

# *All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name*

## Verse 1

All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
bring forth the royal diadem,  
and crown him Lord of all.  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
and crown him Lord of all.

## Verse 2

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
ye ransomed from the fall,  
hail him who saves you by his grace,  
and crown him Lord of all.  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
and crown him Lord of all.

## Verse 3

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
the wormwood and the gall,  
go spread your trophies at his feet,  
and crown him Lord of all.  
Go spread your trophies at his feet,  
and crown him Lord of all.

## Verse 4

Let every kindred, every tribe  
on this terrestrial ball,  
to him all majesty ascribe,  
and crown him Lord of all.  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
and crown him Lord of all.

## *Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven*

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,  
to the throne thy tribute bring;  
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
evermore God's praises sing.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise the everlasting King.

2. Praise the Lord for grace and favor  
to all people in distress;  
praise God, still the same as ever,  
slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glorious now God's faithfulness.

3. Father-like, God tends and spares us;  
well our feeble frame God knows;  
mother-like, God gently bears us,  
rescues us from all our foes.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Widely yet God's mercy flows.

4. Angels in the heights, adoring,  
you behold God face to face;  
saints triumphant, now adoring,  
gathered in from every race.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise with us the God of grace.

# *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,  
the birds their carols raise,  
the morning light, the lily white,  
declare their maker's praise.  
This is my Father's world:  
he shines in all that's fair;  
in the rustling grass I hear him pass;  
he speaks to me everywhere.

## 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:  
why should my heart be sad?  
The Lord is King; let the heavens ring!  
God reigns; let the earth be glad!

## *God be with you till we meet again*

2. God be with you till we meet again;  
neath his wings securely hide you,  
daily manna still provide you;  
God be with you till we meet again.

Refrain:

Till we meet, till we meet,  
till we meet at Jesus' feet;  
till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again.