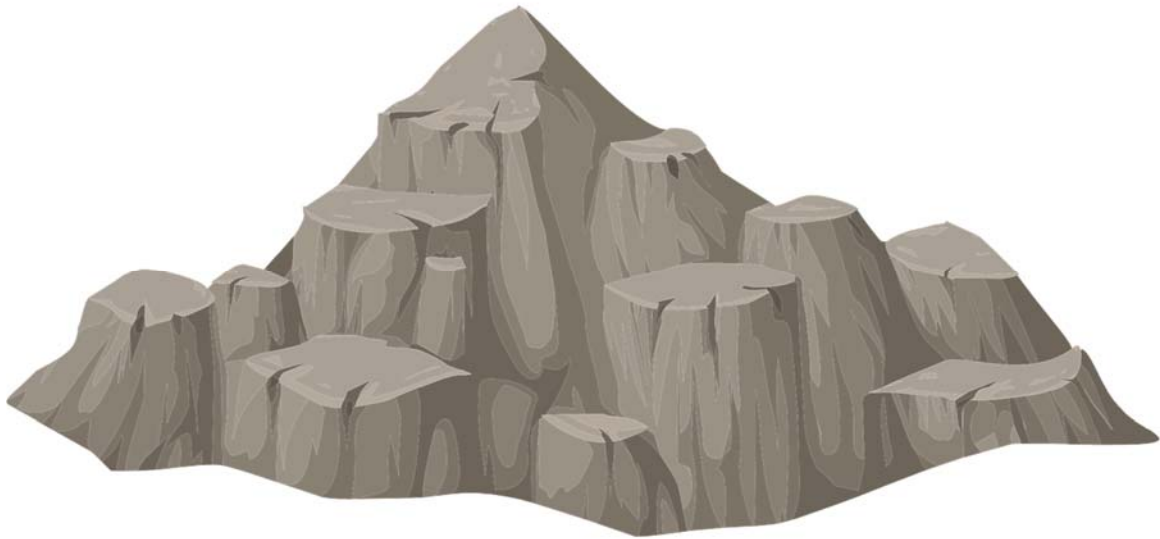


Foundations

- core hymns for teaching children •



 Grace Immanuel
BIBLE CHURCH

Grace  Music

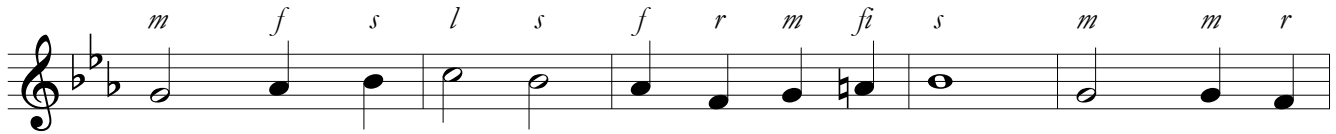
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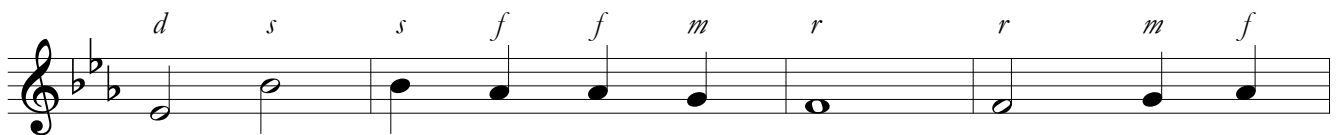
Abide With Me



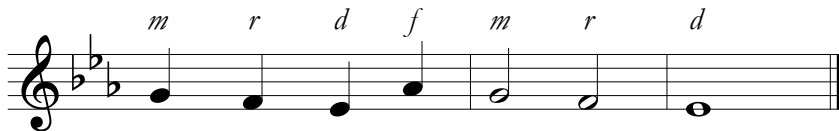
1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. I need Thy pre - sence ev - ery pas - sing hour.
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;



the dark - ness deep - ens, Lord with me a - bide. When oth - er
 earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de -
 What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r? Who like Thy -
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing



help - ers fail and com - forts flee, help of the
 cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who
 self my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and
 breaks and earth's vain shad - ows flee. In life, in



help - less, O a - bide with me!
 chan - gest not, a - bide with me!
 sun - shine, O a - bide with me!
 death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

Text: Henry Lyte | Tune: William Monk

Abide With Me

VERSE 1

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

VERSE 2

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

VERSE 3

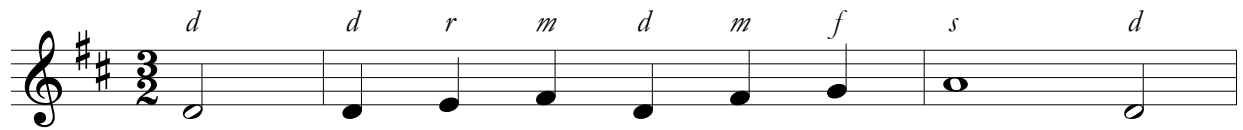
I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

VERSE 4

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Text: Henry Lyte | Tune: William Monk

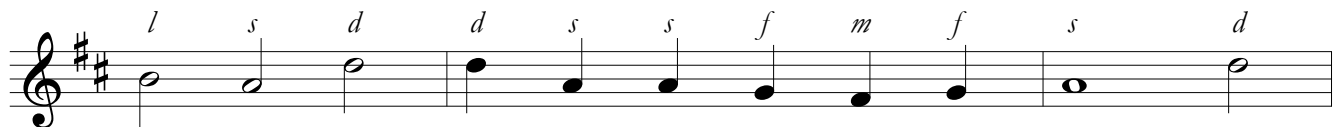
All Creatures of Our God and King



1. All crea - tures of our God and King, lift
 2. Thou rush - ing wind that art so strong, Ye
 3. And all ye men of ten - der heart, for -
 4. Let all things their cre - a - tor bless, and



up your voice and with us sing, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
 clouds that sail in heav'n a - long, O — praise Him! Al - le -
 giv - ing oth - ers, take your part, O — sing ye! Al - le -
 wor - ship Him in hum - ble - ness, O — praise Him! Al - le -



lu - ia! Thou burn - ing sun with gold - en beam, thou
 lu - ia! Thou ris - ing morn, in praise re - joice, ye
 lu - ia! Ye who long pain and sor - row bear, praise
 lu - ia! Praise, praise the Fath - er, praise the Son, and



sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam!
 lights of eve - ning, find a voice! O — praise Him! O —
 God, and on Him cast your care!
 praise the Spir - it, Three in One!



praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Text: Francis of Assisi | Tune: *Catholische Geistliche Kirchengesäng*, 1623

All Creatures of Our God and King

VERSE 1

All creatures of our God and King
Lift up your voice and with us sing,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam!

REFRAIN

O praise Him! O praise Him!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

VERSE 2

Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
Ye clouds that sail in heaven along,
O praise Him! Alleluia!
Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,
Ye lights of evening, find a voice!

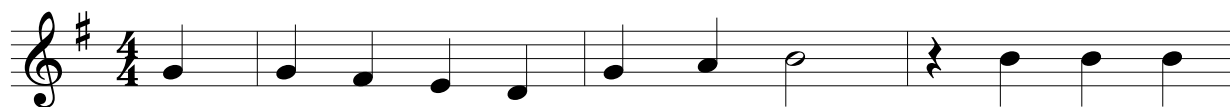
VERSE 3

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!

VERSE 4

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!

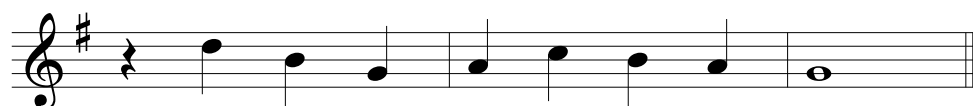
All People That on Earth Do Dwell



1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, sing to the
2. For God is Lord of heav'n and earth; He gave us
3. O come in - to His gates with praise; ap - proach His
4. The Lord our God is al - ways good; His mer - cy



Lord with cheer - ful voice; Serve Him with fear, tell forth His praise.
breath by His com - mand. We are the peo - ple of His word,
courts with thank - ful - ness. And praise and laud His hol - y name,
is for - ev - er sure. His truth from the be - gin - ning stood,



Come kneel be - fore Him and re - joice!
the flock He feeds by His own hand.
ex - al - ted and for - ev - er blessed.
and shall from age to age en - dure!

Text: William Kethe, alt Dan Kreider | Tune: Louis Bourgeois

All People That on Earth Do Dwell

VERSE 1

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Serve Him with fear, tell forth His praise.
Come kneel before Him and rejoice!

VERSE 2

For God is Lord of heaven and earth;
He gave us breath by His command.
We are the people of His word,
The flock He feeds by His own hand.

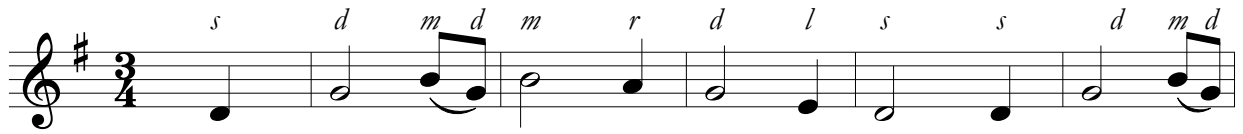
VERSE 3

O come into His gates with praise;
Approach His courts with thankfulness.
And praise and laud His holy name,
exalted and forever blessed.

VERSE 4

The Lord our God is always good;
His mercy is forever sure.
His truth from the beginning stood,
and shall from age to age endure!

Amazing Grace



1. A - maz - ing grace! How sweet the sound That saved a
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my
 3. Through man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al -
 4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His Word my
 5. The earth shall soon dis - solve like snow, The sun for -
 6. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright shin - ing



wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am
 fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did that grace ap -
 read - y come; 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus
 hope se - cures; He will my Shield and Por - tion
 bear to shine; But God, who called me here be -
 as the sun, We've no less days to sing God's



found; Was blind, but now I see.
 pear The hour I first be - lieved!
 far, And grace will lead me home.
 be, As long as life en - dures.
 low, Will be for - ev - er mine.
 praise Than when we'd first be - gun.

Amazing Grace

VERSE 1

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found; was blind, but now I see.

VERSE 2

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear the hour I first believed!

VERSE 3

Through many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.

VERSE 4

The Lord has promised good to me, His Word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be, as long as life endures.

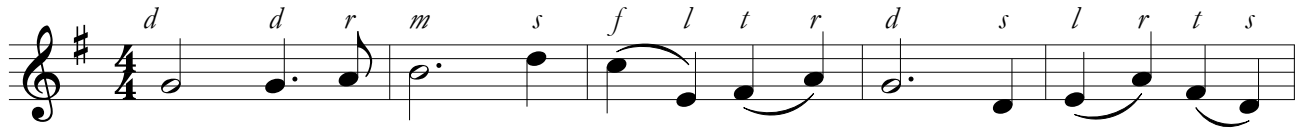
VERSE 5

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow, the sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below, will be forever mine.

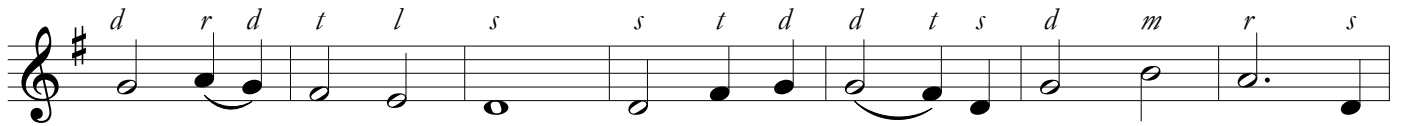
VERSE 6

When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise than when we'd first begun.

And Can It Be



1. And can it be that I should gain an in - trest
 2. He left His Fath - er's throne a - bove, so free, so
 3. Long my im - pri - soned spir - it lay, fast bound in
 4. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread: Je - sus and



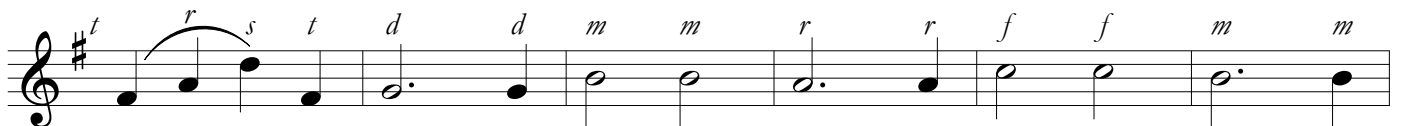
in the Sa - vior's blood? Died He for me who caused His pain, for
 in - fi - nite His grace, Emp - tied Him - self and came in love, and
 sin and na - ture's night, Thine eye dif - fused a quick - 'ning ray, I
 all in Him is mine! A - live in Him, my liv - ing Head, and



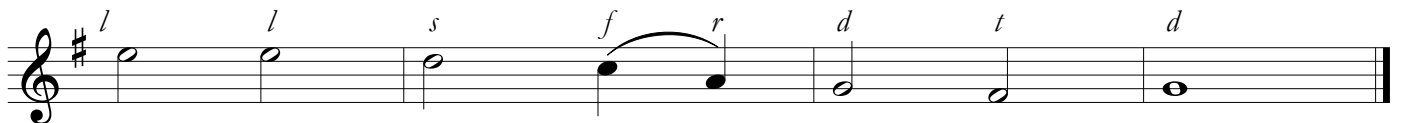
me who Him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing love, how
 bled for A - dam's help - less race! 'Tis mer - cy all, im -
 woke, the dun - geon flamed with light! My chains fell off, my
 clothed in right - eous - ness di - vine! Bold I ap - proach the e -



can it be, that Thou my God should'st
 mense and free, for O my God, it
 heart was free, I rose went forth, and
 ter - nal throne, and claim the crown through



die for me! A - maz - ing love, how can it be, that
 found out me! 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and free, for
 fol - lowed Thee! My chains fell off, my heart was free, I
 Christ my own! Bold I ap - proach the e - ter - nal throne, and



Thou my God should'st die for me!
 O my God, it found out me!
 rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee!
 claim the crown through Christ my own!

Text: Charles Wesley | Tune: Thomas Campbell

And Can It Be

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Savior's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

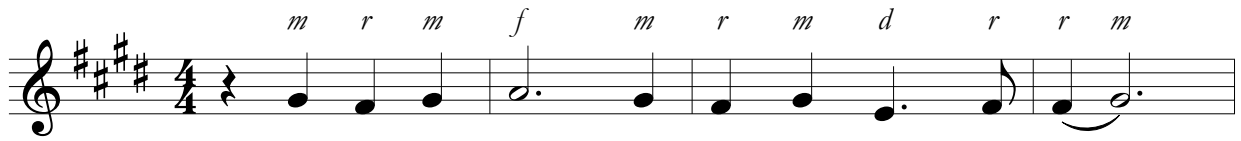
He left His Father's throne above;
So free, so infinite His grace.
Emptied Himself and came in love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light.
My chains fell off; my heart was free.
I rose, went forth and followed Thee.
My chains fell off; my heart was free.
I rose, went forth and followed Thee.

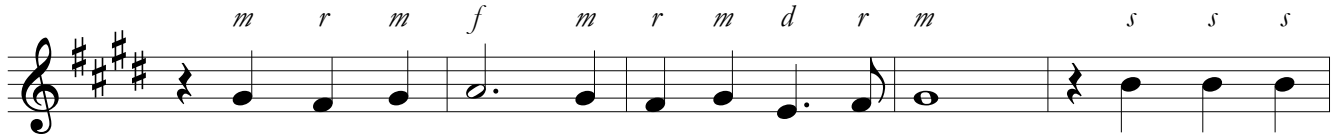
No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine;
Bold I approach the eternal throne
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.
Bold I approach the eternal throne
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

Text: Charles Wesley | Tune: Thomas Campbell

Be Still My Soul



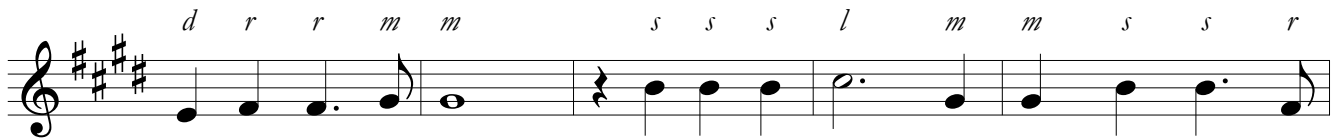
1. Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side.
 2. Be still, my soul: thy God doth un - der - take
 3. Be still, my soul: the hour is hast'n - ing on



Bear pa - tient - ly the cross of grief or pain. Leave to thy
 to guide the fu - ture as He has the past. Thy hope, thy
 when we shall be for - ev - er with the Lord. When dis - ap -



God to or - der and pro - vide; in ev - 'ry change, He
 con - fi - dence let noth - ing shake; all now mys - te - rious
 point - ment, grief and fear are gone, sor - row for - got, love's



faith - ful will re - main. Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heav'n - ly
 shall be bright at last. Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still
 pur - est joys re - stored. Be still, my soul: when change and tears are



Friend through thorn - y ways leads to a joy - ful end.
 know His voice Who ruled them while He dwelt be - low.
 past all safe and bles - sed, we shall meet at last.

Text: Katharina von Schlegel | Tune: Jean Sibelius

Be Still My Soul

VERSE 1

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side.
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain.
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change, He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

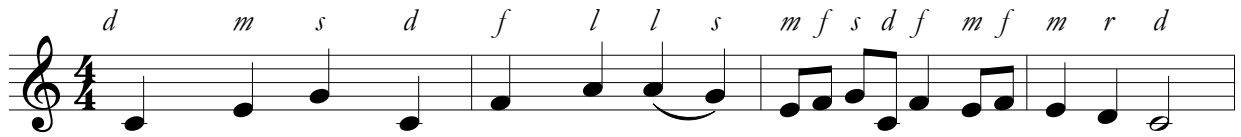
VERSE 2

Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
To guide the future, as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
His voice Who ruled them while He dwelt below.

VERSE 3

Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
When we shall be forever with the Lord.
When disappointment, grief and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

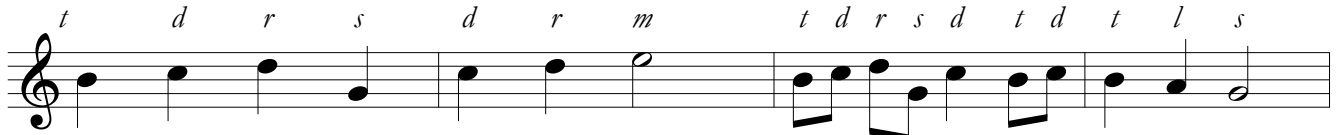
Christ the Lord is Risen Today



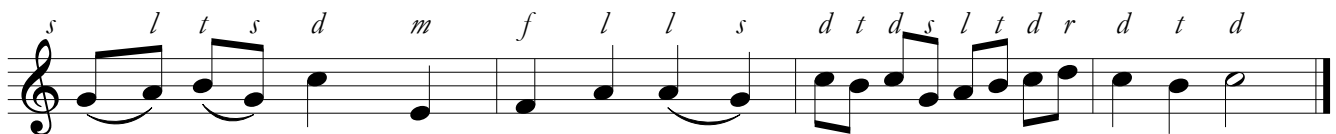
1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - le - lu - ia!
 3. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King, Al - le - lu - ia!
 4. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Al - le - lu - ia!



Sons of men and an - gels say, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - le - lu - ia!
 Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head, Al - le - lu - ia!



Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Death in vain for - bids His rise, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Dy - ing once, He all doth save, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Made like Him, like Him we rise, Al - le - lu - ia!



Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Christ hath o - pened par - a - dise, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? Al - le - lu - ia!
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al - le - lu - ia!

Text: Charles Wesley | Tune: Unknown

Christ the Lord is Risen Today

VERSE 1

Christ, the Lord, is risen today, Alleluia!
Sons of men and angels say, Alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply, Alleluia!

VERSE 2

Love's redeeming work is done, Alleluia!
Fought the fight, the battle won, Alleluia!
Death in vain forbids His rise, Alleluia!
Christ hath opened paradise, Alleluia!

VERSE 3

Lives again our glorious King, Alleluia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!
Dying once, He all doth save, Alleluia!
Where thy victory, O grave? Alleluia!

VERSE 4

Soar we now where Christ hath led, Alleluia!
Following our exalted Head, Alleluia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise, Alleluia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Alleluia!

Text: Charles Wesley | Tune: Unknown

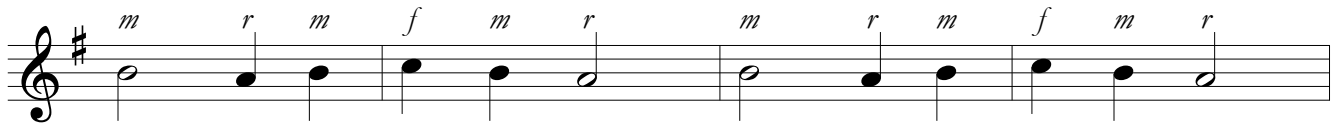
Come, Christians, Join to Sing



1. Come, Christ - ians, join to sing: Al - le - lu - ia, a - men!
 2. Come, lift your hearts on high, Al - le - lu - ia, a - men!
 3. Praise yet our Christ a - gain, Al - le - lu - ia, a - men!



Loud praise to Christ our King: Al - le - lu - ia, a - men!
 Let prais - es fill the sky; Al - le - lu - ia, a - men!
 Life shall not end the strain; Al - le - lu - ia, a - men!



Let all with heart and voice be - fore His throne re - jice;
 He is our Guide and Friend; to us He'll con - de - scend;
 On heav - en's bliss - ful shore, His good - ness we'll a - dore,



Praise is His gra - cious choice; Al - le - lu - ia, a - men!
 His love shall nev - er end. Al - le - lu - ia, a - men!
 sing - ing for - ev - er - more, "Al - le - lu - ia, a - men!"

Text: Christian Bateman | Tune: trad. Spanish melody

Come, Christians, Join to Sing

VERSE 1

Come, Christians, join to sing
Alleluia! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our King;
Alleluia! Amen!
Let all, with heart and voice,
Before His throne rejoice;
Praise is His gracious choice.
Alleluia! Amen!

VERSE 2

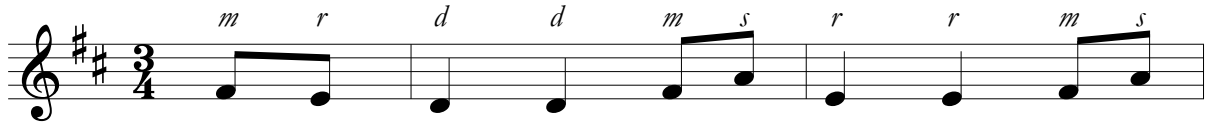
Come, lift your hearts on high,
Alleluia! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky;
Alleluia! Amen!
He is our Guide and Friend;
To us He'll condescend;
His love shall never end.
Alleluia! Amen!

VERSE 3

Praise yet our Christ again,
Alleluia! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain;
Alleluia! Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore,
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing forevermore,
"Alleluia! Amen!"

Text: Christian Bateman | Tune: trad. Spanish melody

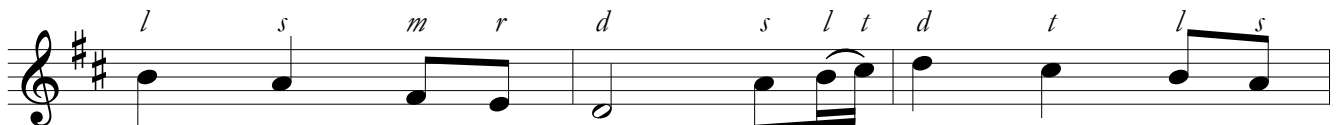
Come, Thou Fount



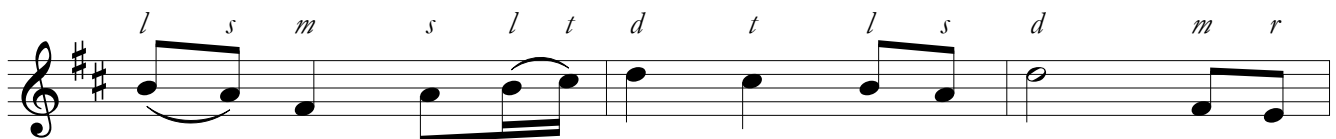
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bles - sing, tune my
 2. Hith - er - to Thy love hath blessed me, Thou hast
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or dail - y
 4. O that day when, free from sin - ning, I shall



heart to sing Thy grace; streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, call for
 brought me to this place and I know Thy hand will bring me safe - ly
 I'm con - strained to be! Let Thy grace, now like a fet - ter, bind my
 see Thy love - ly face; full - ar - rayed in blood - washed lin - en, how I'll



songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some mel - o - dious
 home by Thy good grace. Je - sus sought me when a
 wan - d'ring heart to Thee. Prone to wan - der, Lord I
 sing Thy sov - ereign grace. Come my Lord, no long - er



son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the
 strang - er, wan - d'ring from the fold of God; He, to
 feel it, prone to leave the God I love; Here's my
 tar - ry, bring Thy pro - mi - ses to pass, For I



mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
 res - cue me from dan - ger, bought me with His pre - cious blood.
 heart, O take and seal it, seal it for Thy courts a - bove.
 knock Thy power will keep me till I'm home with Thee at last!

Text: Robert Robinson, alt. | Tune: John Wyeth

Come, Thou Fount

VERSE 1

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it, mount of Thy redeeming love.

VERSE 2

Hitherto Thy love hath blessed me; Thou hast brought me to this place;
And I know Thy hand will bring me safely home by Thy good grace.
Jesus sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger, bought me with His precious blood.

VERSE 3

O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy grace, now like a fetter, bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for Thy courts above.

VERSE 4

O that day when, free from sinning, I shall see Thy lovely face;
Full-arrayed in blood washed linen, how I'll sing Thy sovereign grace;
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry, bring Thy promises to pass,
For I know Thy power will keep me till I'm home with Thee at last!

Come, We That Love The Lord



1. Come, we that love the Lord, and let our joys be known; join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing who nev - er knew our God; but
3. The hill of Zi - on yields a thousand sac - red sweets be -
4. The let our songs a - bound, and ev - 'ry tear be dry; we're



in a song with sweet ac - cord, and thus sur - round the throne.
child - ren of the heav'n - ly King may speak their joys a - broad.
fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, or walk the gold - en streets.
march - ing through E - mman - uel's ground to fair - er worlds on high!

Text: Isaac Watts | Tune: Aaron Williams

Come, We That Love The Lord

VERSE 1

Come, we that love the Lord,
and let our joys be known;
join in a song with sweet accord,
and thus surround the throne.

VERSE 2

Let those refuse to sing
who never knew our God;
but children of the heavenly King,
may speak their joys abroad.

VERSE 3

The hill of Zion yields
a thousand sacred sweets
before we reach the heavenly fields,
or walk the golden streets.

VERSE 4

Then let our songs abound,
and every tear be dry;
we're marching through Emmanuel's ground,
to fairer worlds on high.

Crown Him With Many Crowns



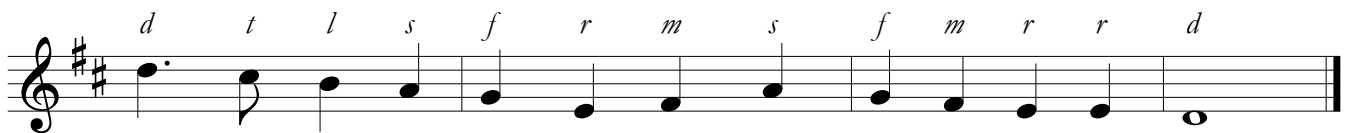
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on His
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love, be - hold His hands and
 3. Crown Him the Lord of life, who tri - umphed o'er the
 4. Crown Him the Son of God be - fore the worlds be -



throne! Hark how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its
 side. Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, in beau - ty glor - i -
 grave, who rose vic - tor - ious in the fight for those He came to
 gan, and ye who tread where He hath trod, crown Him the Son of



own! A - wake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for thee, and
 fied! No an - gel in the sky can ful - ly bear that sight, but
 save. His glor - ies now we sing Who died and rose on high; Who
 Man! All Hail, Re - deem - er, hail, for Thou hast died for me, Thy



hail Him as thy match - less King through all e - ter - ni - ty!
 down - ward bends his burn - ing eye at mys - ter - ies so bright.
 died e - ter - nal life to bring, and lives that death may die.
 praise and glor - y shall not fail through all e - ter - ni - ty!

Text: Matthew Bridges and Godfrey Thring | Tune: George Elvey

Crown Him With Many Crowns

VERSE 1

Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb upon His throne.
Hark! How the heavenly anthem drowns all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King through all eternity.

VERSE 2

Crown Him the Lord of love, behold His hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright.

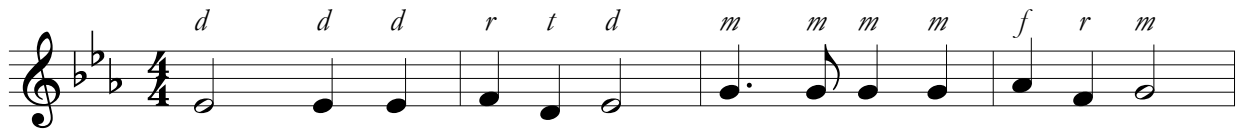
VERSE 3

Crown Him the Lord of life, who triumphed over the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife for those He came to save.
His glories now we sing, who died, and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring, and lives that death may die.

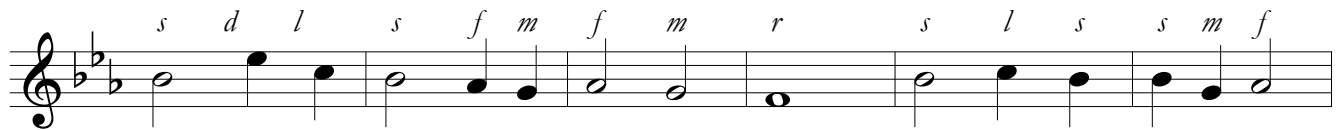
VERSE 4

Crown Him the Son of God, before the worlds began,
And ye who tread where He hath trod, crown Him the Son of Man;
All hail, Redeemer, hail! For Thou has died for me;
Thy praise and glory shall not fail throughout eternity!

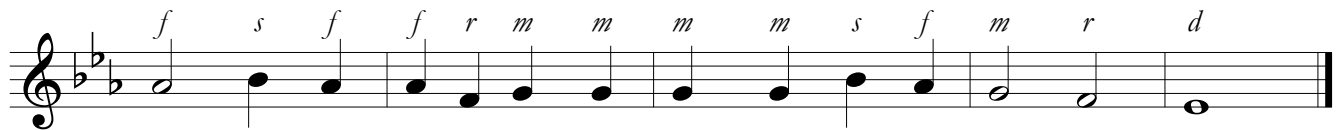
Fairest Lord Jesus



1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, ru - ler of all na - ture,
 2. Fair are the mea - dows, fair - er still the wood - lands,
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, fair - er still the moon - light,
 4. Beau - ti - ful Sa - vior! Lord of all the na - tions!



O Thou of God, and man the Son, Thee will I cher - ish,
 robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
 and all the twink - ling star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,
 Son of God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and hon - or,



Thee will I hon - or, Thou my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
 Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
 Je - sus shines pur - er than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.
 praise, a - dor - a - tion, now and for - ev - er - more be Thine!

Text: 17th c. German, trans. Joseph A. Seiss | Tune: Silesian folk song

Fairest Lord Jesus

VERSE 1

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son,
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

VERSE 2

Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

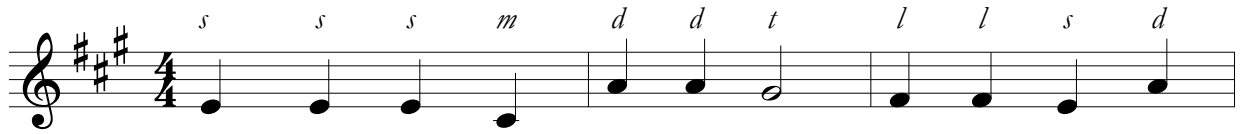
VERSE 3

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

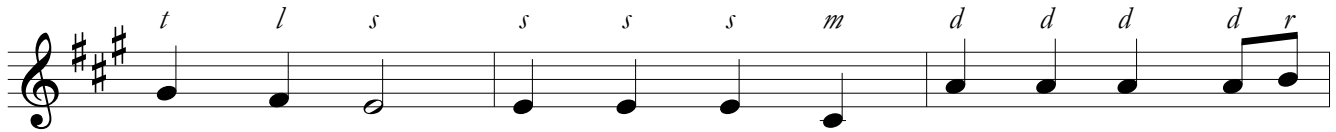
VERSE 4

Beautiful Savior! Lord of all the nations!
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor, praise, adoration,
Now and forever more be Thine.

Hallelujah! What a Savior



1. "Man of Sor - rows"! What a name for the Son of
 2. Bear - ing shame and scof - fing rude, in my place con -
 3. Guilt - y, vile and help - less we; spot - less Lamb of
 4. Lift - ed up was He to die; "It is fin - ished!"
 5. When He comes our glor - ious King, all His ran - somed



God, who came ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim.
 demned He stood; sealed my par - don with His blood.
 God was He; "Full a - tone - ment!" Can it be? *Hal - le -*
 was His cry; now in heav'n ex - al - ted high!
 home to bring, then a - new this song we'll sing:



lu - jah! What a Sav - ior!

Text and Tune: Philip P. Bliss

Hallelujah! What a Savior

VERSE 1

"Man of Sorrows"! what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim.
Hallelujah! What a Savior!

VERSE 2

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood.
Hallelujah! What a Savior!

VERSE 3

Guilty, vile, and helpless we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He;
"Full atonement!" can it be?
Hallelujah! What a Savior!

VERSE 4

Lifted up was He to die;
"It is finished!" was His cry;
Now in Heav'n exalted high.
Hallelujah! What a Savior!

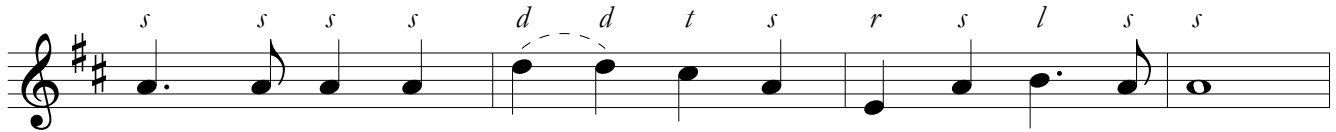
VERSE 5

When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew His song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! What a Savior!

Holy, Holy, Holy!



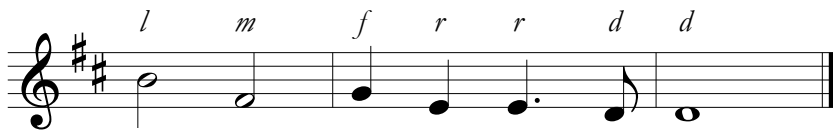
1. Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the dark - ness hide Thee,
 4. Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three
 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Who was, and
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly; mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three



Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 is, and ev - er - more shall be.
 pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

Text: Reginald Heber | Tune: John B. Dykes

Holy, Holy, Holy

VERSE 1

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

VERSE 2

Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who was, and is, and evermore shall be.

VERSE 3

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

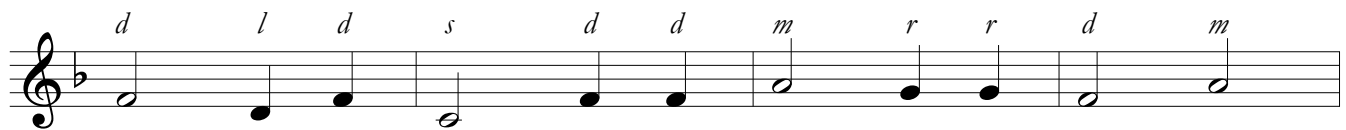
VERSE 4

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy; merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

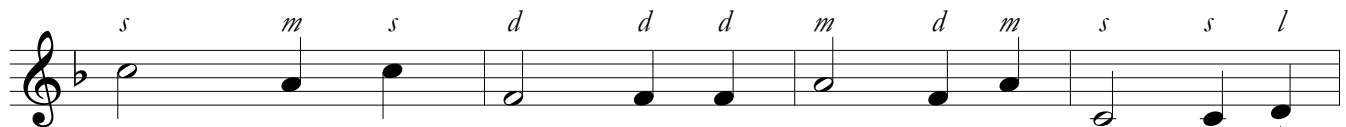
How Firm a Foundation



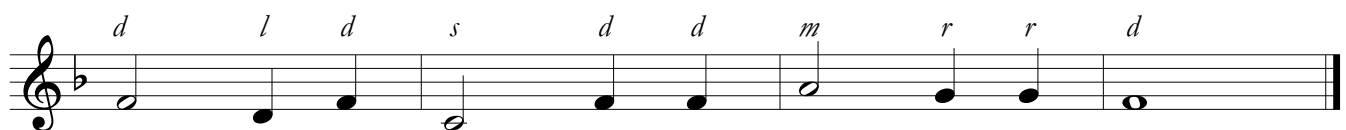
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, is
2. "Fear not, I am with you, O be not dismayed, for
3. "When through fire - y trials your path - way shall lie, my
4. "The soul that on Je - sus has leaned for re - pose, I



laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What
 I am your God; I will still give you aid; I'll
 grace, all - suf - fi - cient, shall be your sup - ply; The
 will not, I will not de - sert to its foes; That



more can He say than to you he has said? To
 strength - en you, help you, and cause you to stand, up -
 flame shall not hurt you; I on - ly de - sign Your
 soul, though all hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll



you who for re - fuge to Je - sus have fled?
 held by my right - eous, om - ni - po - tent hand."
 dross to con - sume, and your gold to re - fine."
 nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

Text: Unknown | Tune: Early American Folk Tune

How Firm a Foundation

VERSE 1

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say than to you He has said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

VERSE 2

“Fear not, I am with you, O be not dismayed,
For I am your God; I will still give you aid;
I’ll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.”

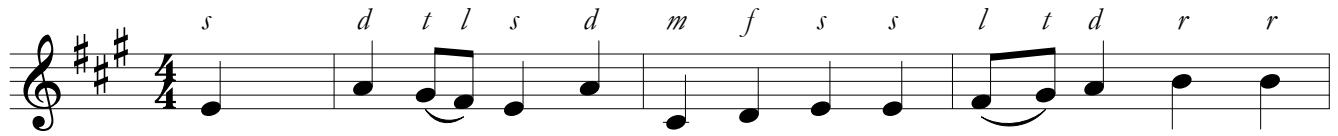
VERSE 3

“When through fiery trials your pathways shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be your supply;
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.”

VERSE 4

“The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I’ll never, no never, no never forsake!”

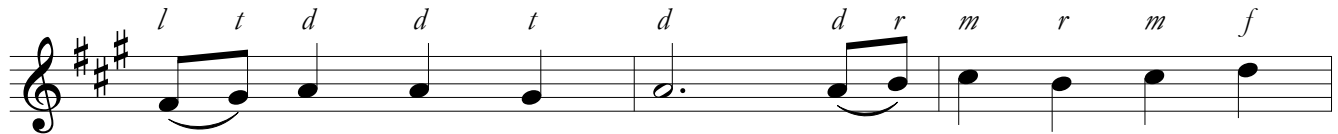
I Sing the Mighty Power of God



1. I sing the might - y pow'r of God that made the mount - ains
 2. I sing the god - ness of the Lord that filled the earth with
 3. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, but makes Thy glo - ries



rise, that spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, and
 food, He formed the crea - tures with His Word and
 known, and clouds a - rise, and tem - pests blow, by



built the lof - ty skies. I sing the wis - dom
 then pro - nounced them good. Lord, how Thy won - ders
 or - der from Thy throne; While all that bor - rows



that or - dained the sun to rule the day; the
 are dis - played, where e'er I turn my eye, if
 life from Thee is ev - er in Thy care; and



moonshines full at His com - mand, and all the stars o - bey.
 I sur - vey the ground I tread, or gaze up - on the sky.
 ev - ery - where that man can be, Thou God art pre - sent there.

Text: Isaac Watts | Tune: trad. English melody

I Sing the Mighty Power of God

VERSE 1

I sing the mighty power of God, that made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad, and built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained the sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at God's command, and all the stars obey.

VERSE 2

I sing the goodness of the Lord that filled the earth with food,
He formed the creatures with His Word
And then pronounced them good.
Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed, where'er I turn my eye,
If I survey the ground I tread, or gaze upon the sky.

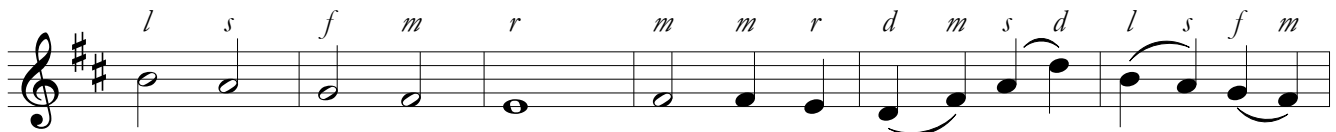
VERSE 3

There's not a plant or flower below, but makes Thy glories known,
And clouds arise, and tempests blow, by order from Thy throne;
While all that borrows life from Thee is ever in Thy care;
And everywhere that man can be, Thou, God art present there.

Jesus Shall Reign



1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does its suc -
2. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His
3. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Their grate - ful



ces - sive jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to
love with sweet - est song, And in - fant voic - es shall pro -
hon - ors to our King; An - gels de - scend with songs a -



shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.
gain And earth re - peat the loud "A - men!"

Text: Isaac Watts | Tune: John Hatton

Jesus Shall Reign

VERSE 1

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does its successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

VERSE 2

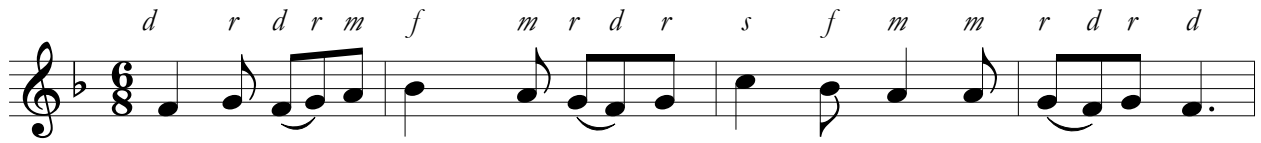
People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

VERSE 3

Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Their grateful honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again
And earth repeat the loud "Amen!"

Text: Isaac Watts | Tune: John Hatton

Jesus, What a Friend for Sinners



1. Je - sus, what a Friend for sin - ners! Je - sus, lov - er of — my soul;
2. Je - sus, what a Strength in weak - ness! Let me hide my - self in Him.
3. Je - sus, what a help in sor - row while the bil - lows o'er me roll!
4. Je - sus, what a Guide and Keep - er while the tem - pest still is high.
5. Je - sus, I — do now re - ceive Him, more than all in Him I find.



Friends may fail me, foes as - sail — me, He, my Sav - ior, makes me whole.
 Tempt - ed, tried, and some - times fail - ing, He, my Strength, my vic - t'ry wins.
 Ev - en when my heart is break - ing, He, my Com - fort, helps my soul.
 Storms a - bout me, night o'er - takes me, He, my Pi - lot, hears my cry.
 He has grant - ed me for - give - ness; I am His, and He — is mine!



Hal - le - lu - jab, what a Sav - ior! Hal - le - lu - jab, what a Friend! Sav - ing, help - ing,



keep - ing, lov - ing, He is with me to the end.

Text: J. Wilbur Chapman | Tune: Rowland Prichard

Jesus, What a Friend for Sinners

VERSE 1

Jesus, what a Friend for sinners! Jesus, Lover of my soul;
Friends may fail me, foes assail me, He, my Savior, makes me whole.

REFRAIN

Hallelujah, what a Savior! Hallelujah, what a Friend!
Saving, helping, keeping, loving, He is with me to the end.

VERSE 2

Jesus, what a Strength in weakness! Let me hide myself in Him.
Tempted, tried, and sometimes failing, He, my Strength, my victory wins.

VERSE 3

Jesus, what a Help in sorrow while the billows over me roll!
Even when my heart is breaking, He, my Comfort, helps my soul.

VERSE 4

Jesus, what a Guide and Keeper while the tempest still is high.
Storms about me, night overtakes me, He, my Pilot, hears my cry.

VERSE 5

Jesus, I do now receive Him, more than all in Him I find.
He has granted me forgiveness; I am His, and He is mine!

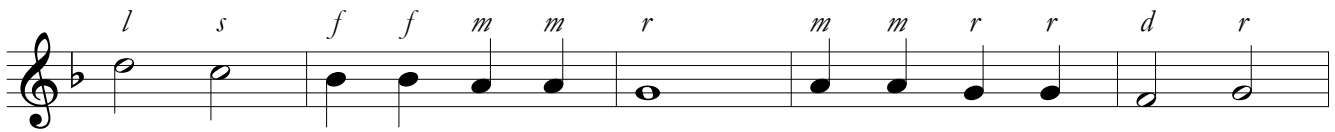
Like a River Glorious



1. Like a riv - er glo - rious is God's per - fect peace,
 2. Hid - den in the hol - low of His bles - sed hand,
 3. Ev - ery joy or tri - al fal - leth from a - bove,



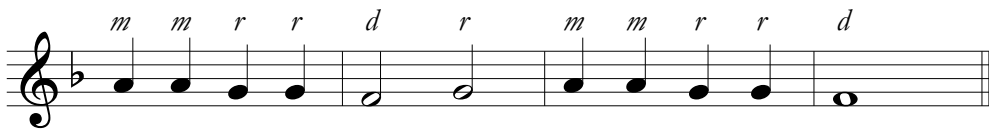
o - ver all vic - tor - ious in its bright in - crease. Per - fect yet it
 nev - er foe can fol - low, nev - er trai - tor stand. Not a surge of
 traced up - on our di - al by the Sun of Love; We may trust Him



flow - eth, ful - ler ev - ery day, per - fect yet it grow - eth,
 wor - ry, not a shade of care, not a blast of hur - ry
 ful - ly all for us to do; they two trust Him whol - ly



deep - er all the way.
 touch the Spir - it there. *Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, hearts are ful - ly blessed,*
 find Him whol - ly true.



find - ing, as He pro - mised, per - fect peace and rest.

Text: Frances Havergal | Tune: James Mountain

Like a River Glorious

VERSE 1

Like a river glorious is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious in its bright increase;
Perfect, yet it floweth, fuller every day,
Perfect, yet it groweth, deeper all the way.

REFRAIN

Stayed upon Jehovah, hearts are fully blest
Finding, as He promised, perfect peace and rest.

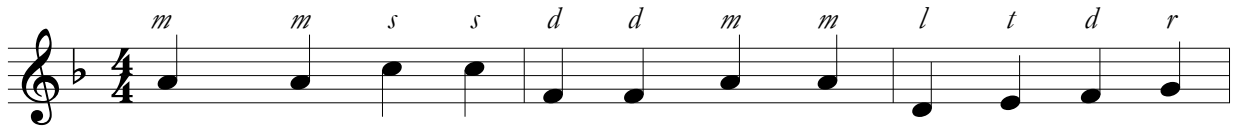
VERSE 2

Hidden in the hollow of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow, never traitor stand;
Not a surge of worry, not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry touch the Spirit there.

VERSE 3

Every joy or trial falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial by the Sun of Love;
We may trust Him fully all for us to do.
They who trust Him wholly find Him wholly true.

Look Ye Saints! the Sight is Glorious



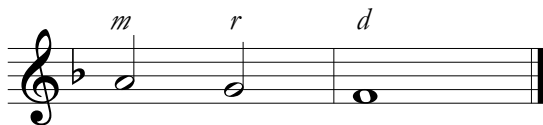
1. Look, ye saints! the sight is glo - rious: see the Man of
 2. Crown the Sav - ior, an - gels, crown Him; rich the tro - phies
 3. Sin - ners in de - ri - sion crowned Him, mock - ing thus the
 4. Hark, those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark, those loud tri -



Sor - rows now; from the fight re - turned vic - to - rious, ev - 'ry knee to
 Je - sus brings; in the seat of pow'r en - throne Him, while the vault of
 Sav - ior's claim; saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him, sing His ti - tle,
 um - phant chords! Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion; O what joy the



Him shall bow: crown Him, crown Him. Crowns be - come the
 heav - en rings: crown Him, crown Him. Crown the Sav - ior
 praise His name: crown Him, crown Him. Spread a - broad the
 sight af - fords! crown Him, crown Him, King of kings, and



Vic - tor's brow.
 King of kings.
 Vic - tor's fame.
 Lord of Lords!

Text: Thomas Kelly | Tune: William Monk

Look Ye Saints! the Sight is Glorious

VERSE 1

Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious:
see the Man of Sorrows now;
from the fight returned victorious,
every knee to Him shall bow:
crown Him, crown Him.
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

VERSE 2

Crown the Savior, angels, crown Him;
rich the trophies Jesus brings;
in the seat of power enthrone Him,
while the vault of heaven rings:
crown Him, crown Him.
Crown the Savior King of kings.

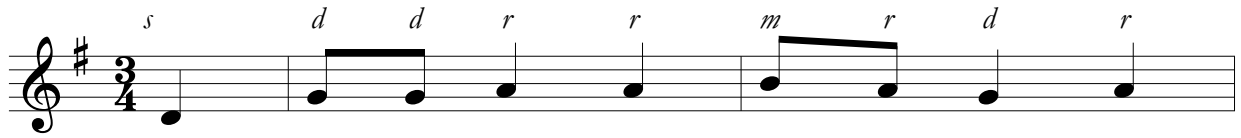
VERSE 3

Sinners in derision crowned Him,
mocking thus the Savior's claim;
saints and angels crowd around Him,
sing His title, praise His name:
crown Him, crown Him.
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

VERSE 4

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

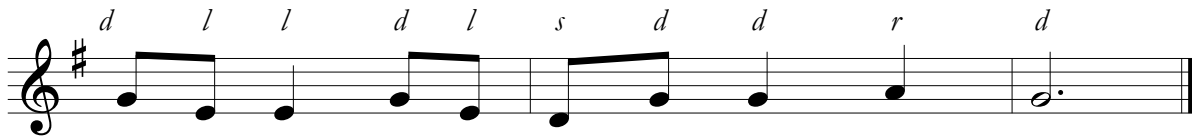
O, For a Thousand Tongues to Sing



1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing my
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, as -
 3. Je - sus! the name that calms our fears, that
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celled sin, He
 5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, your



great Re - deem - er's praise, the glo - ries of my
 sist me to pro - claim, to spread through all the
 bids our sor - rows cease; 'tis mu - sic in the
 sets the pris'n - er free; His blood can make the
 loos - ened tongues em - ploy! Ye blind, be - hold your



God and King, the tri - umphs of His grace!
 earth a - broad the hon - ors of Thy name.
 sin - ner's ears, 'tis life, and health, and peace.
 foul - est clean, His blood a - vailed for me.
 Sav - ior come, and leap, ye lame, for joy!

Text: Charles Wesley | Tune: Charles Glaser

O, For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

VERSE 1

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

VERSE 2

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

VERSE 3

Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

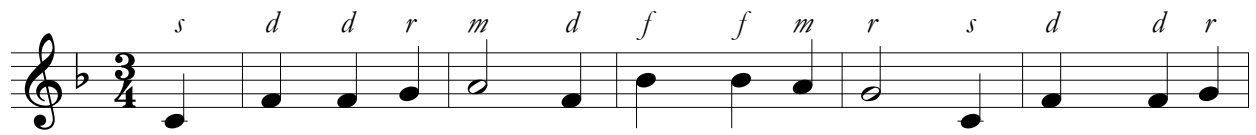
VERSE 4

He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

VERSE 5

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

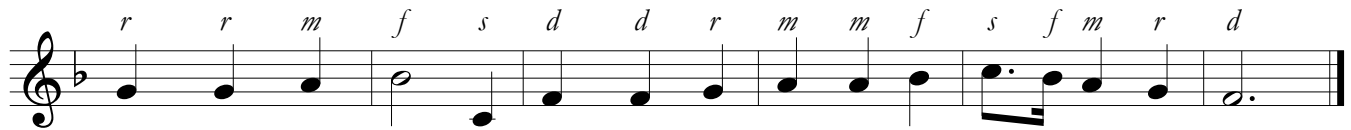
O Worship the King



1. O wor - ship the King, all glor - ious a - bove, and grate - ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail child - ren of dust and fee - ble as frail, in Thee do we



sing His won - der - ful love! Our Shield and De - fen - der, the
light, whose can - o - py space. His char - iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light. It streams from the hills, it de -
trust, nor find Thee to fail. Thy mer - cies, how ten - der, how



An - cient of Days, pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor and gir - ded with praise!
thun - der - clouds form, and dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, and sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end, our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend!

Text: Robert Grant | Tune: Johann Haydn

O Worship the King

VERSE 1

O worship the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

VERSE 2

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space,
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

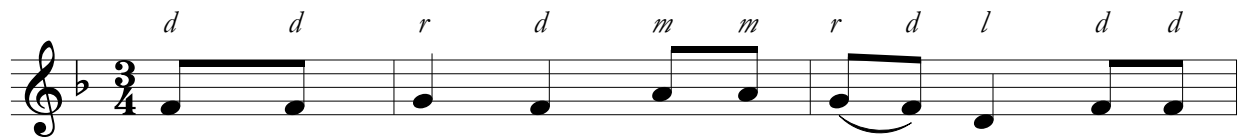
VERSE 3

Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

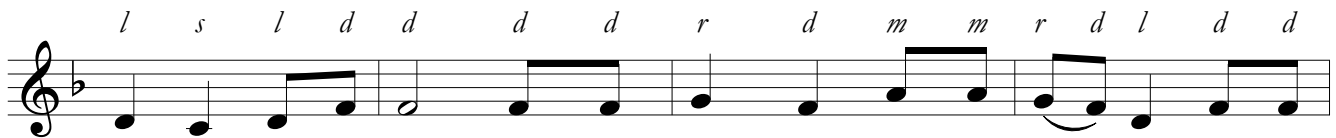
VERSE 4

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven



1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heav - en, to His
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fav - or to our
 3. Fath - er - like He tends and spares us, well our
 4. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish, blows the
 5. An - gels in the heights, a - dore — Him, ye be -



feet thy trib - ute bring; ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, ev - er -
 fath - ers in dis - tress. Praise Him, still the same for - ev - er, slow to
 feeb - le frame He knows; in His hands He gent - ly bears us, res - cues
 wind and it is gone; but while mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en -
 hold Him face to face; saints tri - um - phant bow be - fore Him, gath - ered



more His prai - ses sing. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing
 chide and swift to bless: Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Glor - ious in His faith - ful -
 us from all our foes: Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy
 dures un - chang - ing on. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise the high E - ter - nal
 in from ev - ery race: Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of



King! Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!
 ness! Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Glor - ious in His faith - ful - ness!
 flows. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows.
 One! Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise the high E - ter - nal One!
 grace! Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace!

Text: Henry Lyte | Tune: American folk melody

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

VERSE 1

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; to His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, evermore His praises sing:
Alleluia, alleluia! Praise the everlasting King! *(repeat)*

VERSE 2

Praise Him for His grace and favor to our fathers in distress
Praise Him, still the same forever, slow to chide and swift to bless.
Alleluia, alleluia! Glorious in His faithfulness! *(repeat)*

VERSE 3

Father-like He tends and spares us, well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us, rescues us from all our foes:
Alleluia, alleluia! Widely yet His mercy flows! *(repeat)*

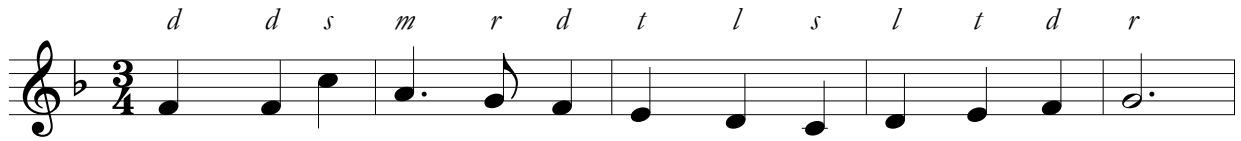
VERSE 4

Frail as summer's flower we flourish, blows the wind and it is gone;
But while mortals rise and perish, God endures unchanging on.
Alleluia, alleluia! Praise the high Eternal One! *(repeat)*

VERSE 5

Angels in the heights, adore Him, ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him, gathered in from every race:
Alleluia, alleluia! Praise with us the God of grace! *(repeat)*

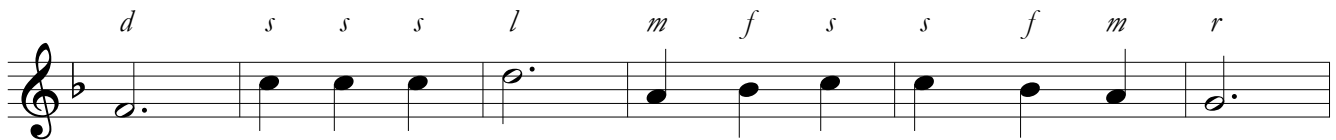
Praise to the Lord, the Almighty



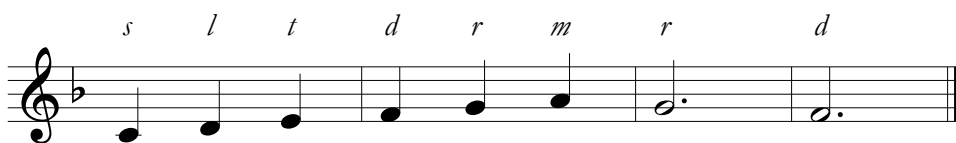
1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre - a -
 2. Praise to the Lord, o - ver all things so won - drous - ly reign -
 3. Praise to the Lord, who with mar - vel - ous wis - dom has made
 4. Praise to the Lord, oh let all that is in me a - dore



tion; O my soul, praise Him, for He is your health and sal - va -
 ing; shel - ters you un - der His wings, oh so gent - ly sus - tain -
 you, decked you with health, and with lov - ing hand guid - ed and stayed
 Him! All that has life and breath, come now with prais - es be - fore



tion! All you who hear, now to His tem - ple draw near;
 ing. Have you not seen how your de - si - res have been
 you. How oft in grief has He not brought you re - lief,
 Him! Let the A - men sound from His peo - ple a - gain;



join me in glad a - dor - a - tion!
 greant - ed in what He's or - dain - ing?
 spread - ing His wings for to shade you?
 glad - ly for - ev - er a - dore Him!

Text: Joachim Neander | Tune: 17th century German

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

VERSE 1

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;
O my soul, praise Him, for He is your health and salvation!
All you who hear, now to His temple draw near;
Join me in glad adoration!

VERSE 2

Praise to the Lord, over all things so wondrously reigning;
Shelters you under His wings, oh so gently sustaining.
Have you not seen how your desires have been
Granted in what He's ordaining?

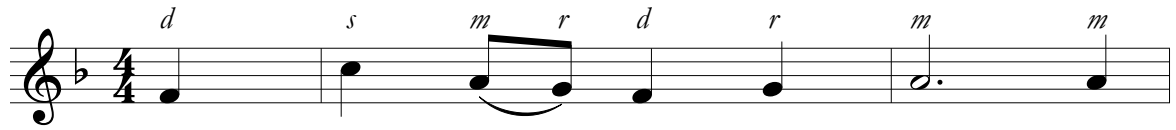
VERSE 3

Praise to the Lord, who with marvelous wisdom has made you,
Decked you with health, and with loving hand guided and stayed you.
How oft in grief has He not brought you relief,
Spreading His wings for to shade you?

VERSE 4

Praise to the Lord, oh let all that is in me adore Him!
All that has life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
Let the Amen sound from His people again;
Gladly forever adore Him!

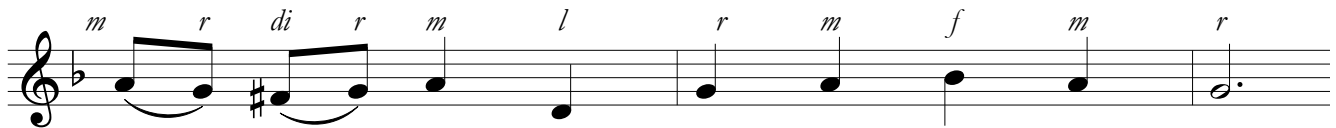
Rejoice, Ye Pure In Heart



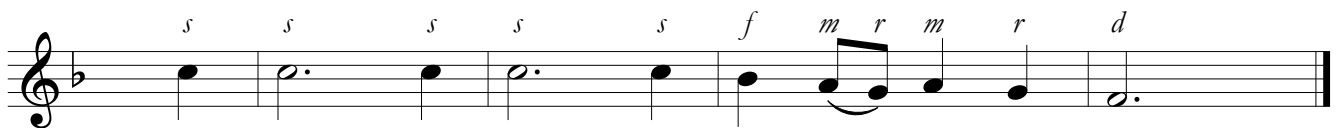
1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart! Re -
 2. With voic - es full and strong as
 3. Yes, on through life's long path, Still
 4. At last the march shall end; the
 5. Then on, ye pure in heart! Re -



joice, give thanks and sing! Your glo - rious ban - ner
 o - cean's surg - ing praise, send forth the hymns our
 sing - ing as you go; From youth to age, by
 wea - ried ones shall rest; the pil - grims find their
 joyce, give thanks and sing! Your glo - rious ban - ner



wave on high, the cross of Christ your King.
 fa - thers loved, the psalms of an - cient days.
 night and day, In glad - ness and in woe.
 heav'n - ly home, Je - ru - sa - lem the blessed.
 raise on high, the cross of Christ your King.



Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing!

Text: Edward Plumtre | Tune: Arthur Messiter

Rejoice, Ye Pure In Heart

VERSE 1

Rejoice, ye pure in heart! Rejoice, give thanks and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
the cross of Christ your King.
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, give thanks and sing!

VERSE 2

With voices full and strong as ocean's surging praise,
send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
the psalms of ancient days.
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, give thanks and sing!

VERSE 3

Yes, on through life's long path, still singing as you go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, give thanks and sing!

VERSE 4

At last the march shall end; the wearied ones shall rest;
the pilgrims find their heavenly home,
Jerusalem the blessed.
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, give thanks and sing!

VERSE 5

Then on, ye pure in heart! Rejoice, give thanks and sing!
Your glorious banner raise on high,
the cross of Christ your King.
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, give thanks and sing!

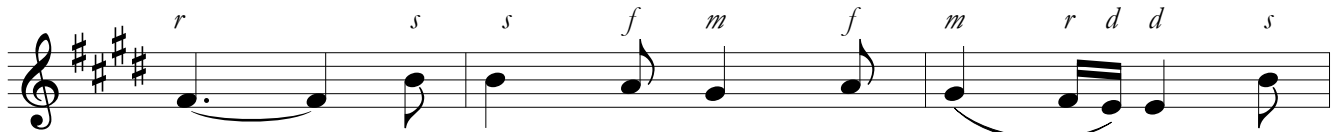
The Church's One Foundation



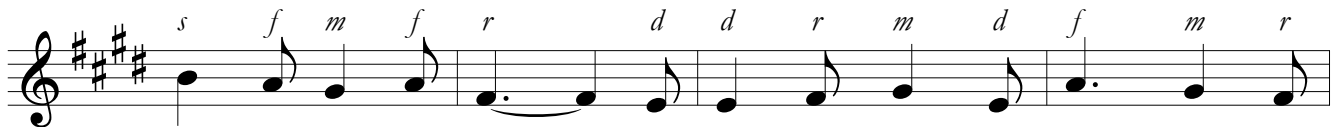
1. The chur - ch's one foun - da - tion is Je - sus Christ her
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, yet one o'er all the
 3. Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, and tu - mult of her



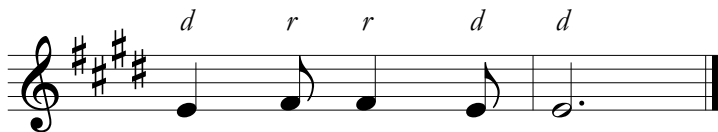
Lord; She is His new cre - a - tion by wa - ter and the
 earth, her char - ter of sal - va - tion: one Lord, one faith, one
 war, she waits the con - sum - ma - tion of peace for - ev - er



Word. From heav'n He came and sought her to
 birth. One ho - ly name she bless - es, par -
 more. Till with the vis - ion glor - i - ous her



be His ho - ly bride; with His own blood He bought her, and
 takes one ho - ly food, and to one hope she press - es with
 long - ing eyes are blessed, and the great church vic - tor - ious shall



for her life He died.
 ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 be the church at rest.

Text: Samuel Stone | Tune: Brian Moss

The Church's One Foundation

VERSE 1

The church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord,
She is His new creation
By water and the Word.
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her
And for her life He died.

VERSE 2

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth;
Her charter of salvation:
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

VERSE 3

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till, with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blessed,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Text: Samuel Stone | Tune: Brian Moss

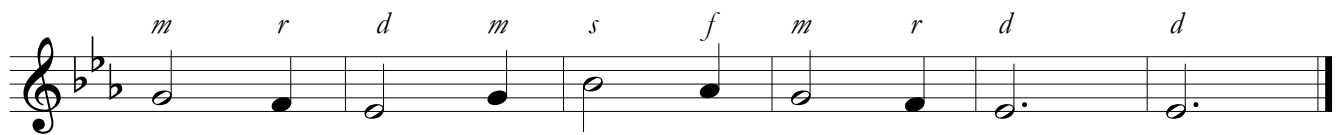
The King of Love My Shepherd Is



1. The King of love my Shep - herd is, whose
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, my
 3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, but
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill with
 5. And so through all the length of days Thy



good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
 ran - somed soul He lead - eth, and where the ver - dant
 yet in love He sought me, and on His shoul - der
 Thee, dear Lord, be - side me; Thy rod and staff my
 good - ness fail - eth nev - er; Good Shep - herd, may I



I am His, and He is mine for - ev - er.
 pas - tures grow, with food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 gent - ly laid, and home re - joic - ing brought me.
 com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
 sing Thy praise with - in Thy house for - ev - er.

Text: Henry Baker | Tune: Irish melody

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

VERSE 1

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never,
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever.

VERSE 2

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

VERSE 3

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

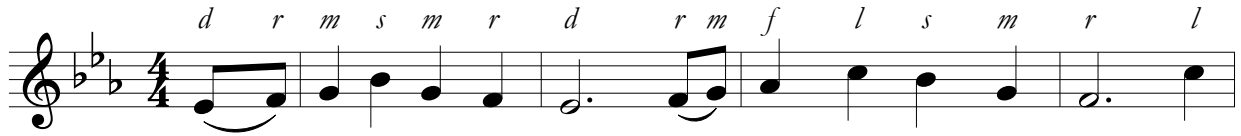
VERSE 4

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

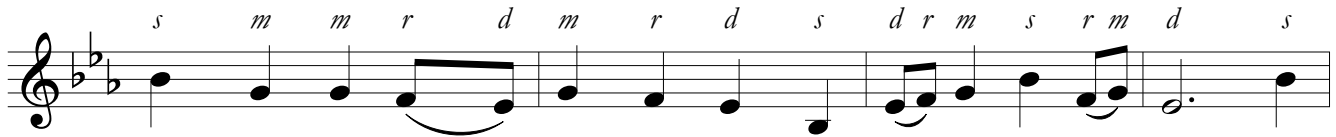
VERSE 5

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

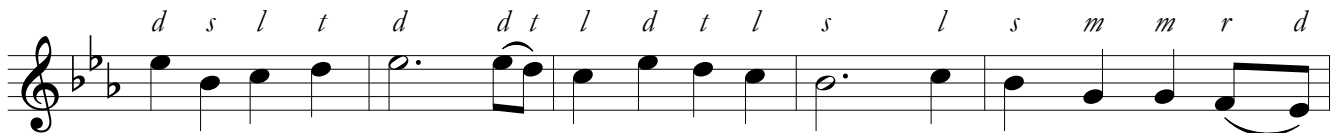
This is My Father's World



1. This is my Fa-ther's world, and to my lis - t'ning ears all
2. This is my Fa-ther's world: why should my heart be sad? The
3. This is my Fa-ther's world; O let me ne'er for - get that



na - ture sings, and 'round me rings the mu - sic of the spheres. This
Lord is King, let the heav - ens ring, and let the earth be glad. This
though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the ru - ler yet. This



is my Fa-ther's world: I rest me in the thought of rocks and trees, of
is my Fa-ther's world: a pil - grim I may roam; what - e'er my lot, it
is my Fa-ther's world: the bat - tle is not done. Je - sus who died shall be



skies and seas; His hand the won - ders wrought.
mat - ters not: my heart is still at home.
sat - is - fied, and earth and heav'n be one.

This is My Father's World

VERSE 1

This is my Father's world, and to my listening ears
All nature sings, and 'round me rings the music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world: I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas;
His hand the wonders wrought.

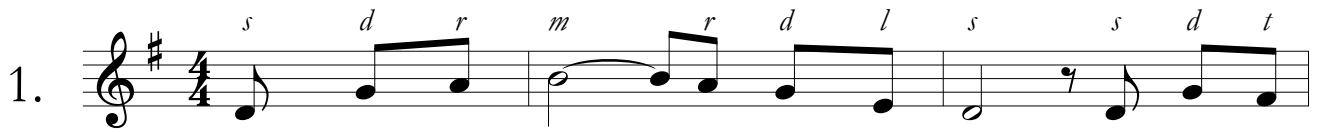
VERSE 2

This is my Father's world: why should my heart be sad?
The Lord is King - let the heavens ring, and let the earth be glad.
This is my Father's world: a pilgrim I may roam;
Whate'er my lot, it matters not:
My heart is still at home.

VERSE 3

This is my Father's world. O let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the ruler yet.
This is my Father's world: the battle is not done:
Jesus who died shall be satisfied,
And earth and heav'n be one.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

1. 

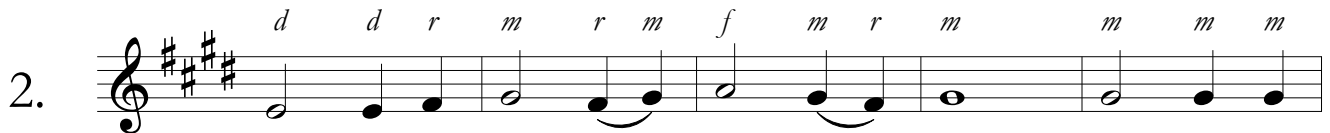
1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, sor - row and
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a



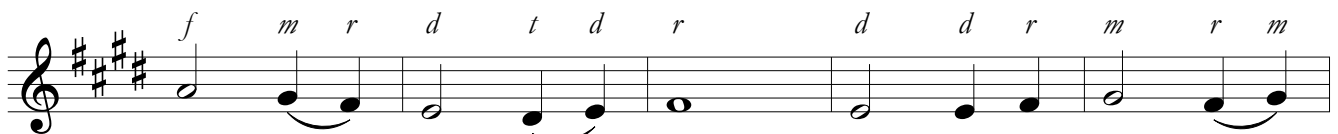
Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I count but
 death of Christ my God; all the vain things that charm me
 love flow min - gled down. Did e'er such love and sor - row
 pre - sent far too small; love so a - maz - ing, so di -



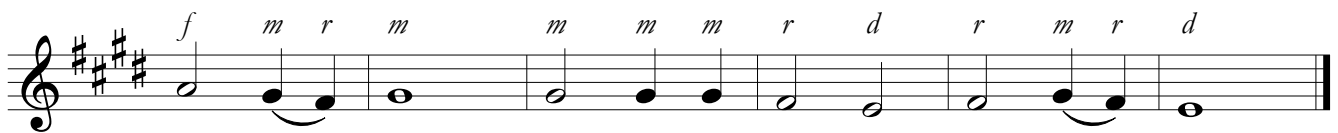
loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all!

2. 

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the



Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I



count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my prde.

Text: Isaac Watts | Tune: Scottish folk tune (#1); Lowell Mason (#2)

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

VERSE 1

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

VERSE 2

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

VERSE 3

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

VERSE 4

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.