas - ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
My Fa - ther's hand will nev - er cause His child a need - less tear.
And, aft - er death, at Thy right hand I shall for ev - er be. A - MEN.

From Every Stormy Wind That Blows

Hugh Stowell, 1828, 1831; alt.

RETREAT: L. M.
Thomas Hastings, 1842

1. From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery 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 place where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.
The place of all on earth most sweet—It is the bless - ed mer - cy seat.
Though sun-dered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer - cy seat. A-MEN.

Peace, Perfect Peace, in This Dark World of Sin?

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1875

PAX TECUM: 10. 10.
George T. Caldbeck, 1877
Arr. by Charles J. Vincent, 1877

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?
6. It is e - nough: earth's strug - gles soon shall cease,

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.
And Je - sus call us to heaven's per - fect peace. A-MEN.

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Glory Be to the Father

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name. 1 Chron. 16:29

Gloria Patri
Traditional

HENRY W. GREATOREX

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.

Glory Be to the Father

Gloria Patri
Traditional

CHRISTOPH MEINEKE

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A - men.

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

ST. ANNE

From Psalm 90

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

Attr. to William Croft, 1678-1727

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood Or earth re - ceived her frame,
 4. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
 5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope - ning day.
 Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

When All Thy Mercies, O My God

BELMONT

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719

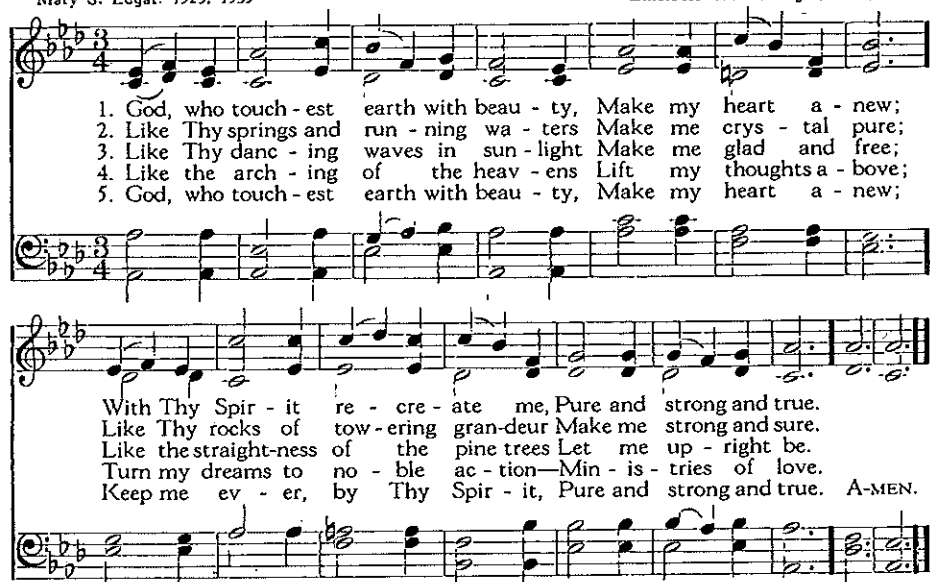
From Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1812

1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
 2. Un - num - bered com - forts to my soul Thy ten - der care be - stowed,
 3. When worn with sick - ness, oft hast Thou With health re - newed my face;
 4. Thru ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life Thy good - ness I'll pur - sue,
 Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.
 Be - fore my in - fant heart con - ceived From whom those com - forts flowed.
 And, when in sins and sor - rows bowed, Re - vived my soul with grace.
 And aft - er death, in dis - tant worlds, The glo - rious theme re - new.

God, Who Touched Earth with Beauty

Mary S. Edgar. 1925. 1939

BULLINGER: 8. 5. 8. 5.
Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1874; alt.



1. God, who touch - est earth with beau - ty, Make my heart a - new;
 2. Like Thy springs and run - ning wa - ters Make me crys - tal pure;
 3. Like Thy danc - ing waves in sun - light Make me glad and free;
 4. Like the arch - ing of the heav - ens Lift my thoughts a - bove;
 5. God, who touch - est earth with beau - ty, Make my heart a - new;

With Thy Spir - it re - cre - ate me, Pure and strong and true.
 Like Thy rocks of tow - ering gran - deur Make me strong and sure.
 Like the straight - ness of the pine trees Let me up - right be.
 Turn my dreams to no - ble ac - tion—Min - is - tries of love.
 Keep me ev - er, by Thy Spir - it, Pure and strong and true. A-MEN.

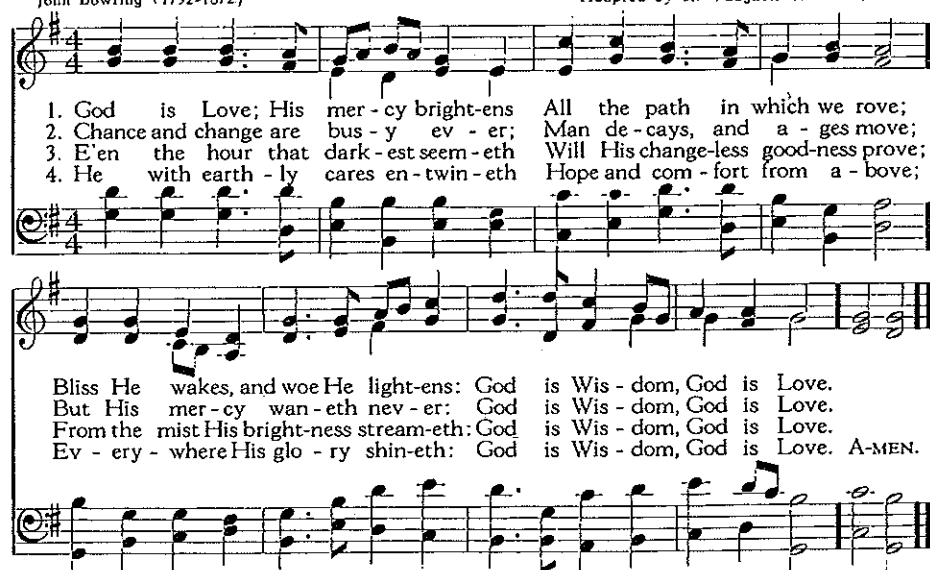
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GOD: IN NATURE

God Is Love; His Mercy Brightens

John Bowring (1792-1872)

SUSSEX: 8. 7. 8. 7.
Traditional English melody
Adapted by R. Vaughan Williams, 1906



1. God is Love; His mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove;
 2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
 3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth Will His change - less good - ness prove;
 4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;

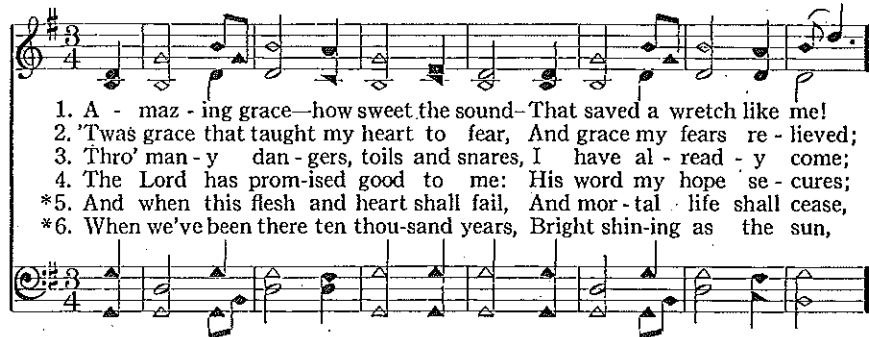
Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens: God is Wis - dom, God is Love.
 But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er: God is Wis - dom, God is Love.
 From the mist His bright - ness stream - eth: God is Wis - dom, God is Love.
 Ev - ery - where His glo - ry shin - eth: God is Wis - dom, God is Love. A-MEN.

Music from *The English Hymnal*. Used by permission of Oxford University Press.

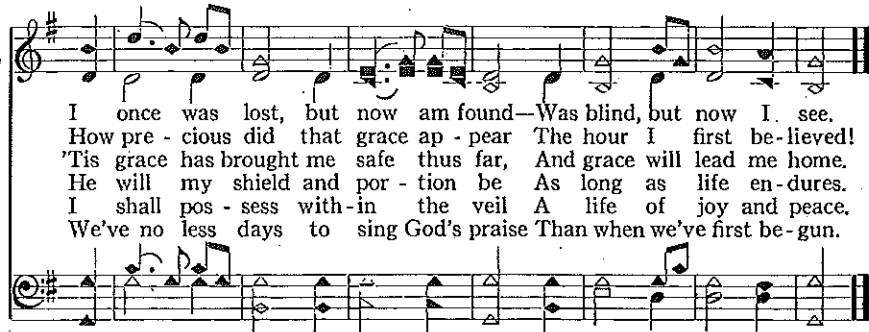
Amazing Grace

John Newton

Southern Melody



1. A - maz - ing grace—how sweet the sound—That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
 3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
 4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me: His word my hope se - cures;
 *5. And when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,
 *6. When we've been there ten thou-sand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun,



I once was lost, but now am found—Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
 I shall pos - sess with-in the veil A life of joy and peace.
 We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we've first be - gun.

Since I Can Read My Title Clear

Isaac Watts

Arr. T. C. O'Kane



1. Since I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
 2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fi - ery darts be hurled,
 3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sor-row fall—
 4. There shall I bathe my wea-ry soul, In seas of heav'n-ly rest,
 1. ti - tle clear, in the skies,

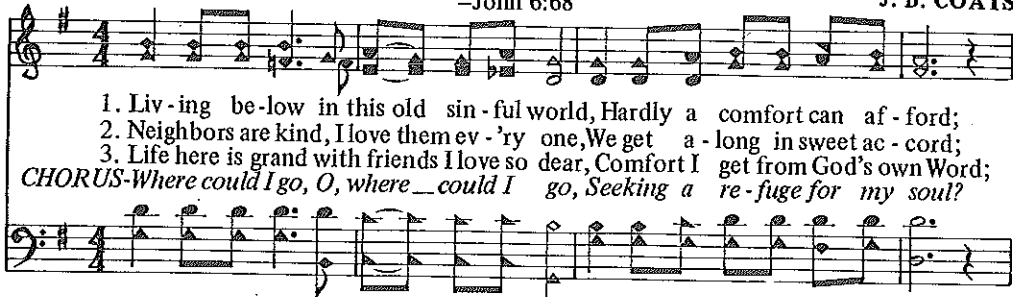
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, . . . And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
 Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, . . . And face a frown-ing world.
 May I but safe-ly reach my home, . . . My God, my heav'n, my all,
 And not a wave of trou-ble roll . . . A - cross my peace-ful breast.

Where Could I Go

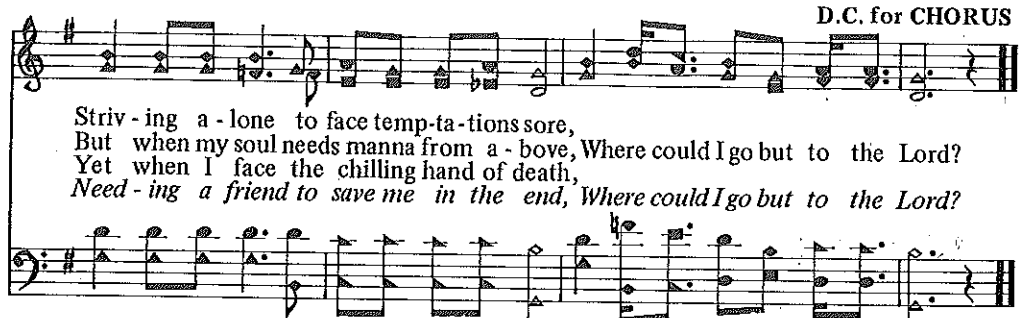
J. B. C.

"Lord, to whom shall we go?"
—John 6:68

J. B. COATS



1. Liv-ing be-low in this old sin-ful world, Hardly a com-fort can af-ford;
2. Neigh-bors are kind, I love them ev-'ry one, We get a-long in sweet ac-cord;
3. Life here is grand with friends I love so dear, Com-fort I get from God's own Word;
CHORUS—Where could I go, O, where—could I go, Seeking a re-fuge for my soul?



D.C. for CHORUS
Striv-ing a-lone to face temp-ta-tions sore,
But when my soul needs manna from a-bove, Where could I go but to the Lord?
Yet when I face the chilling hand of death,
Need-ing a friend to save me in the end, Where could I go but to the Lord?

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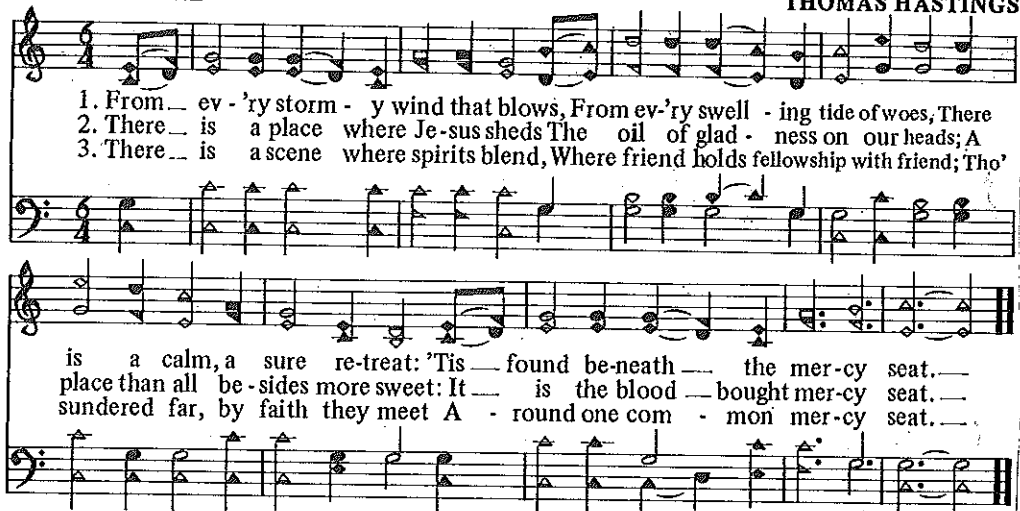
From Every Stormy Wind

"I will meet...and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat..."
—Ex. 25:22

HUGH STOWELL

(RETREAT)

THOMAS HASTINGS



1. From—ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There
2. There— is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A
3. There— is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis—found be-neath—the mer-cy seat.—
place than all be-sides more sweet: It— is the blood—bought mer-cy seat.—
sundered far, by faith they meet A—round one com-mon mer-cy seat.—

Revive Us Again

"Wilt Thou not revive us again:....?"

-Psa. 85:6

WM. P. MacKay

J. J. HUSBAND

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our

CHORUS

died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -
 sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.

lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vives us a - gain.

Enter into His Gates

Psalm 100: 4, 5

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Nettle D. Ellsworth

En - ter in - to His gates with thanks - giv - ing, And in - to His courts with praise;

Be thank - ful un - to Him, and bless His name, For the Lord is good.