

# PURITAN HYMNS

by Puritans

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*A collection of 192 hymns and sacred songs from the Puritan tradition expressing Christian worship, theology, and faith through verse, preserving the devotional poetry of the Puritan era.*

193 Chapters

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## Puritan Hymns

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## A Hymn of Glory Let Us Sing

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A hymn of glo-ry let us sing,  
New songs through-out the world shall ring;  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.  
Christ, by a road be-fore un-trod,  
A-scend-eth to the throne of God,  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.  
The ho-ly a-pos-tol-ic band,  
Up-on the Mount of Ol-ives stand;  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,  
And with His fol-low-ers they,  
See Je-sus' re-splen-dent maj-es-ty.  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.  
To whom the an-gels, draw-ing nigh,  
"Why stand and gaze up-on the sky?"  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,  
"This is the Sav-ior," thus they say,  
"This is His no-ble tri-umph day."  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.  
"A-gain shall ye be-hold him so  
As ye to-day have seen Him go,  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,  
In glo-rious pomp as-cending high,  
Up to the por-tals of the sky."

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.

## A Mighty Fortress is Our God

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A might-y for-tress is our God,  
A bul-wark ne-ver fail-ing;  
Our help-er He a-mid the flood  
Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.  
For still our an-cient foe  
Doth seek to work us woe—  
His craft and power are great,  
And armed with cru-el hate,  
On earth is not His e-qual.  
Did we in our own strength con-fide,  
Our striv-ing would be los-ing,  
Were not the right man on our side,  
The man of God's own choos-ing.  
Dost ask who that may be?  
Christ Je-sus, it is He—  
Lord Sab-a-oth His name,  
From age to age the same,  
And He must win the bat-tle.  
And though this world with de-vils filled,  
Should threat-en to un-do us,  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to tri-umph through us.  
The prince of dark-ness grim,  
We trem-ble not for him—  
His rage we can en-dure,  
For lo, his doom is sure:

One lit-tle word shall fell him.  
That word a-bove all earth-ly powers,  
No thanks to them a-bid-eth;  
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours  
Through Him who with us sid-eth.  
Let goods and kin-dred go,  
This mor-tal life al-so—  
The bod-y they may kill;  
God's truth a-bid-eth still:  
His king-dom is for-ev-er.

## Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended

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Ah, ho-ly Je-sus, how hast Thou of-fend-ed,  
That man to judge Thee hath in hate pre-tend-ed?  
By foes de-rid-ed, by Thine own re-ject-ed,  
O most af-flict-ed.  
Who was the guilt-y who brought this up-on Thee?  
A-las, my treas-on, Je-sus, hath un-done Thee.  
'Twas I, Lord Je-sus, I it was de-nied Thee:  
I cru-ci-fied Thee.  
Lo, the Good Shep-herd for the sheep is of-fered;  
The slave hath sinned, and the Son hath suf-fered:  
For man's a-tone-ment, while he noth-ing heed-eth,  
God in-ter-ced-eth.  
For me, kind Je-sus, was Thine in-car-na-tion,  
Thy mor-tal sor-row, and Thy life's o-bla-tion:  
Thy death of an-guish and Thy bit-ter pas-sion,  
For my sal-va-tion.  
There-fore, kind Je-sus, since I can-not pay Thee,  
I do a-dore Thee, and will ev-er pray Thee,  
Think on my pit-y and Thy love un-swerv-ing,  
Not my de-serv-ing.

## Alas! and Did my Savior Bleed?

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A-las! and did my Sav-ior bleed  
And did my Sov-ereign die?  
Would He de-vote that sa-cred Head  
For such a worm as I?  
Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groaned up-on the tree?  
A-maz-ing pit-y! Grace un-known!  
And love be-yond de-gree!  
Well might the sun in dark-ness hide  
And shut his glo-ries in,  
When Christ, the great Cre-a-tor died  
For man the crea-ture's sin.  
Thus might I hide my blush-ing face  
While His dear cross ap-pears,  
Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.  
But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way--  
'Tis all that I can do.

## All Creatures of Our God and King

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All crea-tures of our God and King,  
Lift up your voice and with us sing;  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.  
Thou burn-ing sun with gold-en beam,  
Thou sil-ver moon with soft-er gleam,  
O praise Him, O praise Him,  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.  
Thou rush-ing wind that art so strong,  
Ye clouds that sail in heaven a-long,  
O praise Him, al-le-lu-ia.  
Thou ris-ing morn, in praise re-joice,  
Ye lights of eve-ning, find a voice;  
O praise Him, O praise Him,  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.  
Thou flow-ing wat-er, pure and clear,  
Make mu-sic for thy Lord to hear,  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,  
Thou fire so mast-er-ful and bright,  
That giv-est man both warmth and light:  
O praise Him, O praise Him,  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.  
Let all things their Cre-a-tor bless,  
And wor-ship Him in hum-ble-ness;  
O praise Him, al-le-lu-ia.  
Praise, praise the Fath-er, praise the Son,  
And praise the Spir-it, Three in One!

O praise Him, O praise Him,  
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.

## All Glory Be to Thee, Most High

---

All glo-ry be to Thee, Most High, to Thee all ad-o-ra-tion;

In grace and truth Thou draw-est nigh to of-fer us sal-va-tion;

Thou show-est Thy good-will to men, and peace shall reign on earth a-gain;

We praise Thy name for-ev-er.

We praise, we wor-ship Thee, we trust, and give Thee thanks for-ev-er,

O Fa-ther for Thy rule is just and wise, and chang-es nev-er;

Thy hand al-might-y o'er us reigns, Thou do-est what Thy will or-dains;

'Tis well for us Thou rul-est.

O Je-sus Christ, our God and Lord, Son of the heav-en-ly Fa-ther,

O Thou who hast our peace re-stored, the stray-ing sheep dost ga-ther;

Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high out of the depths we sin-ners cry:

Have mer-cy on us, Je-sus!

O Ho-ly Spir-it, pre-cious Gift, Thou Com-fort-er un-fail-ing,

From Sa-tan's snares our souls up-lift, and let Thy power, a-vail-ing,

A-vert our woes and calm our dread. For us the Sav-ior's blood was shed;

We trust in Thee to save us.

## All Glory, Laud and Honor

---

All glo-ry, laud and ho-nor  
To Thee, Re-deem-er, King,  
To whom the lips of child-ren  
Made sweet ho-san-nas ring.  
Thou art the King of Is-ra-el,  
Thou Da-vid's roy-al Son  
Who in the Lord's name com-est,  
The King and bles-sed One.  
All glo-ry, laud and ho-nor  
To Thee, Re-deem-er, King,  
To whom the lips of child-ren  
Made sweet ho-san-nas ring.  
The com-pa-ny of an-gels  
Are prai-sing Thee on high,  
And mor-tal men and all things  
Cre-a-ted make re-ply.  
All glo-ry, laud and ho-nor  
To Thee, Re-deem-er, King,  
To whom the lips of child-ren  
Made sweet ho-san-nas ring.  
The peo-ple of the He-brews  
With palms be-fore Thee went:  
Our praise and prayer and an-thems  
Be-fore Thee we pre-sent.  
All glo-ry, laud and ho-nor  
To Thee, Re-deem-er, King,

To whom the lips of child-ren  
Made sweet ho-san-nas ring.  
To Thee be-fore Thy pas-sion  
They sang their hymns of praise:  
To Thee now high ex-al-ted  
Our mel-o-dy we raise.  
All glo-ry, laud and ho-nor  
To Thee, Re-deem-er, King,  
To whom the lips of child-ren  
Made sweet ho-san-nas ring.  
Thou didst ac-cept their prai-ses:  
Ac-cept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good de-light-est,  
Thou good and gra-cious King.  
All glo-ry, laud and ho-nor  
To Thee, Re-deem-er, King,  
To whom the lips of child-ren  
Made sweet ho-san-nas ring.

## All Hail the Power of Jesus' Nam

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All hail the power of Je-sus' name!  
Let an-gels pros-trate fall;  
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,  
And crown Him Lord of all;  
Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,  
And crown Him Lord of all!  
Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the Stem of Jes-se's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all;  
Extol the Stem of Jes-se's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all!  
Ye seed of Is-rael's cho-sen race,  
Ye ran-somed 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!  
Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for-get/  
The worm-wood and the gall,  
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all;  
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all!  
Let ev-ery kin-dred, ev-ery tribe,  
On this ter-res-trial ball,

To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe,

And crown Him Lord of all;

To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe,

And crown Him Lord of all!

O that with yon-der sa-cred throng

We at His feet may fall!

We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song,

And crown Him Lord of all;

We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song,

And crown Him Lord of all!

## All People That on Earth Do Dwell

---

All peo-ple that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice;  
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.  
Know that the Lord is God in-deed:  
With-out our aid He did us make;  
We are His folk, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.  
O en-ter then His gates with praise,  
Ap-proach with joy His courts un-to;  
Praise, laud, and bless His name al-ways,  
For it is seemly so to do.  
For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure;  
His truth at all times firm-ly stood,  
And shall from age to age en-dure.

## All Praise to God, Who Reigns Above

---

All praise to God Who reigns above,  
The God of all cre-a-tion,  
The God of power, the God of love,  
The God of our sal-va-tion.  
With heal-ing balm my soul is filled  
And ev-ery faith-less mur-mur stilled:  
To God all praise and glo-ry.  
What God's al-might-y power hath made  
His gra-cious mer-cy keep-eth,  
By morn-ing glow or eve-ning shade  
His watch-ful eye ne'er sleep-eth;  
With-in the king-dom of His might,  
Lo! all is just and all is right:  
To God all praise and glo-ry.  
The Lord is nev-er far a-way,  
But through all grief dis-tres-sing,  
An ev-er pres-ent help and stay,  
Our peace and joy and bles-sing.  
As with a moth-er's ten-der hand,  
God gent-ly leads the cho-sen band:  
To God all praise and glo-ry.  
Thus, all my toil-some way a-long,  
I sing a-loud Thy prais-es,  
That earth may hear the grate-ful song  
My voice un-wear-ied rais-es.  
Be joy-ful in the Lord, my heart,

Both soul and bo-dy bear your part:  
To God all praise and glo-ry.  
Let all who name Christ's ho-ly Name  
Give God all praise and glo-ry;  
Let all who own His power  
Pro-claim a-loud the won-drous sto-ry!  
Cast each false i-dol from its throne,  
For Christ is Lord, and Christ a-lone:  
To God all praise and glo-ry.

## All Praise to Thee, My God

---

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the bless-ings of the light!  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Be-neath Thine own al-might-y wings.  
For-give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done,  
That with the world, my-self, and Thee,  
I, when I sleep, at peace may be.  
O may my soul on Thee re-pose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eye-lids close,  
Sleep that may me more vig-orous make  
To serve my God when I a-wake.  
Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow;  
Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;  
Praise Him a-bove, ye heaven-ly host;  
Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

## All That I Am I Owe to Thee

---

All that I am I owe to Thee;  
Thy wis-dom, Lord, has fash-ioned me.  
I give my Mak-er thank-ful praise,  
Whose won-drous works my soul a-maze.  
Ere in-to be-ing I was brought,  
Thine eye did see, and in Thy thought  
My life in all its per-fect plan  
Was or-dered ere my days be-gan.  
Thy thoughts, O God, how man-i-fold,  
More pre-cious un-to me than gold!  
I muse on their in-fin-i-ty,  
A-wak-ing I am still with Thee.  
The wick-ed Thou wilt sure-ly slay;  
From me let sin-ners turn a-way.  
They speak a-against the name di-vine;  
I count God's en-e-mies as mine.  
Search me, O God, my heart dis-cern;  
Try me, my in-most thought to learn;  
And lead me, if in sin I stray,  
To choose the ev-er-last-ing way.

## All Things Bright and Beautiful

---

All things bright and beau-ti-ful,  
All crea-tures great and small,  
All things wise and won-der-ful,  
The Lord God made them all.  
Each lit-tle flow-er that o-pens,  
Each lit-tle bird that sings,  
He made their glow-ing col-ors,  
He made their ti-ny wings.  
All things bright and beau-ti-ful,  
All crea-tures great and small,  
All things wise and won-der-ful,  
The Lord God made them all.  
The pur-ple head-ed moun-tain,  
The riv-er run-ning by,  
The sun-set and the morn-ing  
That bright-ens up the sky.  
All things bright and beau-ti-ful,  
All crea-tures great and small,  
All things wise and won-der-ful,  
The Lord God made them all.  
The cold wind in the win-ter,  
The pleas-ant sum-mer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the gar-den,  
He made them ev-ery one.  
All things bright and beau-ti-ful,  
All crea-tures great and small,

All things wise and won-der-ful,  
The Lord God made them all.  
The tall trees in the green-wood,  
The mea-dows where we play,  
The flow-ers by the wa-ter  
We ga-ther ev-ery day.  
All things bright and beau-ti-ful,  
All crea-tures great and small,  
All things wise and won-der-ful,  
The Lord God made them all.  
He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Al-migh-ty,  
Who has made all things well.  
All things bright and beau-ti-ful,  
All crea-tures great and small,  
All things wise and won-der-ful,  
The Lord God made them all.

## All Ye who Seek a Comfort Sure

---

All ye who seek a com-fort sure  
In trou-ble and dis-tress,  
What-ev-er sor-row vex the mind,  
Or guilt the soul op-press.  
Je-sus, who gave Him-self for you  
Up-on the cross to die,  
O-pens to you His sa-cred heart;  
O to that heart draw nigh.  
Ye hear how kind-ly He in-vites;  
Ye hear His words so blest--  
'All ye that la-bor come to me,  
And I will give you rest.'  
O Je-sus, joy of saints on high,  
Thou hope of sin-ners here,  
At-tract-ed by those lov-ing words  
To Thee I lift my prayer.  
Wash Thou my wounds in that dear blood  
Which forth from Thee did flow;  
New grace, new hope in-spire, a new  
And bet-ter heart be-stow.

## All You That Fear Jehovah's Name

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All you that fear Je-ho-vah's name,  
His glo-ry tell, His praise pro-claim;  
You chil-dren of His cho-sen race,  
Stand in awe be-fore His face,  
Stand in awe be-fore His face.  
The suf-fering One He has not spurned,  
Who un-to Him for help has turned;  
From Him He has not hid His face,  
But an-swered His re-quest in grace,  
But an-swered His re-quest in grace.  
O Lord, your good-ness makes me raise  
A-mid your peo-ple songs of praise;  
Be-fore all them that fear You, now  
I wor-ship You and pay my vow,  
I wor-ship You and pay my vow.  
For all the meek You will pro-vide;  
They shall be fed and sat-is-fied;  
All they that seek the Lord shall live  
And ne-ver-end-ing prais-es give,  
And ne-ver-end-ing prais-es give.  
The Lord's un-fail-ing right-eous-ness  
All gen-er-a-tions shall con-fess;  
From age to age shall men be taught  
What won-drous works the Lord has wrought,  
What won-drous works the Lord has wrought.

## Am I a Soldier of the Cross

---

Am I a sol-dier of the cross,  
A fol-lower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause  
Or blush to speak His name?  
Must I be car-ried to the skies  
On flow-ery beds of ease,  
While oth-ers fought to win the prize  
And sailed through blood-y seas?  
Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?  
Sure, I must fight if I would reign:  
In-crease my cour-age, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain,  
Sup-ported by Thy word.

## Amazing Grace!

---

A-maz-ing 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.  
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears re-lieved;  
How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear  
The hour I first be-lieved!  
Through man-y dan-gers, toils and snares,  
I have al-read-y come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.  
The Lord has prom-ised good to me,  
His word my hope se-cures;  
He will my shield and por-tion be  
As long as life en-dures.  
And when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mor-tal life shall cease,  
I shall pos-sess with-in the veil  
A life of joy and peace.  
The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun refuse to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.  
When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shin-ing as the sun,

We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we'd first begun.

## And Can It Be?

---

And can it be that I should gain  
An in-terest in the Sav-ior's blood?  
Died He for me, who caused His pain?  
For me, who Him to death pur-sued?  
A-maz-ing love! how can it be  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?  
A-maz-ing love! how can it be  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!  
He left His Fa-ther's throne a-bove,  
So free, so in-fin-ite His grace!  
Emp-tied Him-self of all but love,  
And bled for all His cho-sen race!  
'Tis mer-cy all, im-mense and free,  
For, O my God, it found out me.  
A-maz-ing love! how can it be  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!  
Long my im-pris-oned spir-it lay  
Fast bound in sin and na-ture's night.  
Thine eye dif-fused a quick-ening ray;  
I woke-- the dun-geon flamed with light!  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and fol-lowed Thee.  
A-maz-ing love! how can it be  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!  
No con-dem-na-tion now I dread:  
Je-sus, and all in Him, is mine!

A-live in Him, my liv-ing Head,  
And clothed in right-eous-ness di-vine,  
Bold I ap-proach th'eter-nal throne,  
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.  
A-maz-ing love! how can it be  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

## Approach, My Soul, the Mercy Seat

---

Ap-proach, my soul, the mer-cy seat,  
Where Je-sus ans-wers prayer;  
There hum-bly fall be-fore His feet,  
For none can per-ish there.  
Thy prom-ise is my on-ly plea,  
With this I ven-ture nigh;  
Thou cal-lest bur-dened souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.  
Bowed down be-neath a load of sin,  
By Satan sore-ly pressed,  
By war with-out and fears with-in,  
I come to Thee for rest.  
Be Thou my shield and hid-ing place,  
That, shel-tered by Thy side,  
I may my fierce ac-cus-er face,  
And tell him Thou hast died!  
O won-drous love! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guil-ty sin-ners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gra-cious name.

## At the Name of Jesus

---

At the name of Je-sus, every knee shall bow,  
Ev-ery tongue con-fess Him King of glo-ry now;  
'Tis the Fa-ther's plea-sure we should call Him Lord,  
Who from the be-gin-ning was the might-y Word.  
Might-y and mys-ter-ious in the high-est height,  
God from ev-er-last-ing, ve-ry light of light:  
In the Fa-ther's bo-som with the Spi-rit blest,  
Love, in love e-ter-nal, rest, in per-fect rest.  
At His voice cre-a-tion sprang at once to sight,  
All the an-gel fa-ces, all the hosts of light,  
Thrones and dom-i-na-tions, stars up-on their way,  
All the heav-en-ly orders, in their great ar-ray.  
Hum-bled for a sea-son, to re-ceive a name  
From the lips of sin-ners un-to whom He came,  
Faith-ful-ly He bore it, spot-less to the last,  
Brought it back vic-tor-ious when from death He passed.  
Bore it up tri-um-phant with its hu-man light,  
Through all ranks of crea-tures, to the cen-tral height,  
To the throne of God-head, to the Fa-ther's breast;  
Filled it with the glo-ry of that per-fect rest.  
Name Him, bro-thers, name Him with love strong as death  
But with awe and won-der and with ba-ted breath!  
He is God the Sav-ior, He is Christ the Lord,  
Ev-er to be wor-ship-ped, trust-ed and a-dored.  
In your hearts en-throne Him; there let Him sub-due  
All that is not ho-ly, all that is not true;

Crown Him as your cap-tain in temp-ta-tion's hour;  
Let His will en-fold you in its light and power.  
Watch, for this Lord Je-sus shall re-turn a-gain,  
With His Fa-ther's glo-ry o'er the earth to reign;  
For the day is com-ing when each knee shall bow,  
So let hearts con-fess Him King of glo-ry now.

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---

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Let His will en-fold you in its light and power.  
Watch, for this Lord Je-sus shall re-turn a-gain,  
With His Fa-ther's glo-ry o'er the earth to reign;  
For the day is com-ing when each knee shall bow,  
So let hearts con-fess Him King of glo-ry now.

## Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve

---

A-wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vi-gor on;  
A heav'n-ly race de-mands thy zeal,  
And an im-mor-tal crown,  
And an im-mor-tal crown.  
A cloud of wit-nes-ses around  
Hold thee in full sur-vey;  
For-get the steps al-read-y trod,  
And on-ward urge thy way,  
And on-ward urge thy way.  
'Tis God's all an-imat-ing voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own hand pre-sents the prize  
To thine a-spir-ing eye.  
To thine a-spir-ing eye.  
Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vi-gor on,  
A heav'n-ly race de-mands thy zeal,  
And an im-mor-tal crown.  
And an im-mor-tal crown.

## Be Thou My Vision

---

Be Thou my Vi-sion, O Lord of my heart;  
Nought be all else to me, save that Thou art--  
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,  
Wak-ing or sleep-ing, Thy pres-ence my light.  
Be Thou my Wis-dom, and Thou my true Word;  
I ev-er with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;  
Thou my great Fa-ther, I Thy true son;  
Thou in me dwell-ing, and I with Thee one.  
Rich-es I heed not, nor man's emp-ty praise,  
Thou my in-her-i-tance, now and al-ways:  
Thou and Thou on-ly, first in my heart,  
High King of heav-en, my Treas-ure Thou art.  
High King of heav-en, my vic-to-ry won,  
May I reach heav-en's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!  
Heart of my own heart, what-ev-er be-fall,  
Still be my Vi-sion, O Rul-er of all.

## Before Jehovah's Awesome Throne

---

Be-fore Je-ho-vah's awe-some throne,  
Ye na-tions, bow with sa-cred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God a-lone;  
He can cre-ate, and He des-troy,  
He can cre-ate, and He des-troy.  
His sov-ereign pow-er, with-out our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when like wan-d'r'ing sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to His fold a-gain,  
He brought us to His fold a-gain.  
We are His peo-ple, we His care,  
Our souls, and all our mor-tal frame;  
What last-ing hon-ors shall we rear,  
Al-might-y Mak-er, to Thy Name,  
Al-might-y Mak-er, to Thy Name?  
We'll crowd Thy gates with thank-ful songs,  
High as the hea-vens our voi-ces raise;  
And earth, with her ten thou-sand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sound-ing praise,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sound-ing praise.  
Wide as the world is Thy com-mand,  
Vast as e-ter-ni-ty Thy love;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
When rol-ling years shall cease to move,  
When rol-ling years shall cease to move.

## Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme

---

Be-gin, my tongue, some heaven-ly theme

And speak some bound-less thing:

The might-y works or might-ier name

Of our e-ter-nal King.

Tell of His won-drous faith-ful-ness

And sound His power a-broad;

Sing the sweet prom-ise of His grace,

The love and truth of God.

His ve-ry word of grace is strong

As that which built the skies;

The voice that rolls the stars a-long

Speaks all the prom-is-es.

O might I hear the heaven-ly tongue

But whis-per, "Thou art mine!"

Those gen-tle words shall raise my song

To notes al-most di-vine.

## Behold the Glories of the Lamb

---

Be-hold the glo-ries of the Lamb  
A-midst His Fa-ther's throne.  
Pre-pare new hon-ors for His Name,  
And songs be-fore un-known.  
Let el-ders wor-ship at His feet,  
The church a-dore a-round,  
With vi-als full of o-dors sweet,  
And harps of sweet-er sound.  
Those are the pray-ers of the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise;  
Je-sus is kind to our com-plaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.  
E-ter-nal Fa-ther, who shall look  
In-to Thy se-cret will?  
Who but the Son should take the Book  
And o-pen ev-ery seal?  
He shall ful-fil Thy great de-crees,  
The Son de-serves it well;  
Lo, in His hand the sov-ereign keys  
Of heav'n, and death, and hell!  
Now to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be end-less bles-sings paid;  
Sal-va-tion, glo-ry, joy re-main  
For-ev-er on Thy head.  
Thou hast re-deemed our souls with blood,  
Hast set the pris-oner free;

Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with Thee.  
The worlds of na-ture and of grace  
Are put be-neath Thy power;  
Then short-en these de-lay-ing days,  
And bring the prom-ised hour.

## Bless, O My Soul! the Living God

---

Bless, O my soul! the liv-ing God.

Call home thy thoughts that rove a-broad.

Let all the powers with-in me join

In work and wor-ship so di-vine,

In work and wor-ship so di-vine.

Bless, O my soul! the God of grace.

His fa-vors claim thy high-est praise.

Why should the won-ders He hath wrought

Be lost in si-lence and for-got,

Be lost in si-lence and for-got.

'Tis He, my soul! Who sent His Son

To die for crimes which thou hast done.

He owns the ran-som and for-gives

The hour-ly fol-lies of our lives,

The hour-ly fol-lies of our lives.

Let the whole earth His power con-fess.

Let the whole earth a-dore His grace.

The Gen-tile with the Jew shall join

In work and wor-ship so di-vine,

In work and wor-ship so di-vine.

## Breathe on me, Breath of God

---

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
Fill me with life a-new,  
That I may love what Thou dost love,  
And do what Thou wouldst do.  
Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
Un-til my heart is pure,  
Until my will is one with Thine,  
To do and to en-dure.  
Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
Till I am whol-ly Thine,  
Un-til this earth-ly part of me  
Glows with Thy fire di-vine.  
Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
So shall I nev-er die,  
But live with Thee the per-fect life  
Of Thine e-ter-ni-ty.

## Brethren, We Have Met to Worship

---

Breth-ren we have met to wor-ship and a-dore the Lord our God;  
Will you pray with all your pow-er, while we try to preach the Word?  
All is vain un-less the Spir-it of the Ho-ly One comes down;  
Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na will be show-ered all a-round.  
Breth-ren, see poor sin-ners round you slum-bering on the brink of woe;  
Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing--can you bear to let them go?  
See our fa-thers and our moth-ers and our chil-dren sink-ing down;  
Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na will be show-ered all a-round.  
Sis-ters, will you join and help us? Mo-ses' sis-ter aid-ed him;  
Will you help the trem-bling mourn-ers who are strug-gling hard with sin?  
Tell them all a-bout the Sav-ior-- tell them that He will be found;  
Sis-ters, pray, and ho-ly man-na will be show-ered all a-round.  
Let us love our God su-preme-ly, let us love each oth-er too;  
Let us love and pray for sin-ners till our God makes all things new.  
Then He'll call us home to heav-en, at His ta-ble we'll sit down;  
Christ will gird Him-self and serve us with sweet man-na all a-round.

## Bright the Vision that Delighted

---

Bright the vi-sion that de-light-ed  
Once the sight of Ju-dah's seer;  
Sweet the count-less tongues u-ni-ted  
To en-trance the pro-phet's ear.  
Round the Lord in glo-ry seat-ed  
Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phem  
Filled His tem-ple, and re-peat-ed  
Each to each the alt-ernate hymn:  
'Lord, thy glo-ry fills the hea-ven;  
Earth is with its ful-ness stored;  
Un-to Thee be glo-ry giv-en,  
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord.'  
Heaven is still with glo-ry ring-ing,  
Earth takes up the an-gels' cry,  
'Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,' sing-ing,  
'Lord of hosts, the Lord most high.'  
With His ser-aph train be-fore Him,  
With His ho-ly Church be-low,  
Thus u-nite we to a-dore Him,  
Bid we thus our an-them flow:  
'Lord, thy glo-ry fills the hea-ven;  
Earth is with its ful-ness stored;  
Un-to Thee be glo-ry giv-en,  
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord.'  
Thus Thy glo-rious Name con-fess-ing,  
We a-dopt Thine an-gels' cry,

'Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,' bless-ing  
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.

## By Grace Alone

---

Thou art our God, and we Thy race  
Elected by Thy Sovereign grace.  
Not by the works which we have done  
But by the cross the victory's won.  
Oh keep this truth within our heart,  
That from it we may ne'er depart.  
By nature we depraved did dwell  
Under Thy curse—deserving hell  
Sinful, corrupt in every part,  
Not one pure motive in our heart.  
Hadst Thou not looked on us in grace  
We would remain a perished race.  
In love eternal Thou didst choose  
To save Thy sheep; their bonds to loose.  
No good did we within us have  
To claim Thy gracious plan to save.  
Elected by Thy grace alone;  
Holy to stand before Thy throne!  
Incarnate did Thy Son appear—  
A sacrifice—a Lamb most pure;  
To make atonement for His sheep  
And perfectly Thy will to keep.  
Now cleansed from sin and righteous, we  
Are sons and heirs eternally!  
The blood of Christ by grace supplied  
Was by Thy Spirit's pow'r applied.

Thy Spirit we could not resist  
Who breathed new life into our breast  
Our souls alive, which once were dead,  
Sing praise to Christ, the Lord, our Head!  
With all Thy saints we are preserved  
To enter heav'n—a place reserved.  
Secure we're kept within Thy care,  
Lest we be lost to Satan's snare.  
Oh Sovereign God, all praise to Thee  
For our salvation, full and free!  
This hymn of thanks, oh Lord, we bring;  
For by Thy grace alone we sing.  
Employ our lives in every sphere  
Thy Law to keep; Thy name to fear.  
"By grace alone"—this doctrine pure —  
Our "only comfort" doth secure.

## By Grace I'm Saved, Grace Free and Boundless

---

By grace I'm saved, grace free and bound-less;  
My soul, be-lieve and doubt it not.  
Why stag-ger at this word of prom-ise?  
Has Scrip-ture ev-er false-hood taught?  
No; then this word must true re-main:  
By grace you too shall heaven ob-tain.  
By grace! None dare lay claim to mer-it;  
Our works and con-duct have no worth.  
God in His love sent our Re-deem-er,  
Christ Je-sus, to this sin-ful earth;  
His death did for our sins a-tone,  
And we are saved by grace a-lone.  
By grace! O mark this word of prom-ise  
When you are by your sins op-pressed,  
When Sa-tan plagues your trou-bled con-science,  
And when your heart is seek-ing rest.  
What rea-son can-not com-pre-hend  
God by His grace to you will send.  
By grace! This ground of faith is cer-tain;  
So long as God is true, it stands.  
What saints have penned by in-spi-ra-tion,  
What in His Word our God com-mands,  
What our whole faith must rest up-on,  
Is grace a-lone, grace in His Son.

## Christ hath a Garden Walled Around

---

Christ hath a gar-den walled a-round,  
A Par-a-dise of fruit-ful ground,  
Cho-sen by love and fenced by grace  
From out the world's wide wil-der-ness.  
Like trees of spice His ser-vants stand,  
There plant-ed by His might-y hand;  
By E-den's gra-cious streams, that flow  
To feed their beau-ty where they grow.  
A-wake, O wind of heav'n, and bear  
Their sweet-est per-fume through the air:  
Stir up, O south, the boughs that bloom,  
Till the be-lov-ed Mas-ter come.  
That He may come, and lin-ger yet  
A-mong the trees that He hath set;  
That He may ev-er-more be seen  
To walk a-mong the spring-ing green.

## Christ is Coming!

---

Christ is com-ing! Let cre-a-tion  
From her groans and tra-vail cease;  
Let the glo-rious pro-cla-ma-tion  
Hope re-store and faith in-crease:  
Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing!  
Come, Thou bless-ed Prince of Peace.  
Earth can now but tell the sto-ry  
Of Thy bit-ter cross and pain;  
She shall yet be-hold Thy glo-ry,  
When Thou com-est back to reign:  
Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing!  
Let each heart re-peat the strain.  
Long Thine ex-iles have been pin-ing,  
Far from rest, and home and Thee:  
But, in heaven-ly ves-tures shin-ing,  
They their lov-ing Lord shall see:  
Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing!  
Haste the joy-ous ju-bi-lee.  
With that bless-ed hope be-fore us,  
Let no harp re-main un-strung;  
Let the might-y ad-vent cho-rus  
On-ward roll from tongue to tongue:  
"Christ is com-ing! Christ is com-ing!  
Come, Lord Je-sus, quick-ly come!"

## Christ is Made the Sure Foundation

---

Christ is made the sure found-a-tion,  
Christ the head and cor-ner-stone;  
Cho-sen of the Lord and pre-cious,  
Bind-ing all the church in one;  
Ho-ly Zi-on's help for-ev-er,  
And her con-fi-dence a-lone.  
All that ded-i-ca-ted ci-ty,  
Dear-ly loved of God on high,  
In ex-ult-ant ju-bi-la-tion,  
Pours per-pet-ual mel-o-dy,  
God the One in Three a-dor-ing  
In glad hymns e-ter-nal-ly.  
To this tem-ple, where we call Thee,  
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day!  
With Thy faith-ful lov-ing-kind-ness  
Hear Thy peo-ple as they pray.  
And Thy full-est ben-e-dic-tion  
Shed with-in its walls al-way.  
Here vouch-safe to all Thy ser-vants  
What they ask of Thee to gain;  
What they gain from Thee for-ev-er  
With the bless-ed to re-tain,  
And here-af-ter in Thy glo-ry  
Ev-er-more with Thee to reign.  
Laud and hon-or to the Fa-ther,  
Laud and hon-or to the Son,

Laud and hon-or to the Spi-rit,  
Ev-er Three and ev-er One;  
One in might and One in glo-ry,  
While un-end-ing a-ges run.

## Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies

---

Christ, whose glo-ry fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the on-ly Light,  
Sun of Right-eous-ness, a-rise,  
Tri-umph o'er the shades of night;  
Day-spring from on high, be near;  
Day-star, in my heart ap-pear.  
Dark and cheer-less is the morn  
Un-ac-com-pa-nied by Thee;  
Joy-less is the day's re-turn  
Till Thy mer-cy's beams I see;  
Till they in-ward light im-part,  
Cheer my eyes and warm my heart.  
Vis-it, then, this soul of mine;  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Ra-dian-cy Di-vine;  
Scat-ter all my un-be-lief;  
More and more Thy-self dis-play,  
Shin-ing to the per-fect day.

## Come, Christians, Join to Sing

---

Come, Christians, join to sing

Al-le-lu-ia! A-men!

Loud praise to Christ our King;

Al-le-lu-ia! A-men!

Let all, with heart and voice,

Be-fore His throne re-joice;

Praise is His gra-cious choice.

Al-le-lu-ia! A-men!

Come, lift your hearts on high,

Al-le-lu-ia! A-men!

Let prai-ses fill the sky;

Al-le-lu-ia! A-men!

He is our Guide and Friend;

To us He'll con-de-scend;

His love shall nev-er end.

Al-le-lu-ia! A-men!

Praise yet our Christ a-gain,

Al-le-lu-ia! A-men!

Life shall not end the strain;

Al-le-lu-ia! A-men!

On heav-en's bliss-ful shore,

His good-ness we'll a-dore,

Sing-ing for-ev-er-more,

Al-le-lu-ia! A-men!

## Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

---

Come, Ho-ly Spi-rit, heaven-ly Dove,  
With Your life giv-ing powers;  
Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.  
In vain we tune our for-mal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Ho-san-nas lan-guish on our tongues,  
And our de-vo-tion dies.  
Dear Lord, and shall we ev-er live  
At this poor dy-ing rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to You,  
And Yours to us so great!  
Come, Ho-ly Spi-rit, heaven-ly Dove,  
With Your life giv-ing powers;  
Come, shed a-broad the Sav-ior's love  
And that shall kin-dle ours.

## Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs

---

Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs  
With an-gels round the throne.  
Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.  
"Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be ex-alt-ed thus!"  
"Wor-thy the Lamb," our lips re-ply,  
"For He was slain for us!"  
Je-sus is wor-thy to re-ceive  
Hon-or and power di-vine;  
And bles-sing, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for-ev-er Thine.  
The whole cre-a-tion join in one  
To bless the sa-cred Name  
Of Him Who sits up-on the throne,  
And to a-dore the Lamb.

## Come, Let Us Sing unto the Lord

---

Come, let us sing un-to the Lord  
New songs of praise with sweet ac-cord;  
For won-ders great by Him are done,  
His hand and arm have vic-tory won.  
The great sal-va-tion of our God  
Is seen through all the earth a-broad;  
Be-fore the hea-then's won-dering sight  
He has re-vealed His truth and right.  
He called to mind His truth and grace  
In prom-ise made to Is-rael's race;  
And un-to earth's re-mot-est bound  
Glad tid-ings of sal-va-tion sound.  
All lands, to God lift up your voice;  
Sing praise to Him, with shouts re-joice;  
With voice of joy and loud ac-claim  
Let all u-nite and praise His name.  
Praise God with harp, with harp sing praise,  
With voice of psalms His glory raise;  
With trum-pets, cor-nets, gladly sing  
And shout be-fore the Lord, the King.  
Let earth be glad, let bil-lows roar  
And all that dwell from shore to shore;  
Let floods clap hands with one ac-cord,  
Let hills re-joice be-fore the Lord.  
For lo, He comes; at His com-mand  
All na-tions shall in judg-ment stand;

In jus-tice robed and throned in light,  
The Lord shall judge, dis-pen-sing right.

## Come, my soul, thy Suit Prepare

---

Come, my soul, thy suit pre-prepare:

Je-sus loves to an-swer prayer;

He Him-self has bid thee pray,

There-fore will not say thee nay.

Thou art com-ing to a King,

Large pe-ti-tions with thee bring;

For His grace and power are such,

None can ev-er ask too much.

With my bur-den I be-gin:

Lord, re-move this load of sin;

Let Thy blood, for sin-ners spilt,

Set my con-science free from guilt;

Lord, I come to Thee for rest,

Take pos-ses-sion of my breast;

There Thy blood-bought right main-tain,

And with-out a ri-val reign.

While I am a pil-grim here,

Let Thy love my spi-rit cheer;

As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,

Lead me to my jour-ney's end;

Show me what I have to do,

Ev-ery hour my strength re-new:

Let me live a life of faith,

Let me die Thy peo-ple's death.

## Come, O Come, Thou Quickening Spirit

---

Come, O come, Thou quick-ening Spir-it,  
God from all e-ter-ni-ty,  
May Thy pow-er nev-er fail us;  
Dwell with-in us con-stant-ly.  
Then shall truth and life and light  
Ban-ish all the gloom of night.  
Grant our hearts in full-est mea-sure  
Wis-dom, coun-sel, pu-ri-ty,  
That we ev-er may be seek-ing  
On-ly that which pleas-eth Thee.  
Let Thy know-ledge spread and grow,  
Work-ing er-ror's o-ver-throw.  
Show us, Lord, the path of bless-ing;  
When we tres-pass on our way,  
Cast, O Lord, our sins be-hind Thee  
And be with us day by day.  
Should we stray, O Lord, re-call;  
Work re-pen-tance when we fall.  
Ho-ly Spir-it, strong and might-y,  
Thou who mak-est all things new,  
Make Thy work with-in us per-fect  
And the e-vil foe sub-due.  
Grant us wea-pons for the strife  
And with vic-tory crown our life.

## Come, Sound His Praise Abroad

---

Come, sound His praise a-broad,  
And hymns of glo-ry sing:  
Je-ho-vah is the sov-ereign God,  
The u-ni-ver-sal King.  
He formed the deeps unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The wa-t'ry worlds are all His own,  
And all the sol-id ground.  
Come, wor-ship at His throne;  
Come, bow be-fore the Lord:  
We are His works, and not our own;  
He formed us by His word.  
To-day at-tend His voice,  
Nor dare pro-voke His rod;  
Come, like the peo-ple of His choice,  
And own your gra-cious God.

## Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

---

Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing,  
Call for songs of loud-est praise.  
Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net,  
Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;  
Praise the mount! I'm fixed up-on it,  
Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.  
Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer;  
Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good plea-sure,  
Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.  
Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger,  
Wan-dering from the fold of God:  
He, to res-cue me from dan-ger,  
In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.  
O to grace how great a debt-or  
Dai-ly I'm con-strained to be;  
Let that grace now, like a fet-ter,  
Bind my wan-dering heart to Thee.  
Prone to wan-der, 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 a-bove.

## Come, ye Sinners, Poor and Wretched

---

Come, ye sin-ners, poor and wretch-ed,  
Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;  
Je-sus read-y stands to save you,  
Full of pi-ty joined with power:  
He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is a-ble,  
He is will-ing; doubt no more.  
Come, ye need-y, come and wel-come,  
God's free boun-ty, glor-i-fy;  
True be-lief and true re-pen-tance,  
Ev-ery grace that brings you nigh.  
With-out mo-ney, with-out mo-ney, with-out mo-ney,  
Come to Je-sus Christ and buy.  
Come, ye wea-ry, hea-vy la-den,  
Bruised and bro-ken by the fall;  
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter,  
You will ne-ver come at all:  
Not the right-eous, not the right-eous, not the right-eous,  
Sin-ners Je-sus came to call.  
Let not con-science make you ling-er,  
Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;  
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth  
Is to feel your need of Him;  
This He gives you, this He gives you, this He gives you;  
'Tis the Spi-rit's ris-ing beam.  
Lo! th' in-car-nate God, as-cend-ed,  
Pleads the mer-it of His blood;

Ven-ture on Him, ven-ture whol-ly,

Let no o-ther trust in-trude.

None but Je-sus, none but Je-sus, none but Je-sus,

Can do help-less sin-ners good.

## Come, We that Love the Lord

---

Come, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet ac-cord  
And thus sur-round the throne.  
Let those re-fuse to sing  
Who ne-ver knew our God;  
But chil-dren of the heaven-ly King  
May speak their joys a-broad.  
The men of grace have found  
Glo-ry be-gun be-low;  
Ce-les-tial fruits on earth-ly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.  
The hill of Zi-on yields  
A thou-sand sa-cred sweets  
Be-fore we reach the heaven-ly fields,  
Or walk the gold-en streets.  
Then let our songs a-bound  
And ev-ery tear be dry;  
We're marching through Em-man-uel's ground,  
To fair-er worlds on high.

## Crown Him with Many Crowns

---

Crown Him with ma-ny crowns,  
The Lamb up-on His throne.  
Hark! How the heaven-ly an-them drowns  
All mu-sic but its own.  
A-wake, my soul, and sing  
Of Him who died for thee,  
And hail Him as thy match-less King  
Through all e-ter-ni-ty.  
Crown Him the Lord of love,  
Be-hold His hands and side,  
Those wounds, yet vis-i-ble a-bove,  
In beau-ty glo-ri-fied.  
No an-gel in the sky  
Can ful-ly bear that sight,  
But down-ward bends His burn-ing eye  
At mys-ter-ies so bright.  
Crown Him the Lord of peace,  
Whose power a scep-ter sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise.  
His reign shall know no end,  
And round His pier-ced feet  
Fair flowers of par-a-dise ex-tend  
Their frag-rance ev-er sweet.  
Crown Him the Lord of years,  
The Po-ten-tate of time,

Cre-a-tor of the rol-ling spheres,

In-ef-fa-bly sub-lime.

All hail, Re-deem-er, hail!

For Thou has died for me;

Thy praise and glo-ry shall not fail

Through-out e-ter-ni-ty.

Additional verses, not in the Trinity Hymnal:

Crown Him the vir-gin's Son,

The God in-car-nate born,

Whose arm those crim-son tro-phies won

Which now His brow a-dorn;

Fruit of the mys-tic rose,

As of that rose the stem;

The root whence mer-cy ev-er flows,

The Babe of Beth-le-hem.

Crown Him the Son of God,

Be-fore the worlds be-gan,

And ye who tread where He hath trod,

Crown Him the Son of Man;

Who ev-ery grief hath known

That wrings the human breast,

And takes and bears them for His own,

That all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of life,

Who tri-umphed o'er the grave,

And rose vic-tor-ious in the strife

For those He came to save.

His glo-ries now we sing,

Who died, and rose on high,

Who died e-ter-nal life to bring,  
And lives that death may die.  
Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,  
En-throned in worlds a-bove,  
Crown Him the King to Whom is given  
The won-drous name of Love.  
Crown Him with ma-ny crowns,  
As thrones be-fore Him fall;  
Crown Him, ye kings, with ma-ny crowns,  
For He is King of all.  
Crown Him the Lord of lords,  
Who ov-er all doth reign,  
Who once on earth, the incar-nate Word,  
For ran-somed sin-ners slain,  
Now lives in realms of light,  
Where saints with an-gels sing  
Their songs be-fore Him day and night,  
Their God, Re-deem-er, King.

## David Rejoiced in God his Strength

---

Da-vid re-joiced in God his strength,  
Raised to the throne by spe-cial grace;  
But Christ, the Son, ap-pears at length,  
Ful-fills the tri-umph and the praise.  
How great is the Mes-si-ah's joy  
In the sal-va-tion of Thy hand!  
Lord, Thou hast raised His king-dom high,  
And given the world to His com-mand.  
Thy good-ness grants what-ever He will,  
Nor doth the least re-quest with-hold;  
Bles-sings of love sur-round Him still,  
And crowns of glo-ry, not of gold.  
Hon-our and maj-es-ty div-ine  
A-round His sa-cred tem-ples shine;  
Blest with the fa-vour of Thy face,  
And length of ev-er-last-ing days.  
Thine hand shall find out all His foes;  
And as a fi-ery ov-en glows,  
With ra-ging heat and liv-ing coals,  
So shall Thy wrath de-vour their souls.

## Day of Judgment! Day of Wonders!

---

Day of judg-ment! Day of won-ders!  
Hark! the trum-pet's aw-ful sound!  
Loud-er than a thou-sand thun-ders,  
Shakes the vast cre-a-tion round.  
How the sum-mons will the sin-ner's heart con-found!  
See the Judge, our na-ture wear-ing,  
Clothed in maj-es-ty di-vine;  
You who long for His ap-pear-ing  
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"  
Gra-cious Sav-ior, own me in that day as Thine.  
At His call the dead a-wak-en,  
Rise to life from earth and sea;  
All the powers of na-ture, shak-en  
By His looks, pre-pare to flee.  
Care-less sin-ner, what will then be-come of thee?  
But to those who have con-fess-ed,  
Loved and served the Lord be-low,  
He will say, "Come near, ye bless-ed,  
See the king-dom I be-stow;  
You for-ev-er shall my love and glo-ry know."

## Early, My God, Without Delay

---

Ear-ly, my God, with-out de-lay

I haste to seek Thy face;

My thirs-ty spir-it faints a-way,

With-out Thy cheer-ing grace,

With-out Thy cheer-ing grace.

So pil-grims on the scorch-ing sand,

Be-neath a burn-ing sky,

Long for a cool-ing stream at hand,

And they must drink or die,

And they must drink or die.

I've seen Thy glo-ry and Thy power

Through all Thy tem-ple shine;

My God, re-peat that heaven-ly hour,

That vi-sion so di-vine,

That vi-sion so di-vine.

Not all the bless-ings of a feast

Can please my soul so well,

As when Thy rich-er grace I taste,

And in Thy pres-ence dwell,

And in Thy pres-ence dwell.

Not life it-self, with all her joys,

Can my best pass-ions move,

Or raise so high my cheer-ful voice

As Thy for-giv-ing love,

As Thy for-giv-ing love.

Thus till my last ex-pir-ing day

I'll bless my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing,  
And tune my lips to sing.

## Eternal Father, Strong to Save

---

E-ter-nal Fa-ther, strong to save,  
Whose arm doth bind the rest-less wave,  
Who bidd'st the might-y o-cean deep  
Its own ap-point-ed lim-its keep:  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in per-il on the sea.  
O Sav-ior, whose al-might-y word  
The winds and waves sub-mis-sive heard,  
Who walk-edst on the foam-ing deep  
And calm a-mid its rage didst sleep:  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in per-il on the sea.  
O sa-cred Spir-it, who didst brood  
Up-on the cha-os dark and rude,  
Who badd'st its an-gry tu-mult cease,  
And gav-est light and life and peace:  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in per-il on the sea.  
O Trin-i-ty of love and power,  
Our breth-ren shield in dan-ger's hour;  
From rock and tem-pest, fire and foe,  
Pro-tect them where-so-e'er they go;  
And ev-er let there rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

## Exalt the Lord, His Praise Proclaim

---

Ex-alt the Lord, His praise pro-claim,  
All ye His ser-vants, praise His name,  
Who in the Lord's house ev-er stand  
And hum-bly serve at His com-mand.  
The Lord is good, His praise pro-claim;  
Since it is pleas-ant, praise His name;  
His peo-ple for His own He takes  
And His pe-cu-liar trea-sure makes.  
I know the Lord is high in state,  
A-bove all gods our Lord is great;  
The Lord per-forms what He de-crees,  
In heaven and earth, in depth and seas,  
He makes the va-pors to as-scend  
In clouds from earth's re-mot-est end;  
The light-nings flash at His com-mand;  
He holds the tem-pest in His hand.  
Ex-alt the Lord, His praise pro-claim;  
All ye His ser-vants praise His name,  
Who in the Lord's house ev-er stand  
And hum-bly serve at His com-mand.  
For-ev-er praise and bless His name,  
And in the church His praise pro-claim;  
In Zi-on is His dwell-ing place;  
Praise ye the Lord, show forth His grace.

## Fairest Lord Jesus

---

Fair-est Lord Je-sus, rul-er of all na-ture,  
O Thou of God and man the Son,  
Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or,  
Thou, my soul's glo-ry, joy and crown.  
Fair are the mea-dows, fair-er still the wood-lands,  
Robed in the bloom-ing garb of spring;  
Jesus is fair-er, Jesus is pur-er,  
Who makes the woe-ful heart to sing.  
Fair is the sun-shine,  
Fair-er still the moon-light,  
And all the twink-ling star-ry host;  
Je-sus shines bright-er, Je-sus shines pur-er  
Than all the an-gels heaven can boast.  
Beau-ti-ful Sa-vior! Lord of all the na-tions!  
Son of God and Son of Man!  
Glo-ry and hon-or, praise, a-do-ra-tion,  
Now and for-ev-er more be Thine.

## Fill Thou my Life, O Lord my God

---

Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God,  
In ev-ery part with praise,  
That my whole be-ing may pro-claim  
Thy be-ing and Thy ways.  
Not for the lip of praise a-lone,  
Nor e'en the prais-ing heart,  
I ask, but for a life made up  
Of praise in ev-ery part.  
Praise in the com-mon things of life,  
Its go-ings out and in,  
Praise in each du-ty and each deed,  
How-ev-er small and mean.  
Fill ev-ery part of me with praise;  
Let all my be-ing speak  
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord,  
Poor though I be, and weak.  
So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,  
Re-ceive the glo-ry due,  
And so shall I be-gin on earth  
The song for-ev-er new.  
So shall no part of day or night  
From sa-cred-ness be free;  
But all my life, in ev-ery step,  
Be fel-low-ship with Thee.

## Firm Was My Health

---

Firm was my health, my day was bright,  
And I pre-sumed 'twould ne'er be night;  
Fond-ly I said with-in my heart,  
Plea-sure and peace shall ne'er de-part.  
But I for-got Thine arm was strong,  
Which made my moun-tain stand so long;  
Soon as Thy face be-gan to hide,  
My health was gone, my com-forts died.  
I cried a-loud to Thee, my God,  
What canst Thou pro-fit by my blood?  
Deep in the dust can I de-clare  
Thy truth, or sing Thy good-ness there?  
Hear me, O God of grace, I said,  
And bring me from a-mong the dead:  
Thy word re-buked the pains I felt,  
Thy pard-oning love re-moved my guilt.  
My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,  
Are turned to joy and prai-ses now;  
I throw my sack-cloth on the ground,  
And ease and glad-ness gird me round.  
My tongue, the glo-ry of my frame,  
Shall ne'er be si-lent of Thy Name;  
Thy praise shall sound thru earth and heaven,  
For sick-ness healed and sins for-given.

## Fools In Their Hearts

---

Fools in their hearts be-lieve and say,  
That all re-li-gion's vain,  
"There is no God that reigns on high,  
Or minds th' af-fairs of men."  
From thoughts so dread-ful and pro-fane  
Cor-rupt dis-course pro-ceeds;  
And in their im-pious hands are found  
A-bom-i-na-ble deeds.  
The Lord, from His cel-es-tial throne,  
Looked down on things be-low  
To find the man that sought His grace,  
Or did His jus-tice know.  
By na-ture all are gone as-tray,  
Their prac-tice all the same;  
There's none that fears his Ma-ker's hand,  
There's none that loves His Name.  
Their tongues are used to speak de-ceit,  
Their slan-ders nev-er cease;  
How swift to mis-chief are their feet,  
Nor know the paths of peace!  
Such seeds of sin (that bit-ter root)  
In ev-ery heart are found;  
Nor can they bear di-vin-er fruit,  
Till grace re-fine the ground.  
Are sin-ners now so sense-less grown  
That they the saints de-vour?

And nev-er wor-ship at Thy throne,  
Nor fear Thine awe-some power?  
Great God, ap-pear to their sur-prise,  
Re-veal Thy dread-ful Name;  
Let them no more Thy wrath des-pise,  
Nor turn our hope to shame.  
Dost Thou not dwell a-mong the just?  
And yet our foes de-ride,  
That we should make Thy Name our trust;  
Great God, con-found their pride.  
O that the joy-ful day were come  
To fin-ish our dis-tress!  
When God shall bring His chil-dren home  
Our songs shall nev-er cease.

## For All the Saints

---

For all the saints, who from their la-bors rest,

Who Thee by faith be-fore the world con-fessed,

Thy name, O Je-sus, be for-ev-er blessed.

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

Thou wast their rock, their for-tress and their might;

Thou, Lord, their cap-tain in the well fought fight;

Thou, in the dark-ness drear, their one true light.

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

For the A-po-stles' glo-rious com-pan-y,

Who bear-ing forth the Cross o'er land and sea,

Shook all the might-y world, we sing to Thee:

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

For the E-van-gel-ists, by whose pure word,

Like four-fold stream, the gar-den of the Lord,

Is fair and fruit-ful, be Thy name a-dored.

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

For Mar-tyrs, who with rap-ture kin-dled eye,

Saw the bright crown des-cend-ing from the sky,

And see-ing, grasped it, Thee we glo-ri-fy.

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

O may Thy sol-diers, faith-ful, true and bold,

Fight as the saints who no-bly fought of old,

And win with them the vic-tor's crown of gold.

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

O blessed com-mu-nion, fel-low-ship di-vine!

We fee-bly strug-gle, they in glory shine;

All are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

And when the strife is fierce, the war-fare long,

Steals on the ear the dis-tant tri-umph song,

And hearts are brave, a-gain, and arms are strong.

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

The gol-den eve-ning bright-ens in the west;

Soon, soon to faith-ful war-riors comes their rest;

Sweet is the calm of par-a-dise the blessed.

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glo-rious day;

The saints tri-um-phant rise in bright ar-ray;

The King of glo-ry pas-ses on His way.

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

From earth's wide bounds, from o-cean's far-thest coast,

Through gates of pearl streams in the count-less host,

And sing-ing to Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost:

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

## For as High as the Heavens

---

The LORD is com-pas-sion-ate and gra-cious,  
Slow to an-ger, a-bound-ing in love.  
He will not al-ways ac-cuse,  
Nor will He har-bor his an-ger for-ev-er.  
He does not treat us as our sins de-serve,  
Nor re-pay us for all the wrong we've done;  
But He paid such a great price:  
Giv-ing the life of His own pre-cious Son.  
For as high as the hea-vens are a-bove the earth,  
So great is His love for those who fear Him;  
As far as the east is from the west,  
So far has He re-moved our trans-gres-sions from us.  
As a father has com-pas-sion on his chil-dren,  
So the LORD pi-ties those who fear His name;  
For He knows how we are formed,  
That we are dust, mere-ly dust of the ground.  
As for man, his days are like the prai-rie grass,  
And his glo-ry: a flow-er of the field;  
Then the wind blows o-ver it and it is gone,  
And its place is for-got-ten.  
But as high as the hea-vens are a-bove the earth,  
So great is His love for those who fear Him;  
As far as the east is from the west,  
So far has He re-moved our trans-gres-sions from us.  
As far as the east is from the west,  
So far has He re-moved our trans-gres-sions from us.

## For the Beauty of the Earth

---

For the beau-ty of the earth  
For the glo-ry of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
O-ver and a-round us lies.  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,  
This our hymn of grate-ful praise.  
For the won-der of each hour,  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light.  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,  
This our hymn of grate-ful praise.  
For the joy of hu-man love,  
Bro-ther, sis-ter, par-ent, child,  
Friends on earth and friends a-bove,  
For all gen-tle thoughts and mild.  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,  
This our hymn of grate-ful praise.  
For Thy church, that ev-er-more  
Lift-eth ho-ly hands a-bove,  
Of-fering up on ev-ery shore  
Her pure sac-ri-fice of love.  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,  
This our hymn of grate-ful praise.  
For the mar-tyrs' crown of light,  
For Thy pro-phets' ea-gle eye,

For Thy bold con-fes-sors' might,  
For the lips of in-fan-cy.  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,  
This our hymn of grate-ful praise.  
For Thy-self, best Gift Di-vine,  
To the world so free-ly given,  
For that great, great love of Thine,  
Peace on earth and joy in heaven.  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,  
This our hymn of grate-ful praise.

## Forever Settled in the Heavens

---

For-ev-er set-tled in the heavens,  
Thy word, O Lord, shall firm-ly stand;  
Thy faith-ful-ness shall nev-er fail;  
The earth a-bides at Thy com-mand.  
Thy word and works un-moved re-main,  
Thine ev-ery pur-pose to ful-fill;  
All things are Thine and Thee o-bey,  
And all as ser-vants wait Thy will.  
I should have per-ished in my woe  
Had not I loved Thy law di-vine;  
That law I nev-er can for-get;  
O save me, Lord, for I am Thine.  
The wick-ed would de-stroy my woul,  
But in Thy truth is ref-uge sure;  
Ex-ceed-ing broad is Thy com-mand,  
And in per-fec-tion shall en-dure.

## From All That Dwell Below the Skies

---

From all that dwell be-low the skies,

Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise;

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,

Let the Re-deem-er's Name be sung,

Through every land by ev-ery tongue.

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.

E-ter-nal are Thy mer-cies, Lord;

E-ter-nal truth at-tends Thy Word.

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,

Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,

Till suns rise and set no more.

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.

Your lof-ty themes, ye mor-tals, bring,

In songs of praise di-vine-ly sing;

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,

The great sal-va-tion loud pro-claim,

And shout for joy the Sa-vior's Name.

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.

In every land be-gin the song;

To ev-ery land the strains be-long;

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,

In cheer-ful sounds all voi-ces raise,

And fill the world with loud-est praise.

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.

## From Greenland's Icy Mountains

---

From Green-land's i-cy moun-tains,  
From Ind-ia's cor-al strand;  
Where Africa's sun-ny foun-tains  
Roll down their gold-en sand:  
From many an an-cient ri-ver,  
From many a palm-y plain,  
They call us to de-liver  
Their land from er-ror's chain.  
What though the spi-cy breez-es  
Blow soft over Cey-lon's isle;  
Though every pros-pect pleas-es,  
And only man is vile?  
In vain with la-vish kind-ness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heath-en in his blind-ness  
Bows down to wood and stone.  
Shall we, whose souls are light-ed  
With wis-dom from on high,  
Shall we to those be-nighted  
The lamp of life de-ny?  
Sal-va-tion! O sal-va-tion!  
The joy-ful sound pro-claim,  
Till earth's re-mot-est na-tion  
Has learned Mes-si-ah's name.  
Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto-ry,  
And you, ye wa-ters, roll

Till, like a sea of glo-ry,  
It spreads from pole to pole:  
Till over our ran-somed na-ture  
The Lamb for sin-ners slain,  
Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor,  
In bliss re-turns to reign.

## Give to Our God Immortal Praise

---

Give to our God im-mor-tal praise;  
Mer-cy and truth are all His ways:  
Won-ders of grace to God be-long;  
Re-peat His mer-cies in your song.  
Give to the Lord of lords re-nown;  
The King of kings with glo-ry crown:  
His mer-cies ev-er shall en-dure,  
When lords and kings are known no more.  
He built the earth, He spread the sky,  
And fixed the star-ry lights on high:  
Won-ders of grace to God be-long;  
Re-peat His mer-cies in your song.  
He fills the sun with morn-ing light;  
He bids the moon di-rect the night:  
His mer-cies ev-er shall en-dure,  
When suns and moons shall shine no more.  
He sent His Son with power to save  
From guilt and dark-ness and the grave:  
Won-ders of grace to God be-long;  
Re-peat His mer-cies in your song.  
Through this vain world He guides our feet,  
And leads us to His heavenly seat:  
His mer-cies ev-er shall en-dure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

## Give to the Lord, Ye Sons of Fam

---

Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
Give to the Lord re-nown and power.  
A-scribe due hon-ours to His Name,  
And His e-ter-nal might a-dore.  
The Lord pro-claims His power a-loud  
O-ver the o-cean and the land;  
His voice di-vides the wat-ry cloud,  
And light-nings blaze at His com-mand.  
He speaks, and tem-pest, hail, and wind,  
Lay the wide for-est bare a-round;  
The fear-ful hart, and fright-ful hind,  
Leap at the ter-ror of the sound.  
To Leb-a-non He turns His voice,  
And lo, the state-ly ce-dars break;  
The moun-tains trem-ble at the noise,  
The val-leys roar, the des-erts quake.  
The Lord sits sov-ereign on the flood,  
The Mak-er reigns for-ev-er King;  
But makes His saints His blest a-bode,  
Where we His awe-some glo-ries sing.  
In gent-ler lan-guage there the Lord  
The coun-sels of His grace im-parts;  
A-midst the rag-ing storm His Word  
Speaks peace and cou-rage to our hearts.

## Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

---

Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken,  
Zi-on, cit-y of our God;  
He whose word can-not be bro-ken  
Formed thee for His own a-bode,  
On the Rock of A-ges found-ed,  
What can shake thy sure re-pose?  
With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed,  
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.  
See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters,  
Spring-ing from e-ter-nal Love,  
Well sup-ply thy sons and daugh-ters,  
And all fear of want re-move,  
Who can faint while such a riv-er  
Ev-er flows their thirst to as-suage?  
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giv-er,  
Nev-er fails from age to age!  
Round each hab-i-ta-tion hov-er-ing,  
See the cloud and fire ap-pear  
For a glo-ry and a cov-er-ing,  
Show-ing that the Lord is near!  
Thus de-riv-ing from their ban-ner  
Light by night and shade by day,  
Safe they feed up-on the man-na  
Which He gives them when they pray.  
Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Washed in our Redeemer's blood!

Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God:  
'Tis his love his people raises,  
Over self to reign as kings,  
And as priests, his solemn praises  
Each for a thank-offering brings.  
Savior, if of Zion's city  
I, through grace, a member am;  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in thy name:  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know

## God, in the Gospel of His Son

---

God, in the Gos-pel of His Son,  
Makes His e-ter-nal coun-sels known;  
Where love in all its glo-ry shines,  
And truth is drawn in fair-est lines.  
Here sin-ners of a hum-ble frame  
May taste His grace, and learn His name;  
May read, in char-ac-ters of blood,  
The wis-dom, power, and grace of God.  
The pris-oner here may break his chains;  
The wea-ry rest from all his pains;  
The cap-tive feel his bond-age cease;  
The mourn-er find the way of peace.  
Here faith re-veals to mor-tal eyes  
A bright-er world be-yond the skies;  
Here shines the light which guides our way  
From earth to realms of end-less day.  
O grant us grace, al-might-y Lord,  
To read and mark your ho-ly Word;  
Its truths with meek-ness to re-ceive,  
And by its ho-ly pre-cepts live.

## God is Known Among His People

---

God is known a-mong His peo-ple,  
Ev-ery mouth His prais-es fill;  
From of old He has es-tab-lished  
His a-bode on Zi-on's hill;  
There He broke the sword and ar-row,  
Bade the noise of war be still.  
Ex-cel-lent and glo-rious are you,  
With your tro-phies from the fray;  
You have slain the might-y war-riors,  
Wrapped in sleep of death are they;  
When your an-ger once is ris-en,  
Who can stand in that dread day?  
When from heaven your sen-tence sound-ed,  
All the earth in fear was still,  
While to save the meek and low-ly  
God in judg-ment wrought His will;  
E'en the wrath of man shall praise you,  
Your de-signs it shall ful-fill.  
Vow and pay un-to Je-ho-vah,  
Him your God for-ev-er own;  
All men, bring your gifts be-fore Him,  
Wor-ship Him, and Him a-lone.  
Might-y kings o-bey and fear Him,  
Princ-es bow be-fore His throne.

## God is the Refuge of His Saints

---

God is the ref-uge of His saints,  
When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade;  
Ere we can of-fer our com-plaints  
Be-hold Him pre-sent with His aid.  
Let moun-tains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep, and bur-ied there;  
Con-vul-sions shake the sol-id world,  
Our faith shall nev-er yield to fear.  
Loud may the trou-bled o-cean roar,  
In sa-cred peace our souls a-bide,  
While ev-ery na-tion, ev-ery shore,  
Trem-bles, and dreads the swell-ing tide.  
There is a stream whose gen-tle flow  
Sup-plies the cit-y of our God;  
Life, love and joy, still glid-ing through;  
And wat-ering our div-ine a-bode.  
That sa-cred stream, Thine ho-ly Word,  
That all our rag-ing fear con-trols:  
Sweet peace Thy prom-is-es af-ford,  
And give new strength to faint-ing souls.  
Zi-on en-joys her Mon-arch's love,  
Se-cure a-gainst a threat-ening hour;  
Nor can her firm foun-da-tions move,  
Built on His truth, and armed with power.  
Let Zi-on in her King re-joice,  
Though ty-rants rage and king-doms rise;

He ut-ters His al-might-y voice,  
The king-doms melt, the tu-mult dies.  
The Lord of old for Zi-on fought,  
And Ja-cob's God is still our aid;  
Be-hold the works His hand has wrought,  
What des-o-la-tions He has made!  
From sea to sea, through all the shores  
He makes the noise of bat-tle cease;  
When from on high His thun-der roars,  
He awes the trem-bling world to peace.  
He breaks the bow, He cuts the spear,  
Char-i-ots He burns with heaven-ly flame;  
Keep si-lence all the earth, and hear  
The sound and glo-ry of His Name.  
Be still, and learn that I am God,  
I'll be ex-alt-ed o'er the lands,  
I will be known and feared a-broad,  
But still my throne in Zi-on stands.  
O Lord of hosts, al-might-y King,  
While we so near Thy pres-ence dwell,  
Our faith shall sit se-cure, and sing  
De-fi-ance to the gates of hell.

## God Moves in a Mysterious Way

---

God moves in a mys-ter-i-ous way  
His won-ders to per-form;  
He plants His foot-steps in the sea  
And rides up-on the storm.  
Deep in un-fa-thom-ab-le mines  
Of nev-er fail-ing skill  
He trea-sures up His bright de-signs  
And works His sov-ereign will.  
Ye fear-ful saints, fresh cour-age take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mer-cy and shall break  
In bles-sings on your head.  
Judge not the Lord by fee-ble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Be-hind a frown-ing prov-i-dence  
He hides a smil-ing face.  
His pur-pos-es will rip-en fast,  
Un-fold-ing ev-ery hour;  
The bud may have a bit-ter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.  
Blind un-be-lief is sure to err  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own in-ter-pre-ter,  
And He will make it plain.

## God, My King, Thy Might Confessing

---

God, my King, Thy might con-fess-ing,  
Ev-er will I bless Thy name;  
Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing,  
Still will I Thy praise pro-claim.  
Hon-or great our God be-fit-teth;  
Who His maj-es-ty can reach?  
Age to age His works trans-mit-teth;  
Age to age His power shall teach.  
They shall talk of all Thy glo-ry,  
On Thy might and great-ness dwell,  
Speak of Thy great acts the sto-ry,  
And Thy deeds of won-der tell.  
Nor shall fail from mem-ory's trea-sure  
Works by love and mer-cy wrought:  
Works of love sur-pass-ing mea-sure,  
Works of mer-cy pass-ing thought.  
Full of kind-ness and com-pass-ion,  
Slow to an-ger, vast in love,  
God is good to all cre-a-tion;  
All His works in good-ness prove.  
All Thy works, O Lord shall bless Thee;  
Thee shall all Thy saints a-dore.  
King su-preme shall They con-fess Thee,  
And pro-claim Thy sov-ereign power.

## God, the Lord, a King Remaineth

---

God, the Lord, a King re-main-eth,  
Robed in His own glo-rious light;  
God hath robed Him and He reign-eth;  
He hath gird-ed Him with might.  
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!  
God is King is depth and height.  
In her ev-er-last-ing sta-tion  
Earth is poised, to swerve no more:  
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foun-da-tion  
From all time where thought can soar.  
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!  
Lord, Thou art for-ev-er-more.  
Lord, the wa-ter-floods have lift-ed,  
O-cean floods have lift their roar;  
Now they pause where they have drift-ed,  
Now they burst up-on the shore.  
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!  
For the o-cean's sound-ing store.  
With all tones of wa-ters blend-ing,  
Glo-rious is the break-ing deep;  
Glo-rious, beau-teous with-out end-ing,  
God who reigns on heaven's high steep.  
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!  
Songs of o-cean nev-er sleep.  
Lord, the words Thy lips are tell-ing  
Are the per-fect ver-i-ty:

Of Thine high e-ter-nal dwell-ing,

Ho-li-ness shall in-mate be.

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

Pure is all that lives with Thee.

## God the Omnipotent

---

God, the om-ni-po-tent! King who or-dain-est  
Great winds Thy clar-ions, light-nings thy sword;  
Show forth Thy pit-y on high where Thou reign-est,  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-mer-ci-ful! earth hath for-sa-ken  
Thy ways of bles-sed-ness, slight-ed Thy word;  
Bid not Thy wrath in its ter-rors a-wak-en;  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-right-eous One! man hath de-fied Thee;  
Yet to e-ter-ni-ty stand-eth Thy word,  
False-hood and wrong shall not tar-ry bes-ide Thee;  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-wise! by the fire of thy chas-ten-ing,  
Earth shall to free-dom and truth be re-stored;  
Through the thick dark-ness Thy king-dom is has-ten-ing;  
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

So shall Thy chil-dren, with thank-ful de-vo-tion,  
Praise Him Who saved them from per-il and sword,  
Sing-ing in cho-rus from o-cean to o-cean,  
Peace to the na-tions, and praise to the Lord.

## Grace! 'Tis a Charming Sound

---

Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound,  
Har-mon-ious to my ear;  
Heaven with the ech-o shall re-sound,  
And all the earth shall hear.  
Grace first con-trived a way  
To save re-bel-lious man,  
And all the steps that grace dis-play  
Which drew the won-drous plan.  
Grace taught my wan-dering feet  
To tread the heaven-ly road  
And new sup-plies each hour I meet  
While press-ing on to God.  
Grace all the work shall crown  
Through ev-er-last-ing days;  
It lays in heaven the top-most stone,  
And well de-serves the praise.

## Grace Was All Their Song

---

Lord, we have heard Thy works of old,  
Thy works of power and grace,  
When to our ears our fa-thers told  
The won-ders of their days:  
In God they boast-ed all the way,  
And in a cheer-ful throng  
Did thou-sands meet to praise and pray,  
And grace was all their song.  
And grace was all their song.  
But now our souls are seized with shame,  
Con-fu-sion fills our face,  
To hear the en-e-my blas-pheme,  
And fools re-proach Thy grace.  
Yet have we not for-got our God,  
Nor false-ly dealt with heaven,  
Nor have our steps de-clined the road  
Of du-ty Thou hast given;  
Of du-ty Thou hast given;  
Though dra-gons all a-round us roar  
With their de-struc-tive breath,  
And Thine own hand hath bruised us sore  
Hard by the gates of death.  
We are ex-posed all day to die  
As mar-tyrs for Thy cause,  
As sheep for slaugh-ter bound we lie  
By sharp and blood-y laws.

By sharp and blood-y laws.  
A-wake, a-rise, al-might-y Lord,  
Why sleeps Thy won-drous grace?  
Why should we look like men ab-horred,  
Or ban-ished from Thy face?  
Wilt Thou for-ev-er cast us off,  
And still ne-glect our cries?  
For-ev-er hide Thine heaven-ly love  
From our af-flict-ed eyes?  
From our af-flict-ed eyes?  
Down to the dust our soul is bowed,  
And lies up-on the ground;  
Rise for our help, re-buke the proud,  
And all their powers con-found.  
Re-deem us from per-petu-al shame,  
Our Sav-iour and our God;  
We plead the hon-ours of Thy Name,  
The mer-its of Thy blood.  
The mer-its of Thy blood.

## Gracious Spirit, Dove Divine

---

Gra-cious Spir-it, Dove di-vine,  
Let Thy light with-in me shine;  
All my guilt-y fears re-move,  
Fill me full of heaven and love.  
Speak Thy par-doning grace to me,  
Set the bur-dened sin-ner free;  
Lead me to the Lamb of God,  
Wash me in His pre-cious blood.  
Life and peace to me im-part;  
Seal sal-va-tion on my heart;  
Breathe Thy-self in-to my breast,  
Ear-nest of im-mor-tal rest.  
Let me nev-er from Thee stray,  
Keep me in the nar-row way;  
Fill my soul with joy di-vine,  
Keep me, Lord, for-ev-er Thine.

## Great God, We Sing Your Mighty Hand

---

Great God, we sing your might-y hand  
By which sup-port-ed still we stand;  
The o-pening year Your mer-cy shows,  
That mer-cy crowns it 'til its close.  
By day, by night, at home, a-broad,  
Still are we guard-ed by our God,  
By His in-ces-sant boun-ty fed,  
By His in-er-rant coun-sel led.  
In scenes ex-alt-ed or de-pressed,  
You are our joy, and You our rest;  
Your good-ness all our hopes shall raise,  
A-dored through all our chang-ing days.  
When death shall in-ter-rupt our songs  
And seal in si-lence mor-tal tongues,  
In fair-er realms, O God shall we  
Your prais-es sing e-ter-nal-ly.

## Great God, What Do I See and Hear!

---

Great God, what do I see and hear!  
The end of things cre-a-ted!  
The Judge of man-kind doth ap-pear  
On clouds of glo-ry seat-ed!  
The trump-et sounds; the graves re-store  
The dead which they con-tained be-fore  
Pre-pare, my soul, to meet Him.  
The dead in Christ shall first a-rise,  
At the last trum-pet's sound-ing,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord sur-round-ing;  
No gloom-y fears their souls dis-may;  
His pres-ence sheds e-ter-nal day  
On those pre-pared to meet Him.  
But sin-ners, filled with guilt-y fears,  
Be-hold His wrath pre-vail-ing;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are un-a-vail-ing:  
The day of grace is past and gone;  
Trem-bling they stand be-fore the throne,  
All un-pre-pared to meet Him.  
Great God, what do I see and hear!  
The end of things cre-a-ted!  
The Judge of man-kind doth ap-pear  
On clouds of glo-ry seat-ed!  
Be-neath His cross I view the day

When heaven and earth shall pass a-way,  
And thus pre-pare to meet Him.

## Great is the Lord our God

---

Great is the Lord our God  
And let us sing His worth;  
He makes His peo-ple His a-bode  
And His de-light on earth.  
In Zi-on God is known  
A re-fuge in dis-tress;  
How bright has His sal-va-tion shone  
Through all her pal-a-ces!  
When kings a-gainst her joined,  
And saw the Lord was there,  
In wild con-fu-sion of the mind  
They fled with has-ty fear.  
Oft have our fa-thers told,  
Our eyes have oft-en seen,  
How well our God se-cures the fold  
Where His own sheep have been.  
In ev-ery new dis-tress  
We'll to His house re-pair,  
We'll think up-on His won-drous grace,  
And seek de-liv-erance there  
Far as Thy name is known  
The world de-clares Thy praise;  
Thy saints, O Lord, be-fore Thy throne  
Their songs of hon-our raise.  
With joy let Ju-dah stand  
On Zi-on's cho-sen hill,

Pro-claim the won-ders of Thy hand,  
And coun-sels of Thy will.  
The God we wor-ship now  
Will guide us till we die,  
Will be our God while here be-low,  
And ours a-bove the sky.

## Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah

---

Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, pil-grim through this bar-ren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty; hold me with Thy power-ful hand;  
Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, feed me till I want no more,  
Feed me till I want no more.

O-pen now the crys-tal foun-tain, whence the heal-ing stream doth flow;  
Let the fire and cloud-y pil-lar lead me all my jour-ney through;  
Strong De-liv-erer, strong De-liv-erer, be Thou my strength and shield,  
Be Thou my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, bid my anx-ious fears sub-side;  
Death of death, and hell's De-struc-tion, land me safe on Ca-naan's side;  
Song of prais-es, song of prais-es, I will ev-er give to Thee,  
I will ev-er give to Thee.

## Hail the Day That Sees Him Rise

---

Hail the day that sees Him rise Al-le-lu-ia!  
To His throne a-bove the skies; Al-le-lu-ia!  
Christ, the Lamb for sin-ners given, Al-le-lu-ia!  
En-ters now the high-est heaven. Al-le-lu-ia!  
There for Him high tri-umph waits; Al-le-lu-ia!  
Life your heads, e-ter-nal gates, Al-le-lu-ia!  
He hath con-quered death and sin, Al-le-lu-ia!  
Take the King of glo-ry in! Al-le-lu-ia!  
See, He lifts His hands a-bove! Al-le-lu-ia!  
See, He shows the prints of love! Al-le-lu-ia!  
Hark! the gra-cious lips be-stow Al-le-lu-ia!  
Bless-ings on His church be-low. Al-le-lu-ia!  
Lord, be-yond our mor-tal sight, Al-le-lu-ia!  
Raise our hearts to reach Thy height; Al-le-lu-ia!  
There Thy face un-cloud-ed see, Al-le-lu-ia!  
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee! Al-le-lu-ia!

## Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus!

---

Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus!  
Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King!  
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us;  
Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.  
Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-ior,  
Bear-er of our sin and shame!  
By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor;  
Life is giv-en through Thy name.  
Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed,  
All our sins on Thee were laid;  
By al-might-y love a-noint-ed,  
Thou hast full a-tone-ment made.  
All Thy peo-ple are for-giv-en  
Through the vir-tue of Thy blood;  
O-pened is the gate of heav-en;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.  
Je-sus, hail! en-throned in glo-ry,  
There for-ev-er to a-bide;  
All the heav-en-ly hosts a-dore Thee,  
Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side.  
There for sin-ners Thou art plead-ing;  
There Thou dost our place pre-pare;  
Ev-er for us in-ter-ced-ing  
Till in glo-ry we ap-pear.  
Wor-ship, hon-or, power and bless-ing  
Thou art wor-thy to re-ceive,

Loud-est prais-es, with-out ceas-ing,

Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright an-gel-ic spir-its,

Bring your sweet-est, no-blest lays;

Help to sing our Sav-ior's mer-its,

Help to chant Em-man-uel's praise!

## Hail to the Lord's Anointe

---

Hail to the Lord's An-oint-ed,  
Great Da-vid's great-er Son!  
Hail, in the time ap-point-ed,  
His reign on earth be-gun!  
He comes to break op-pres-sion,  
To set the cap-tive free,  
To take a-way trans-gres-sion,  
And rule in e-qui-ty.  
He comes with com-fort speed-y  
To those who suf-fer wrong;  
To help the poor and need-y,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sigh-ing,  
Their dark-ness turn to light,  
Whose souls, con-demned and dy-ing,  
Were pre-cious in His sight.  
He shall come down like show-ers  
Up-on the fruit-ful earth;  
And love, joy, hope, like flow-ers,  
Spring in His path to birth;  
Be-fore Him on the moun-tains  
Shall peace, the her-ald, go;  
And right-eous-ness, in foun-tains,  
From hill and val-ley flow.  
O'er ev-ery foe vic-to-rious,  
He on His throne shall rest,

From age to age more glo-rious,  
All-bless-ing and all-blessed;  
The tide of time shall nev-er  
His cov-e-nant re-move;  
His name shall stand for-ev-er  
That name to us is Love.

## Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

---

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

In His tem-ple God be praised;

In the high and heaven-ly pla-ces

Be the sound-ing an-them raised.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise Je-ho-vah!

For His might-y acts of fame;

Ex-cel-lent His might and great-ness,

Fit-ting prais-es then pro-claim.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise Je-ho-vah!

With the trum-pet's joy-ful sound;

Praise with harp and praise with or-gan,

Let His glo-rious praise a-bound.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

All that breathe, Je-ho-vah praise;

Let the voi-ces God has giv-en

Joy-ful an-thems to Him raise.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

## Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah

---

Hal-le-lu-jah, praise Je-ho-vah,  
O my soul, Je-ho-vah praise;  
I will sing the glo-rious prai-ses  
Of my God through all my days.  
Put no con-fi-dence in prin-ces,  
Nor for help on man de-pend;  
He shall die, to dust re-turn-ing,  
And his pur-pos-es shall end.  
Hap-py is the man that choos-es  
Is-rael's God to be his aid;  
He is blessed whose hope of bless-ing  
On the Lord his God is stayed.  
Heav'n and earth the Lord cre-at-ed,  
Seas and all that they con-tain;  
He de-liv-ers from op-pres-sion,  
Righ-teous-ness He will main-tain.  
Food He dai-ly gives the hun-gry,  
Sets the mourn-ing pris-'ner free,  
Rais-es those bowed down with an-guish,  
Makes the sight-less eye to see.  
Well Je-ho-vah loves the righ-teous,  
And the strang-er He be-friends,  
Helps the fa-ther-less and wid-ow,  
Judg-ment on the wick-ed sends.  
Hal-le-lu-jah, praise Je-ho-vah,  
O my soul, Je-ho-vah praise;

I will sing the glo-rious prai-ses  
Of my God through all my days.  
O-ver all God reigns for-ev-er,  
Through all a-ges He is King;  
Un-to Him, your God, O Zi-on,  
Joy-ful hal-le-lu-jahs sing.

## Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah

---

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Of my God through all my days.  
O-ver all God reigns for-ev-er,  
Through all a-ges He is King;  
Un-to Him, your God, O Zi-on,  
Joy-ful hal-le-lu-jahs sing.

## Hallelujah, Raise, O Raise Hal-le-lu-jah! Raise, O raise

---

Hal-le-lu-jah! Raise, O raise  
To our God the song of praise;  
All His ser-vants join to sing  
God our Sav-ior and our King.  
Bless-ed be for-ev-er-more  
That dread name which we a-dore:  
Round the world His praise be sung  
Through all lands, in ev-ery tongue.  
O'er all na-tions God a-lone,  
High-er than the heavens His throne;  
Who is like to God Most High,  
In-fi-nite in maj-es-ty!  
Yet to view the heavens He bends;  
Yea, to earth He con-de-scends;  
Pass-ing by the rich and great,  
For the low and des-o-late.  
He can raise the poor to stand  
With the princ-es of the land;  
Wealth up-on the need-y shower:  
Set with Him the high in power.  
He the bro-ken spi-rit cheers:  
Turns to joy the mourn-er's tears;  
Such the won-ders of His ways;  
Praise His name, for-ev-er praise!

## Happy the Man to Whom His God

---

Hap-py the man to whom his God  
No more im-putes his sin,  
But, washed in the Re-deem-er's blood,  
Hath made his gar-ments clean!  
Hap-py, be-yond ex-pres-sion, he  
Whose debts are thus dis-charged;  
And, from the guil-ty bond-age free,  
He feels his soul en-larged.  
His spi-rit hates de-ceit and lies,  
His words are all sin-cere;  
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,  
To keep his con-science clear.  
While I my in-ward guilt sup-pressed,  
No qui-et could I find;  
Thy wrath lay burn-ing in my breast,  
And wracked my tor-tured mind.  
Then I con-fessed my troub-led thoughts,  
My se-cret sins re-vealed;  
Thy pard-'ning grace for-gave my faults,  
Thy grace my par-don sealed.  
This shall in-vite Thy saints to pray;  
When, like a rag-ing flood,  
Temp-ta-tions rise, our strength and stay  
Is a for-giv-ing God.

## Hark the Glad Sound!

---

Hark the glad sound! the Sa-viour comes,  
The Sa-viour pro-mised long:  
Let eve-ry heart pre-pare a throne,  
And eve-ry voice a song.  
He comes, the pris-oners to re-lease  
In Sa-tan's bon-dage held;  
The gates of brass be-fore Him burst,  
The iron fet-ters yield.  
He comes, the bro-ken heart to bind,  
The bleed-ing soul to cure,  
And with the trea-sures of His grace  
To bless the hum-ble poor.  
Our glad ho-san-nas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy wel-come shall pro-claim;  
And heaven's e-ter-nal arch-es ring  
With Thy be-loved name.

## Hark the Voice of Love and Mercy

---

Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy  
Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry;  
See, it rends the rocks a-sun-der,  
Shakes the earth and veils the sky:  
"It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished!"  
Hear the dy-ing Sav-ior cry;  
Hear the dy-ing Sav-ior cry;  
"It is fin-ished!" O what plea-sure  
Do these pre-cious words af-ford  
Heaven-ly bless-ings, with-out mea-sure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:  
"It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished!"  
Saints the dy-ing words re-cord;  
Saints the dy-ing words re-cord.  
Fin-ished all the types and shad-ows  
Of the cer-e-mo-nial law;  
Fin-ished all that God had prom-ised;  
Death and hell no more shall awe:  
"It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished! It is fin-ished!"  
Saints, from hence your com-fort draw;  
Saints, from hence your com-fort draw.  
Tune your harps anew, ye ser-aphs,  
Join to sing the glo-rious theme;  
All in earth, and all in hea-ven,  
Join to praise Em-man-uel's name:  
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb!

Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb!

## Have You Not Known

---

Have you not known, have you not heard  
That firm re-mains on high  
The ev-er-last-ing throne of Him  
Who formed the earth and sky?  
Are you a-fraid his power shall fail  
When comes your e-vil day?  
And can an all-cre-a-ting arm  
Grow wea-ry or de-cay?  
Su-preme in wis-dom as in power  
The Rock of A-ges stands,  
Though Him you can-not see, nor trace  
The work-ing of His hands.  
He gives the con-quest to the weak,  
Sup-ports the faint-ing heart;  
And cou-rage in the e-vil hour  
His hea-venly aids im-part.  
Mere hu-man power shall fast de-cay,  
And youth-ful vig-or cease;  
But they who wait up-on the Lord  
In strength shall still in-crease.  
They with un-wear-ied feet shall tread  
The path of life di-vine;  
With grow-ing ar-dor on-ward move,  
With grow-ing bright-ness shine.  
On ea-gles' wings they mount, they soar--  
Their wings are faith and love--

Till, past the cloud-y re-gions here,  
They rise to heaven above.

## He Who Would Valiant Be

---

He who would val-iant be 'gainst all dis-as-ter,  
Let him in con-stan-cy fol-low the Mas-ter.  
There's no dis-cour-age-ment shall make him once re-lent  
His first a-vowed in-tent to be a pil-grim.  
Who so be-set him round with dis-mal sto-ries,  
Do but them-selves con-found—his strength the more is.  
No foes shall stay his might; though he with gi-ants fight,  
He will make good his right to be a pil-grim.  
Since, Lord, Thou dost de-fend us with Thy Spir-it,  
We know we at the end shall life in-her-it.  
Then, fan-cies, flee a-way! I'll fear not what men say,  
I'll la-bor night and day to be a pil-grim.

## High in the Heavens, Eternal God

---

High in the hea-vens, e-ter-nal God,  
Thy good-ness in full glo-ry shines;  
Thy truth shall break thru ev-ery cloud  
That veils and dark-ens Thy de-signs.  
For ev-er firm Thy jus-tice stands,  
As moun-tains their foun-da-tions keep;  
Wise are the won-ders of Thy hands;  
Thy judg-ments are a might-y deep.  
Thy prov-i-dence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast Thy boun-ty share;  
The whole cre-a-tion is Thy charge,  
But saints are Thy pe-cu-liar care.  
My God! how ex-cel-lent Thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and com-fort springs!  
The sons of A-dam in dis-tress  
Fly to the sha-dow of Thy wings.  
From the pro-vi-sions of Thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet re-past;  
There mer-cy like a riv-er flows,  
And brings sal-va-tion to our taste.  
Life, like a foun-tain rich and free,  
Springs from the pres-ence of the Lord;  
And in Thy light our souls shall see  
The glo-ries prom-ised in Thy Word.

## Holy God, We Praise Thy Name

---

High in the hea-vens, e-ter-nal God,  
Thy good-ness in full glo-ry shines;  
Thy truth shall break thru ev-ery cloud  
That veils and dark-ens Thy de-signs.  
For ev-er firm Thy jus-tice stands,  
As moun-tains their foun-da-tions keep;  
Wise are the won-ders of Thy hands;  
Thy judg-ments are a might-y deep.  
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We shall be fed with sweet re-past;  
There mer-cy like a riv-er flows,  
And brings sal-va-tion to our taste.  
Life, like a foun-tain rich and free,  
Springs from the pres-ence of the Lord;  
And in Thy light our souls shall see  
The glo-ries prom-ised in Thy Word.

## Holy Holy Holy

---

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y!

Ear-ly in the morn-ing, our song shall rise to Thee;

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! mer-ci-ful and might-y!

God in three per-sons, bles-sed Trin-i-ty!

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee,

Cast-ing down their gold-en crowns a-round the glas-sy sea;

Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim fall-ing down be-fore Thee,

Who wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! though the dark-ness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see;

On-ly Thou art ho-ly-- There is none be-side Thee

Per-fect in power, in love and pu-ri-ty.

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y!

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 per-sons, bles-sed Trin-i-ty!

## How Doth the Little Busy Bee

---

How doth the lit-tle bus-y bee  
Im-prove each shin-ing hour,  
And gath-er hon-ey all the day  
From ev-ery open-ing flower!  
How skill-ful-ly she builds her cell!  
How neat-ly spreads the wax!  
And la-bors hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.  
In works of la-bor or of skill  
I would be bus-y too:  
For Sa-tan finds some mis-chief still  
For i-dle hands to do.  
In books, or work, or health-ful play  
Let my first years be passed,  
That I may give for ev-ery day  
Some good ac-count at last.

## How Firm a Foundation

---

How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent Word!  
What more can He say than to you He hath said,  
To you who for re-fuge to Je-sus have fled?  
"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed,  
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strength-en and help thee, and cause thee to stand  
Up-held by my right-eous, om-ni-po-tent hand.  
"When through the deep wa-ters I call thee to go,  
The riv-ers of woe shall not thee o-ver-flow;  
For I will be with thee, thy trou-bles to bless,  
And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.  
"When through fier-y tri-als thy path-ways shall lie,  
My grace, all suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only de-sign  
Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.  
"The soul that on Je-sus still leans for re-pose,  
I will not, I will not de-sert to its foes;  
That soul, though all hell should en-dea-vor to shake,  
I'll ne-ver, no ne-ver, no ne-ver for-sake."  
"E-ven down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove  
My sov-ereign, e-ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love;  
And when hoar-y hairs shall their tem-ples a-dorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bos-om be borne."  
In every con-di-tion, in sick-ness, in health;  
In pov-er-ty's vale, or a-boun-ding in wealth;

At home and a-broad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy days may de-mand, shall thy strength ev-er be.

## How Long Wilt Thou Forget M

---

How long wilt Thou for-get me,  
O Lord, Thou God of grace?  
How long shall fears be-set me,  
While dark-ness hides Thy face?  
How long shall griefs dis-tress me  
And turn my day to night?  
How long shall foes op-press me  
And tri-umph in their might?  
O Lord my God, be-hold me,  
And hear my ear-nest cries;  
Lest sleep of death en-fold me,  
En-light-en Thou mine eyes;  
Lest now my foe in-sult-ing  
Should boast of his suc-cess,  
And en-e-mies ex-ult-ing  
Re-joice in my dis-tress.  
But I with ex-pec-ta-tion  
Have on Thy grace re-lied;  
My heart in Thy sal-va-tion  
Shall still with joy con-fide;  
And I with voice of sing-ing  
Will praise the Lord a-bove,  
Who, rich-est boun-ties bring-ing,  
Has dealt with me in love.

## How Precious is the Book Divine

---

How pre-cious is the book di-vine,  
By in-spi-ra-tion given;  
Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.  
It sweet-ly cheers our droop-ing hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light and joy it still im-parts,  
And quells our ris-ing fears.  
This lamp, though all the te-dious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we be-hold the clear-er light  
Of an e-ter-nal day.

## How Shall the Young Direct their Way?

---

How shall the young di-rect their way?

What light shall be their per-fect guide?

Thy Word, O Lord, will safe-ly lead,

If in its wis-dom they con-fide.

Sin-cere-ly I have sought Thee, Lord,

O let me not from Thee de-part;

To know Thy will and keep from sin

Thy Word I cher-ish in my heart.

O bless-ed Lord, teach me Thy law,

Thy right-eous judg-ments I de-clare;

Thy test-i-mo-nies make me glad,

For they are wealth be-yond com-pare.

Up-on Thy pre-cepts and Thy ways

My heart will med-i-tate with awe;

Thy Word shall be my chief de-light,

And I will not for-get Thy law.

## I Greet Thee, Who My Sure Redeemer Art

---

I greet Thee, who my sure Re-deem-er art,  
My on-ly trust and Sav-ior of my heart,  
Who pain didst un-der-go for my poor sake;  
I pray Thee from our hearts all cares to take.  
Thou art the King of mer-cy and of grace,  
Reign-ing om-nip-o-tent in ev-ery place:  
So come, O King, and our whole be-ing sway;  
Shine on us with the light of Thy pure day.  
Thou art the Life, by which a-lone we live,  
And all our sub-stance and our strength re-ceive;  
O com-fort us in death's ap-proach-ing hour,  
Strong-heart-ed then to face it by Thy power.  
Thou hast the true and per-fect gen-tle-ness,  
No harsh-ness hast Thou and no bit-ter-ness:  
Make us to taste the sweet grace found in Thee  
And ev-er stay in Thy sweet u-ni-ty.  
Our hope is in no oth-er save in Thee;  
Our faith is built up-on Thy prom-ise free;  
O grant to us such strong-er hope and sure  
That we can bold-ly con-quer and en-dure.

## I Know That My Redeemer Lives

---

I know that my Re-deem-er lives— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

What com-fort this sweet sent-ence gives— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

Shout on, pray on, we're gain-ing ground— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

The dead's a-live and the lost is found— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

He lives, He lives, who once was dead— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

He lives, my ev-er-last-ing Head— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

Shout on, pray on, we're gain-ing ground— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

The dead's a-live and the lost is found— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

He lives to bless me with His love— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

He lives to plead for me a-bove— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

Shout on, pray on, we're gain-ing ground— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

The dead's a-live and the lost is found— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

He lives, all glo-ry to His name!— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

He lives, my Je-sus, still the same— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

Shout on, pray on, we're gain-ing ground— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

The dead's a-live and the lost is found— Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

## I Need Thee, Precious Jesus

---

I need Thee, pre-cious Je-sus,  
For I am full of sin;  
My soul is dark and guilt-y,  
My heart is dead with-in,  
I need the cleans-ing foun-tain  
Where I can al-ways flee,  
The blood of Christ most pre-cious,  
The sin-ner's per-fect plea.  
I need Thee, precious Je-sus,  
For I am ver-y poor;  
A strang-er and a pil-grim,  
I have no earth-ly store.  
I need the love of Je-sus  
To cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubt-ing foot-steps,  
To be my strength and stay.  
I need Thee, pre-cious Je-sus,  
And hope to see Thee soon,  
En-cir-cled with the rain-bow  
And seat-ed on Thy throne.  
There, with Thy blood-bought chil-dren,  
My joy shall ev-er be,  
To sing my Je-sus' prais-es,  
To gaze, O Lord, on Thee.

## I Sing the Almighty Power of God

---

I sing the al-might-y power of God  
That made the moun-tains rise,  
That spread the flow-ing seas a-broad  
And built the loft-y skies.  
I sing the wis-dom that or-dained  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at His com-mand,  
And all the stars o-bey.  
I sing the good-ness of the Lord  
That filled the earth with food;  
He formed the crea-tures with His word  
And then pro-nounced them good.  
Lord, how Thy won-ders are dis-played  
Wher-e'er we turn our eyes:  
In ev-ery sea-son of the year,  
And through the chang-ing skies.  
There's not a plant or flower be-low  
But makes Thy glo-ries known;  
And clouds a-rise and tem-pests blow  
By or-der from Thy throne,  
While all that bor-rows life from Thee  
Is ev-er in Thy care,  
And ev-ery-where that man can be,  
Thou, God art pre-sent there.

## I'll Praise My Maker

---

I'll praise my Mak-er while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall em-ploy my nob-ler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and be-ing last,  
Or im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures.  
Hap-py the man whose hopes re-ly  
On Is-rael's God: He made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train;  
His truth for-ev-er stands se-cure,  
He saves the op-pressed, He feeds the poor,  
And none shall find His pro-mise vain.  
The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;  
The Lord sup-ports the faint-ing mind;  
He sends the labor-ing con-science peace;  
He helps the stran-ger in dis-tress,  
The wi-dow, and the fa-ther-less,  
And grants the pris-oner sweet re-lease.  
I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall em-ploy my no-bler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and be-ing last,  
Or im-mor-tal-i-ty en-dures.

## I'm Not Ashamed to Own my Lord

---

I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord,  
Or to de-fend His cause,  
Main-tain the hon-or of His Word,  
The glo-ry of His cross.  
Je-sus, my God! I know His Name,  
His Name is all my trust;  
Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.  
Firm as His throne His pro-mise stands,  
And He can well se-cure  
What I've com-mit-ted to His hands  
Till the de-ci-sive hour.  
Then will He own my worth-less name  
Be-fore His Fa-ther's face,  
And in the new Je-ru-sa-lem  
Ap-point my soul a place.+

## Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

---

Im-mortal, in-vis-i-ble, God on-ly wise,  
In light in-ac-ces-si-ble hid from our eyes,  
Most bles-sed, most glo-rious, the An-cient of Days,  
Al-might-y, vic-to-rious, Thy great name we praise.  
Un-rest-ing, un-hast-ing, and si-lent as light,  
Nor want-ing, nor wast-ing, Thou rul-est in might;  
Thy jus-tice like moun-tains high soar-ing a-bove  
Thy clouds, which are foun-tains of good-ness and love.  
To all, life Thou givest, to both great and small;  
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;  
We blos-som and flour-ish as leaves on the tree,  
And with-er and per-ish—but naught chang-eth Thee.  
Great Fa-ther of glo-ry, pure Fa-ther of light,  
Thine an-gels a-dore Thee, all veil-ing their sight;  
All praise we would ren-der: O help us to see  
'Tis on-ly the splen-dor of light hid-eth Thee.

## In Sweet Communion, Lord, with Thee

---

In sweet com-mu-nion, Lord, with Thee  
I con-stant-ly a-bide;  
My hand Thou hold-est in Thine own  
To keep me near Thy side.  
Thy coun-sel through my earth-ly way  
Shall guide me and con-trol,  
And then to glo-ry af-ter-ward  
Thou wilt re-ceive my soul.  
Whom have I, Lord, in heaven but Thee,  
To whom my thoughts as-pire?  
And hav-ing Thee, on earth is naught  
That I can yet en-dure.  
Though flesh and heart should faint and fail,  
The Lord will ev-er be  
The strength and por-tion of my heart,  
My God e-ter-nal-ly.  
To live a-part from God is death,  
'Tis good His face to seek;  
My ref-uge is the liv-ing God,  
His praise I long to speak.

## In Thy Wrath and Hot Displeasure

---

In Thy wrath and hot dis-plea-sure,  
Chas-ten not Thy ser-vant, Lord;  
Let Thy mer-cy, with-out mea-sure,  
Help and peace to me af-ford.  
Heav-y is my trib-u-la-tion,  
Sore my pun-ish-ment has been;  
Bro-ken by Thine in-dig-na-tion,  
I am trou-bled by my sin.  
With my bur-den of trans-gres-sion  
Heav-y lad-en, o-ver-borne,  
Hum-bled low I make con-fes-sion,  
For my fol-ly now I mourn.  
Weak and wound-ed, I im-plore Thee;  
Lord, to me Thy mer-cy show;  
All my prayer is now be-fore Thee,  
All my trou-ble Thou dost know.  
Dark-ness gath-ers, foes as-sail me,  
But I an-swer not a word;  
All my friends de-sert and fail me,  
On-ly Thou my cry hast heard.  
Lord, in Thee am I con-fid-ing;  
Thou wilt an-swer when I call,  
Lest my foes, the good de-rid-ing,  
Tri-umph in Thy ser-vant's fall.  
I am prone to halt and stum-ble,  
Grief and sor-row dwell with-in,

Shame and guilt my spir-it hum-ble;

I am sor-ry for my sin.

Lord, my God, do not for-sake me,

Let me know that Thou art near,

Un-der Thy pro-tec-tion take me,

As my Sav-ior now ap-pear.

## Into Thine Hand, O God of Truth

---

In-to Thine hand, O God of truth,  
My spi-rit I com-mit;  
Thou hast re-deemed my soul from death,  
And saved me from the pit.  
The pas-sions of my hope and fear  
Main-tained a doubt-ful strife,  
While sor-row, pain, and sin con-spired  
To take a-way my life.  
My times are in Thy hand, I cried,  
Though I draw near the dust;  
Thou art the ref-uge where I hide,  
The God in whom I trust.  
O make Thy re-con-ci-led face  
Up-on Thy ser-vant shine,  
And save me for Thy mer-cy's sake,  
For I'm en-tire-ly Thine.  
'Twas in my haste, my spi-rit said,  
I must des-pair and die,  
I am cut off be-fore Thine eyes;  
But Thou hast heard my cry.  
Thy good-ness how di-vine-ly free!  
How won-drous is Thy grace  
To those that fear Thy maj-es-ty,  
And trust Thy prom-is-es!  
O love the Lord, all ye His saints,  
And sing His prais-es loud;

He'll bend His ear to your com-plaints,  
And re-com-pense the proud.

## It Is Good to Sing Thy Prais

---

It is good to sing Thy prais-es  
And to thank Thee, O Most High,  
Show-ing forth Thy lov-ing-kind-ness  
When the morn-ing lights the sky.  
It is good when night is fall-ing  
Of Thy faith-ful-ness to tell,  
While with sweet, me-lo-dious prais-es  
Songs of ad-o-ra-tion swell.  
Thou hast filled my heart with glad-ness  
Through the works Thy hands have wrought;  
Thou hast made my life vic-to-rious,  
Great Thy works and deep Thy thought.  
Thou, O Lord, on high ex-alt-ed,  
Reign-est ev-er-more in might;  
All Thy en-e-mies shall per-ish,  
Sin be ban-ished from Thy sight.  
But the good shall live be-fore Thee,  
Plant-ed in Thy dwell-ing place,  
Fruit-ful trees and ev-er ver-dant,  
Nour-ished by Thy bound-less grace.  
In His good-ness to the right-eous  
God His right-eous-ness dis-plays;  
God my rock, my strength, my ref-uge,  
Just and true are all His ways.

## I Will Extol Thee, Lord, On High

---

I will ex-tol Thee, Lord on high,  
At Thy com-mand dis-eas-es fly;  
Who but a God can speak and save  
From the dark bor-ders of the grave?  
Sing to the Lord, ye saints of His,  
And tell how large His good-ness is;  
Let all your powers re-joice and bless,  
While you re-cord His ho-li-ness.  
His an-ger but a mo-ment stays;  
His love is life and length of days;  
Though grief and tears the night em-ploy,  
The Morn-ing Star re-stores the joy.

## Jehovah, my God, on Thy Help I Depend

---

Je-ho-vah, my God, on Thy help I de-pend,  
From all that pur-sue me O save and de-fend;  
Lest they like a li-on should rend me at will,  
While no one is near me their rag-ing to still.  
When wronged with-out cause I have kind-ness re-turned;  
But if I my neigh-bor mal-treated and spurned,  
My soul let the en-e-my seize for his prey,  
My life and mine hon-or in dust let him lay.  
O Lord, in Thy wrath stay the range of my foes;  
A-wake, and Thy judg-ment or-dained in-ter-pose.  
Let peo-ples sur-round Thee and wait at Thy feet,  
While o'er them for judg-ment Thou tak-est Thy seat.  
All na-tions of men shall be judged by the Lord;  
To me, O Je-ho-vah, just judg-ment ac-cord,  
As faith-ful and right-eous in life I have been,  
And ever in-teg-ri-ty cher-ished with-in.  
Es-tab-lish the right-eous, let e-vil de-part,  
For God, who is just, tries the thoughts of the heart.  
In God for de-fense I have placed all my trust;  
The up-right He saves and He judg-es the just.  
The Lord with the wick-ed is wroth ev-ery day,  
And if thou re-pent not is ready to slay;  
By man-i-fold ru-in for oth-ers pre-pared  
They sure-ly at last shall them-selves be en-snared.  
Be-cause He is right-eous His praise I will sing,  
Thanks-giv-ing and hon-or to Him I will bring,

Will sing to the Lord on whose grace I re-ly,  
Ex-tol-ling the Name of Je-ho-vah Most High.

## Jehovah Reigns, Let Earth be Glad

---

Je-ho-vah reigns; let earth be glad,  
And all the isles their joy make known;  
With clouds and dark-ness He is clad,  
On truth and jus-tice rests His throne.  
Con-sum-ing fire de-stroys His foes,  
A-round the world His light-nings blaze;  
The trem-bling earth His pres-ence knows,  
The moun-tains melt be-fore His gaze.  
The heavens His right-eous-ness pro-claim,  
Through earth His glo-ry shines a-broad;  
From i-dol wor-ship turn with shame  
And bow be-fore the liv-ing God.  
Thy church re-joices to be-hold  
Thy judg-ments in the earth, O Lord;  
Thy glo-ry to the world un-fold,  
Su-preme o'er all be Thou a-dored.  
All you that tru-ly love the Lord,  
Hate sin, for He is just and pure;  
To saints His help He will accord  
And keep them in His love se-cure.  
For good men light and joy are sown  
To bless them in the har-vest-time;  
O saints, your joy in God make known  
And ev-er praise His Name sub-lime.

## Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be?

---

'Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be,  
A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?  
A-shamed of Thee whom an-gels praise,  
Whose glo-ries shine through end-less days!  
A-shamed of Je-sus! soon-er far  
Let eve-ning blush to own a star:  
He sheds the beams of light Di-vine  
O-er this be-night-ed soul of mine.  
A-shamed of Je-sus! just as soon  
Let mid-night be a-shamed of noon:  
'Tis mid-night with my soul till He,  
Bright Morn-ing Star, bid dark-ness flee.  
A-shamed of Je-sus, that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven de-pend!  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more re-vere His Name.  
A-shamed of Je-sus! yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash a-way,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.  
Till then--nor is my boast-ing vain  
--Till then I boast a Sav-ior slain;  
And O may this my glo-ry be,  
That Christ is not a-shamed of me.

## Jesus, I am Resting, Resting

---

Jesus, I am rest-ing, rest-ing

In the joy of what Thou art;

I am find-ing out the great-ness

Of Thy lov-ing heart.

Thou hast bid me gaze up-on Thee,

As Thy beau-ty fills my soul,

For by Thy trans-form-ing pow-er

Thou has made me whole.

Jesus, I am rest-ing, rest-ing

In the joy of what Thou art;

I am find-ing out the great-ness

Of Thy lov-ing heart.

O how great Thy lov-ing-kind-ness,

Vast-er, broad-er than the sea!

O how mar-vel-ous Thy good-ness

Lav-ished all on me!

Yes, I rest in Thee, Be-lov-ed,

Know what wealth of grace is Thine,

Know Thy cer-tain-ty of prom-ise

And have made it mine.

Jesus, I am rest-ing, rest-ing

In the joy of what Thou art;

I am find-ing out the great-ness

Of Thy lov-ing heart.

Simp-ly trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus,

I be-hold Thee as Thou art,

And Thy love, so pure, so change-less,  
Satis-fies my heart;  
Satis-fies its deep-est long-ings,  
Meets, sup-plies its ev-ery need,  
Com-pass-eth me round with bless-ings:  
Thine is love in-deed.

Jesus, I am rest-ing, rest-ing  
In the joy of what Thou art;  
I am find-ing out the great-ness  
Of Thy lov-ing heart.

Ev-er life Thy face up-on me  
As I work and wait for Thee;  
Rest-ing 'neath Thy smile, Lord Je-sus,  
Earth's dark shad-ows flee.

Bright-ness of my Fa-ther's glo-ry,  
Sun-shine of my Fa-ther's face,  
Keep me ev-er trust-ing, rest-ing,  
Fill me with Thy grace.

Jesus, I am rest-ing, rest-ing  
In the joy of what Thou art;  
I am find-ing out the great-ness  
Of Thy lov-ing heart.

## Jesus, Lord, Redeemer

---

Je-sus, Lord, Re-deem-er, once for sin-ners slain,  
Cru-ci-fied in weak-ness, raised in power to reign,  
Dwell-ing with the Fa-ther, end-less in your days,  
Un-to you be glo-ry, hon-or, bless-ing, praise.  
Faith-ful ones, com-mun-ing toward the close of day,  
Des-o-late and wea-ry, met you in the way.  
So, when sun is set-ting, come to us and show  
All the truth; and in us make our hearts to glow.  
In the up-per cham-ber, where the ten in fear  
Gath-ered sad and trou-bled, there you did ap-pear.  
So, O Lord, this eve-ning, bid our sor-rows cease;  
Breathing on us, Sav-ior, say, "I give you peace."

## Jesus, Lover of My Soul

---

Je-sus, lov-er of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bo-som fly,  
While the near-er wa-ters roll,  
While the tem-pest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe in-to the ha-ven guide,  
O re-ceive my soul at last!  
Oth-er ref-uge have I none,  
Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not a-lone,  
Still sup-port and com-fort me!  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cov-er my de-fense-less head  
With the shad-ow of Thy wing.  
Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the blind.  
Just and ho-ly is Thy name;  
I am all un-right-eous-ness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.  
Plen-teous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cov-er all my sin;

Let the heal-ing streams a-bound;  
Make and keep me pure with-in:  
Thou of life the foun-tain art,  
Free-ly let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up with-in my heart,  
Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.

## Jesus Shall Reign where'er the Sun

---

Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun  
Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run,  
His king-dom spread from shore to shore,  
'Til moons shall wax and wane no more.  
To Him shall end-less prayer be made,  
And end-less prais-es crown His head;  
His name like sweet per-fume shall rise  
With ev-ery morn-ing sac-ri-fice.  
Peo-ple, and realms of ev-ery tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweet-est song;  
And in-fant voi-ces shall pro-claim  
Their ear-ly bless-ings on His name.  
Let every crea-ture rise and bring  
His grate-ful hon-ors to our King;  
An-gels des-cending with songs a-gain,  
And earth re-peat the loud "A-men!"

## Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

---

Je-sus, the ver-y thought of Thee  
With sweet-ness fills my breast;  
But sweet-er far Thy face to see  
And in Thy pres-ence rest.  
No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
Nor can the mem-ory find  
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name,  
O Sav-ior of man-kind.  
O hope of ev-ery con-trite heart,  
O joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek!  
But what to those who find? Ah, this  
No tongue or pen can show;  
The love of Je-sus, what it is  
None but His loved ones know.  
Je-sus, our on-ly joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be;  
Je-sus, be Thou our glo-ry now  
And through e-ter-ni-ty.

## Jesus! What a Friend for Sinners!

---

Je-sus! what a Friend for sin-ners!

Je-sus lov-er of my soul;

Friends may fail me, foes as-sail me,

He my Sav-ior, makes me whole.

Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!

Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Friend!

Sav-ing, help-ing, keep-ing, lov-ing,

He is with me to the end.

Je-sus! what a strength in weak-ness!

Let me hide my-self in Him;

Tempt-ed, tried, and some-times fail-ing,

He, my strength, my vic-tory wins.

Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!

Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Friend!

Sav-ing, help-ing, keep-ing, lov-ing,

He is with me to the end.

Je-sus! what a help in sor-row!

While the bil-lows o'er me roll;

E-ven when my heart is break-ing,

He my com-fort, helps my soul.

Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!

Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Friend!

Sav-ing, help-ing, keep-ing, lov-ing,

He is with me to the end.

Je-sus! what a guide and keep-er!

While the tem-pest still is high;

Storms a-bout me, night o'er-takes me,

He my pi-lot, hears my cry.

Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!

Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Friend!

Sav-ing, help-ing, keep-ing, lov-ing,

He is with me to the end.

Je-sus! what a lov-ing Shep-herd!

More than all in Him I find;

He hath grant-ed me for-give-ness,

I am His and He is mine.

Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!

Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Friend!

Sav-ing, help-ing, keep-ing, lov-ing,

He is with me to the end.

## Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet

---

Je-sus, wher-e'er Thy peo-ple meet,  
There they be-hold Thy mer-cy seat;  
Wher-e'er they seek Thee Thou art found,  
And ev-ery place is hal-low-ed ground.  
For Thou, with-in no walls con-fined,  
In-hab-i-test the hum-ble mind;  
Such ev-er bring Thee when they come,  
And, go-ing, take Thee to their home.  
Dear Shep-herd of Thy cho-sen few,  
Thy for-mer mer-cies here re-new;  
Here to our wait-ing hearts pro-claim  
The sweet-ness of Thy sav-ing name.  
Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strength-en faith and sweet-en care,  
To teach our faint de-sires to rise,  
And bring all hea-ven be-fore our eyes.  
Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:  
O rend the heavens, come quick-ly down,  
And make a thou-sand hearts Thine own.

## Join All the Glorious Names

---

Join all the glo-rious names  
Of wis-dom, love and power,  
That ev-er mor-tals knew,  
That an-gels ev-er bore:  
All are too poor to speak His worth,  
Too poor to set my Sav-ior forth.  
Great Proph-et of my God,  
My life would bless Thy name;  
By Thee the joy-ful news  
Of our sal-va-tion came:  
The joy-ful news of sins for-given,  
Of hell sub-dued, and peace with heaven.  
Je-sus, my great High Priest,  
Of-fered His blood and died;  
My guilt-y con-science seeks  
No sac-ri-fice be-side;  
His power-ful blood did once a-tone  
And now it pleads be-fore the throne.  
Thou art my Coun-se-lor,  
My pat-tern, and my Guide.  
And Thou my Shep-herd art;  
O keep me near Thy side;  
Nor let my feet e'er turn a-stray  
To wan-der in the crook-ed way.  
My Sav-ior and my Lord,  
My Con-queror and my King,

Thy scepter and Thy sword,  
Thy reign-ing grace, I sing:  
Thine is the power;  
I sit in will-ing bonds be-neath Thy feet.

Additional verses, not in the Trinity Hymnal:

Di-vine, al-might-y Lord,  
My Con-queror and my King,  
Thy scep-ter and Thy sword,  
Thy reign-ing grace I sing:  
Thine is the power! Be-hold I sit  
And to Your lord-ly power sub-mit.  
Now let my soul a-rise  
And tread the temp-ter down;  
My cap-tain leads me forth  
To con-quest and a crown;  
A fee-ble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell ob-struct the way.

## Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

---

Joy-ful, joy-ful, we a-dore Thee,  
God of glo-ry, Lord of love;  
Hearts un-fold like flowers be-fore Thee,  
Open-ing to the sun a-bove.  
Melt the clouds of sin and sad-ness,  
Drive the dark of doubt a-way;  
Giv-er of im-mor-tal glad-ness,  
Fill us with the light of day.  
All Thy works with joy sur-round Thee,  
Earth and heaven re-lect Thy rays,  
Stars and an-gels sing a-round Thee,  
Cen-ter of un-bro-ken praise.  
Field and for-est, vale and moun-tain,  
Flower-y mea-dow, flash-ing sea,  
Sing-ing bird and flow-ing foun-tain  
Call us to re-joice in Thee.  
Thou art giv-ing and for-giv-ing,  
Ev-er bles-sing, ev-er blessed,  
Well-spring of the joy of liv-ing,  
O-cean depth of hap-py rest!  
Thou our Fa-ther, Christ our Bro-ther,  
All who live in love are Thine;  
Teach us how to love each oth-er,  
Lift us to the joy di-vine.  
Mor-tals, join the hap-py cho-rus  
With the morn-ing stars be-gan;

Fa-ther love is reign-ing o'er us,  
Bro-ther love binds man to man.  
Ev-er sing-ing, march we on-ward,  
Vic-tors in the midst of strife,  
Joy-ful mu-sic leads us sun-ward  
In the tri-umph song of life.

## Judge Me, God of My Salvation

---

Judge me, God of my sal-va-tion,  
Plead my cause, for Thee I trust:  
Hear my ear-nest sup-pli-ca-tion,  
Save me from my foes un-just.  
O my soul, why art thou grie-ving?  
What dis-qui-ets and dis-mays?  
Hope in God; His help re-ceiv-ing,  
I shall yet my Sav-ior praise.  
For my strength, my God, Thou art: ...  
Why am I cast off by Thee  
In the sor-row of my heart, ...  
While the foe op-pres-ses me?  
Light and truth, my way at-tend-ing,  
Send Thou forth to be my guide,  
Till, Thy ho-ly mount as-cend-ing,  
I shall in Thy house a-bide.  
At Thy sa-cred al-tar bend-ing,  
God, my God, my bound-less joy,  
Harp and voice, in wor-ship blend-ing,  
For Thy praise will I em-ploy.  
O my soul, why art thou grie-ving?  
What dis-qui-ets and dis-mays?  
Hope in God; His help re-ceiv-ing,  
I shall yet my Sav-ior praise.

## Judge Me, O Lord, and Prove My Ways

---

Judge me, O Lord, and prove my ways,  
And try my reins, and try my heart;  
My faith up-on Thy prom-ise stays,  
Nor from Thy law my feet de-part.  
I hate to walk, I hate to sit  
With men of van-i-ty and lies;  
The scof-fer and the hyp-o-crite  
Are the ab-hor-rence of mine eyes.  
A-mongst Thy saints will I ap-pear,  
With hands well-washed in in-no-cence;  
But when I stand be-fore Thy bar,  
The blood of Christ is my de-fense.  
I love Thy hab-i-ta-tion, Lord,  
The tem-ple where Thine hon-ors dwell;  
There shall I hear Thine ho-ly Word,  
And there Thy works of won-der tell.  
My soul shall not be joined at last  
With men of trea-cher-y and blood,  
While I my days on earth have past  
A-mong the saints, and near my God.

## Lead On, O King Eternal

---

Lead on, O King e-ter-nal,  
The day of march has come;  
Hence-forth in fields of con-quest  
Thy tents shall be our home.  
Through days of prep-a-ra-tion  
Thy grace has made us strong,  
And now, O King e-ter-nal,  
We lift our bat-tle song.  
Lead on, O King e-ter-nal,  
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,  
And ho-li-ness shall whis-per  
The sweet a-men of peace.  
For not with swords' loud clash-ing,  
Nor roll of stir-ring drums--  
With deeds of love and mer-cy  
The heaven-ly king-dom comes.  
Lead on, O King e-ter-nal,  
We fol-low not with fears,  
For glad-ness breaks like morn-ing  
Where-e'er Thy face ap-pears.  
Thy cross is lift-ed o'er us,  
We jour-ney in its light;  
The crown a-waits the con-quest:  
Lead on, O God of might.

## Let God Arise in All His Might

---

1) Let God a-rise in all His might,  
And put the troops of hell to flight,  
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies  
Be-fore the ris-ing temp-est flies.  
He comes ar-rayed in burn-ing flames;  
Just-ice and ven-geance are His names:  
Be-hold His faint-ing foes ex-pire  
Like melt-ing wax be-fore the fire.

2) He rides and thun-ders through the sky;  
His Name Je-ho-vah sounds on high:  
Sing to His Name, ye sons of grace;  
Ye saints, re-joice be-fore His face.  
The wid-ow and the fa-ther-less  
Fly to His aid in sharp dis-tress:  
In Him the poor and help-less find  
A Judge that's just, a Fa-ther kind.

3) He breaks the cap-tive's heav-y chain,  
And pris'-ners see the light a-gain;  
But reb-els, that dis-pute His will,  
Shall dwell in chains and dark-ness still.  
Lord, when Thou didst as-cend on high,  
Ten thou-sand an-gels filled the sky;  
Those heav'n-ly guards a-round Thee wait,  
Like char-iots that at-tend Thy state.

4) Raised by His Fa-ther to the throne,  
He sent the prom-ised Spir-it down,

With gifts and grace for ran-somed men,  
That God might dwell on earth a-gain.  
King-doms and thrones to God be-long;  
Crown Him, ye na-tions, in your song:  
He won-drous names and powers re-hearse;  
His hon-ours shall en-rich your verse.  
5) He shakes the heav'ns with loud a-larms;  
How ter-ri-ble is God in arms!  
In Is-rael are His mer-cies known,  
Is-rael is His pe-cul-iar throne.  
Pro-claim Him King, pro-nounce Him blest;  
He's your de-fence, your joy, your rest:  
When ter-rors rise and na-tions faint,  
God is the strength of ev-ery saint.

## Let Us Love and Sing and Wonder

---

Let us love and sing and won-der,  
Let us praise the Sav-ior's name!  
He has hushed the law's loud thun-der,  
He has quenched Mount Si-nai's flame:  
He has washed us with His blood,  
He has brought us nigh to God.  
Let us love the Lord who bought us,  
Pit-ied us when en-e-mies,  
Called us by His grace, and taught us,  
Gave us ears and gave us eyes:  
He has washed us with His blood,  
He pre-sents our souls to God.  
Let us sing, though fierce temp-ta-tion  
Threat-en hard to bear us down!  
For the Lord, our strong sal-va-tion,  
Holds in view the con-queror's crown:  
He who washed us with His blood  
Soon will bring us home to God.  
Let us won-der; grace and jus-tice  
Join and point to mer-cy's store;  
When through grace in Christ our trust is,  
Jus-tice smiles and asks no more:  
"You have washed us with your blood;  
you are wor-thy, Lamb of God!"

## Let Us with a Gladsome Mind

---

Let us love and sing and won-der,  
Let us praise the Sav-ior's name!  
He has hushed the law's loud thun-der,  
He has quenched Mount Si-nai's flame:  
He has washed us with His blood,  
He has brought us nigh to God.  
Let us love the Lord who bought us,  
Pit-ied us when en-e-mies,  
Called us by His grace, and taught us,  
Gave us ears and gave us eyes:  
He has washed us with His blood,  
He pre-sents our souls to God.  
Let us sing, though fierce temp-ta-tion  
Threat-en hard to bear us down!  
For the Lord, our strong sal-va-tion,  
Holds in view the con-queror's crown:  
He who washed us with His blood  
Soon will bring us home to God.  
Let us won-der; grace and jus-tice  
Join and point to mer-cy's store;  
When through grace in Christ our trust is,  
Jus-tice smiles and asks no more:  
"You have washed us with your blood;  
you are wor-thy, Lamb of God!"

## Lord, I Am Thine

---

Lord, I am Thine; but Thou wilt prove  
My faith, my pa-tience, and my love:  
When men of spite a-against me join,  
They are the sword, the hand is Thine.  
Their hope and por-tion lies be-low;  
'Tis all the hap-pi-ness they know,  
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,  
And leave the rest a-mong their heirs.  
What sin-ners val-ue, I re-sign;  
Lord, 'tis e-nough that Thou art mine;  
I shall be-hold Thy bliss-ful face,  
And stand com-plete in right-eous-ness.  
This life's a dream, an emp-ty show;  
But the bright world to which I go  
Hath joys sub-stan-tial and sin-cere;  
When shall I wake, and find me there?  
O glo-rious hour! O blest a-bode!  
I shall be near and like my God!  
And flesh and sin no more con-trol  
The sa-cred plea-sures of my soul.  
My flesh shall slum-ber in the ground,  
Till the last trum-pet's joy-ful sound;  
Then burst the chains with sweet sur-prise,  
And in my Sav-iour's im-age rise.

## Lord, I Can Suffer Thy Rebukes

---

Lord, I can suf-fer Thy re-bukes,  
When Thou with kind-ness dost chas-tise;  
But Thy fierce wrath I can-not bear,  
O let it not a-gainst me rise!  
Pi-ty my lan-guish-ing es-tate,  
And ease the sor-rows that I feel;  
The wounds Thy hea-vy hand hath made,  
O let Thy gen-tler touch-es heal!  
See how I pass my wea-ry days  
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night,  
My bed is wa-tered with my tears;  
My grief con-sumes, and dims my sight.  
Look how the powers of na-ture mourn!  
How long, Al-might-y God, how long?  
When shall Thine hour of grace re-turn?  
When shall I make Thy grace my song?  
I feel my flesh so near the grave,  
My thoughts are temp-ted to des-pair;  
But graves can nev-er praise the Lord,  
For all is dust and si-lence there.  
De-part, ye temp-ters, from my soul,  
And all des-pair-ing thoughts de-part;  
My God, who hears my hum-ble moan,  
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

## Lord, I Will Bless Thee All My Days

---

Lord, I will bless Thee all my days,  
Thy praise shall dwell up-on my tongue;  
My soul shall glo-ry in Thy grace,  
While saints re-joice to hear the song.  
Come mag-ni-fy the Lord with me,  
Come let us all ex-alt His name;  
I sought th' e-ter-nal God, and He  
Has not ex-posed my hope to shame.  
I told Him all my se-cret grief,  
My se-cret groan-ing reached His ears;  
He gave my in-ward pains re-lief,  
And calmed the tu-mult of my fears.  
To Him the poor lift up their eyes,  
Their fac-es feel the heaven-ly shine;  
A beam of mer-cy from the skies  
Fills them with light and joy di-vine.  
His ho-ly an-gels pitch their tents  
A-round the men that serve the Lord;  
O fear and love Him, all His saints,  
Taste of His grace and trust His Word.  
The wild young li-ons, pinched with pain  
And hun-ger, roar through all the wood;  
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,  
Nor want sup-plies of a-ny good.  
Chil-dren in years and know-ledge young,  
Your par-ents' hope, your par-ents' joy,

At-tend the coun-sels of my tongue,  
Let god-ly thoughts your minds em-ploy.  
If you de-sire a length of days,  
And peace to crown your mor-tal state,  
Re-strain your feet from sin-ful ways,  
Your lips from slan-der and de-ceit.  
The eyes of God re-gard His saints,  
His ears are o-pen to their cries;  
He sets His frown-ing face a-gainst  
The sons of vi-o-lence and lies.  
To hum-ble souls and bro-ken hearts  
God with His grace is ev-er nigh;  
Par-don and hope His love im-parts  
When men in deep con-tri-tion lie.  
He tells their tears, He counts their groans,  
His Son re-deems their souls from death;  
His Spi-rit heals their bro-ken bones,  
They in His praise em-ploy their breath.  
Come, mag-ni-fy the Lord with me,  
Come, let us all ex-alt His name;  
I sought th' e-ter-nal God, and He  
Has not ex-posed my hope to shame.

## Lord, in the Morning Thou Shalt Hear

---

Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear  
My voice as-cend-ing high;  
To Thee will I di-rect my prayer,  
To Thee lift up mine eye;  
Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all His saints,  
Pre-sent-ing at His Fa-ther's throne  
Our songs and our com-plaints.  
Thou art a God be-fore whose sight  
The wick-ed shall not stand;  
Sin-ners shall ne'er be Thy de-light,  
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.  
But to Thy house will I re-sort  
To taste Thy mer-cies there;  
I will fre-quent Thine ho-ly court  
And wor-ship in Thy fear.  
O may Thy Spir-it guide my feet  
In ways of right-eous-ness!  
Make ev-ery path of du-ty straight  
And plain be-fore my face.  
My watch-ful en-e-mies com-bine  
To tempt my feet a-stray;  
They flat-ter with a base de-sign  
To make my soul their prey.  
Lord, crush the ser-pent in the dust,  
And all his plots de-stroy;

While those that in Thy mer-cy trust  
For ev-er shout for joy.  
The men that love and fear Thy Name  
Shall see their hopes ful-filled;  
The might-y God will com-pass them  
With fav-our as a shield.

## Lord, My Weak Thought in Vain Would Climb

---

Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb  
To search the star-ry vault pro-found;  
In vain would wing her flight sub-lime  
To find cre-a-tion's ut-most bound.  
But weak-er yet that thought must prove  
To search Thy great e-ter-nal plan,  
Thy sov-ereign coun-sels, born of love  
Long a-ges ere the world be-gan.  
When my dim rea-son would de-mand  
Why that, or this, thou dost or-dain,  
By some vast deep I seem to stand,  
Whose se-crets I must ask in vain.  
When doubts dis-turb my trou-bled breast,  
And all is dark as night to me,  
Here, as on sol-id rock, I rest--  
That so it seem-eth good to Thee.  
Be this my joy, that ev-er-more  
Thou ru-lest all things at Thy will;  
Thy sov-ereign wis-dom I a-dore,  
And calm-ly, sweet-ly, trust Thee still.

## Lord of the Worlds Above

---

Lord of the worlds a-bove,  
How plea-sant and how fair  
The dwel-lings of Thy love,  
Thine earth-ly tem-ples are!  
To Thine a-bode,  
My heart a-spires with warm de-sires  
To see my God.  
O hap-py souls that pray  
Where God ap-oints to hear!  
O hap-py men that pay  
Their con-stant ser-vice there!  
They praise Thee still;  
And hap-py they that love the way  
To Zion's hill.  
They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
'Til each ar-rives at length,  
'Til each in heaven ap-pears;  
O glo-rious seat,  
When God, our King, shall thi-ther bring  
Our wil-ling feet!  
God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our de-fense;  
With gifts His hands are filled;  
We draw our bles-sings thence.  
Thrice happy be,

O God of hosts, whose Spi-rit trusts

A-lone in Thee!

## Lord, Thou Hast Searched Me

---

Lord, Thou has searched me, and dost know  
Wher-e'er I rest, wher-e-er I go;  
Thou know-est all that I have planned,  
And all my ways are in Thy hand.  
My words from Thee I can-not hide;  
I feel Thy power on ev-ery side;  
O won-drous know-ledge, awe-some might  
Un-fath-omed depth, un-mea-sured height!  
Where can I go a-part from Thee,  
Or whith-er from Thy pres-ence flee?  
In heaven? --it is Thy dwell-ing fair;  
In death's a-bode? --lo, Thou art there.  
If I the wings of morn-ing take,  
And far a-way my dwell-ing make,  
The hand that lead-eth me is Thine,  
And my sup-port Thy power di-vine.  
If deep-est dark-ness cov-er me,  
The dark-ness hid-eth not from Thee;  
To Thee both night and day are bright,  
The dark-ness shin-eth as the light.  
Trinity Hymnal #37 (Psalm 139:14-24)  
All that I am I owe to Thee;  
Thy wis-dom, Lord, has fash-ioned me.  
I give my Mak-er thank-ful praise,  
Whose won-drous works my soul a-maze.  
Ere in-to be-ing I was brought,

Thine eye did see, and in my thought  
My life in all its per-fect plan  
Was or-dered ere my days be-gan.  
Thy thoughts, O God, how man-i-fold,  
More pre-cious un-to me than gold!  
I muse on their in-fin-i-ty,  
A-wak-ing I am still with Thee.  
The wick-ed Thou wilt sure-ly slay;  
From me let sin-ners turn a-way.  
They speak a-gainst the name di-vine;  
I count God's en-e-mies as mine.  
Search me, O God, my heart dis-cern;  
Try me, my in-most thought to learn;  
And lead me, if in sin I stray,  
To choose the ev-er-last-ing way.

## Lost was I

---

Lost was I and help-less, dam-na-tion de-served,  
Yet in my proud mind, thought 'twould nev-er be served.  
No cares for my God, no con-cerns for my pride,  
My sin I would keep -- knew no rea-son to hide!  
But God, rich in mer-cy and grace all di-vine,  
Had cho-sen to save me, de-spite my de-signs.  
He said he would love me and make me His son,  
For rea-sons un-known -- ex-pla-na-tions I've none.  
To save me He paid such an in-fi-nite cost --  
His dear Son from glo-ry He sent to my cross!  
Laid all my sin on Him and pun-ished Him there,  
For me, who for Him would not ever have cared!  
Then to me He came, and with o'er-whelm-ing grace  
He drew me to Him Who had tak-en my place.  
I saw then in Him the great Sav-ior a-lone,  
Went run-ning to take Him and make Him my own.  
He took me, and oh, with what glad-ness I find --  
He loves me and leads me with gen-tle-ness kind!  
What mer-cy, what love, and what grace oh, so free!  
My God, un-to Thee shall my praise ev-er be!

## Lost was I and help-less, dam-na-tion de-served,

---

Ma-jes-tic sweet-ness sits en-throned up-on the Sav-ior's brow;  
His head with rad-iant glo-ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow.  
No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, a-mong the sons of men;  
Fair-er is He than all the fair that fill the heaven-ly train.  
He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, He flew to my re-lief;  
For me He bore the shame-ful cross, and car-ried all my grief.  
To Him I owe my life and breath, and all the joys I have;  
He makes me tri-umph o-ver death, and saves me from the grave.  
To heaven, the place of His a-bode, He brings my wea-ry feet;  
Shows me the glo-ries of my God, and makes my joys com-plete.  
Since from His boun-ty I re-ceive such proofs of love di-vine,  
Had I a thou-sand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.

## Mine Eyes and My Desire

---

Mine eyes and my de-sire  
Are ev-er to the Lord;  
I love to plead His prom-is-es,  
And rest up-on His Word.  
When shall the sov-ereign grace  
Of my for-giv-ing God  
Re-store me from those dan-gerous ways  
My wan-dering feet have trod?  
The tu-mult of my thoughts  
Doth but en-large my woe;  
My spir-it lan-guish-es, my heart  
Is des-o-late and low.  
With ev-ery morn-ing light  
My sor-row new be-gins;  
Look on my an-guish and my pain,  
And par-don all my sins.  
O keep my soul dear Lord,  
Nor put my hope to shame,  
For I have placed my on-ly trust  
In my Re-deem-er's Name.

## Mighty God, While Angels Bless You

---

Migh-ty God, while an-gels bless you,  
May a mor-tal sing your name?  
Lord of men as well as an-gels,  
You are ev-ery crea-ture's theme.  
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.  
Lord of ev-ery land and na-tion,  
An-cient of e-ter-nal days,  
Sound-ed through the wide cre-a-tion  
Be your just and law-ful praise.  
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.  
For the gran-deur of your na-ture,  
Grand be-yond a ser-aph's thought,  
For cre-a-ted works of pow-er,  
Works with skill and kind-ness wrought.  
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.  
But your rich, your free re-demp-tion,  
Dark through bright-ness all a-long,  
Thought is poor, and poor ex-pres-sion,  
Who dare sing that won-drous song?  
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.  
Bright-ness of your Fath-er's glo-ry,  
Shall Your praise un-ut-tered lie?  
Fly, my tongue, such guil-ty si-lence,  
Sing the Lord who came to die.  
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.  
From the high-est throne in glo-ry,

To the cross of deep-est woe,  
All to ran-som guilt-y cap-tives,  
Flow my praise, for-ev-er flow.  
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-men

## My God, How Many Are My Fears!

---

My God how ma-ny are my fears!  
How fast my foes in-crease!  
Con-spi-ring my e-ter-nal death,  
They break my pre-sent peace.  
The ly-ing temp-ter would per-suade  
There's no re-lief in heaven;  
And all my swell-ing sins ap-pear  
Too big to be for-given.  
But Thou, my glo-ry and my strength,  
Shalt on the temp-ter tread,  
Shalt si-lence all my threat-ening guilt,  
And raise my droop-ing head.  
I cried, and from His ho-ly hill  
He bowed a listen-ing ear,  
I called my Fa-ther, and my God,  
And He sub-dued my fear.  
He shed soft slum-bers on mine eyes,  
In spite of all my foes;  
I woke, and won-dered at the grace  
That guard-ed my re-pose.  
What though the hosts of death and hell  
All armed a-gainst me stood,  
Ter-rors no more shall shake my soul,  
My ref-uge is my God.  
A-rise, O Lord, ful-fill Thy grace,  
While I Thy glo-ry sing:

My God hath broke the ser-pent's teeth,  
And death hath lost its sting.  
Sal-va-tion to the Lord be-longs,  
His arm a-lone can save:  
Bles-sings at-tend Thy peo-ple here,  
And reach be-yond the grave.

## My God, How Wonderful Thou Art

---

My God, how won-der-ful Thou art,  
Thy maj-es-ty how bright!  
How beau-ti-ful Thy mer-cy seat,  
In depths of burn-ing light!  
Won-drous are Thine e-ter-nal years,  
O ev-er-last-ing Lord,  
By ho-ly an-gels day and night  
Un-ceas-ing-ly a-dored!  
O how I fear Thee, liv-ing God,  
With deep-est, tenderest fears,  
And wor-ship Thee with trem-bling hope,  
And pen-i-ten-tial tears.  
Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Al-might-y as Thou art;  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.  
No earth-ly fa-ther loves like Thee,  
No moth-er half so mild  
Bears and for-bears, as Thou hast done  
With me, Thy sin-ful child.  
How won-der-ful, how beau-ti-ful,  
The sight of Thee will be,  
Thine end-less wis-dom, bound-less power,  
And awe-some pur-i-ty!

## My God, in Whom are All the Springs

---

My God, in whom are all the springs  
Of bound-less love, and grace un-known,  
Hide me be-neath Thy spread-ing wings  
Till the dark cloud is o-ver-blown.  
Up to the heavens I send my cry,  
The Lord will my de-sires per-form;  
He sends His an-gel from the sky,  
And saves me from the threat-'ning storm.  
Be Thou ex-al-ted, O my God,  
A-bove the heavens where an-gels dwell;  
Thy power on earth be known a-broad,  
And land to land Thy won-ders tell.  
My heart is fixed; my song shall raise  
Im-mort-al hon-ours to Thy Name;  
A-wake, my tongue, to sound His praise,  
My tongue, the glo-ry of my frame.  
High o'er the earth His mer-cy reigns,  
And reach-es to the ut-most sky;  
His truth to end-less years re-mains,  
When low-er worlds dis-solve and die.  
Be Thou ex-alt-ed, O my God,  
A-bove the heavens where an-gels dwell;  
Thy power on earth be known a-broad,  
And land to land Thy wond-ers tell.

## My Heart Does Overflow

---

My heart does o-ver-flow, a good-ly theme is mine;  
My ea-ger tongue with joy-ful song does praise the King di-vine.  
Su-preme-ly fair You are, Your lips with grace o'er-flow;  
His rich-est bless-ings ev-er-more does God on You be-stow.  
Now gird you with your sword, O strong and might-y One,  
In splen-did maj-es-ty ar-rayed, more glo-rious than the sun.  
Tri-um-phant-ly ride forth for meek-ness, truth and right;  
Your arm shall gain the vic-to-ry in won-drous deeds of might.  
Your strength shall o-ver-come all those that hate the King,  
And un-der Your do-min-ion strong the na-tions You shall bring.  
Your roy-al throne, O God, for-ev-er-more shall stand;  
E-ter-nal truth and jus-tice wield the scep-ter in Your hand.  
Since You were sin-less found, the Lord, by You con-fessed,  
A-noint-ed You with per-fect joy—You are su-preme-ly blessed.  
Your gar-ments breathe of myrrh and spic-es sweet and rare;  
Glad strains of heav-en-ly mu-sic ring through-out Your pal-ace fair.  
A-mid Your glo-rious train kings' daught-ers wait-ing stand,  
And fair-est gems be-deck Your bride, the queen at Your right hand.  
O ro-yal bride, give heed, and to my words at-tend;  
For Christ, the King, for-sake the world and every for-mer friend.

## My Shepherd will Supply My Need

---

My Shep-herd will sup-ply my need:

Je-ho-vah is His name;

In pas-tures fresh He makes me feed,

Be-side the liv-ing stream.

He brings my wan-der-ing spir-it back

When I for-sake His ways,

And leads me, for His mer-cy's sake,

In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of death

His pres-ence is my stay;

One word of His sup-port-ing grace

Drives all my fears a-way.

His hand, in sight of all my foes,

Doth still my ta-ble spread;

My cup with bless-ings o-ver-flows,

His oil a-noints my head.

The sure pro-vi-sions of my God

At-tend me all my days;

O may Thy house be my a-bode,

And all my work be praise.

There would I find a set-tled rest,

While oth-ers go and come;

No more a strang-er nor a guest,

But like a child at home.

## My Refuge is the God of Love

---

My ref-uge is the God of love;  
Why do my foes in-sult and cry,  
"Fly like a tim-orous trem-bling dove,  
To dis-tant woods or moun-tains fly"?  
If God's con-trol be all des-troyed,  
(That firm foun-da-tion of our peace)  
And vi-o-lence make jus-tice void,  
Where shall the right-eous seek re-lief?  
The Lord in heaven hath fixed His throne,  
His eye sur-veys the earth be-low;  
To Him all mor-tal things are known,  
His eye-lids search our spi-rits through.  
If He af-flicts His saints so far  
To prove their love, and try their grace,  
What may the bold trans-gres-sors fear?  
His ve-ry soul ab-hors their ways.  
On im-pi-ous wretch-es He shall rain  
Tem-pests of brim-stone, fire and death,  
Such as He kin-dled on the plain  
Of Sod-om with His ang-ry breath.  
The right-eous Lord loves right-eous souls,  
Whose thoughts and ac-tions are sin-cere;  
And with a gra-cious eye be-holds  
The men that His own im-age bears.

## My Song Forever Shall Record

---

My song for-ev-er shall re-cord  
The ten-der mer-cies of the Lord;  
Your faith-ful-ness will I pro-claim,  
And ev-ery age shall know your name.  
I sing of mer-cies that en-dure,  
For-ev-er build-ed firm and sure,  
Of faith-ful-ness that nev-er dies,  
Es-tab-lished change-less in the skies.  
Be-hold God's truth and grace dis-played,  
For He has faith-ful cove-nant made,  
And He has sworn that Da-vid's Son  
Shall ev-er sit up-on His throne:  
"For him my mer-cy shall en-dure,  
My cove-nant made with Him is sure;  
His throne and race I will main-tain  
For-ev-er, while the heavens re-main."  
Al-might-y God, your loft-y throne  
Has jus-tice for its cor-ner-stone,  
And shin-ing bright be-fore your face  
Are truth and love and bound-less grace.  
With bles-sing is the na-tion crowned  
Whose peo-ple know the joy-ful sound;  
They in the light, O Lord, shall live,  
The light your face and fa-vor give.  
Your name with glad-ness they con-fess,  
Ex-alt-ed in your right-eous-ness;

Their fame and might to you be-long,  
For in your fa-vor they are strong.  
All glo-ry un-to God we yield,  
Je-ho-vah is our Help and Shield;  
All praise and ho-nor we will bring  
To Is-rael's Ho-ly One, our King.

## My Soul, Thy Great Creator Praise

---

My soul, Thy great Cre-a-tor praise:  
When clothed in His cel-es-tial rays  
He in full maj-es-ty ap-pears,  
And, like a robe, His glo-ry wears.  
The heavens are for His cur-tains spread,  
The un-fa-thomed deep He makes His bed;  
Clouds are His char-iot, when He flies  
On wing-ed storms a-cross the skies.  
An-gels, whom His own breath in-spires,  
His min-i-sters, are flam-ing fires;  
And swift as thought their ar-mies move  
To bear His ven-geance or His love.  
The world's foun-da-tions by His hand  
Are poised, and shall for-ev-er stand;  
He binds the o-cean in His chain,  
Lest it should drown the earth a-gain.  
When earth was cov-ered with the flood,  
Which high a-bove the moun-tains stood,  
He thun-dered; and the o-cean fled,  
Con-fined to its ap-point-ed bed.  
The swell-ing bil-lows know their bound,  
And in their chan-nels keep their round;  
Yet thence con-veyed by se-cret veins,  
They spring on hills and drench the plains.  
From plea-sant trees which shade the brink,  
The lark and lin-net light to drink;

Their songs the lark and lin-net raise,  
And chide our sil-ence in His praise.  
God, from His cloud-y cis-tern, pours  
On the parched earth en-rich-ing showers;  
The grove, the gar-den, and the field  
A thou-sand joy-ful bles-sings yield.  
He makes the gras-sy food a-rise,  
And gives the cat-tle large sup-plies;  
With herbs for man, of var-ious power,  
To nour-ish na-ture, or to cure.  
Be-hold the state-ly ce-dar stands,  
Raised in the for-est by His hands;  
Birds to the boughs for shel-ter fly,  
And build their nests se-cure on high.  
He sets the sun His circling race,  
Ap-oints the moon to change her face;  
And when thick dark-ness veils the day,  
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.  
Fierce li-ons lead their young a-broad,  
And roar-ing ask their meat from God;  
But when the morn-ing beams a-rise,  
The sav-age beast to co-vert flies.  
Then man to dai-ly lab-or goes;  
The night was made for his re-pose:  
Sleep is Thy gift; that sweet re-lief  
From tire-some toil and wast-ing grief.  
How strange Thy works! How great Thy skill!  
And ev-ery land Thy rich-es fill:  
Thy wis-dom round the world we see,

This spa-cious earth is full of Thee.  
Nor less Thy glo-ries in the deep,  
Where fish in mil-lions swim and creep,  
With won-drous mo-tions, swift or slow,  
Still wander-ing in the paths below.  
Vast are Thy works, Al-might-y Lord,  
All na-ture rests up-on Thy Word,  
And the whole race of crea-tures stands,  
Wait-ing their por-tion from Thy hands.  
His works, the won-ders of His might,  
Are hon-ored with His own de-light:  
How match-less are His glo-rious ways!  
The Lord is awe-some in His praise.  
The earth stands trem-bling at Thy stroke,  
And at Thy touch the moun-tains smoke;  
Yet hum-ble souls may see Thy face,  
And tell their wants to sov-ereign grace.  
In Thee my hopes and wish-es meet,  
And make my med-i-ta-tions sweet:  
Thy prais-es shall my breath em-ploy,  
Till it ex-pire in end-less joy.  
While haught-y sin-ners die ac-curst,  
Their glo-ry bur-ied with their dust,  
I, to my God, my heaven-ly King,  
Im-mor-tal hal-le-lu-jahs sing.

## My Spirit Looks to God Alone

---

My spi-rit looks to God a-lone;  
My rock and ref-uge is His throne;  
In all my fears, in all my straits,  
My soul on His sal-va-tion waits.  
Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways,  
Pour out your hearts be-fore His face;  
When help-ers fail, and foes in-vade,  
God is our all suff-i-cient aid.  
God is our all suff-i-cient aid.  
False are the men of high de-gree,  
The bas-er sort are van-i-ty;  
Laid in the bal-ance both ap-pear  
Light as a puff of emp-ty air.  
Make not in-creas-ing gold your trust,  
Nor set your heart on glit-tering dust;  
Why will you grasp the fleet-ing smoke,  
And not be-lieve what God hath spoke?  
And not be-lieve what God hath spoke?  
Once has His awe-some voice de-clared,  
Once and a-gain my ears have heard,  
All power is His e-ter-nal due;  
He must be feared and trust-ed too.  
For sov-ereign power reigns not a-lone,  
Grace is a part-ner of the throne:  
Thy grace and just-ice, might-y Lord,  
Shall well pro-vide our last re-ward.

Shall well pro-vide our last re-ward.

## My Spirit Sinks Within Me, Lord

---

My spir-it sinks with-in me, Lord,  
But I will call Thy Name to mind,  
And times of past dis-tress re-cord,  
When I have found my God was kind.  
Huge trou-bles, with tu-mul-tuous noise,  
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;  
Thy wat-er-spouts drown all my joys,  
And ris-ing waves roll o'er my head.  
Yet will the Lord com-mand His love,  
When I ad-dress His throne by day,  
Nor in the night His grace re-move;  
The night shall hear me sing and pray.  
I'll cast my-self be-fore His feet,  
And say, My God, my heaven-ly Rock,  
Why doth Thy love so long for-get  
The soul that groans be-neath Thy stroke?  
I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,  
Why should my soul in-dulge her grief?  
Hope in the Lord and praise Him too,  
He is my rest, my sure re-lief.  
Thy light and truth shall guide me still,  
Thy Word shall my best thoughts em-ploy,  
And lead me to Thine heaven-ly hill,  
My God, my most ex-ceed-ing joy.

## No Condemnation!

---

No con-dem-na-tion now in Christ Je-sus!  
Great con-so-la-tion—Je-sus has died!  
Our sin laid on Him, full par-don gives us.  
Look-ing by faith dim, we're jus-ti-fied!  
With judg-ment sure, must God re-com-pense us?  
He per-fect-ly just, what is our plea?  
This: "Christ is for us! Who is a-gainst us?"  
His blood shed for us par-dons, sets free!  
In Him and through Him—Christ our De-fend-er!  
Prai-ses all due Him, what mys-ter-y!  
God in Christ dy-ing as the of-fend-er!  
His blood sup-ply-ing our par-don free.  
Christ the great sure-ty to those be-liev-ing;  
He all the pur-ity God can de-mand  
Right-eous-ness given—con-science re-liev-ing!  
By blood for-giv-en, in Christ we stand!  
To Christ all bles-sing, praise with-out mea-sure!  
In Him we're rest-ing, His peace made known.  
His all the la-bors—ours all the plea-sure!  
God's gra-cious fa-vors through Christ our own.  
When there be-fore Him—then, in full glo-ry  
We sing our new hymn, new prai-ses give;  
'Twill be this old song, of Christ our glo-ry;  
Through a-ges told long: "In Christ we live!"

## Not all the Blood of Beasts

---

Not all the blood of beasts  
On Jew-ish al-tars slain  
Could give the guilt-y con-science peace  
Or wash a-way the stain.  
But Christ, the heaven-ly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins a-way;  
A sac-ri-fice of no-bler name  
And rich-er blood than they.  
My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine  
While like a pen-i-tent I stand  
And there con-fess my sin.  
My soul looks back to see  
The bur-den Thou didst bear  
When hang-ing on the curs-ed tree  
And knows her guilt was there.  
Be-liev-ing, we re-joice  
To see the curse re-move;  
We bless the Lamb with cheer-ful voice  
And sing His bleed-ing love.

## Not unto Us, O Lord of Heaven

---

Not un-to us, O Lord of heaven,  
But un-to You be glo-ry given;  
In love and truth You do ful-fill  
The coun-sels of Your sov-ereign will;  
Though na-tions fail your power to own,  
Yet You do reign, and You a-lone.  
Let Is-rael trust in God a-lone,  
The Lord whose grace and power are known;  
To Him your full al-le-giance yield,  
And He will be your help and shield.  
All those who fear Him God will bless;  
His saints have proved His faith-ful-ness.  
All you that fear Him and a-dore,  
The Lord in-crease you more and more;  
Both great and small whom Him con-fess,  
You and your chil-dren He will bless.  
Yes, we will ev-er bless His name;  
Praise you the Lord, His praise pro-claim.

## Not What My Hands have Done

---

Not what my hands have done  
Can save my guilt-y soul;  
Not what my toil-ing flesh has borne  
Can make my spir-it whole.  
Not what I feel or do  
Can give me peace with God;  
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears  
Can bear my aw-ful load.  
Thy work a-lone, O Christ,  
Can ease this weight of sin;  
Thy blood a-lone, O Lamb of God,  
Can give me peace with-in.  
Thy love to me, O God,  
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,  
Can rid me of this dark un-rest,  
And set my spir-it free.  
Thy grace a-lone, O God,  
To me can par-don speak;  
Thy pow'r a-lone, O Son of God,  
Can this sore bond-age break.  
No oth-er work, save Thine,  
No oth-er blood will do;  
No strength, save that which is di-vine,  
Can bear me safely through.  
I bless the Christ of God;  
I rest on love di-vine;

And with un-fal-t'ring lip and heart,

I call this Sav-ior mine.

His cross dis-pels each doubt;

I bur-y in His tomb

Each thought of un-be-lief and fear,

Each lin-g'ring shade of gloom.

I praise the God of grace;

I trust His truth and might;

He calls me His, I call Him mine,

My God, my joy, my light.

'Tis He who sav-eth me,

And free-ly par-don gives;

I love be-cause He lov-eth me,

I live be-cause He lives.

## Now Be my Heart Inspired to Sing

---

Now be my heart in-spired to sing  
The glo-ries of my Sa-viour-King,  
Je-sus the Lord; how heaven-ly fair  
His form! how bright His beau-ties are!  
His form! how bright His beau-ties are!  
O'er all the sons of hu-man race  
He shines with a su-per-ior grace,  
Love from His lips di-vine-ly flows,  
And bles-sings all His state com-pose.  
And bles-sings all His state com-pose.  
Dress Thee in arms, most might-y Lord,  
Gird on the ter-ror of Thy sword,  
In maj-es-ty and glo-ry ride  
With truth and meek-ness at Thy side.  
With truth and meek-ness at Thy side.  
Thine ang-er, like a point-ed dart,  
Shall pierce the foes of stub-born heart;  
Or words of mer-cy kind and sweet  
Shall melt the reb-els at Thy feet.  
Shall melt the reb-els at Thy feet.  
Thy throne, O God, for ev-er stands,  
Grace is the scep-tre in Thy hands;  
Thy laws and works are just and right,  
Just-ice and grace are Thy de-light.  
Just-ice and grace are Thy de-light.  
God, Thine own God, has rich-ly shed

His oil of glad-ness on Thy head,  
And with His sa-cred Spir-it blest  
His first-born Son a-bove the rest.  
His first-born Son a-bove the rest.

## Now May the God of Power and Grace

---

Now may the God of power and grace  
At-tend His peo-ple's hum-ble cry!  
Je-ho-vah hears when Is-rael prays,  
And brings de-liv-erance from on high.  
The name of Ja-cob's God de-fends  
Bet-ter than shields or bra-zen walls;  
He from His sanc-tu-ar-y sends  
Suc-cour and strength, when Zi-on calls.  
Well He re-mem-bers all our sighs,  
His love ex-ceeds our best de-serts;  
His love ac-cepts the sac-ri-fice  
Of hum-ble groans and bro-ken hearts.  
In His sal-va-tion is our hope,  
And in the Name of Is-rael's God,  
The saints shall lift their ban-ners up,  
And shout His prai-ses far a-broad.  
Some trust in hors-es trained for war,  
And some of char-iots make their boasts;  
Our sur-est ex-pec-ta-tions are  
From Thee, the Lord of heav-en-ly hosts.  
O! May the mem-ory of Thy Name  
In-spire Thy peo-ple for the fight!  
Our foes shall be brought down with shame,  
Or quit the field in dread-ful flight.  
Now save us, Lord, from sla-vish fear,  
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,

Till Thy sal-va-tion shall ap-pear,  
And joy and tri-umph raise the song.

## Now Plead My Cause, Almighty God

---

Now plead my cause, al-might-y God,  
With all the sons of strife;  
And fight a-against the men of blood  
Who fight a-against my life.  
Draw out Thy spear and stop their way,  
Lift Thine a-veng-ing rod;  
But to my soul in mer-cy say,  
I am thy Sav-iour God.  
They plant their snares to catch my feet,  
And nets of mis-chief spread;  
Plunge the des-troy-ers in the pit  
That their own hands have made.  
Let fogs and dark-ness hide their way,  
And slip-pery be their ground;  
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,  
And all their rage con-found.  
They fly like chaff be-fore the wind,  
Be-fore Thine an-gry breath;  
The an-gel of the Lord be-hind  
Pur-sues them down to death.  
They love the road that leads to hell;  
Then let the reb-els die,  
Whose mal-ice is im-plac-a-ble  
A-against the Lord on high.  
But if Thou hast a cho-sen few  
A-mong that wick-ed race,

Di-vide them from the blood-y crew  
By Thy sur-pris-ing grace.  
Then I will raise my tune-ful voice  
To make Thy won-ders known;  
In their sal-va-tion I'll re-joice,  
And bless Thee for my own.

## Now Thank We All Our G

---

Now thank we all our God,  
With heart and hands and voi-ces,  
Who won-drous things hath done,  
In whom His world re-joi-ces;  
Who from our mo-ther's arms  
Hath blessed us on our way  
With count-less gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day.  
O may this boun-teous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ev-er joy-ful hearts  
And bles-sed peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when per-plexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.  
All praise and thanks to God  
The Fa-ther now be gi-ven,  
The Son, and Him who reigns  
With them in high-est hea-ven,  
The one e-ter-nal God,  
Whom earth and heaven a-dore,  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be ev-er-more.

## O Bless the Lord, My Soul

---

O bless the Lord, my soul;  
Let all with-in me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless His name,  
Whose fa-vors are di-vine.  
O bless the Lord, my soul,  
Nor let His mer-cies lie  
For-got-ten in un-thank-ful-ness,  
And with-out prai-ses die.  
'Tis He for-gives your sins,  
'Tis He re-lieves your pain,  
'Tis He that heals your sick-ness-es  
And makes you young a-gain.  
He crowns your life with love  
When ran-somed from the grave;  
He that re-deemed my soul from hell  
Has sov-ereign power to save.  
He fills the poor with good;  
He gives the suf-ferers rest:  
The Lord has judg-ments for the proud  
And jus-tice for the oppressed.  
His won-drous works and ways  
He made by Mo-ses known,  
But sent the world His truth and grace  
By His be-lov-ed Son.

## O Christ, Our King, Creator, Lord

---

O Christ, our King, Cre-a-tor, Lord,  
Sa-vior of all who trust Thy Word,  
To them who seek Thee ev-er near,  
Now to our prais-es bend Thine ear.  
In Thy dear cross a grace is found  
(It flows from ev-ery stream-ing wound)  
Whose power in-bred sin con-trols,  
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.  
Thou didst cre-ate the stars of night;  
Yet Thou hast veiled in flesh Thy light,  
Hast deigned a mor-tal form to wear,  
A mor-tal's pain-ful lot to bear.  
When Thou didst hang up-on the tree,  
The quak-ing earth ac-knowl-edged Thee;  
When Thou didst there yield up Thy breath,  
The world grew dark as shades of death.  
Now in the Fa-ther's glo-ry high,  
Great Con-queror, nev-er-more to died,  
Us by Thy might-y power de-fend,  
And reign through a-ges with-out end.

## O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth

---

O could I speak the match-less worth,  
O could I sound the glo-ries forth  
Which in my Sav-ior shine!  
I'd sing His per-fect right-eous-ness,  
And mag-ni-fy the won-drous grace  
Which made sal-va-tion mine,  
Which made sal-va-tion mine.  
I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt,  
My ran-som from the dread-ful guilt  
Of sin, and wrath di-vine;  
I'd sing His glo-rious ho-li-ness,  
In which all per-fect, heaven-ly dress  
My soul shall ev-er shine,  
My soul shall ev-er shine.  
I'd sing the char-ac-ter He bears,  
And all the forms of love He wears,  
Ex-alt-ed on His throne;  
In loft-iest songs of sweet-est praise,  
I would to ev-er-last-ing days  
Make all His glo-ries known,  
Make all His glo-ries known.  
Soon the deligh-ful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see His face;  
Then with my Sav-ior, broth-er, friend,  
A blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend,

Tri-um-phant in His grace,

Tri-um-phant in His grace.

## O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing

---

O for a thou-sand tongues to sing  
My great Re-deem-er's praise,  
The glo-ries of my God and King,  
The tri-umphs of His grace!  
My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God,  
As-sist me to pro-claim,  
To spread through all the earth a-broad  
The hon-ors of Thy name.  
Je-sus! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sor-rows cease,  
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears,  
'Tis life and health and peace.  
He breaks the power of can-celled sin,  
He sets the pris-oner free;  
His blood can make the foul-est clean,  
His blood a-vailed for me.  
Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,  
Your loos-ened tongues em-ploy;  
Ye blind, be-hold your Sav-ior come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

## O God, Most Holy Are Your Wa

---

O God, most ho-ly are your ways,  
And who like you de-serves my praise?  
You on-ly do such won-drous things,  
The whole wide world your glo-ry sings;  
Your out-stretched arm your peo-ple saved,  
Though sore dis-tressed and long en-slaved.  
O God, from you the wa-ters fled,  
The depths were moved with might-y dread,  
The swell-ing clouds their tor-rents poured,  
And o'er the earth the tem-pest roared;  
'Mid light-ning's flash and thun-der's sound  
Great trem-bling shook the sol-id ground.  
Your way was in the sea, O God,  
Through might-y wa-ters, deep and broad.  
None un-der-stood but God a-lone,  
To man your foot-steps were un-known;  
But safe your peo-ple you did keep,  
Al-might-y Shep-herd of your sheep.

## O God, My Refuge, Hear My Cries

---

O God, my Ref-uge, hear my cries  
Be-hold my flow-ing tears,  
For earth and hell my hurt de-vise,  
And tri-umph in my fears.  
Their rage is lev-eled at my life,  
My soul with guilt they load,  
And fill my thoughts with in-ward strife  
To shake my hope in God.  
With in-ward pain my heart-strings sound,  
I groan with ev-ery breath;  
Horr-or and fear be-set me round  
A-mongst the shades of death.  
O were I like a fea-thered dove,  
And in-no-cence had wings;  
I'd fly, and make a long re-move  
From all these rest-less things.  
Let me to some wild des-ert go,  
And find a peace-ful home,  
Where storms of mal-ice nev-er blow,  
Temp-ta-tions nev-er come.  
Vain hopes, and vain in-ven-tions all  
To 'scape the rage of hell!  
The might-y God on whom I call  
Can save me here as well.  
By morn-ing light I'll seek His face,  
At noon re-peat my cry,

The night shall hear me ask His grace,  
Nor will He long de-ny.  
God shall pre-serve my soul from fear,  
Or shield me when a-fraid;  
Ten thou-sand an-gels must ap-pear  
If He com-mand their aid.  
I cast my bur-dens on the Lord,  
The Lord sus-tains them all;  
My cour-age rests up-on His Word  
That saints shall nev-er fall.  
My high-est hopes shall not be vain,  
My lips shall spread His praise;  
While cru-el and de-ceit-ful men  
Scarce live out half their days.

## O God, My Strength and Fortitude

---

O God, my Strength and For-ti-tude,  
Of force I must love Thee;  
Thou art my Cas-tle and De-fence  
In my nec-es-sity.  
My God, my Rock, in whom I trust,  
The work-er of my wealth,  
My Ref-uge, Buck-ler, and my Shield,  
The horn of all my health.  
I, when be-set with pain and grief,  
Did pray to God for grace;  
And He forth-with did hear my 'plaint  
Out of His ho-ly place.  
The Lord de-scend-ed from a-bove  
And bowed the heav-ens high,  
And un-der-neath His feet He cast  
The dark-ness of the sky.  
On cher-ub and n cher-u-bim  
Full roy-al-ly He rode,  
And on the wings of all the winds  
Come fly-ing all a-broad.  
Un-spot-ted are the ways of God,  
His word is pure-ly tried;  
He is a sure de-fence to such  
As in His faith a-bide.

## O God to Us Show Mercy

---

O God, to us show mer-cy  
And bless us in Your grace;  
Cause now to shine up-on us  
The bright-ness of Your face;  
That so Your way most ho-ly  
On earth may soon be known,  
And un-to ev-ery peo-ple  
Your sav-ing grace be shown.  
O God, let all men praise you,  
Let all the na-tions sing;  
In ev-ery land let prais-es  
And songs of glad-ness ring;  
For You shall judge the peo-ple  
In truth and right-eous-ness,  
And through the earth the na-tions  
Shall Your just rule con-fess.  
O God, let peo-ple praise You,  
Let all the na-tions sing,  
For earth in rich a-bun-dance  
To us her fruit shall bring.  
The Lord our God shall bless us,  
Our God shall bless-ing send,  
And all the earth shall fear Him  
To its re-mot-est end.

## O Jehovah, Hear My Word

---

O Je-ho-vah, hear my words,  
To my thoughts at-ten-tive be;  
Hear my cry, my King, my God,  
I will make my prayer to Thee.  
With the morn-ing light, O Lord,  
Thou shalt hear my voice a-rise,  
And ex-pec-tant I will bring  
Prayer as morn-ing sac-ri-fice.  
Thou, Je-ho-vah, art a God  
Who de-light-est not in sin;  
E-vil shall not dwell with Thee,  
Nor the proud Thy fa-vor win.  
E-vil-do-ers Thou dost hate,  
Ly-ing tongues Thou wilt de-feat;  
God ab-hors the man who loves  
Vi-o-lence and base de-keit.  
In the ful-ness of Thy grace  
To Thy house I will re-pair;  
Bow-ing toward Thy ho-ly place,  
In Thy fear to wor-ship there.  
Lead me in Thy right-eous-ness,  
Let my foes as-sail in vain;  
Lest my feet be turned a-side,  
Make Thy way be-fore me plain.  
False and faith-less are my foes,  
In their mouth no truth is found;

Dead-ly are the words they speak,  
All their thoughts with sin a-bound.  
Bring, O God, their plans to naught,  
Hold them guilt-y in Thy sight,  
For a-against Thee and Thy law  
They have set them-selves to fight.  
O let all that trust Thy care  
Ev-er glad and joy-ful be;  
Let them joy who love Thy name,  
Safe-ly guard-ed, Lord, by Thee.  
For a bless-ing from Thy store  
To the right-eous Thou wilt yield;  
Thou wilt com-pass him a-bout  
With Thy fa-vor as a shield.

## O Lord, How Shall I Meet You

---

O Lord, how shall I meet you,  
How wel-come you a-right?  
Your peo-ple long to greet you,  
My hope, my heart's de-light.  
O kin-dle, Lord Most Ho-ly,  
Your lamp with-in my breast  
To do in spir-it low-ly  
All that may please you best.  
Love caused your in-car-na-tion,  
Love brought you down to me;  
Your thirst for my sal-va-tion  
Pro-cured my lib-er-ty.  
O love be-yond all tell-ing,  
That led you to em-brace,  
In love all love ex-cel-ling,  
Our lost and fall-en race!  
Re-joice, then, you sad-heart-ed,  
Who sit in deep-est gloom,  
Who mourn o'er joys de-part-ed  
And trem-ble at your doom.  
De-spair not, He is near you,  
Yea, stand-ing at the door,  
Who best can help and cheer you  
And bids you weep no more.  
Sin's debt, that fear-ful bur-den,  
Let not your souls dis-tress;

Your guilt the Lord will par-don  
And cov-er by His grace.  
He comes, for men pro-cur-ing  
The peace of sin for-given,  
For all God's sons se-cur-ing  
Their her-i-tage in heaven.

## O Lord Most High, with All My Heart

---

O Lord Most High, with all my heart  
Your won-drous works I will pro-claim;  
I will be glad and give you thanks  
And sing the prais-es of your name.  
The Lord, the ev-er-lasting King,  
Is seat-ed on His judg-ment throne;  
The right-eous Judge of all the world  
Will make His per-fect jus-tice known.  
Je-ho-vah will a ref-uge prove,  
A ref-uge strong for all op-pressed,  
A safe re-treat, where wea-ry souls  
In trou-bled times may sure-ly rest.  
All they, O Lord, that know your name  
Their con-fi-dence in you will place,  
For you have ne'er for-saken them  
Who ear-nest-ly have sought your face.  
Sing prai-ses to the Lord Most High,  
To Him who does in Zi-on dwell;  
De-clare His might-y deeds a-broad,  
His deeds a-mong the na-tions tell.

## O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High!

---

O love, how deep, how broad, how high!  
How pass-ing thought and fan-ta-sy,  
That God, the Son of God, should take  
Our mor-tal form for mor-tals' sake!  
For us bap-tized, for us He bore  
His ho-ly fast, and hun-gered sore;  
For us temp-ta-tions sharp He knew,  
For us the temp-ter o-ver-threw.  
For us to wick-ed men be-trayed,  
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns ar-rayed;  
For us He bore the cross-'s death,  
For us at length gave up His breath.  
For us He rose from death a-gain,  
For us He went on high to reign;  
For us He sent His Spir-it here  
To guide, to strength-en, and to cheer.  
All hon-or, laud, and glo-ry be,  
O Je-sus, vir-gin-born, to Thee;  
Whom with the Fa-ther we a-dore,  
And Ho-ly Ghost, for-ev-er more.

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For us He sent His Spir-it here  
To guide, to strength-en, and to cheer.  
All hon-or, laud, and glo-ry be,  
O Je-sus, vir-gin-born, to Thee;  
Whom with the Fa-ther we a-dore,  
And Ho-ly Ghost, for-ev-er more.

## O Praise the Lord! O Thank the Lord!

---

O praise the Lord! O thank the Lord!

For boun-ti-ful is He;

Be-cause His lov-ing-kind-ness lasts

To all e-ter-ni-ty.

Who can ex-press Je-ho-vah's praise

Or tell His deeds of might?

O blessed are they who jus-tice keep

And ev-er do the right.

Re-gard me with the fa-vor, Lord,

Which Thou dost bear to Thine.

O vis-it Thou my soul in love;

Make Thy sal-va-tion mine.

That I may see Thy peo-ple's good

And in their joy re-joice,

And may with Thine in-her-i-tance

Ex-ult with cheer-ful voice.

## O Thou that Hearest When Sinners Cry

---

O Thou that hearest when sin-ners cry,  
Though all my crimes be-fore me lie,  
Be-hold them not with an-gry look,  
But blot their mem-ory from Thy book.  
Cre-ate my na-ture pure with-in,  
And form my soul a-verse to sin;  
Let Thy good Spir-it ne'er de-part,  
Nor hide Thy pres-ence from my heart.  
I can-not live with-out Thy light,  
Cast out and ban-ished from Thy sight;  
Thy ho-ly joys, my God, re-store,  
And guard me, that I fall no more.  
A bro-ken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sac-ri-fice I bring;  
The God of grace will ne'er de-spise  
A bro-ken heart for sac-ri-fice.  
My soul lies hum-bled in the dust,  
And owns Thy dread-ful sen-tence just:  
Look down, O Lord, with pit-ying eye,  
And save the soul con-demned to die.  
Then will I teach the world Thy ways;  
Sin-ners shall learn Thy sov-ereign grace;  
I'll lead them to my Sav-iour's blood,  
And they shall praise a par-doning God.

## One There Is, above All Others

---

One there is, a-bove all oth-ers,  
Well de-serves the name of Friend;  
His is love be-yond a bro-ther's,  
Cost-ly, free, and knows no end.  
They who once His kind-ness prove  
Find it ev-er-last-ing love.  
Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But our Je-sus died to have us  
Re-con-ciled in Him to God.  
This was bound-less love in-deed;  
Je-sus is a Friend in need.  
When He lived on earth a-bas-ed,  
"Friend of sin-ners" was His name;  
Now a-bove all glo-ry rais-ed,  
He re-joic-es in the same;  
Still He calls them breth-ren, friends,  
And to all their wants at-tends.  
Could we bear from one an-oth-er  
What He dai-ly bears from us?  
Yet this glo-rious Friend and Bro-ther  
Loves us though we treat Him thus;  
Though for good we ren-der ill,  
He ac-counts us breth-ren still.  
O for grace our hearts to soft-en!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;

We, a-las! for-get too oft-en  
What a Friend we have a-bove;  
But when home our goods are brought,  
We will love You as we ought.

## Praise My Soul, the King of Heaven

---

Praise, my soul, the King of hea-ven,  
To His feet thy tri-bute bring;  
Ran-somed, healed, re-stored, for-gi-ven,  
Who like me His praise should sing?  
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him,  
Praise the ev-er-last-ing King.  
Praise, Him for His grace and fa-vor  
To our fa-thers in dis-tress;  
Praise Him still the same as ev-er,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him,  
Glor-ious in His faith-ful-ness.  
Fa-ther-like, He tends and spares us;  
Well our fee-ble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gent-ly bears us,  
Res-cues us from all our foes;  
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him,  
Wide-ly as His mer-cy goes.  
Frail as sum-mer's flower we flour-ish,  
Blows the wind and it is gone;  
But while mor-tals rise and per-ish,  
God en-dures un-chang-ing on.  
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him,  
Praise the High E-ter-nal One.  
An-gels, help us to a-dore Him,  
Ye behold Him face to face;

Sun and moon, bow down be-fore Him,

Dwel-lers all in time and space:

Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him,

Praise with us the God of grace.

## Praise the Lord: Ye Heavens Adore Him

---

Praise the Lord: ye heavens a-dore Him;  
Praise Him, an-gels, in the height;  
Sun and moon, re-joyce be-fore Him;  
Praise Him all ye stars and light.  
Praise the Lord, for He hath spo-ken;  
Worlds His might-y voice o-beyed:  
Laws which nev-er shall be bro-ken  
For their guid-ance hath He made.  
Praise the Lord, for He is glo-rious;  
Nev-er shall His prom-ise fail:  
God hath made His saints vic-tor-ious;  
Sin and death shall not pre-vail.  
Praise the God of our sal-va-tion;  
Hosts on high, His power pro-claim;  
Heaven and earth and all cre-a-tion,  
Laud and mag-ni-fy His name.  
Wor-ship, hon-or, glo-ry, bless-ing,  
Lord, we of-fer un-to Thee;  
Young and old, Thy praise ex-res-sing,  
In glad hom-age bend the knee.  
All the saints in heaven a-dore Thee;  
We would bow be-fore Thy throne:  
As Thine an-gels serve be-fore Thee,  
So on earth Thy will be done.

## Praise the Savior Now and Ever

---

Praise the Sav-ior, now and ev-er;  
Praise Him, all be-neath the skies;  
Pros-trate ly-ing, suf-fering, dy-ing  
On the cross, a sac-ri-fice.  
Vic-tory gain-ing, life ob-tain-ing,  
Now in glo-ry, He doth rise.  
Man's work fail-eth, Christ's a-vail-eth;  
He is all our right-eous-ness;  
He, our Sav-ior, has for-ev-er  
Set us free from dire dis-tress.  
Through His mer-it we in-her-it  
Light and peace and hap-pi-ness.  
Sin's bond sev-ered, we're de-liv-ered;  
Christ has bruised the ser-pent's head;  
Death no long-er is the strong-er;  
Hell it-self is cap-tive led.  
Christ has ris-en from death's pris-on;  
O'er the tomb He light has shed.  
For His fav-or, praise for-ev-er  
Un-to God the Fa-ther sing;  
Praise the Sav-ior, praise Him ev-er,  
Son of God, our Lord and King.  
Praise the Spir-it; through Christ's mer-it  
He doth us sal-va-tion bring.

## Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

---

Praise to the Lord, the Al-might-y, the King of cre-a-tion!  
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal-va-tion!  
All ye who hear,  
Now to His tem-ple draw near;  
Join me in glad a-do-ra-tion!  
Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so won-drous-ly reign-eth,  
Shel-ters thee un-der His wings, yes, so gen-tly sus-tain-eth!  
Hast thou not seen  
How all thy long-ings have been  
Grant-ed in what He or-dain-eth?  
Praise to the Lord, who doth pros-per thy work and de-fend thee;  
Sure-ly His good-ness and mer-cy here dai-ly at-tend thee.  
Pon-der a-new  
What the Al-might-y can do,  
If with His love He be-friend thee.  
Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a-dore Him!  
All that hath life and breath, come now with prais-es be-fore Him.  
Let the A-men  
Sound from His peo-ple a-gain:  
Glad-ly for aye we a-dore Him.

## Rejoice, All Ye Believers

---

Re-joyce, all ye be-liev-ers, and let your lights ap-pear;  
The eve-ning is ad-vanc-ing, and dark-er night is near:  
The bride-groom is a-ris-ing, and soon He draw-eth nigh;  
Up, pray, and watch, and wres-tle: at mid-night comes the cry.  
See that your lamps are burn-ing; re-plen-ish them with oil;  
And wait for your sal-va-tion, the end of earth-ly toil.  
The watch-ers on the moun-tain pro-claim the Bride-groom near;  
Go meet Him as He com-eth, with al-le-lu-ias clear.  
Ye saints, who here in pa-tience your cross and suf-ferings bore,  
Shall live and reign for-ev-er, when sor-row is no more:  
A-round the throne of glo-ry the Lamb ye shall be-hold,  
In tri-umph cast be-fore Him your di-a-dems of gold.  
Our hope and ex-pec-ta-tion, O Je-sus, now ap-pear;  
A-rise, thou Sun so longed for, o'er this be-night-ed sphere.  
With hearts and hands up-lift-ed, we plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's re-demp-tion that brings us un-to Thee.

## Rejoice, the Lord is King!

---

Re-joyce, the Lord is King!

Your Lord and King a-dore!

Re-joyce, give thanks, and sing,

And tri-umph ev-er-more:

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice!

Re-joyce, a-gain I say, re-joyce!

The Lord, our Sav-ior, reigns,

The God of truth and love;

When He had purged our stains,

He took His seat a-bove:

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice!

Re-joyce, a-gain I say, re-joyce!

His king-dom can-not fail,

He rules o'er earth and heaven;

The keys of death and hell

Are to our Je-sus given:

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice!

Re-joyce, a-gain I say, re-joyce!

Re-joyce in glo-rious hope!

Our Lord the judge shall come

And take His ser-vants up

To their e-ter-nal home:

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice!

Re-joyce, a-gain I say, re-joyce!

## Rejoice, Ye Righteous, in the Lord

---

Re-joyce, ye right-eous, in the Lord,  
This work be-longs to you:  
Sing of His Name, His ways, His Word,  
How ho-ly, just and true!  
His mer-cy and His right-eous-ness  
Let heaven and earth pro-claim;  
His works of na-ture and of grace  
Re-veal His won-drous Name.  
His wis-dom and al-might-y Word  
The heaven-ly ar-ches spread;  
And by the Spi-rit of the Lord  
Their shin-ing hosts were made.  
He bid the li-quad wa-ters flow  
To their ap-point-ed deep;  
The flow-ing seas their lim-its know,  
And their own sta-tion keep.  
Ye ten-ants of the spa-cious earth,  
With fear be-fore Him stand;  
He spake, and na-ture took its birth,  
And rests on His com-mand.  
He scorns the an-gry na-tions' rage,  
And breaks their vain de-signs;  
His coun-sel stands through ev-ery age,  
And in full glo-ry shines.  
Blest is the na-tion where the Lord  
Hath made His mer-cy known:

Where they re-vere His heaven-ly Word,  
And claim it as their own.  
His eye, with in-fin-ite sur-vey,  
Does the whole world be-hold;  
He formed us all of e-qual clay,  
And knows our fee-ble mould.  
Kings are not res-cued by the force  
Of arm-ies from the grave;  
Nor speed nor cour-age of an horse  
Can the bold rid-er save.  
Vain is the strength of beasts or men  
To hope for safe-ty thence;  
But ho-ly souls from God ob-tain  
A strong and sure de-fense.  
God is their fear, and God their trust;  
When plagues or fam-ine spread,  
His watch-ful eye se-cures the just  
A-mong ten thou-sand dead.  
Lord, let our hearts in Thee re-joice,  
And bless us from Thy throne;  
For we have made Thy Word our choice,  
And trust Thy grace a-lone.

## Rock of Ages

---

Rock of A-ges, cleft for me,  
Let me hide my-self in Thee;  
Let the wa-ter and the blood,  
From Thy riv-en side which flowed,  
Be of sin the dou-ble cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.  
Not the la-bors of my hands  
Can ful-fil Thy law's de-mands;  
Could my zeal no res-pite know,  
Could my tears for-ev-er flow,  
All for sin could not a-tone;  
Thou must save, and Thou a-lone.  
No-thing in my hand I bring,  
Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;  
Na-ked, come to Thee for dress;  
Help-less, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the Foun-tain fly;  
Wash me, Sav-ior, or I die.  
While I draw this fleet-ing breath,  
When mine eye-lids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds un-known,  
See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,  
Rock of A-ges, cleft for me,  
Let me hide my-self in Thee.

## Savior, like a Shepherd Lead Us

---

Sav-ior, like a shep-herd lead us, much we need Thy ten-der care;  
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, for our use Thy folds pre-pare:  
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Jesus, Thou has bought us, Thine we are;  
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Jesus, Thou has bought us, Thine we are.  
We are Thine; do Thou be-friend us, be the guardian of our way;  
Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, seek us when we go a-stray:  
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Jesus, hear, O hear us when we pray;  
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Jesus, hear, O hear us when we pray.  
Thou hast prom-ised to re-ceive us, poor and sin-ful though we be;  
Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, grace to cleanse, and power to free:  
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Jesus, let us ear-ly turn to Thee;  
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Jesus, let us ear-ly turn to Thee.  
Ear-ly let us seek Thy fa-vor; ear-ly let us do Thy will;  
Bless-ed Lord and on-ly Sav-ior, with Thy love our bo-soms fill:  
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Jesus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;  
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Jesus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

## See the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph

---

See, the Con-queror mounts in triumph;

See the King in roy-al state,

Rid-ing on the clouds, His char-iot,

To His heaven-ly pal-ace gate:

Hark! the choirs of an-gel voi-ces

Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing,

And the por-tals high are lift-ed

To re-ceive their heaven-ly King.

Who is this that comes in glo-ry,

With the trump of ju-bi-lee?

Lord of bat-tles, God of ar-mies,

He has gained the vic-to-ry;

He who on the cross did suf-fer,

He who from the grave a-rose,

He has van-quished sin and Sa-tan,

He by death has spoiled His foes.

You have raised our hu-man na-ture

In the clouds to God's right hand;

There we sit in heaven-ly plac-es,

There with you in glo-ry stand:

Je-sus reigns, a-dored by an-gels,

Man with God is on the throne;

Might-y Lord, in your as-cen-sion

We by faith be-hold our own.

## So Let Our Lips and Lives Express

---

So let our lips and lives ex-press  
The ho-ly gos-pel we pro-fess;  
So let our works and vir-tues shine,  
To prove the doc-trine all di-vine.  
Thus shall we best pro-claim a-broad  
The hon-ors of our Sa-vior God,  
When His sal-va-tion reigns with-in,  
And grace sub-dues the power of sin.  
Our flesh and sense must be de-nied,  
Pas-sion and en-vy, lust and pride;  
While jus-tice, tem-perance, truth, and love,  
Our in-ward pi-e-ty ap-prove.  
Re-li-gion bears our spi-rits up,  
While we ex-pect that bles-sed hope,  
The bright ap-pear-ance of the Lord,  
And faith stands lean-ing on His Word.

## Sweet Is the Work, My God, My King

---

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,  
To show Thy love by morn-ing light  
And talk of all Thy truth at night.  
Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest,  
No mor-tal care shall seize my breast.  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like Da-vid's harp of sol-ern sound.  
My heart shall tri-umph in my Lord  
And bless His works and bless His Word.  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep Thy coun-sels, how di-vine!  
But I shall share a glo-rious part,  
When grace has well re-fined my heart;  
And fresh sup-plies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil to cheer my head.  
Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I de-sired and wished below;  
And ev-ery power find sweet em-ploy  
In that e-ter-nal world of joy.  
And then what tri-umphs shall I raise  
To Thy dear Name through end-less days,  
For in the realms of joy I'll see  
Thy face in full fe-li-ci-ty.

## The Heavens Declare Thy Glory, Lord

---

The hea-vens de-clare Thy glo-ry, Lord;  
In ev-ery star Thy wis-dom shines;  
But when our eyes be-hold Thy Word,  
We read Thy Name in fair-er lines.  
The roll-ing sun, the chang-ing light,  
And nights and days, Thy pow-er con-fess;  
But the blest vol-ume Thou hast writ  
Re-veals Thy jus-tice and Thy grace.  
Sun, moon, and stars con-vey Thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and nev-er stand;  
So when Thy truth be-gan its race,  
It touched and glanced on ev-ery land.  
Nor shall Thy spread-ing gos-pel rest  
Till through the world Thy Truth has run;  
Till Christ has all na-tions blessed  
That see the light, or feel the sun.  
Great Sun of Right-eous-ness, a-rise;  
Bless the dark world with heav-en-ly light:  
Thy gos-pel makes the sim-ple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, Thy judg-ments right.  
Thy no-blest won-ders here we view  
In souls re-newed, and sins for-giv-en:  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul re-new,  
And make Thy Word my guide to heaven.

## The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want

---

The Lord's my shep-herd, I'll not want;  
He makes me down to lie  
In pas-tures green; He lead-eth me  
The qui-et wa-ters by.  
My soul He doth re-store a-gain,  
And me to walk doth make  
With-in the paths of right-eous-ness,  
E'en for His own name's sake.  
Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill,  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me com-fort still.  
My ta-ble Thou hast fur-nish-ed  
In pres-ence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost a-noint,  
And my cup o-ver-flows.  
Good-ness and mer-cy all my life  
Shall sure-ly fol-low me,  
And in God's house for-ev-er-more  
My dwell-ing place shall be.

## Thee We Adore, Eternal Lord!

---

Thee we a-dore e-ter-nal Lord!

We praise Thy name with one ac-cord.

Thy saints, who here Thy good-ness see,

Through all the world do wor-ship Thee,

Through all the world do wor-ship Thee.

To Thee a-loud all an-gels cry,

The heavens and all the powers on high:

Thee ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly King,

Lord God of Hosts, they ev-er sing,

Lord God of Hosts, they ev-er sing.

A-pos-tles join the glo-rious throng,

And pro-phets swell th'im-mor-tal song;

Thy mar-tyrs' no-ble ar-my raise

E-ter-nal an-thems to Thy praise,

E-ter-nal an-thems to Thy praise.

From day to day, O Lord, do we

Ex-alt and high-ly hon-or Thee!

Thy name we wor-ship and a-dore,

World with-out end, for-ev-er more,

World with-out end, for-ev-er more.

## We Bless the Lord, the Just, the Good

---

We bless the Lord, the just, the good,  
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;  
Who pours His bles-sings from the skies,  
And loads our days with rich sup-plies.  
He sends the sun his cir-cuit round  
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;  
He bids the clouds, with plen-teous rain,  
Re-fresh the thirs-ty earth a-gain.  
'Tis to His care we owe our breath,  
And all our near es-capes from death:  
Safe-ty and health to God be-long;  
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.  
He makes the saint and sin-ner prove  
The com-mon bless-ings of His love;  
But the wide diff-erence that re-mains  
Is end-less joy, or end-less pains.  
The Lord, that bruised the ser-pent's head,  
On all the ser-pent's seed shall tread;  
The stub-born sin-ner's hope con-found,  
And smite him with a last-ing wound.  
But His right hand His saints shall raise  
From the deep earth, or deep-er seas;  
And bring them to His courts a-bove,  
There shall they taste His spec-ial love.

## When All Your Mercies, O My God

---

When all your mer-cies, O my God,  
My ris-ing soul sur-veys,  
Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost  
In won-der, love and praise.  
Un-num-bered com-forts to my soul  
Your ten-der care be-stowed,  
Be-fore my in-fant heart con-ceived  
From whom those com-forts flowed.  
When worn with sick-ness, oft have you  
With health re-newed my face;  
And when in sins and sor-rows sunk,  
Re-vived my soul with grace.  
Ten thou-sand pre-cious gifts  
My dai-ly thanks em-ploy;  
Nor is the least a cheer-ful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.  
Through every per-iod of my life  
Your good-ness I'll pur-sue;  
And af-ter death, in dist-ant world,  
The glo-rious theme re-new.  
Through all e-ter-ni-ty to you  
A joy-ful song I'll raise;  
For oh, e-ter-ni-ty's too short  
To ut-ter all your praise.

## Your Word is like a Garden, Lord

---

Your Word is like a gar-den, Lord,  
With flow-ers bright and fair;  
And ev-ery-one who seeks may pluck  
A love-ly clus-ter there.  
Your word is like a deep, deep mine;  
And jew-els rich and rare  
Are hid-den in its might-y depths  
For ev-ery search-er there.  
Your Word is like a star-ry host:  
A thou-sand rays of light  
Are seen to guide the trav-el-er,  
And make his path-way bright.  
Your Word is like an ar-mor-y,  
Where sol-diers may re-pair,  
And find, for life's long bat-tle day,  
All need-ful wea-pons there.  
O may I love your pre-cious Word,  
May I ex-plore the mine,  
May I its fra-grant flow-ers glean,  
May light up-on me shine.  
O may I find my ar-mor there,  
Your Word my trus-ty sword;  
I'll learn to fight with ev-ery foe  
The bat-tle of the Lord.

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