

# Majesty and Power

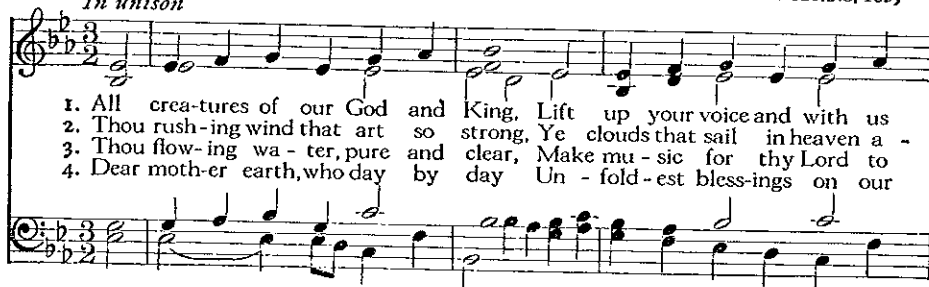
LASST UNS ERFREUEN. 8. 8. 4. 4. 8. 8. with Alleluias

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, 1182-1226

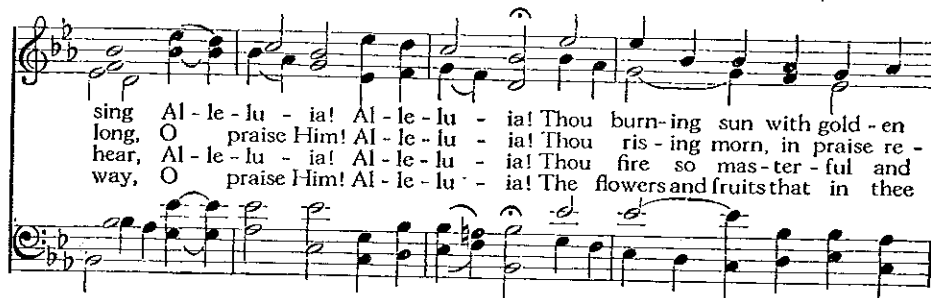
Tr. by WILLIAM H. DRAPER, 1855-1933

Melody from GEISTLICHE KIRCHENGESÄNG, 1623

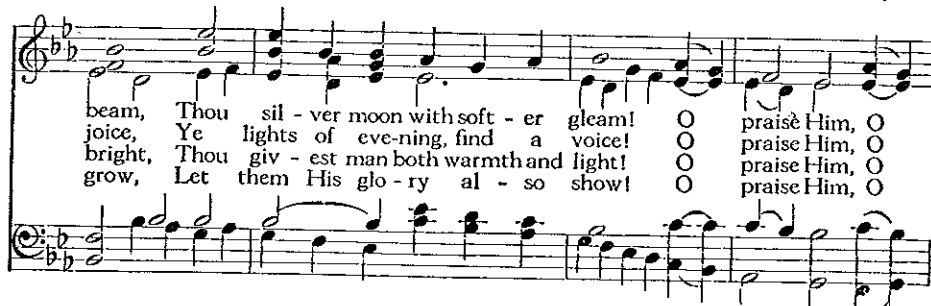
*In unison*



1. All crea-tures of our God and King, Lift up your voice and with us  
2. Thou rush-ing wind that art so strong, Ye clouds that sail in heaven a -  
3. Thou flow-ing wa - ter, pure and clear, Make mu - sic for thy Lord to  
4. Dear moth-er earth, who day by day Un - fold - est bless-ings on our



sing Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou burn-ing sun with gold - en  
long, O praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou ris - ing morn, in praise re -  
hear, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou fire so mas - ter - ful and  
way, O praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! The flowers and fruits that in thee



beam, Thou sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam! O praise Him, O  
joice, Ye lights of eve-ning, find a voice! O praise Him, O  
bright, Thou giv - est man both warmth and light! O praise Him, O  
grow, Let them His glo - ry al - so show! O praise Him, O



praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

5 And all ye men of tender heart,  
Forgiving others, take your part,  
O sing ye!

Alleluia!

Ye who long pain and sorrow bear,  
Praise God and on Him cast your care!  
O praise Him! Alleluia!

6 Let all things their Creator bless,  
And worship Him in humbleness,  
O praise Him!

Alleluia!

Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,  
And praise the Spirit, Three in One!  
O praise Him! Alleluia!

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WORSHIP

# Almighty Father, Strong to Save

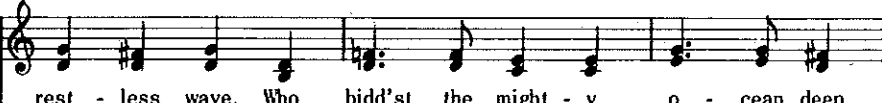
William Whiting, 1825-1878, Stanzas 1 and 4

Robert Nelson Spencer, 1877-1961, Stanzas 2 and 3


John B. Dykes, 1823-1876




1. Al - might - y Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the  
 2. O Christ, the Lord of hill and plain, O'er which our traf - fic  
 3. O Spir - it, whom the Fa - ther sent, To spread a - broad the  
 4. O Trin - i - ty of love and power, Our breth - ren shield in



rest - less wave, Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep  
 runs a - main By moun - tain pass or val - ley low;  
 fir - ma - ment; O Wind of heav - en, by Thy might  
 dan - ger's hour; From rock and tem - pest, fire, and foe,



Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep; O hear us when we  
 Wher - ev - er, Lord, Thy breth - ren go, Pro - tect them by Thy  
 Save all who dare the ea - gle's flight, And keep them by Thy  
 Pro - tect them where - so - e'er they go; Thus, ev - er - more shall



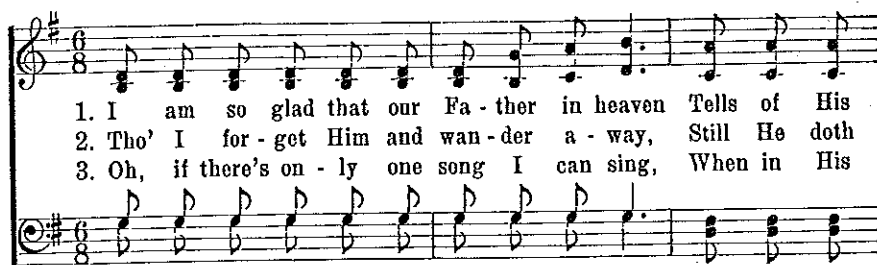
cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.  
 guard - ing hand From ev - ery per - il on the land.  
 watch - ful care From ev - ery per - il in the air.  
 rise to Thee Glad praise from air and land and sea.

Stanzas 2 and 3 used by permission of The Church Pension Fund.

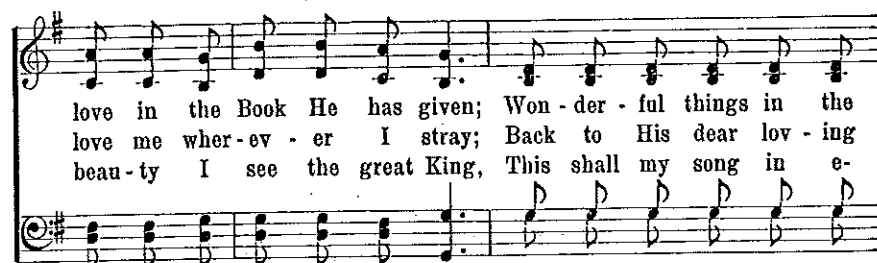
# Jesus Loves Even Me

P. P. B.

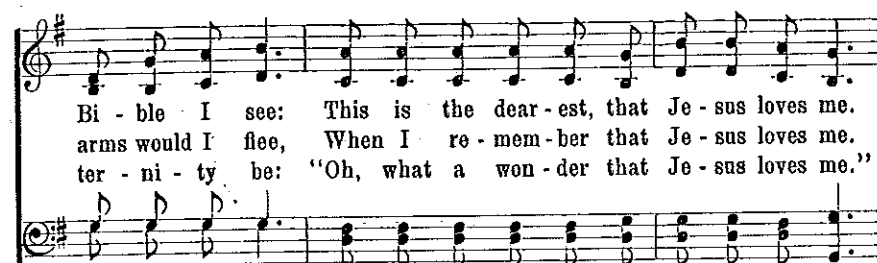
P. P. BLISS



1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heaven Tells of His  
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth  
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His



love in the Book He has given; Won - der - ful things in the  
love me wher - ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing  
beau - ty I see the great King, This shall my song in e -

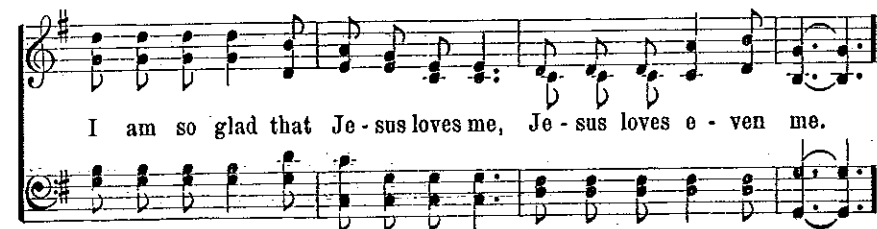


Bi - ble I see: This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.  
arms would I flee, When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.  
ter - ni - ty be: "Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me."

CHORUS



I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,



I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

## Precious Lord, Take My Hand

472

Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932; alt.

1 Pre-cious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand,  
2 When my way grows drear, pre-cious Lord, lin-ger near,  
3 When the shad-ows ap-pear and the night draws near,

I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;  
when my life is al-most gone,  
and the day is past and gone,

Through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the light:  
Hear me cry, hear my call, hold my hand, lest I fall:  
At the riv-er I stand, guide my feet, hold my hand:

*Refrain*

Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.

Thomas A. Dorsey was known as "Georgia Tom" when he played piano for blues singer Ma Rainey. He started writing gospel songs after what he called "a definite spiritual change." This inspirational song, composed following the deaths of his wife, Nettie, and a newborn child, derives from the tune Maitland.

Tune: PRECIOUS LORD Irr. with refrain  
Thomas A. Dorsey, 1932

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

## I'm So Glad, Jesus Lifted Me

474

*African-American spiritual*

1 I'm so glad, Je-sus lift-ed me, I'm so glad,  
2 Sa - tan had me bound, Je-sus lift-ed me, Sa - tan had me bound,  
3 When I was in trou - ble, Je-sus lift-ed me, when I was in trou - ble,

Je - sus lift - ed me, I'm so glad,  
Je - sus lift - ed me, Sa - tan had me bound,  
Je - sus lift - ed me, when I was in trou - ble,

Je-sus lift-ed me, sing-ing glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus lift-ed me.

*Just as the spirituals were adapted to be sung in a folk-song style during the 1960s music festivals and civil rights marches, so have they been adapted in a gospel style. This is a spiritual that especially lends itself to gospel rendering.*

Tune: I'M SO GLAD Irr.  
*African-American spiritual*

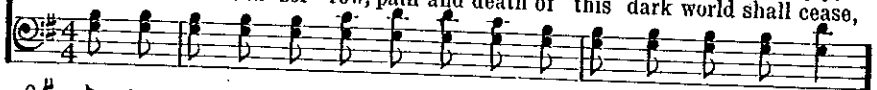
# Our Lord's Return to Earth Again\*

J. M. K.

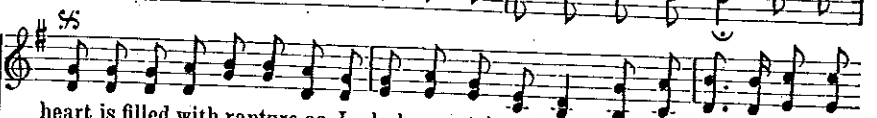
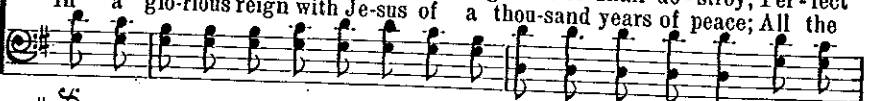
J. M. Kirk



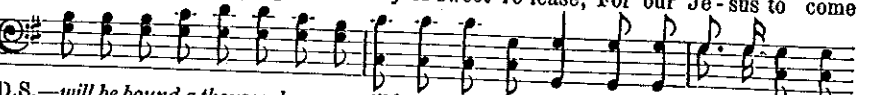
1. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day,
2. Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sor-r'wing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,



When our blessed Lord shall come and catch His waiting Bride a-way; Oh! my  
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall  
And in all His ho-ly mountain noth-ing hurts or shall de-stroy; Per-fect  
In a glo-rious reign with Je-sus of a thou-sand years of peace; All the



heart is filled with rapture as I la-bor, watch and pray, For the Lord is com-ing  
take a-way all sickness and the suf-ferer's tears will dry, When our Savior shall come  
peace shall reign in ev'ry heart, and love without al-loy, Aft-er Je-sus shall come  
earth is groaning, crying for that day of sweet re-lease, For our Je-sus to come

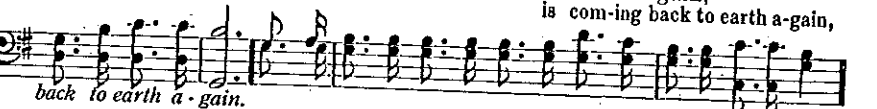


D.S.—will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, Aft-er Je-sus shall come

FINE CHORUS



back to earth a-gain. Oh! our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain,  
is com-ing back to earth a-gain,

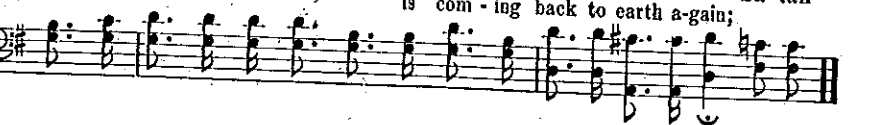


back to earth a-gain.



D. S.

Yes, our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain; Sa-tan  
is com-ing back to earth a-gain;



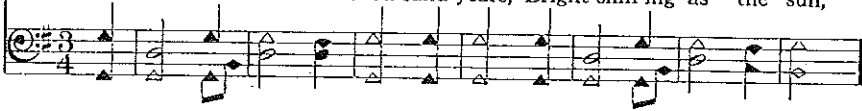
# Amazing Grace

John Newton

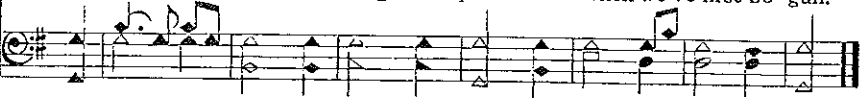
Southern Melody



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.



## Amen

Louis Bourgeois

A - men.

## Twofold Amen

Dresden

A - men, A - - men.

## Threefold Amen

Traditional

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

## Sixfold Amen

Paul Sjolund

Moderato  
sempre cresc.

*p* A - men, A - men, *mf*

*pp*

*Ped.*

A - men, A - men, A - men. A - men! *ff*

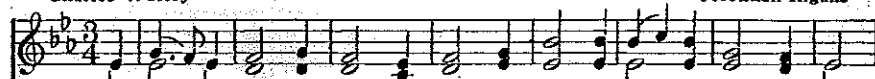
*f* *rit.*



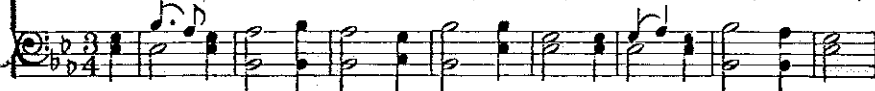
# AND CAN IT BE THAT I SHOULD GAIN?

Charles Wesley

Jeremiah Ingalls



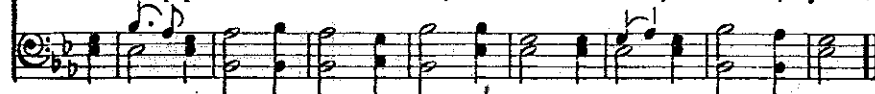
1. And can it be that I should gain An in-t'rest in the Sav-iour's blood?
2. 'Tis mys-t'ry all! Th' Im-mor-tal dies! Who can ex-plore His strange de-sign?
3. He left His Fa-ther's throne a - bove, So free, so in - fi - nite His grace!
4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay, Fast bound in sin and na - ture's night;
5. No con-dem-na - tion now I dread, Je - sus, with all in Him, is mine;



Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who Him to death pur-sued?  
In vain the first-born ser - aph tries To sound the depths of love di - vine;  
Emp-tied Him-self of all but love, And bled for Ad - am's help-less race;  
Thine eye dif-fused a quick-'ning ray, I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
A - live in Him, my liv - ing Head, And clothed in right-eous-ness di-vine,



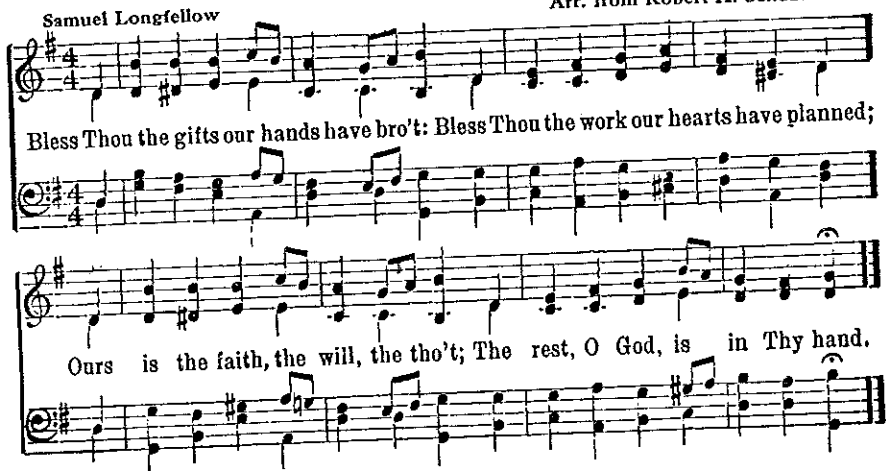
A - maz-ing love! How can it be That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?  
'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a - dore: Let an - gel minds in-quire no more.  
'Tis mer - cy all! Immense and free, For, O my God, it found out me!  
My chains fell off, my heart was free, I rose, went forth, and fol-lowed Thee.  
Bold I ap-proach th'e-ter-nal throne, And claim the crown, thru Christ, my own.



# BLESS THOU THE GIFTS

Samuel Longfellow

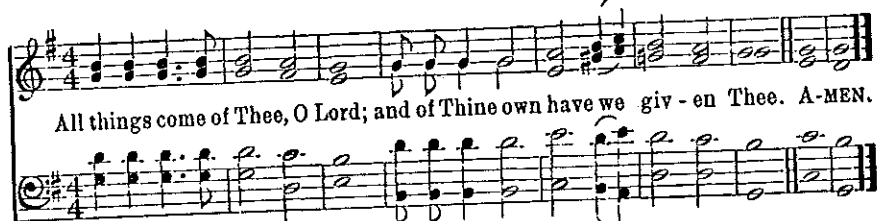
Arr. from Robert A. Schumann



Bless Thou the gifts our hands have bro't: Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned;  
Ours is the faith, the will, the tho't; The rest, O God, is in Thy hand.

# ALL THINGS COME OF THEE

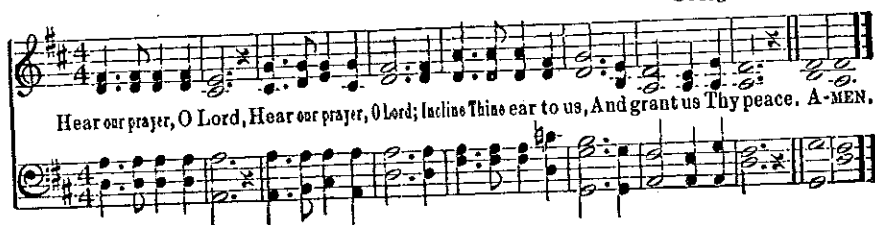
Arranged from Beethoven



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

# HEAR OUR PRAYER, O LORD

George Whelpton

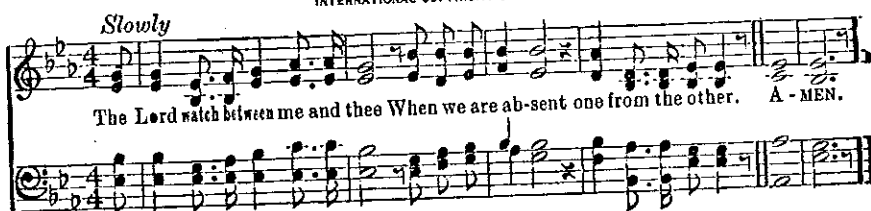


Hear our prayer, O Lord, Hear our prayer, O Lord; incline Thine ear to us, And grant us Thy peace. A-MEN.

# MIZPAH

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C. H. G.

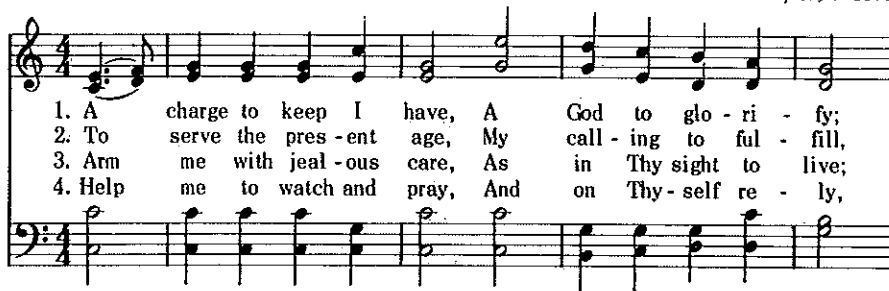


*Slowly*  
The Lord watch between me and thee When we are ab-sent one from the other. A - MEN.

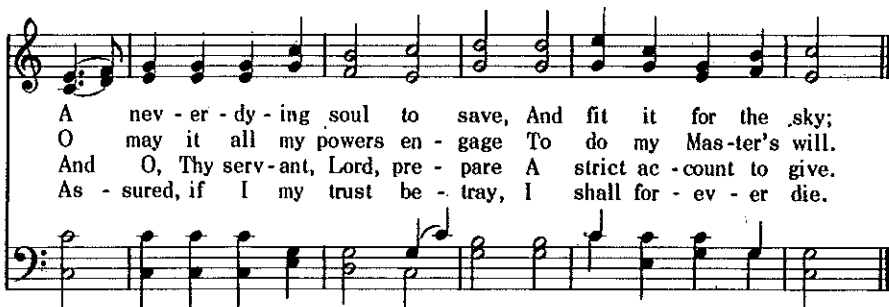
# A Charge to Keep Have I

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

Lowell Mason, 1792-1872



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



A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky;  
O may it all my powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.  
And O, Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.  
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

## O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

VENI EMMANUEL

Latin hymn, 12th century

Trans. by John M. Neale, 1818-1866 — alt.

Plainsong, 13th century

Arr. by Eldon Burkwall, 1928-

## Unison

1. O come, O come, Em-man-u-el, And ran-som cap-tive  
 2. O come, O come, Thou Lord of might, Who to Thy tribes, on  
 3. O come, Thou Rod of Jes-se, free Thine own from Sa-tan's  
 4. O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer Our spir-its by Thine  
 5. O come, Thou Key of Da-vid, come And o-pen wide our

Is-ra-el, That mourns in lone-ly ex-ile here  
 Si-nai's height, In an-cient times didst give the law  
 tyr-an-ny; From depths of hell Thy peo-ple save  
 ad-vent here; O drive a-way the shades of night  
 heav'n-ly home Where all Thy saints with Thee shall dwell-

## REFRAIN

Parts

Un-til the Son of God ap-pear.  
 In cloud and maj-es-ty and awe.  
 And give them vic-t'ry o'er the grave. Re-joice! re-joice!  
 And pierce the clouds and bring us light.  
 O come, O come, Em-man-u-el!

Em-man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra-el.

## Day by Day

LINA SANDELL BERG, 1832-1903

Trans. by Andrew L. Skoog, 1856-1934

OSCAR AHNFELT, 1813-1882

1. Day by day and with each pass-ing mo-ment, Strength I find to  
 2. Ev-'ry day the Lord Him-self is near me With a spe-cial  
 3. Help me then in ev-'ry trib-u-la-tion So to trust Thy

meet my tri-als here; Trust-ing in my Fa-ther's wise be-stow-ment,  
 mer-cy for each hour; All my cares He fain would bear, and cheer me,  
 prom-is-es, O Lord, That I lose not faith's sweet con-so-la-tion

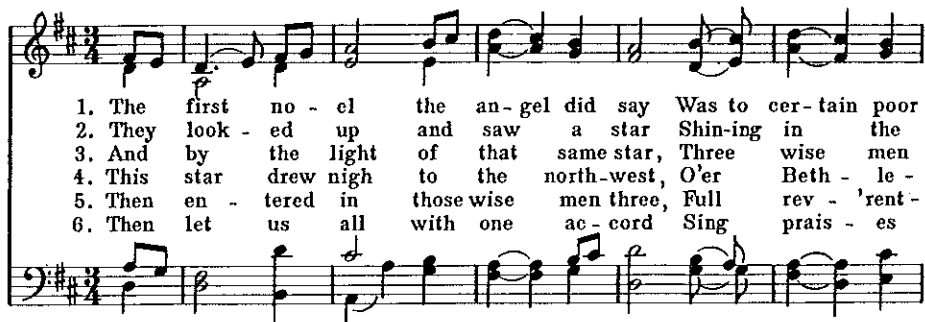
I've no cause for wor-ry or for fear. He whose heart is kind be-  
 He whose name is Coun-sel-lor and Pow'r. The pro-tec-tion of His  
 Of-fered me with-in Thy ho-ly word. Help me, Lord, when toil and

yond all meas-ure Gives un-to each day what He deems best- Lov-ing-  
 child and treas-ure Is a charge that on Him-self He laid; "As thy  
 trou-ble meet-ing, E'er to take, as from a fa-ther's hand, One by

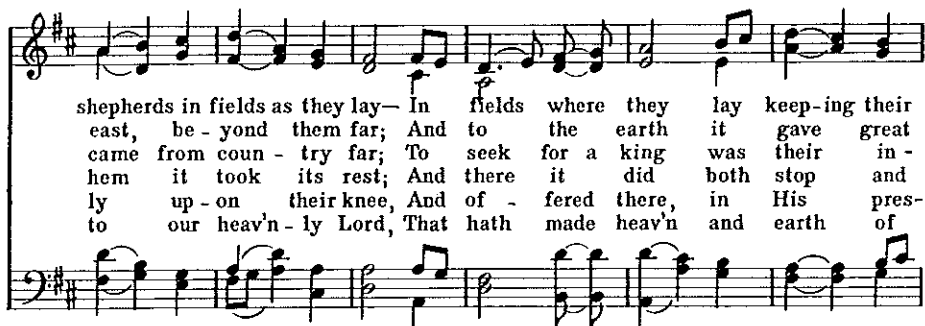
ly, its part of pain and pleas-ure, Mingling toil with peace and rest.  
 days, thy strength shall be in meas-ure," This the pledge to me He made.  
 one, the days, the mo-ments fleet-ing, Till I reach the prom-ised land.

## The First Noel

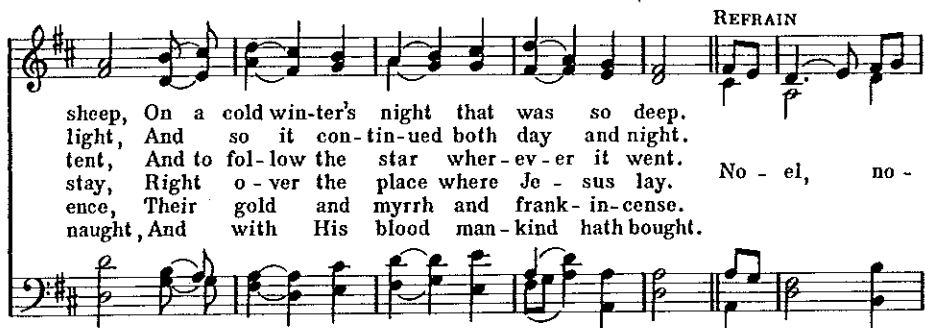
English carol, before 1823

English melody  
From Sandys' *Christmas Carols*, 1833


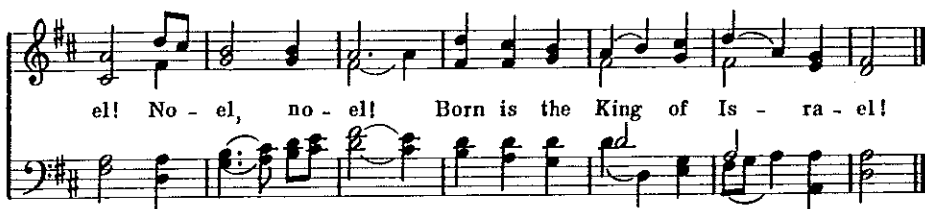
1. The first no - el the an - gel did say Was to cer - tain poor  
 2. They look - ed up and saw a star Shin - ing in the  
 3. And by the light of that same star, Three wise men  
 4. This star drew nigh to the north - west, O'er Beth - le -  
 5. Then en - tered in those wise men three, Full rev - 'rent -  
 6. Then let us all with one ac - cord Sing prais - es



shepherds in fields as they lay— In fields where they lay keep - ing their  
 east, be - yond them far; And to the earth it gave great  
 came from coun - try far; To seek for a king was their in -  
 hem it took its rest; And there it did both stop and  
 ly up - on their knee, And of - fered there, in His pres -  
 to our heav'n - ly Lord, That hath made heav'n and earth of



REFRAIN  
 sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep.  
 light, And so it con - tin - ued both day and night.  
 tent, And to fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went. No - el, no -  
 stay, Right o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.  
 ence, Their gold and myrrh and frank - in - cense.  
 naught, And with His blood man - kind hath bought.



el! No - el, no - el! Born is the King of Is - ra - el!

# O for a Faith That Will Not Shrink

*Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief. Mark 9:24*

William H. Bathurst, 1831

ARLINGTON C.M.

Thomas A. Arne, 1762



1. O for a faith that will not shrink Though pressed by man-ya foe, That
2. That will not mur-mur nor com-plain Be-neath the chast'n-ing rod, But
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tem-pests rage with-out, That,
4. Lord, give me such a faith as this, And then, what-e'er may come, I'll



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

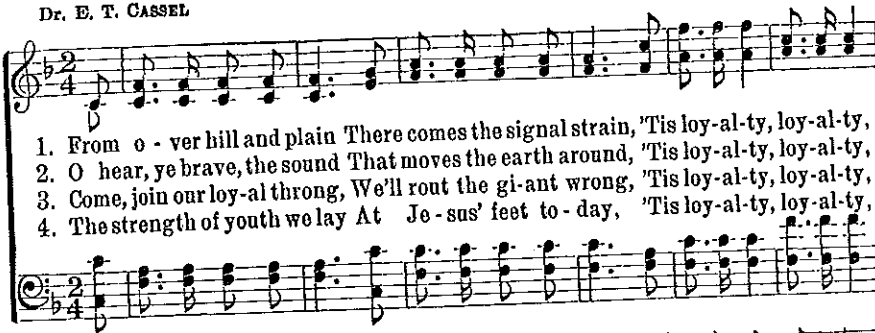


LIFE IN CHRIST

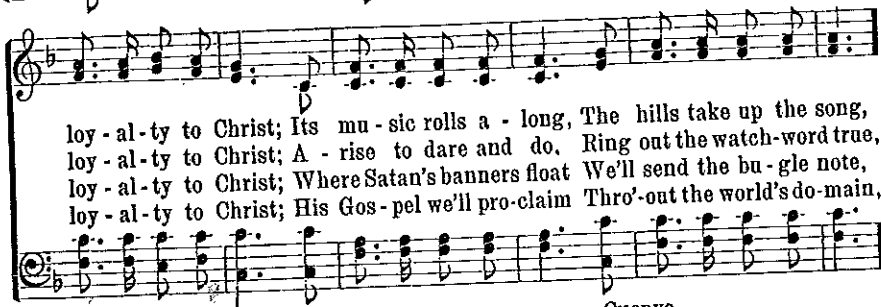
# Loyalty to Christ

Dr. E. T. CASSEL

FLORA H. CASSEL

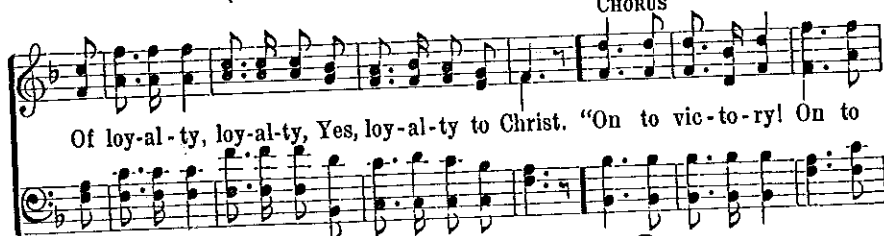


1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,  
 2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,  
 3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the gi-ant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,  
 4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,



loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,  
 loy-al-ty to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,  
 loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,  
 loy-al-ty to Christ; His Gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's do-main,

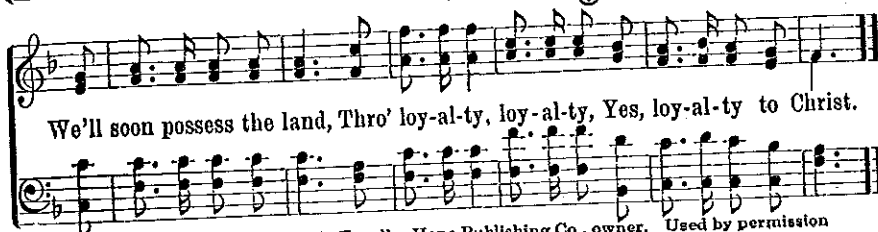
## CHORUS



Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander, "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,  
 great Commander, "On!"



We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.


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# It Is Mine\*

Elisha A. Hoffman

Wm. Edie Marks

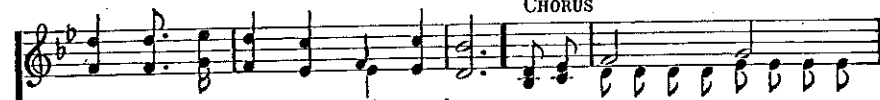


1. God's a - bid - ing peace is in my soul to - day, Yes, I feel it  
 2. He has wrought in me a sweet and per-fect rest, In my rap-tured  
 3. He has giv - en me a nev - er - fail - ing joy, Oh, I have it  
 4. Oh, the love of God is com-fort - ing my soul, For His love is




now, yes, I feel it now; He has tak - en all my doubts and fears a-  
 heart I can feel it now; He each pass - ing mo - ment keeps me saved and  
 now! oh, I have it now! To His praise I will my ransomed pow'rs em-  
 mine, yes, His love is mine! Waves of joy and glad-ness o'er my spir - it


## CHORUS



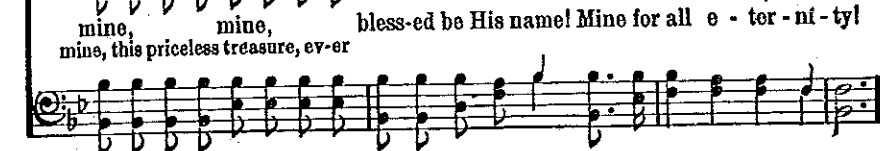
way, Tho' I can - not tell you how.  
 blest, Floods with light my heart and brow. It is mine, mine,  
 ploy, And re - new my grate - ful vow.  
 roll, Thrill - ing me with life di - vine. It is mine, this priceless treasure, ev - er



bless - ed be His name! He has giv - en peace, per - fect peace to me; It is



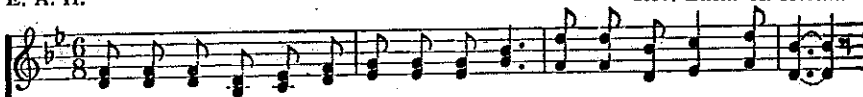
mine, mine, bless - ed be His name! Mine for all e - ter - ni - ty!  
 mine, this priceless treasure, ev - er





# Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H.


Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman




1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?  
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?  
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?  
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?  
5. Art thou now walk-ing in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?





Count-est thou all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?  
O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?  
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?  
Does He each mo-ment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?  
Is thy soul wear-ing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?




CHORUS



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,



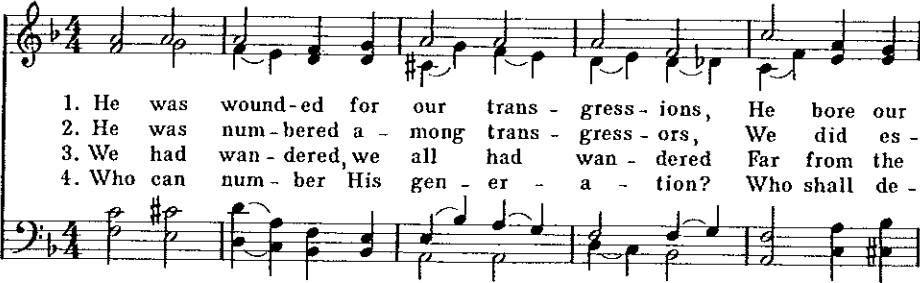
Cleansed and made ho-ly, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God? . . .  
of God?



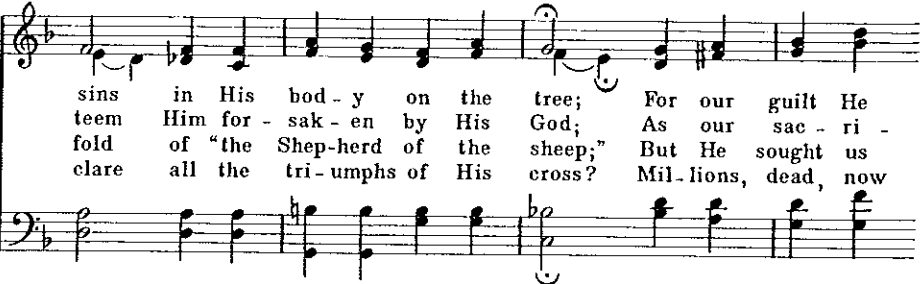
# He Was Wounded for Our Transgressions

THOMAS O. CHISHOLM, 1866-1960

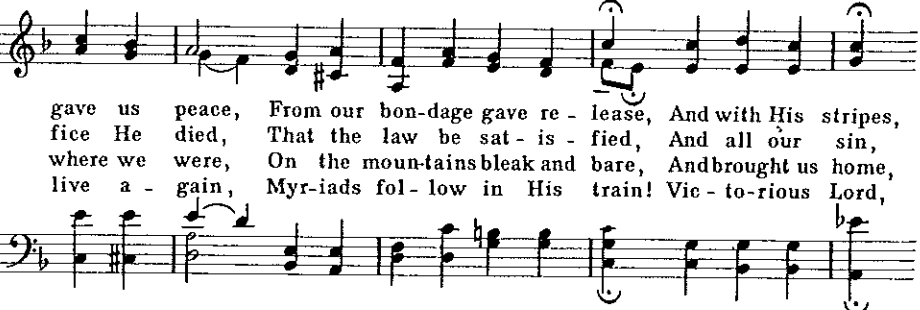
MERRILL DUNLOP, 1905-



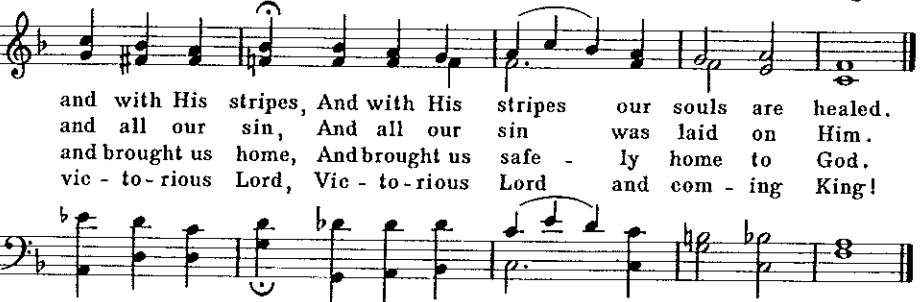
1. He was wound-ed for our trans-gress-ions, He bore our  
 2. He was num-bered a-mong trans-gress-ors, We did es-  
 3. We had wan-dered, we all had wan-dered Far from the  
 4. Who can num-ber His gen-er-a-tion? Who shall de-



sins in His bod-y on the tree; For our guilt He  
 deem Him for-sak-en by His God; As our sac-ri-  
 fold of "the Shep-herd of the sheep;" But He sought us  
 clare all the tri-umphs of His cross? Mil-lions, dead, now



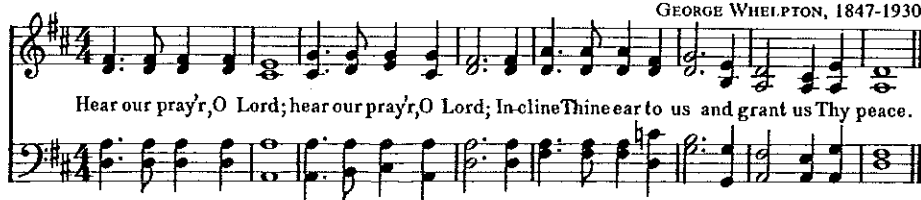
gave us peace, From our bon-dage gave re-lease, And with His stripes,  
 fice He died, That the law be sat-is-fied, And all our sin,  
 where we were, On the moun-tains bleak and bare, And brought us home,  
 live a-gain, Myr-iads fol-low in His train! Vic-to-rious Lord,



and with His stripes, And with His stripes our souls are healed.  
 and all our sin, And all our sin was laid on Him.  
 and brought us home, And brought us safe-ly home to God.  
 vic-to-rious Lord, Vic-to-rious Lord and com-ing King!

## Hear Our Prayer, O Lord

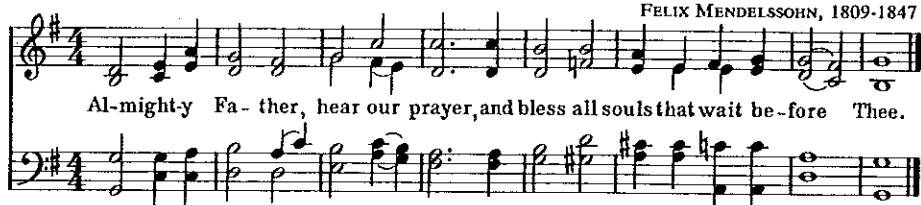
GEORGE WHELPTON, 1847-1930



Hear our pray'r, O Lord; hear our pray'r, O Lord; Incline Thine ear to us and grant us Thy peace.

## Almighty Father, Hear Our Prayer

FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847



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

## All Things Come of Thee

I Chronicles 29:14

Attr. to Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827

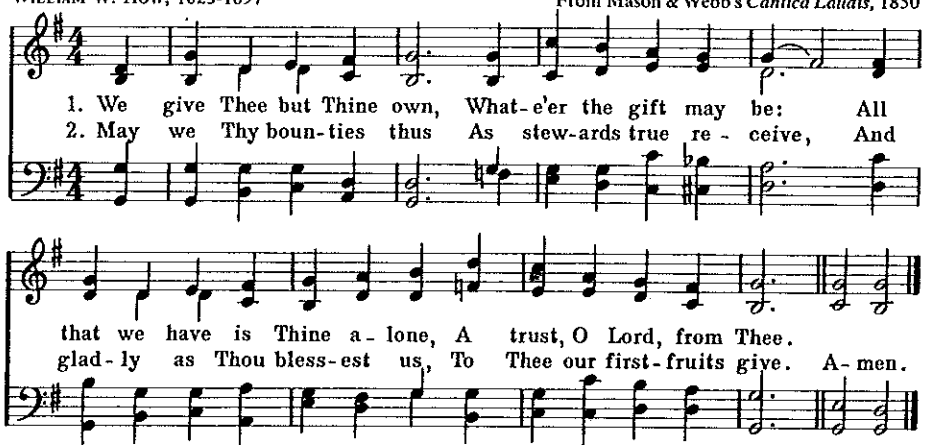


All things come of Thee, O Lord, and of Thine own have we giv-en Thee.

## We Give Thee But Thine Own

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1823-1897

SCHUMANN

From Mason & Webb's *Cantica Laudis*, 1850


1. We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be: All  
2. May we Thy boun-ties thus As stew-ards true re-ceive, And  
that we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.  
glad-ly as Thou bless-est us, To Thee our first-fruits give. A-men.

# In Christ There Is No East or West

... In every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him. — Acts 10:35

John Oxenham

ST. PETER  
Alexander R. Reinagle



- 1 In Christ there is no East or West, In Him no South or North;
- 2 In Him shall true hearts ev-ery-where Their high com-mu-nion find;
- 3 Join hands then, broth-ers of the faith, What-e'er your race may be;
- 4 In Christ now meet both East and West; In Him meet South and North.



- 1 But one great fel-low-ship of love Through-out the whole wide earth.
- 2 His serv-ice is the gold-en cord Close bind-ing all man-kind.
- 3 Who serves my Fa-ther as a son Is sure-ly kin to me.
- 4 All Christ-ly souls are one in Him Through-out the whole wide earth.




BROTHERHOOD AND WORLD PEACE

## It Came upon the Midnight Clear



EDMUND H. SEARS, 1810-1876

CAROL



RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1819-1900





1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
 2. Still thru the clo - ven skies they come With peace-ful wings un - furled,  
 3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,  
 4. For lo, the days are has-t'ning on, By proph-et bards fore - told,


From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:  
 And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:  
 Who toil a - long the climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,  
 When with the ev - er - cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men, From heav'n's all gra - cious King!"  
 A - bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on hov-'ring wing,  
 Look now! for glad and gold-en hours Come swift-ly on the wing:  
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,

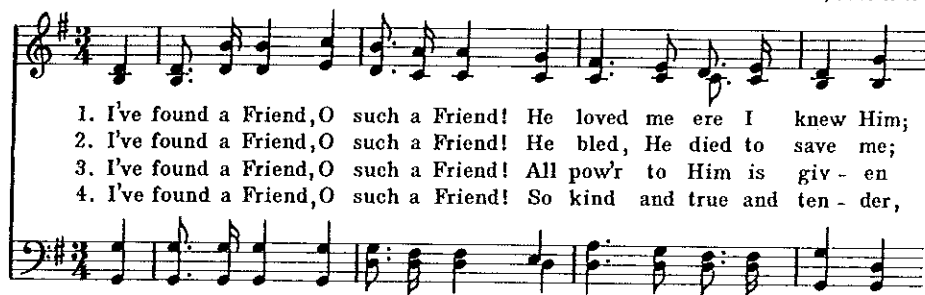
The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.  
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing.  
 O rest be - side the wea - ry road And hear the an - gels sing.  
 And the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing.



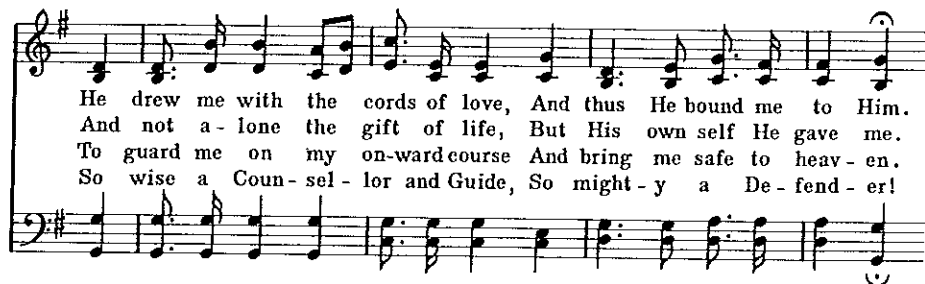
## I've Found a Friend

JAMES G. SMALL, 1817-1888

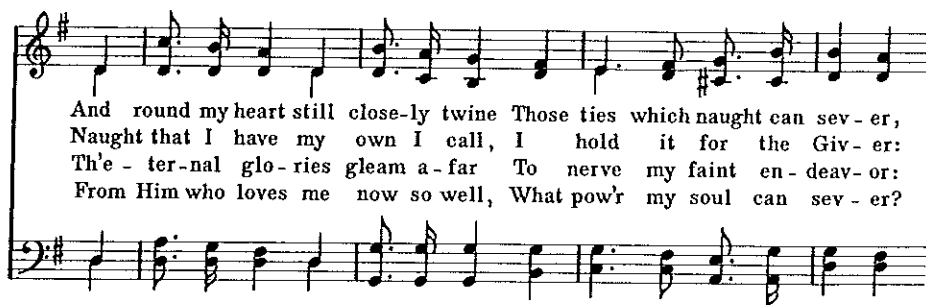
GEORGE C. STEBBINS, 1846-1945



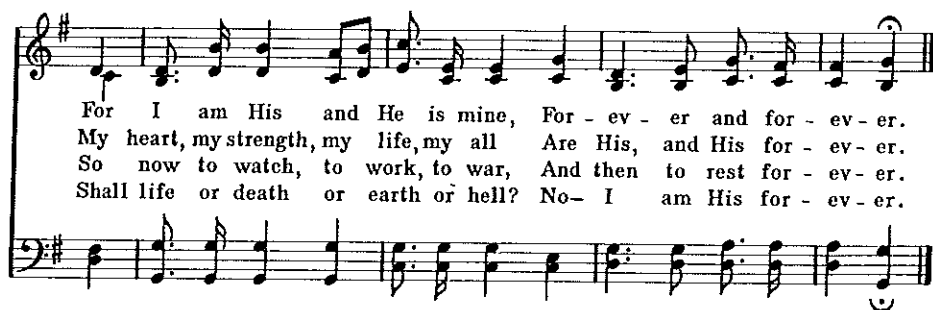
1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;  
 2. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;  
 3. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en  
 4. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! So kind and true and ten - der,



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.  
 And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.  
 To guard me on my on-ward course And bring me safe to heav - en.  
 So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!



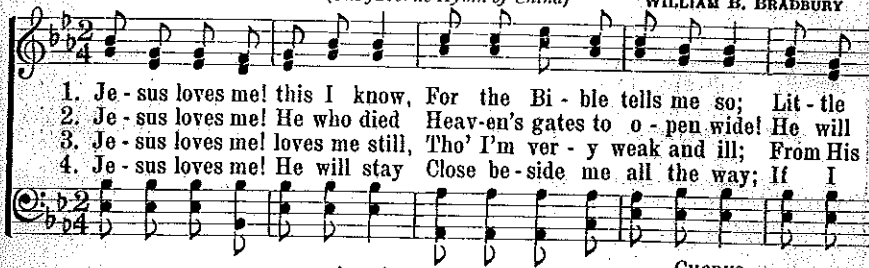
And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,  
 Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:  
 Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far To nerve my faint en - deav - or:  
 From Him who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?



For I am His and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.  
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all Are His, and His for - ev - er.  
 So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.  
 Shall life or death or earth or hell? No - I am His for - ev - er.


(The favorite Hymn of China)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

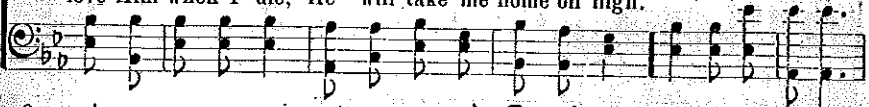


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle  
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heav - en's gates to o - pen wide! He will  
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His  
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;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

CHORUS



ones to Him be-long, They are weak, but He is strong.  
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus loves me,  
shining 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.







# LIVING FOR JESUS

T. O. CHISHOLM  
Not fast

C. HAROLD LOWDEN




1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striving to please Him in all that I do,  
2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bearing on Calv'ry my sin and disgrace,  
3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ever I am, Do-ing each du-ty in His Ho-ly Name,  
4. Living for Jesus thro' earth's little while, My dearest treasure, the light of His smile,

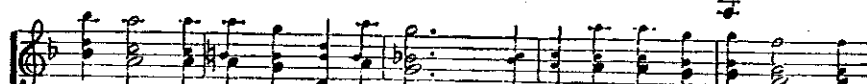


Yielding allegiance, glad-hearted and free, This is the pathway of blessing for me.  
Such love constrains me to answer His call, Follow His leading and give Him my all.  
Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion or loss, Deeming each trial a part of my cross.  
Seek-ing the lost ones He died to redeem, Bringing the weary to find rest in Him.


\* CHORUS. UNISON. *A little slower.*



O Je-sus, Lord and Savior, I give my-self to Thee; For Thou, in Thy a-



tonement, Didst give Thyself for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My



heart shall be Thy throne, My life I give, henceforth to live. O Christ, for Thee alone.

\*Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the middle notes.

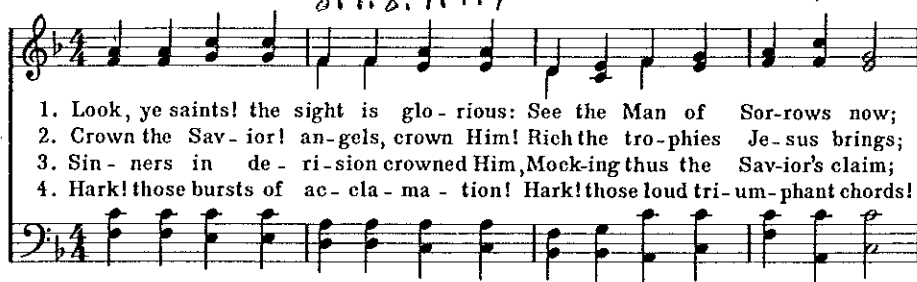
# Look, Ye Saints! the Sight Is Glorious

THOMAS KELLY, 1769-1854

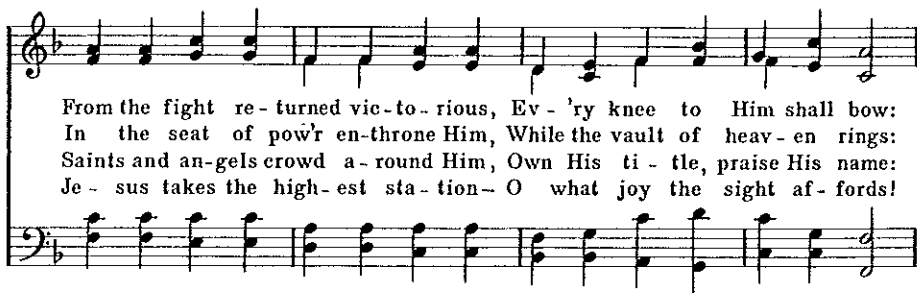
CORONAE

8.7.8.7.4.7

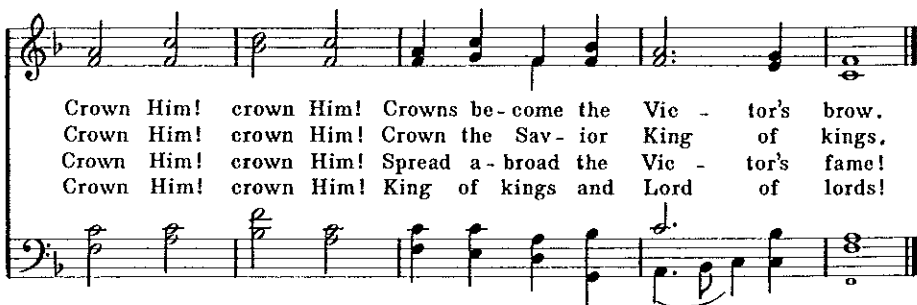
WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889



1. Look, ye saints! the sight is glo-rious: See the Man of Sor-rows now;  
 2. Crown the Sav-ior! an-gels, crown Him! Rich the tro-phies Je-sus brings;  
 3. Sin-ners in de-ri-sion crowned Him, Mock-ing thus the Sav-ior's claim;  
 4. Hark! those bursts of ac-cela-ma-tion! Hark! those loud tri-um-phant chords!



From the fight re-turned vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow:  
 In the seat of pow'r en-throne Him, While the vault of heav-en rings:  
 Saints and an-gels crowd a-round Him, Own His ti-tle, praise His name:  
 Je-sus takes the high-est sta-tion- O what joy the sight af-fords!



Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow.  
 Crown Him! crown Him! Crown the Sav-ior King of kings.  
 Crown Him! crown Him! Spread a-broad the Vic-tor's fame!  
 Crown Him! crown Him! King of kings and Lord of lords!

Alternate tunes: CWM RHONDDA-291, KENT-7 (both require repetition of words, third score.)

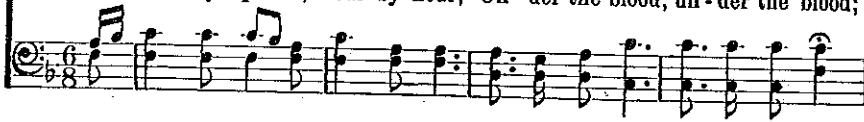
# Under the Blood\*

E. E. Hewitt

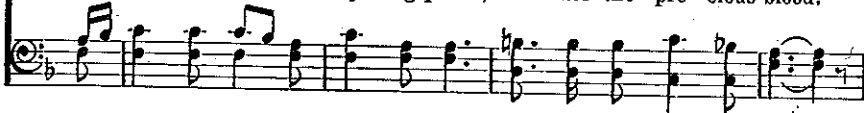
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick



1. Lord, keep my soul from day to day, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
2. The sin - ner's ref - uge here a - lone, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
3. Lord, with Thy-self my spir - it fill, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
4. Sweet peace a - bides with-in the heart, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;
5. The Ho - ly Spir - it, hour by hour, Un - der the blood, un - der the blood;



Take doubt and fear and sin a - way, Un - der the pre - cious blood.  
 Here Je - sus makes sal - va - tion known, Un - der the pre - cious blood.  
 And work in me to do Thy will, Un - der the pre - cious blood.  
 And gifts di - vine their joy im - part, Un - der the pre - cious blood.  
 Ex - erts His sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r, Un - der the pre - cious blood.



## CHORUS



Un - der the blood, the pre - cious blood, Un - der the cleans - ing, heal - ing flood;



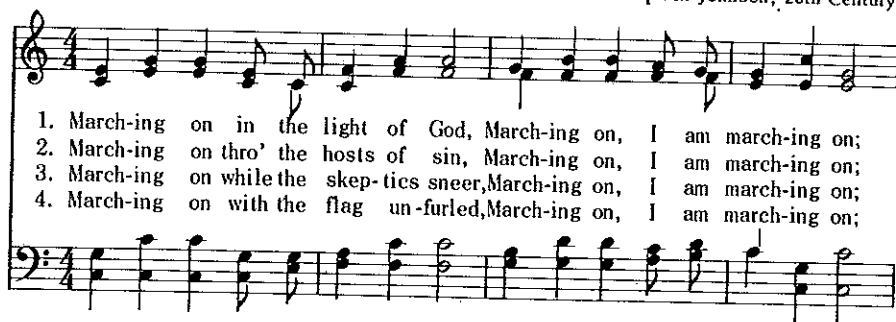
Keep me, Sav - ior, from day to day, Un - der the pre - cious blood.



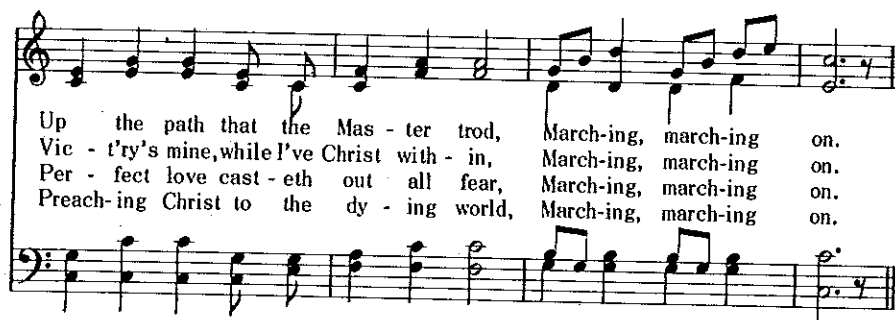
# Marching On

Captain Johnson, 20th Century

Captain Johnson, 20th Century

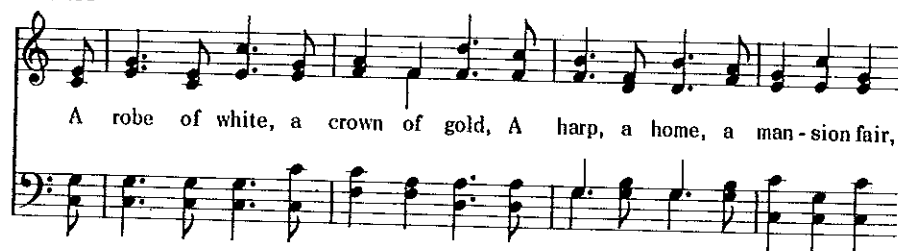


1. March-ing on in the light of God, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;  
 2. March-ing on thro' the hosts of sin, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;  
 3. March-ing on while the skept-ics sneer, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;  
 4. March-ing on with the flag un-furled, March-ing on, I am march-ing on;

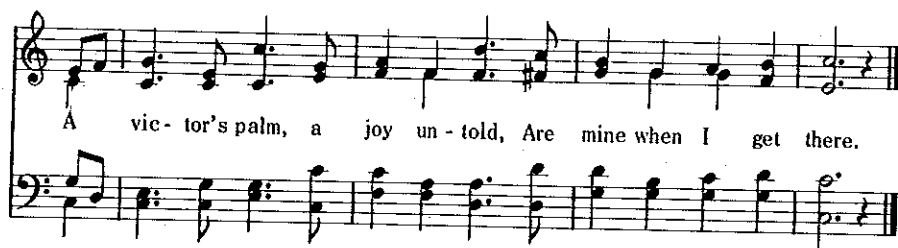


Up the path that the Mas-ter trod, March-ing, march-ing on.  
 Vic-tory's mine, while I've Christ with-in, March-ing, march-ing on.  
 Per-fect love cast-eth out all fear, March-ing, march-ing on.  
 Preach-ing Christ to the dy-ing world, March-ing, march-ing on.

## CHORUS



A robe of white, a crown of gold, A harp, a home, a man-sion fair,



A vic-tor's palm, a joy un-told, Are mine when I get there.

# O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

Washington Gladden, 1836-1918

H. Percy Smith, 1825-1898

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.

# O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

Washington Gladden, 1836-1918

Robert Schumann, 1810-1856

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee in low-ly paths of serv-ice free; Tell  
 me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.

# May the Grace of Christ Our Savior

*The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Rev. 22:21*

John Newton, 1779

OMNI DEI 8 7 8 7  
Corner's Gesangbuch, 1631

1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - ior And the Fa - ther's bound-less love,  
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,

With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.  
And pos - sess in sweet com - mun - ion Joys which earth can-not af - ford. A-men.

# Thou Wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace

Isa. 26:3

DUKE'S TUNE Irreg.  
Arr. from *Scottish Psalter*, 1615

Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace Whose mind is stayed on thee. A - men.

# Lord, Let Us Now Depart in Peace

*Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace. Luke 2:29*

Source unknown

DISMISSAL Irreg.  
George Whelpton, 1847-1930

Lord, let us now de - part in peace, Who in Thy name are gath - ered here;  
Dis - close the bright-ness of Thy face, and be for - ev - er near. A-men.

SERVICE MUSIC: BENEDICTIONS

# Praise the Name of Jesus

Psalms 18:1

Roy Hicks, Jr.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#), indicating D major. The melody is primarily in the Soprano and Alto parts. The lyrics are: 'Praise the name of Je - sus, Praise the name of Je - sus. He's my Rock, He's my Fort - ress, He's my De - liv - er - er, in Him will I trust. Praise the name of Je - sus.' The score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has two staves (Soprano/Alto and Bass/Tenor). The second system also has two staves. The third system has two staves. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures. The final measure of the third system ends with a double bar line.

Praise the name of Je - sus, Praise the name of Je - sus.

He's my Rock, He's my Fort - ress, He's my De - liv - er - er, in

Him will I trust. Praise the name of Je - sus.

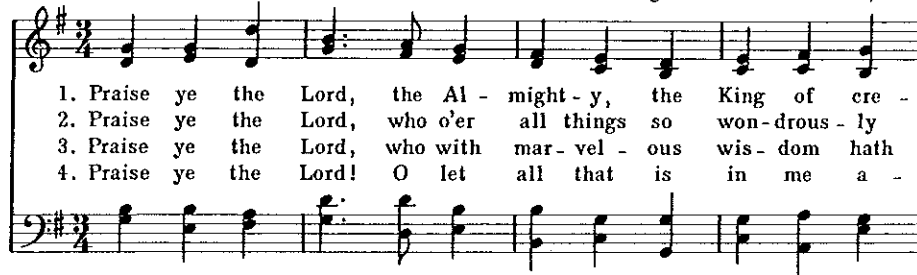
# Praise Ye the Lord, the Almighty 14, 14, 4. 7. 8

LOBE DEN HERREN

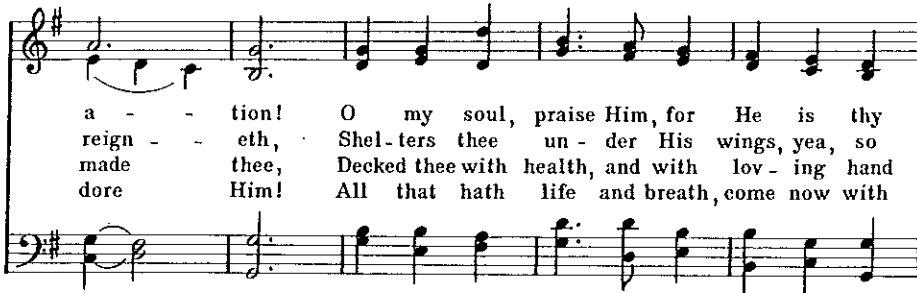
JOACHIM NEANDER, 1650-1680

From *Stralsund Gesangbuch*, 1665

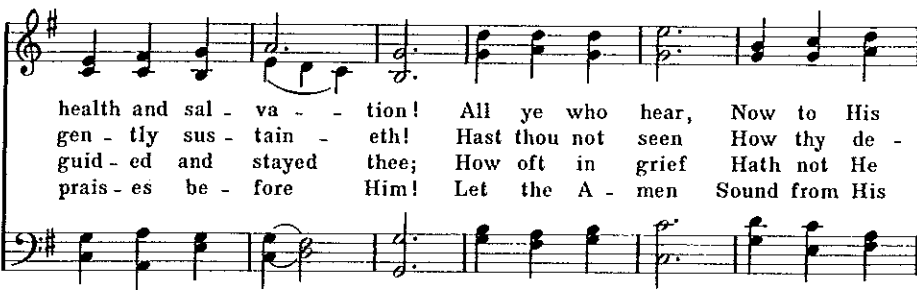
Trans. by Catherine Winkworth, 1827-1878

Arr. in Crüger's *Praxis Pietatis Melica*, 1668


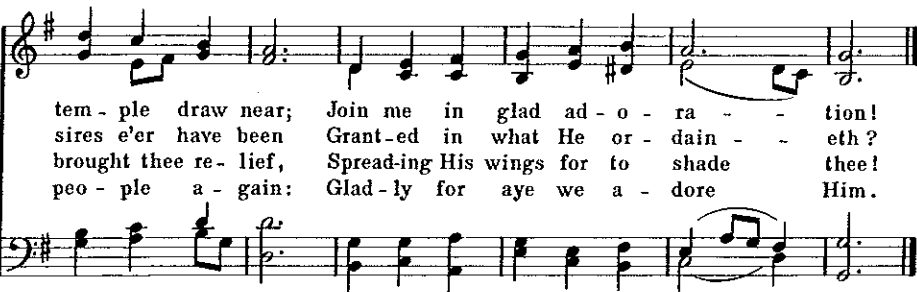
1. Praise ye the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre -  
 2. Praise ye the Lord, who o'er all things so won-drous - ly  
 3. Praise ye the Lord, who with mar - vel - ous wis - dom hath  
 4. Praise ye the Lord! O let all that is in me a -



a - - tion! O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy  
 reign - - eth, Shel - ters thee un - der His wings, yea, so  
 made thee, Decked thee with health, and with lov - ing hand  
 dore Him! All that hath life and breath, come now with



health and sal - va - - tion! All ye who hear, Now to His  
 gen - tly sus - tain - eth! Hast thou not seen How thy de -  
 guid - ed and stayed thee; How oft in grief Hath not He  
 prais - es be - fore Him! Let the A - men Sound from His



tem - ple draw near; Join me in glad ad - o - ra - - tion!  
 sires e'er have been Grant - ed in what He or - dain - - eth?  
 brought thee re - lief, Spread - ing His wings for to shade thee!  
 peo - ple a - gain: Glad - ly for aye we a - dore Him.



# Rejoice, the Lord Is King!

Charles Wesley, 1707 - 1788

DARWALL

John Darwall, 1731 - 1789

1. Re - joice, the Lord is King: Your Lord and King a - dore!  
 2. Je - sus, the Sav - iour, reigns, The God of truth and love;  
 3. His King - dom can - not fail, He rules o'er earth and heav'n;  
 4. Re - joice, in glo - rious hope! Our Lord the Judge shall come,

Re - joice, give thanks, and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more: Lift up your  
 When He had purged our stains, He took His seat a - bove: Lift up your  
 The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus giv'n: Lift up your  
 And take His ser - vants up To their e - ter - nal home. Lift up your

heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!  
 heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!  
 heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!  
 heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!

*He all his foes shall quell shall all our sins destroy  
 And every bosom swell With pure seraphic joy  
 Lift up your heart lift up your voice Rejoice again & say rejoice*

## He Is So Precious to Me

CHARLES H. GABRIEL, 1856-1932

CHARLES H. GABRIEL, 1856-1932

1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day  
 2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sun-shine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-  
 3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-  
 4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where some day, thru faith

long with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,  
 ed an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,  
 ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,  
 in His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him-shall look on His face,

## CHORUS

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to


me, For He is so pre-cious to me; 'Tis heav-en  
 pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me.

be-low my Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

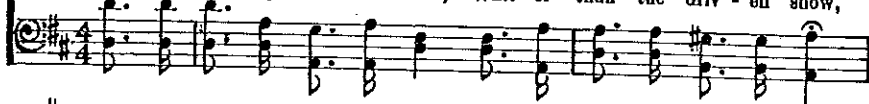

# The Healing Waters\*

H. H. Heimar


L. L. Pickett



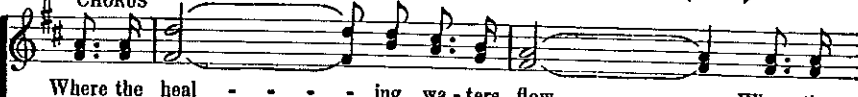
1. Oh, the joy of sin for-giv'n, Oh, the bliss the blood-washed know,  
 2. Now with Je - sus cru - ci - fled, At His feet I'm rest - ing low;  
 3. Oh, this pre - cious per - fect love! How it keeps the heart a - glow,  
 4. Oh, to lean on Je - sus' breast, While the tem - pests come and go!  
 5. Cleansed from ev - 'ry sin and stain, Whit - er than the driv - en snow,


Oh, the peace a - kin to heav'n, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Let me ev - er - more a - bide Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Stream - ing from the fount a - bove, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Here is bless - ed peace and rest, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.  
 Now I sing my sweet re - frain, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow.



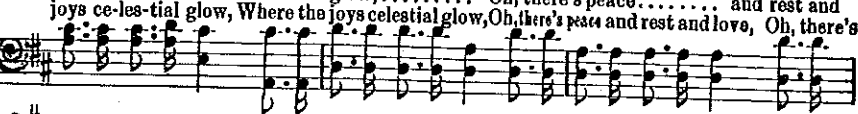
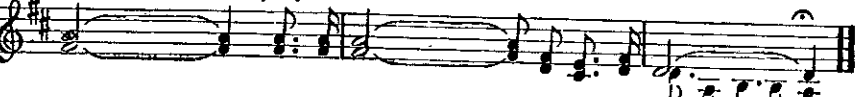
## CHORUS



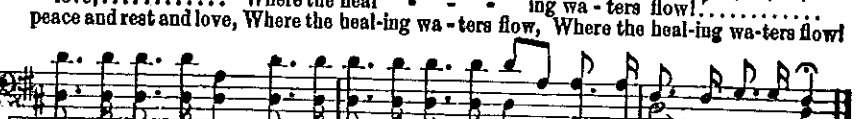
Where the heal - - - ing wa - ters flow,..... Where the  
 Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the




joys ..... ce - les - tial glow,..... Oh, there's peace..... and rest and  
 joys ce - les - tial glow, Where the joys celestial glow, Oh, there's peace and rest and love, Oh, there's

love,..... Where the heal - - - ing wa - ters flow!.....  
 peace and rest and love, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow!



wa - ters flow!.....

## Opened for Me

MERRILL DUNLOP, 1905-

MERRILL DUNLOP, 1905-

1. There is a Foun-tain o-pened for my cleans-ing, Where sin's a -  
 2. There is a Rock that stands, by storms un-shak-en, Re-demp-tion's  
 3. There is a Book that points the path to glo-ry, E-ter-nal  
 4. There is a Hope, a won-drous con-so-la-tion, In a be-  
 5. There is a Home my Sav-ior is pre-par-ing-- I may not

tone-ment by my Lord was made; He was the Lamb that was  
 Au-thor the foun-da-tion laid; By faith my stand on His  
 guide-post for the way-ward soul; On its fair pag-es is  
 night-ed world a con-stant star; These eyes now dulled by the  
 need to cross death's sul-len vale; Soon from earth's bond-age His

led to the slaugh-ter, His blood the foun-tain where my debt was paid.  
 right-eousness I've tak-en, He will not fail-- I shall not be dis-mayed.  
 told the won-drous sto-ry Of life in Christ, the ev-er-last-ing goal.  
 shad-ows that sur-round me My Sav-ior shall be-hold in realms a-far.  
 com-ing will re-lease me To live where joys e-ter-nal shall pre-vail.

## REFRAIN

O-pened for me, o-pened for me, The

pre-cious, cleans-ing Fount was o-pened there for me.

## He Ransomed Me

JULIA H. JOHNSTON, 1849-1919

J. W. HENDERSON, 20th century

1. There's a sweet and bless-ed sto-ry Of the Christ who came from  
 2. From the depth of sin and sad-ness To the heights of joy and  
 3. By and by with joy in-creas-ing And with grat-i-tude un-

glo-ry Just to res-cue me from sin and mis-e-ry; He in  
 glad-ness Je-sus lift-ed me in mer-cy full and free; With His  
 ceas-ing, Lift-ed up to be with Christ e-ter-nal-ly, I will

lov-ing-kind-ness sought me And from sin and shame has brought me—Hal-le-  
 pre-cious blood He bought me, When I knew Him not He sought me, And in  
 join the hosts there sing-ing, In the an-them ev-er ring-ing, To the

*D.S.—* ev-er tell the sto-ry, Shout-ing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry!" Hal-le-

*Fine* CHORUS

lu-jah! Je-sus ran-somed me.  
 love di-vine He ran-somed me. Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior Who can  
 King of Love who ran-somed me.

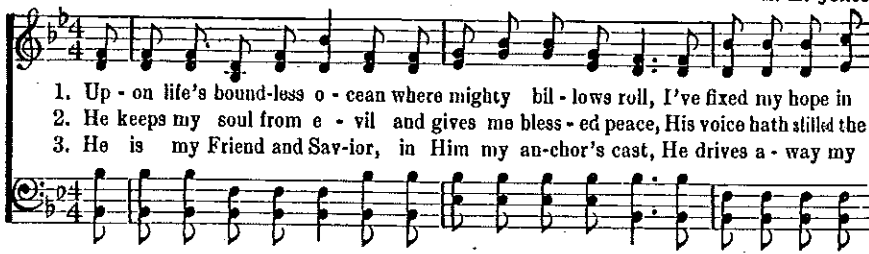
*lu-jah! Je-sus ran-somed me.*

*D.S.*  
 take a poor lost sin-ner, Lift him from the mi-ry clay and set him free! I will

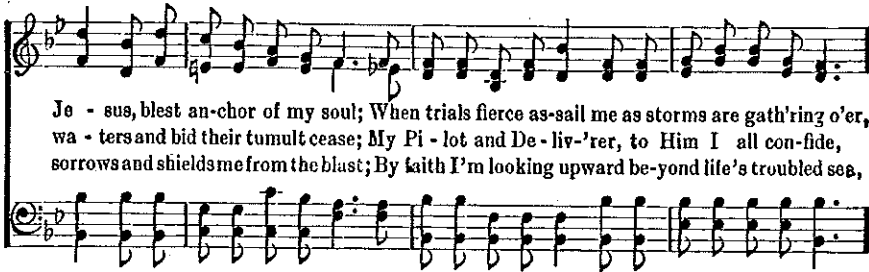
# I've Anchored in Jesus\*

L. E. J.

L. E. Jones

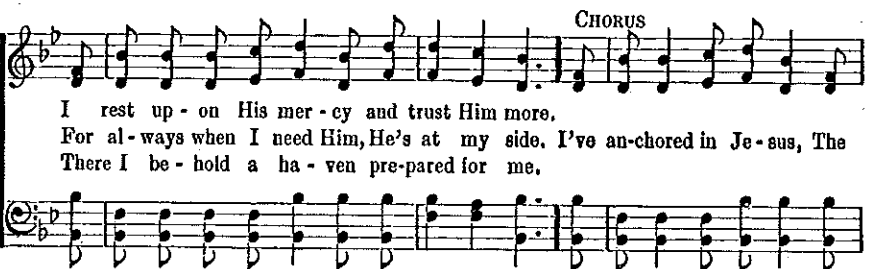


1. Up - on life's bound-less o - cean where mighty bil - lows roll, I've fixed my hope in  
 2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me bless - ed peace, His voice hath stilled the  
 3. He is my Friend and Sav - ior, in Him my an - chor's cast, He drives a - way my

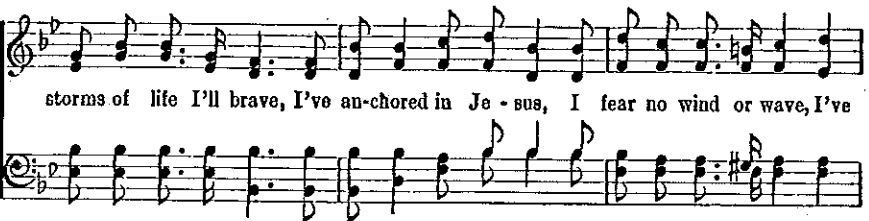


Je - sus, blest an - chor of my soul; When trials fierce as - sail me as storms are gath'ring o'er,  
 wa - ters and bid their tumult cease; My Pi - lot and De - liv - 'rer, to Him I all con - fide,  
 sorrows and shields me from the blast; By faith I'm looking upward be - yond life's troubled sea,

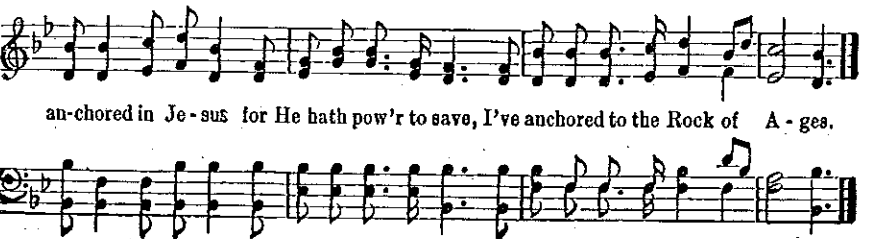
CHORUS



I rest up - on His mer - cy and trust Him more.  
 For al - ways when I need Him, He's at my side, I've an - chored in Je - sus, The  
 There I be - hold a ha - ven pre - pared for me.



storms of life I'll brave, I've an - chored in Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've



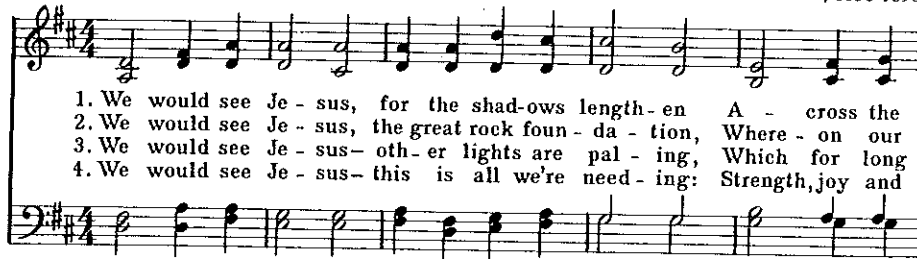
an - chored in Je - sus for He hath pow'r to save, I've anchored to the Rock of A - ges.

# We Would See Jesus

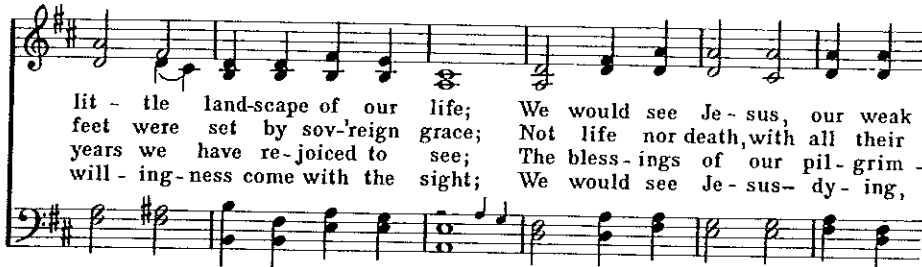
ANNA B. WARNER, 1820-1915

O PERFECT LOVE

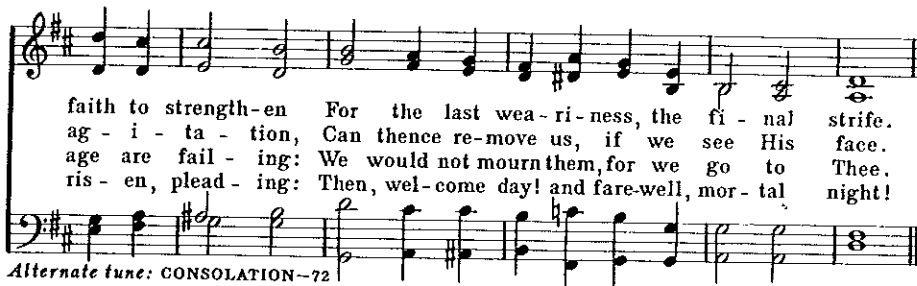
JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838-1896



1. We would see Je - sus, for the shad-ows length-en A - cross the  
 2. We would see Je - sus, the great rock foun-da-tion, Where-on our  
 3. We would see Je - sus-oth-er lights are pal-ing, Which for long  
 4. We would see Je - sus- this is all we're need-ing: Strength, joy and



lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak  
 feet were set by sov'-reign grace; Not life nor death, with all their  
 years we have re-joiced to see; The bless-ings of our pil-grim -  
 will-ing-ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus- dy-ing,



faith to strength-en For the last wea-ri-ness, the fi - nal strife.  
 ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, if we see His face.  
 age are fail - ing: We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.  
 ris - en, plead - ing: Then, wel-come day! and fare-well, mor - tal night!

Alternate tune: CONSOLATION-72

## O Perfect Love

DOROTHY B. GURNEY, 1858-1932

To be sung to the above tune

1. O perfect Love, all human thought transcending,  
 Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,  
 That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,  
 Whom Thou forevermore dost join in one.
2. O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance  
 Of tender charity and steadfast faith,  
 Of patient hope and quiet, brave endurance,  
 With childlike trust that fears no pain nor death.
3. Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,  
 Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,  
 And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow  
 That dawns upon eternal love and life.

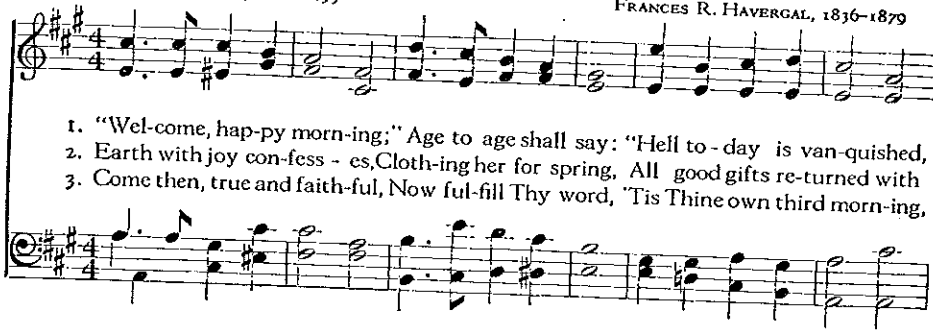
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# Jesus Christ

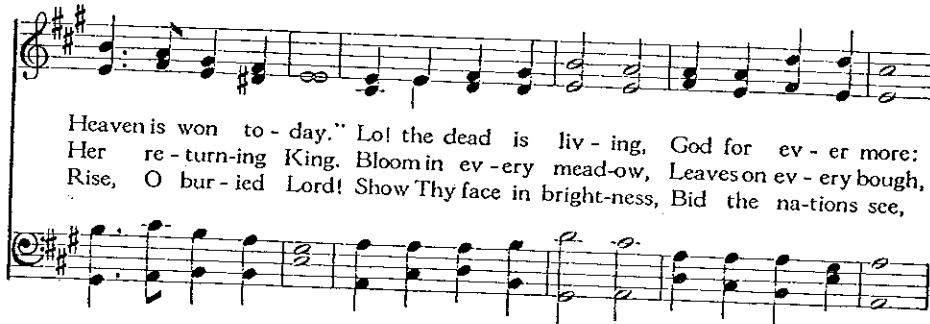
HERMAS. 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with Refrain

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, c. 530-609  
Tr. by JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893

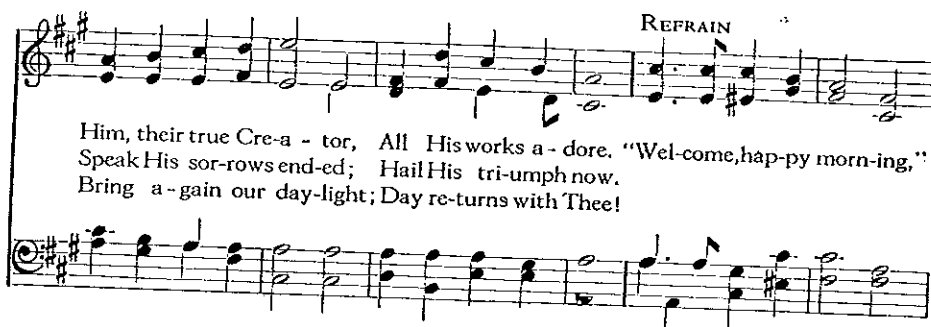
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1836-1879



1. "Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing;" Age to age shall say: "Hell to-day is van-quished,  
2. Earth with joy con-fess - es, Cloth-ing her for spring, All good gifts re-turned with  
3. Come then, true and faith-ful, Now ful-fill Thy word, 'Tis Thine own third morn-ing,

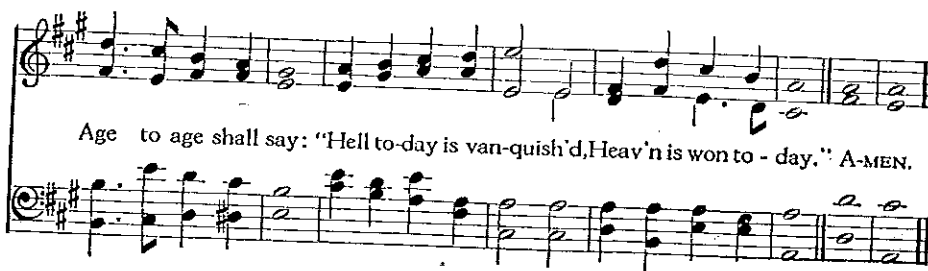


Heaven is won to-day." Lo! the dead is liv-ing, God for ev-er more:  
Her re-turn-ing King. Bloom in ev-ery mead-ow, Leaves on ev-ery bough,  
Rise, O bur-ied Lord! Show Thy face in bright-ness, Bid the na-tions see,



REFRAIN

Him, their true Cre-a - tor, All His works a - dore. "Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing,"  
Speak His sor-rows end-ed; Hail His tri-umph now.  
Bring a - gain our day-light; Day re-turns with Thee!



Age to age shall say: "Hell to-day is van-quish'd, Heav'n is won to-day." A-MEN.



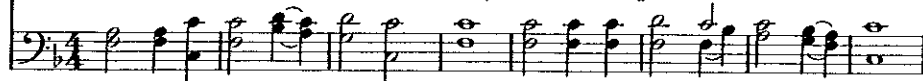
## When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

HAMBURG

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

From a Gregorian Chant  
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

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 com-pose 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

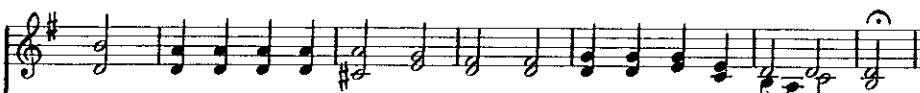
OLIVE'S BROW

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1794-1849

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1816-1868



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-fring Sav-ior 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-ior's woe.



# My Redeemer

P. P. BLISS

JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the won-drous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant power I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heaven-ly love to me;

On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.  
In His bound-less love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.  
How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.  
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

## CHORUS

Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er, With His  
Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er, With His

blood . . . . . He pur-chased me, . . . . . On the cross . . . . . He sealed my  
blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me, On the cross He sealed my pardon, On the

*Repeat pp after last verse*

par-don, Paid the debt . . . . . and made me free,  
cross He sealed my par-don, Paid the debt and made me free, and made me free.