

*Bible  
Hymnal*

WORLDWIDE CHURCH OF GOD

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

*Bible*  
*Hymnal*

*The Worldwide Church of God*

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# COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

Author Unknown

Felice de Giardini

1. Come, Thou Al - might - - y King, Help us Thy name — to sing,  
 2. Come, Thou In - car - - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - - y sword,  
 3. Come, Ho - ly Ad - - vo - cate, A pure heart in — us cre - ate;

Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
 And us de - fend. Come and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy  
 In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Rule in our

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.  
 word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness, Our prayer at - tend.  
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.

# STANDING ON THE PROMISES

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter



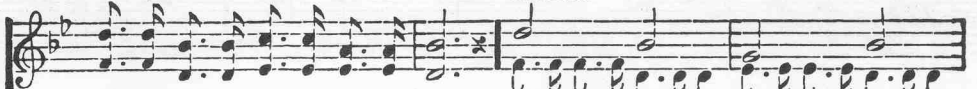
1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howl-ing
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-



a-ges let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the highest I will shout and sing,  
 storms of doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,  
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib-erty where Christ makes free,  
 ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,



## CHORUS



Standing on the promis-es of God. Stand-ing, stand-ing,  
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,



Stand-ing on the promis-es of God my Sav-iour; Stand-ing,  
 Standing on the prom-is-es,



stand-ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.  
 Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

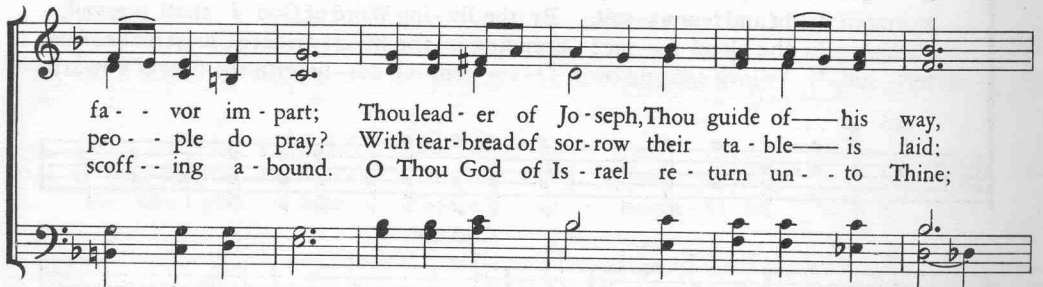




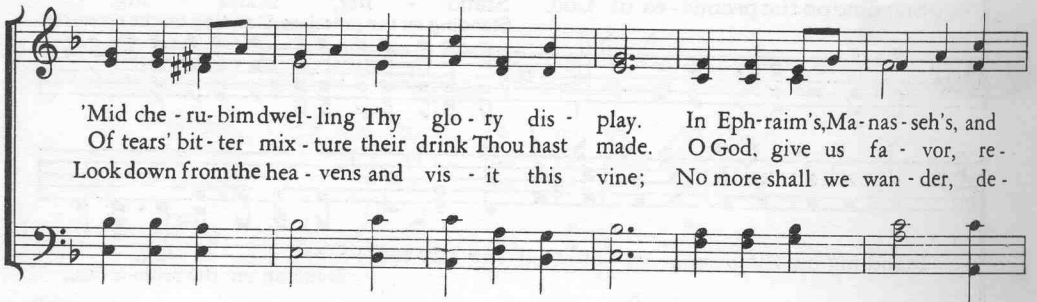
## REMEMBER THY PEOPLE

*Eightieth Psalm**Dwight Armstrong*

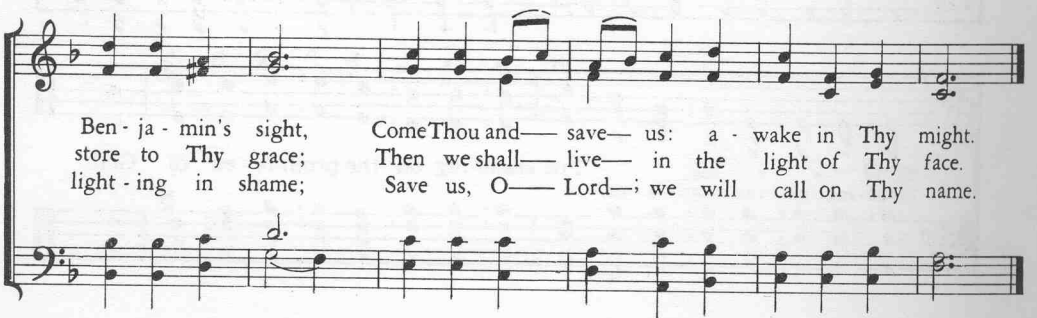

1. O Thou who the Shep- herd of Is - - ra - el art, Give ear to our pray'r, and Thy  
 2 How long wilt Thou turn in fierce an - - ger a - - way, O Lord God of hosts, when Thy  
 3 Strife Thou hast— made us to neigh - - bors a - - round, Our foes in their laugh - ter and



fa - - vor im - part; Thou lead - er of Jo - seph, Thou guide of — his way,  
 peo - - ple do pray? With tear - bread of sor - row their ta - ble — is laid;  
 scoff - - ing a - bound. O Thou God of Is - rael re - turn un - - to Thine;



'Mid che - ru - bim dwell - ing Thy glo - ry dis - play. In Eph - raim's, Ma - nas - seh's, and  
 Of tears' bit - ter mix - ture their drink Thou hast made. O God, give us fa - vor, re -  
 Look down from the hea - vens and vis - it this vine; No more shall we wan - der, de -



Ben - ja - min's sight, Come Thou and — save — us: a - wake in Thy might.  
 store to Thy grace; Then we shall — live — in the light of Thy face.  
 light - ing in shame; Save us, O — Lord —; we will call on Thy name.

# A SONG OF JOYFUL PRAISE

*One-Hundredth Psalm*

*Music by Dwight Armstrong*

1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice. Him  
2. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Gai-ly ap-proach un - to His courts: Prais-

serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re-joice. Know  
laud, and bless His name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do. For

that the Lord is God in-deed; With - out our aid He did us make: We  
why? The Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure; His

are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.  
truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

## PRAISE TO GOD

*Ninety-Fifth Psalm**Dwight Armstrong*

1. O come, let us, in songs to God, Our cheer-ful voic-es raise; In  
 2. For God, A might-y God, and King, a-bove all gods He is; The  
 3. O come, and let us wor-ship Him, Let us bow down with-al; And

joy-ful shouts let us the Rock Of our sal--va-tion praise. Be-  
 depths of earth are in His hand, The strength of—hills is His. To  
 on our knees, be fore the Lord Our Mak-er,—let us fall. Be-

fore His pre-sence—let us come With praise and thank-ful—voice; Let  
 Him the spa-cious—sea be-longs, For He the same did—make; The  
 cause He on-ly— is our God; And we His peo-ple— are; And

us sing psalms to Him with grace, And make a joy-ful noise.  
 dry land al-so from His hands Its form at first—did take.  
 of His pas-ture, we are sheep In His Al-might-y care.



# STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

George Duffield



George James Webb





1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the word  
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey;  
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus; Stand in his strength a - lone;  
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus; The strife will not be long;


Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, and send it 'round the world  
 Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this his glo - rious day:  
 The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:  
 This day, the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall he lead,  
 Ye that are men, now serve him A - gainst un - num - ber'd foes;  
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r;  
 To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
 Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.  
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.  
 He, with the King of glo - ry, Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly!



## A PRAYER TO GOD

*One-Hundred-Forty-Third Psalm**Dwight Armstrong*

1. Give ear to my prayer, O Lord, And my sup - pli - ca - tions hear;  
 2. For the en - e - my my foe, Per - se - cu - ted he my soul;  
 3. Lord hear me, I pray of Thee; Hide not Thou Thy face from me,

An - swer me in faith - ful - ness, In Thy right - eous - ness.  
 My life hath he smit - ten down, Down un - to the ground;  
 Lest like un - to them I be, Down un - to the dust.

With Thy ser - vant en - ter not In - to judg - ment for to try;  
 Made me in the dark - ness dwell, As those that have long been dead;  
 Cause me, though, I pray to hear; Show Thy lov - ing - kind - ness, Lord;

As no liv - ing man shall be Jus - ti - fied 'fore Thee.  
 My spir - it is o - ver - whelmed, My heart des - o late.  
 For I lift my soul to Thee; I in Thee do trust.

# SING OF MERCY AND JUDGMENT

One-Hundred-First Psalm

Music by Dwight Armstrong

1. I mer-cy will and judg-ment sing, Lord I will sing to Thee. With  
 2. I will en-dure no wick-ed thing be-fore mine eyes to be: I  
 3. I'll cut him off that slan-der-eth his neigh-bor pri-vi-ly: The  
 4. Who of de-ceit a work-er is, in my house shall not dwell; And

wis-dom in a per-fect way shall my be-hav-ior be. O  
 hate their work that turn a-side, it shall not cleave to me. A  
 haugh-ty heart I will not bear, nor him that look-eth high. Up-  
 in my pres-ence shall he not re-main that lies doth tell. Yea,

when, in kind-ness un-to me, wilt thou be pleas'd to come? I  
 stub-born and a fro-ward heart shall quite de-part from me; A  
 on the faith-ful of the land mine eyes shall be, that they may  
 all the wick-ed of the land I ear-ly will de-destroy; and

with a per-fect heart will walk with - in my house at home.  
 per-son giv'n to wick-ed-ness I will not know at all.  
 dwell with me: He shall me serve that walks in per-fect way.  
 cut off e-vil-do-ers from the cit-y of the Lord.



## I WOULD BE TRUE

Howard Arnold Walter

Joseph Yates Peek

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be  
 2. I would be friend of all, the foe, the friend-less; I would be

pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for  
 giv - ing, and for - get the gift; I would be hum - ble,

there is much to suf - fer; I would be brave, for there is much to  
 for I know my weak-ness; I would look up, and laugh, and love, and

dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.  
 lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

# THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

James Montgomery, 1822

Thomas Koschat, 1862

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know, I  
 2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death though I stray, Since  
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With  
 4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still

feed in green pas - ture, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my  
 thou art my Guard - ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -  
 bless - ings un - meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and  
 fol - low my steps till I meet thee a - bove; I seek by the

soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wan - dering, re -  
 fend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my  
 oil thou a - noint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of thy  
 path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, thy

deems when op - pressed, Re - stores me when wan - dering, redeems when op - pressed.  
 Com - fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.  
 prov - i - dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of thy prov - i - dence more?  
 king - dom of love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, thy king - dom of love. A - MEN.

# GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD

Mark 16:15-20

Matt. 28:19, 20

Dwight Armstrong

1. Go ye there-fore in-to all the world; Preach the gos-pel un-to ev-'ry-one;  
 2. Those who have be-lieved and are bap-tized Shall be saved while oth-ers are con-demned  
 3. Christ was tak-en up in-to the heav'n's Af-ter He had spo-ken all these words;

Teach all na-tions to ob-serve all things I have com-mand-ed you—  
 Then as for those who now do be-lieve These signs shall sure-ly fol--low:  
 There His Fa-ther did re-ceive Him and Place Him at His right hand—.

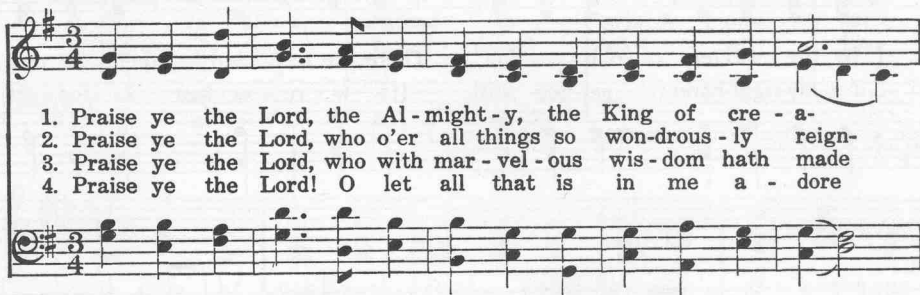
Bap-tize them in-to the Fa-ther's name, In the Ho-ly Spir-it's and the Son's:  
 They shall cast out de-mons in my name, They shall not be hurt by dead-ly things;  
 His dis-ci-ples went out as He said; And they preached the gos-pel ev-'ry-where;

Lo, I shall be with you to the end; Lo, I am with you al-way.  
 And they shall lay hands up-on the sick, And the sick shall be made well.  
 Christ worked with them and con-firmed the word, By those signs which fol-lowed them.

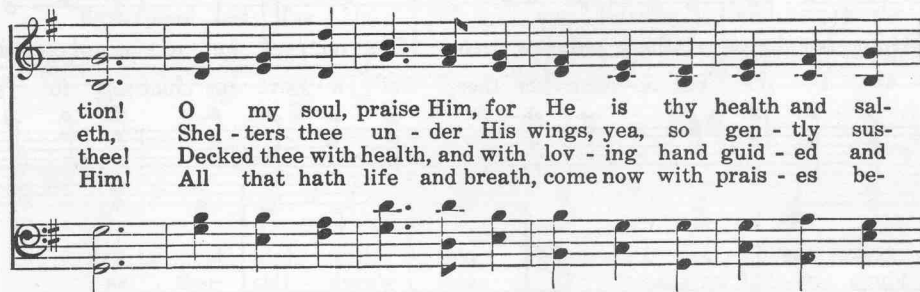
# PRAISE YE THE LORD, THE ALMIGHTY

Joachim Neander  
Trans. by  
Catherine Winkworth

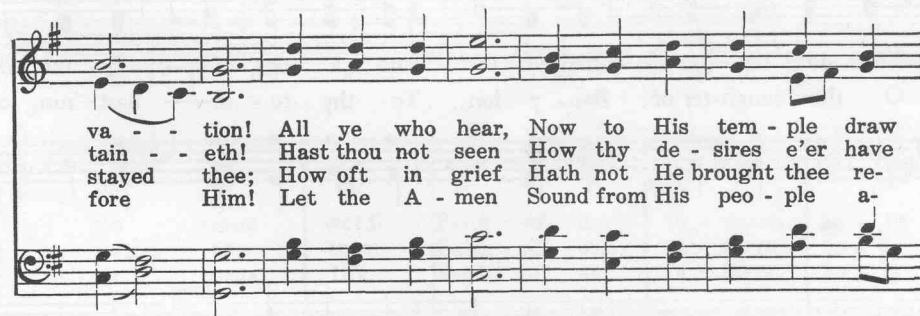
Lobe Den Herren  
"Stralsund Gesangbuch"  
Arr. in "Praxis Pietatis Melica"



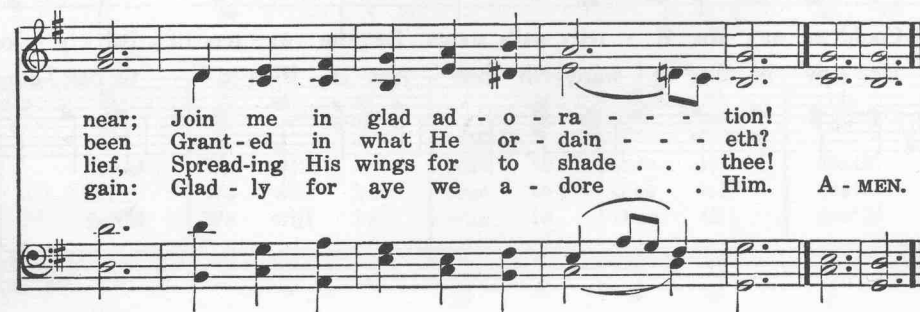
1. Praise ye the Lord, the Al-might-y, the King of cre-a-  
2. Praise ye the Lord, who o'er all things so won-drous-ly reign-  
3. Praise ye the Lord, who with mar-vel-ous wis-dom hath made  
4. Praise ye the Lord! O let all that is in me a-dore



tion! O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal-  
eth, Shel-ters thee un-der His wings, yea, so gen-tly sus-  
thee! Decked thee with health, and with lov-ing hand guid-ed and  
Him! All that hath life and breath, come now with prais-es be-



va-tion! All ye who hear, Now to His tem-ple draw  
tain-eth! Hast thou not seen How thy de-sires e'er have  
stayed thee; How oft in grief Hath not He brought thee re-  
fore Him! Let the A-men Sound from His peo-ple a-



near; Join me in glad ad-o-ra-tion!  
been Grant-ed in what He or-dain-eth?  
lief, Spread-ing His wings for to shade thee!  
gain: Glad-ly for aye we a-dore Him. A-MEN.

## BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON

*One-Hundred-Thirty-Seventh Psalm**Dwight Armstrong*

1. By the wa-ters of Bab-y - lon,      There we wept and— there sat down;  
2. Let my right hand for- get her skill,      If Je- ru - sa- lem I for- get;

Hung our harps on the wil- low trees,      Zi - on, yet we re - mem-bered thee.  
If I do not re- mem- ber thee,      Far a - bove my chief joy to set.

Then our cap - tors re- quired of us: "Sing a song of— Zi - on now!"  
O thou daugh-ter of Bab- y - lon,      To thy ru - in— hast - 'ning on;

Could we sing the E - ter - nal's songs      By the wa - ters of Bab - y - lon.  
Hap - py he that re - ward - eth thee      Just as thou to— us hast done.

# FAITH OF OUR FATHERS!

Frederick W. Faber

Henri F. Hemy

*p*

1. Faith of our' fa - thers! liv - ing still,  
 2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark,  
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love,

In spite of dun - geon, fire, and sword: O how our  
 Were still in heart and con - science free: How sweet would  
 Both friend and foe in all our strife: And preach thee,

hearts beat high with joy, When - e'er we hear that  
 be their chil - dren's fate, If they, like them, could  
 too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and

glo - rious word! Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly  
 die — for thee! Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly  
 vir - tuous life: Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly

faith! We will be true to thee till death!  
 faith! We will be true to thee till death!  
 faith! We will be true to thee till death!



# PRAISE TOWARD GOD'S HOLY PLACE

*One-Hundred-Thirty-Eighth Psalm*

*Dwight Armstrong*

1. Lord I will praise Thee with my whole heart;  
 2. More than Thy name Thy word is en - larged;  
 3. They from Thy mouth shall learn of Thy ways;  
 4. Though in the midst of trou - ble I walk;

Be - fore the gods will I sing praise to Thee;  
 And when I cried in that day Thou didst hear;  
 Then they shall sing for Thy glo - ry is great;  
 Thou wilt re - ceive me and stretch forth Thy hand;

Wor - ship to - ward Thy ho - - ly place,  
 Thou hast my soul with strength— sup - plied;  
 Thou, Lord, though high, the poor— re - spect;  
 Thine own right hand shall set— me free;

Prais - ing Thy name for Thy kind love so true.  
 Thy word the kings will then hear, prais - ing Thee.  
 Yet all the proud are far off, known by Thee.  
 Thy mer - cy, Lord, and Thy grace will en - dure.

# GOD LOOKED DOWN FROM HEAVEN

*Fifty-Third Psalm*

*Dwight Armstrong*

1. That there is not a God the fool Doth in his heart con-clude; They  
 2. They are all of them back-ward gone, Filth-y have they be-come; And  
 3. There they were sore a - fraid and stood With trem-bling, all dis-mayed, Where-

are cor-rupt their works are vile: Not one of them do-eth good.  
 there is none that do - eth good, No, not so much as one.  
 as there was no cause at all Why they should be a - fraid.

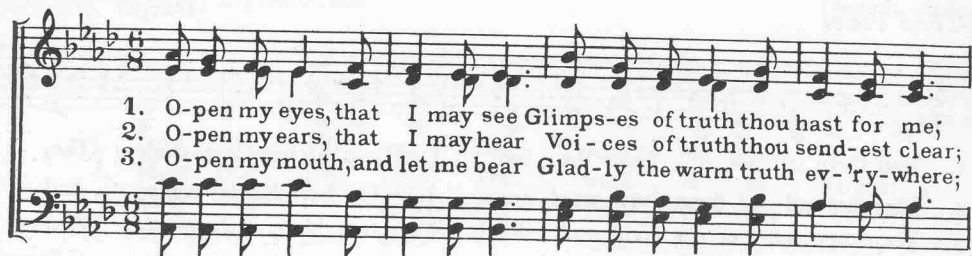
God did from heav'n look down up - on the sons of men a - broad, To  
 have they who work in - iq - ui - ty no know - ledge at all? My  
 For God his bones that thee be-sieged hath scat - tered all a - broad; Thou

see if an - y one were wise, And— seek - ing aft - er God.  
 peo - ple they de - vour like bread, On— God they do not call.  
 hast con-found-ed them, be - cause They are de-spised of God.

# OPEN MY EYES, THAT I MAY SEE

C. H. S.

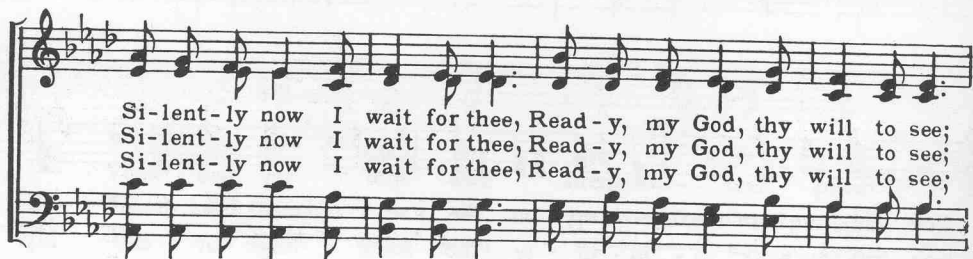
Clara H. Scott



1. O-pen my eyes, that I may see Glimps-es of truth thou hast for me;  
 2. O-pen my ears, that I may hear Voi-ces of truth thou send-est clear;  
 3. O-pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad-ly the warm truth ev-'ry-where;



Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.  
 And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev-'ry-thing false will dis-ap-pear.  
 O-pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with thy chil-dren thus to share.



Si-lent-ly now I wait for thee, Read-y, my God, thy will to see;  
 Si-lent-ly now I wait for thee, Read-y, my God, thy will to see;  
 Si-lent-ly now I wait for thee, Read-y, my God, thy will to see;



O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!  
 O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!  
 O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!

# GOD IS OUR REFUGE

Forty-Sixth Psalm

Dwight Armstrong

1. God— will our strength and— re - fuge prove, In all dis-tress a pre-sent aid;  
 2. A— riv - er flows, whose— liv - ing streams Make glad the ci - ty of our God,  
 3. Come—, see the works of— God dis-played, The won-ders of His might - y hand;

Though the trem-bling— earth re - move, We will nev - er— be dis - mayed.  
 Tents where heav'n-ly— glo - ry beams, Where the Lord hath— His a - bode.  
 Des - o - la - tions— He hath made, Ru - ins spread through— all the land.

King-doms moved, the— hea-then raged, And the earth melt-ed at His word; The—  
 God has her His— dwel-ling made; She shall nev - er— more be moved; Her—  
 Be still; know I am God Most High, O'er the hea-then— I will reign. The—

Lord of hosts for— us en - gaged, Our re - fuge high is Ja - cob's Lord.  
 God shall ear - ly— give her aid, As He her help hath ev - er proved.  
 Lord of hosts to— us is nigh, Our help shall Ja - cob's God re - main.

# FORGET NOT GOD AND HIS COVENANT

Forty-Fourth Psalm

Dwight Armstrong

1. Be - fore me I con - stant - ly see my dis - grace, And  
 2. Though all these sore e - vils have been our sad lot, Our  
 3. If we have for - got - ten the name of our God, Or  
 4. Yea, all the day long for Thy sake we're con - sumed; Like

shame and con - fu - sion have cov - ered my face; At  
 God and His cov - nant we have not for - got; Our  
 un - to some i - dol our hands spread a - broad, Shall  
 sheep for the slaugh - ter to death we are doomed. A -

sound of the taunt - ers and scoff - ers de - light, Their  
 heart turned not back and our feet have not strayed, Though  
 not the Al - might - y, who sees all with - in. And  
 wake, O E - ter - nal, and sleep Thou no more; A -

hearts full of hate and re - venge - ful de - spite.  
 brok - en 'midst drag - ons and clothed with death's shade.  
 knows the heart's se - crets, dis - cov - er this sin?  
 rise and our help cast not off ev - er more.

# GOD OF OUR FATHERS, WHOSE ALMIGHTY HAND

Daniel C. Roberts, 1876

George W. Warren, 1892

*Trumpets before each stanza*

1. God of our fa - thers, whose al - might - y  
 2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the  
 3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti -

hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band  
 past, In this free land by thee our lot is cast;  
 lence, Be thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fense;

Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies,  
 Be thou our rul - er, guard - ian, guide and stay,  
 Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts in - crease,

Our grate - ful songs be - fore thy throne a - rise.  
 Thy word our law, thy paths our cho - sen way.  
 Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.



# WISDOM BEGINS WITH THE FEAR OF THE LORD

*One-Hundred-Eleventh Psalm*

*Dwight Armstrong*



1. Praise ye the Lord: with my wholeheart I'll praise; Where the up- right are as- sem- bled for God;
2. For those who fear Him our God will pro- vide; Ev- er His cov-'nant He will not for- get;
3. Un- to His peo ple re- demp- tion He sent; God hath com- man- ded His cov-'nant al- way;



His glo- rious work shall for- ev- er en- dure, Wor- thy of hon- or and praise.  
He showed His peo- ple the pow'r of His works, Lands of the hea- then to gain.  
Stead- fast and sure it for- ev- er will stand: Ho- ly and rev-'rend His name.



There is no end un- to His right- eous- ness; Great works of won- der He makes,  
Judg- ment and truth are the works of His hands, All His com- mand- ments are sure;  
Wis- dom be- gins with the fear of the Lord: God's praise en- dur- eth for aye;



That we may know the E- ter- nal is good, Full of com- pas- sion and grace.  
They are all done in up- right- ness and truth; They shall for- ev- er en- dure.  
His laws im- part un- der- stand- ing and grace To those who heed and o- bey.



## NO NIGHT THERE

John R. Clements

Hart P. Danks

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies the "cit - y four - square,"  
 2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the "cit - y four - square,"  
 3. And the gates shall nev - er close To the "cit - y four - square,"  
 4. There they need no sun - shine bright, In that "cit - y four - square,"

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."  
 All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."  
 There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."  
 For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

## CHORUS

God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;  
 God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there."  
 And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night... there."

# SAFELY THRO' ANOTHER WEEK

OF THE LORD

John Newton

Lowell Mason

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;  
 2. While we seek sup - plies of grace Thro' the great Re - deem - er's name,  
 3. May thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;

Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day;  
 Show thy rec - on - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame;  
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief from all com - plaints;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;  
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in thee;  
 Thus let all our Sab - baths prove, Till on earth Thy king - dom come;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.  
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in thee.  
 Thus let all our Sab - baths prove, Till on earth Thy king - dom come.

# HIS MERCY NEVER FAILS

*One-Hundred-Thirty-Sixth Psalm*

*Dwight Armstrong*

1. O give thanks, un - to the Lord; Give thanks un - to the Lord of lords.  
 2. O give thanks, un - to the Lord; For it was He who made great lights:  
 3. O give thanks, un - to the Lord; He who saved Is - rael from their foe;  
 4. O give thanks, un - to the Lord; For it was He who slew great kings;

He per-forms won - der - ful works; He stretched the earth a - bove the sea.  
 For the day He made the sun; And for the night the moon and stars.  
 He who killed E - gypt's first born; He who brought Is - rael through the sea.  
 Pha-raoh's host drowned in the sea; Is - rael was saved from all their foes.

**Chorus**

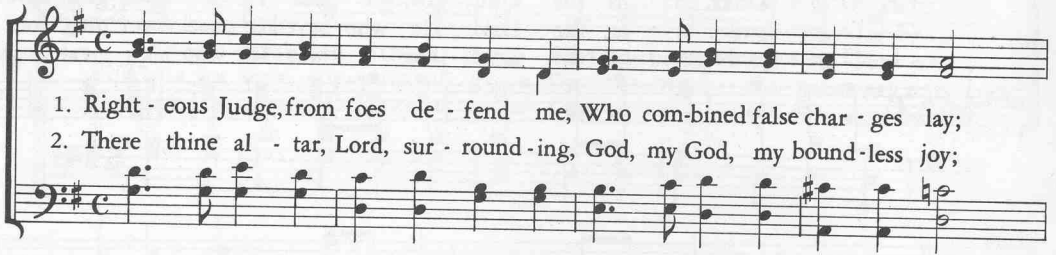
Give thanks to God for He is good; He who a - lone do - eth great works.

His kind-ness shall al - ways en-dure, His mer - cy nev - er fails.

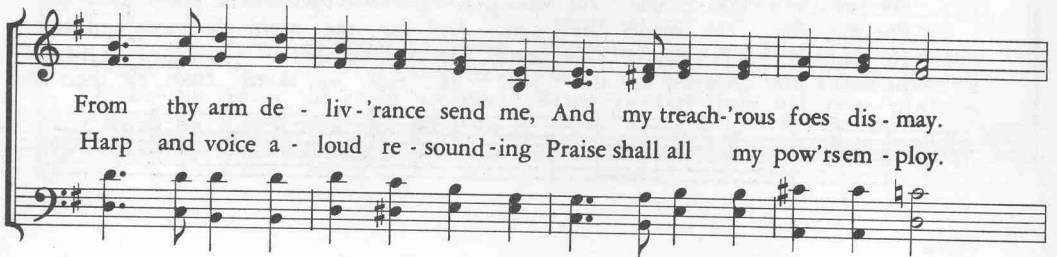
# RIGHTEOUS JUDGE FROM FOES DEFEND ME

*Forty-Third Psalm*

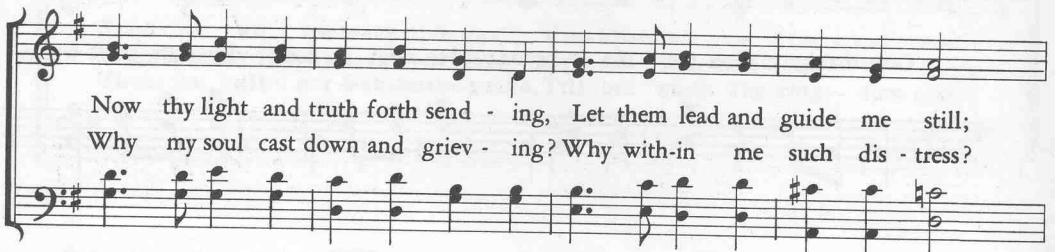
*Dwight Armstrong*



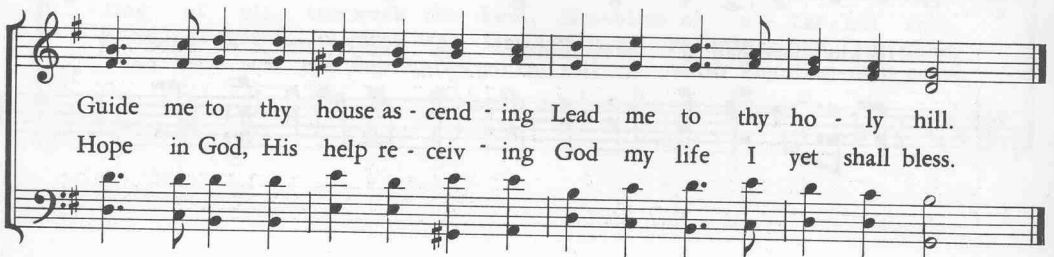
1. Right - eous Judge, from foes de - fend me, Who com - bined false char - ges lay;  
2. There thine al - tar, Lord, sur - round - ing, God, my God, my bound - less joy;



From thy arm de - liv - 'rance send me, And my treach - 'rous foes dis - may.  
Harp and voice a - loud re - sound - ing Praise shall all my pow'rs em - ploy.



Now thy light and truth forth send - ing, Let them lead and guide me still;  
Why my soul cast down and griev - ing? Why with - in me such dis - tress?



Guide me to thy house as - cend - ing Lead me to thy ho - ly hill.  
Hope in God, His help re - ceiv - ing God my life I yet shall bless.

# WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD, OUR REDEEMER

Julis Bulkley Cady, 1882-

*Netherlands Folk Song From The Collection  
by Andrianus Valerius, 1625*

1. We praise thee, O God, our Re-deem-er, Cre - a - tor, In grate-ful de -  
2. We wor-ship thee, God of our fa - thers, we bless thee; Thro' life's storm and  
3. With voic - es u - ni - ted our prais - es we of - fer, To thee, great E -

vo - tion our trib - ute we bring. We lay it be - fore thee, we kneel and a -  
tem - pest our Guide hast thou been. When per - ils o'er - take us, es - cape thou wilt  
ter - nal, glad an - thems we raise. Thy strong arm will guide us, our God is be -

dore thee, We bless thy ho - ly name, glad prais - es we sing.  
make us, And with thy help, O Lord, our bat - tles we win.  
side us, To thee, our great Re - deemer, for - ev - er be praise. A - MEN.

## ALTERNATIVE ENDING

All praise be thine. A - MEN.



# MORNING PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE

*Fifth Psalm*

*Dwight Armstrong*

1. Give ear un - to my words, O Lord, My med - i - ta - tion weigh. Hear  
 2. For Thou art not a God that doth In wick - ed - ness de - light; No  
 3. But I in - to Thy house will come In Thine a - bun - dant grace; And  
 4. Let all who trust in Thee be glad, In shouts their praise pro - claim; Thou

my loud cry, my King, my God, For I to Thee will pray. Lord  
 e - vil shall a - bide with Thee, Nor fools stand in Thy sight. All  
 I will wor - ship in Thy fear To - ward Thy ho - ly place. Be -  
 sav - est them; let all re - joice Who love Thy ho - ly name. For

Thou shalt ear - ly hear my voice; I ear - ly will di - rect My  
 e - vil do - ers Thou dost hate, Cut off shall li - ars be; The  
 cause of watch - full en - e - mies, O lead me by Thy grace And  
 Lord, un - to the right - eous man Thou wilt Thy bless - ing yield; With

prayer to Thee, and look - ing up, An an - swer will ex - pect.  
 blood - y and de - ceit - ful man Ab - hor - red is by Thee.  
 in Thy right - eous - ness Thy way Make straight be - fore my face.  
 fa - vor Thou wilt com - pass him A - bout as with a shield.

# WHEN ISRAEL WENT OUT OF EGYPT

One-Hundred-Fourteenth Psalm

Music by Dwight Armstrong

1. When Is - r'el out of E - gypt went, And did his dwell - ing  
 2. Like rams the moun - tains - And like lambs The hills skipped to and  
 3. O at the pres - ence of the Lord, earth trem - ble thou for

change, When Ja - cob's house went out from those that  
 fro. O sea, why fledd'st thou? Jor - dan, O  
 fear. While as the pres - ence of the God why of

were of lan - guage strange, He Ju - dah did his  
 wast thou driv - en so? Ye moun - tains great, where -  
 Ja - cob doth ap - pear: Who from the hard and

sanc - tu - ary - His king - dom Is - r'el make; The  
 fore was it that ye did Is - r'el skip like rams? The  
 sto - ny rock did stand - ing wa - ter bring; And

sea it saw, And quick - ly fled, Jor - dan was driv - en back.  
 where - for was it lit - tle hills, That ye did leap like lambs?  
 by his pow'r did turn the flint in - to a wa - ter spring.

# JUST WHEN I NEED HIM MOST

William Poole

Charles H. Gabriel

1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter,  
 2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing  
 3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - dens  
 4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer - ing when up -

just when I fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer,  
 all the way thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleas - ures a - new,  
 all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song,  
 on Him I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall,

CHORUS.

Just when I need Him most. Just when I need Him most,

Just when I need Him most; Je - sus is near to

com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A - MEN.

# THE FOUNT AND FLOOD WERE CLEFT BY THEE

*Seventy-Fourth Psalm*

*Dwight Armstrong*

1. The fount and flood were cleft by Thee, the might-y streams were dried. The  
 2. That fool - ish peo - ple have blas-phemed Thy name E - ter - nal God; That  
 3. Lord, to Thy coy - 'nant have res - pect; be - cause in ev - 'ry clime Are

day and night are Thine, and Thou didst light and sun pro - vide. By  
 spite ful foes have Thee re-proached in mem - or - y re - cord. Leave  
 earth's dark plac - es filled with homes of cru - el - ty and crime. Let

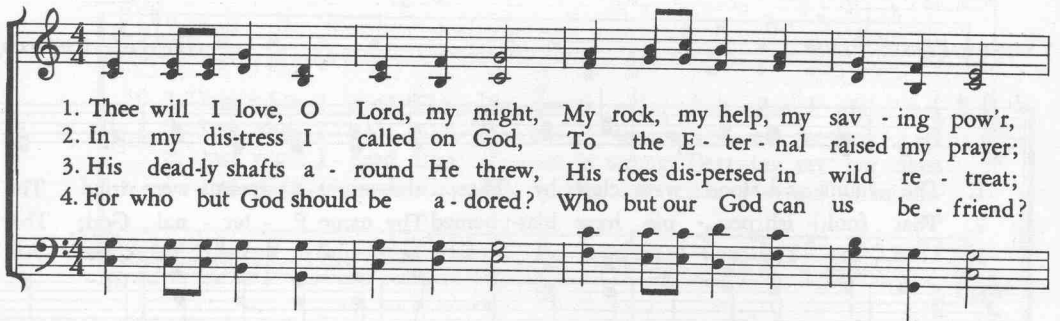
Thee the bor - ders of the earth were set - tled so to be; The  
 not Thy dove un - to the mul - ti - tude of wick - ed men; The  
 not all those that are op - presed re - turn a - gain with shame; Let

sum - mer and the win - ter, Lord, cre - a - ted were by Thee.  
 con - gre - ga - tion of Thy poor for - get not to the end.  
 those that poor and need - y are give prais - es to Thy name.

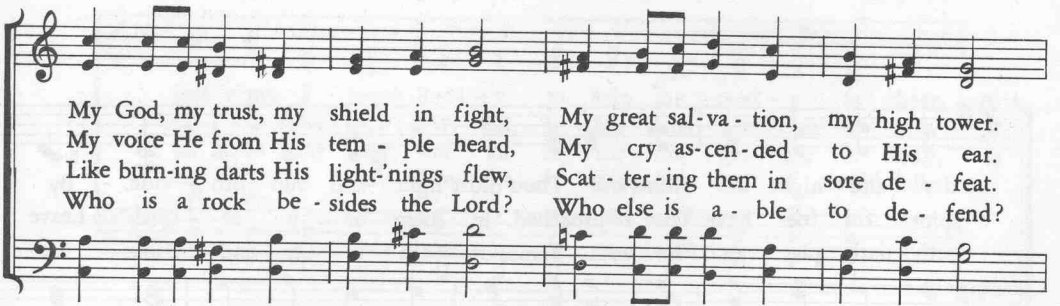
# MY ROCK AND MY SALVATION

II Samuel 22:1-32

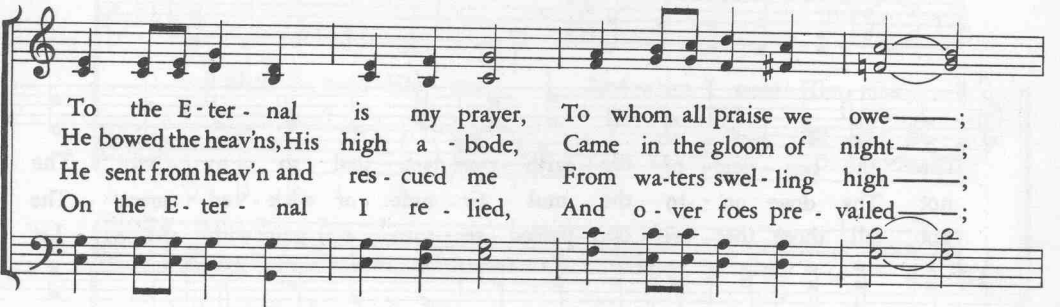
Dwight Armstrong



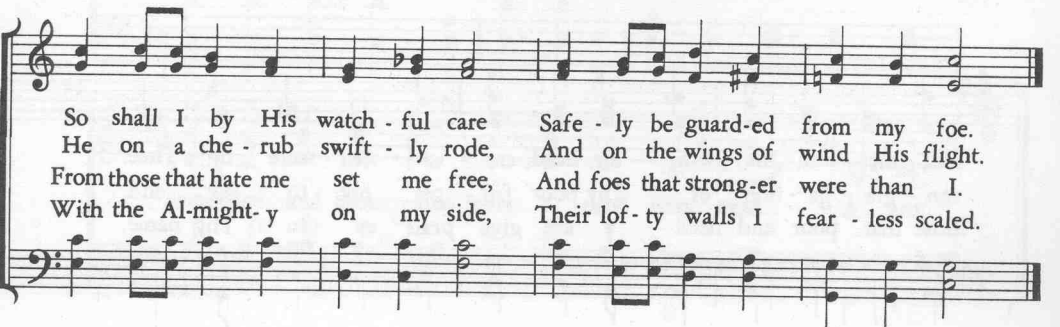
1. Thee will I love, O Lord, my might, My rock, my help, my sav - ing pow'r,  
 2. In my dis-tress I called on God, To the E - ter - nal raised my prayer;  
 3. His dead-ly shafts a - round He threw, His foes dis-persed in wild re - treat;  
 4. For who but God should be a - dored? Who but our God can us be - friend?



My God, my trust, my shield in fight, My great sal - va - tion, my high tower.  
 My voice He from His tem - ple heard, My cry as - cen - ded to His ear.  
 Like burn - ing darts His light - nings flew, Scat - ter - ing them in sore de - feat.  
 Who is a rock be - sides the Lord? Who else is a - ble to de - fend?



To the E - ter - nal is my prayer, To whom all praise we owe —;  
 He bowed the heav'n's, His high a - bode, Came in the gloom of night —;  
 He sent from heav'n and res - cued me From wa - ters swel - ling high —;  
 On the E - ter - nal I re - lied, And o - ver foes pre - vailed —;



So shall I by His watch - ful care Safe - ly be guard - ed from my foe.  
 He on a che - rub swift - ly rode, And on the wings of wind His flight.  
 From those that hate me set me free, And foes that strong - er were than I.  
 With the Al - might - y on my side, Their lof - ty walls I fear - less scaled.

# JESUS CALLS US, O'ER THE TUMULT

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852

William H. Jude, 1887

1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,  
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,  
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,  
 4. Je - sus calls us: by thy mer - cies, Sav-iour, may we hear thy call,

Day by day his great voice soundeth, Say-ing, 'Chris-tian, fol-low me.'  
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, 'Chris-tian, love me more.'  
 Still he calls, in cares and pleas-ures, 'Christian, love me more than these.'  
 Give our hearts to thy o - be-dience, Serve and love thee best of all. A-MEN.

# LET THERE BE LIGHT, LORD GOD OF HOSTS

William Merrill Vories, 1908

William Boyd, 1868

1. Let there be light, Lord God of hosts, Let there be wis - dom on the earth;  
 2. With-in our pas-sioned hearts in - still The calm that end - eth strain and strife;  
 3. Give us the peace of vi - sion clear To see our broth - ers' good our own,  
 4. Let woe and waste of war - fare cease, That use - ful la - bor yet may build

Let broad hu - man - i - ty have birth, Let there be deeds, in - stead of boasts.  
 Make us thy min - is - ters of life; Purge us from lusts that curse and kill.  
 To joy and suf - fer not a - lone, The love that cast - eth out all fear.  
 Its homes with love and laughter filled; God give thy way - ward chil - dren peace. A-MEN.



# GOD'S ARMY

Joel 2—Words Rearranged

Music by Dwight Armstrong

1. Blow the horn let Zi - on hear, for God's day is now at hand;  
 2. Fire be-fore them shall de - vour, flames a - blaze are left be - hind;  
 3. Peo-ple are faint at their sight, for they run like might - y men,  
 4. They up - on the ci - ty leap, break through wea-pons each un - harmed

Let the peo - ple trem - ble in this day of clouds and gloom - i - ness;  
 Such as E - den was shall be - come a wil - der - ness that's des - o - late;  
 Mov - ing each on his own way they do not tan - gle in their paths,  
 Run up on the wall and climb in hou - ses through the win - dows leap;

Troops so great and might - y strong, there has nev - er been the like;  
 Like the noise of char - i - ots; and as horse - men do they run;  
 Each does fol - low his own line, climb - ing walls like men of war;  
 Earth is quak - ing as they come, hea - ven shake, stars cease to shine;

Noth - ing shall es - cape they de - vour stub - ble as in bat - tle dress.  
 Noth - ing shall es - cape they de - vour stub - ble as in bat - tle dress.  
 But they charge as war - riors and ad - vance like fight - ers on their way.  
 Then the 'E - ter - nal thun - ders and the sun and moon be - come both black!



# WHEN I DWELT IN MESECH

One-Hundred-Twentieth and  
One-Hundred-Twenty-First Psalms

Music by Dwight Armstrong

1. In dis - tress I cried un - to the Lord and He did  
2. Woe is me that I in Me - sech for so long a  
3. I will lift mine eyes un - to the hills from whence my  
4. So the sun and moon shall smite thee not by night nor

hear me say, Save my soul from ly - ing lips and  
time so - journ, Woe is me that in the tents of  
help does come, And my help comes from the Lord who  
by the day, For the Lord will pre - serve from

from de - ceit - ful tongues, O Lord; What re - ward shall come to thee?  
Ke - dar I do there - in dwell, My soul hath long dwelt with him -  
made the heav - en and the earth; He'll not let thy foot be moved;  
e - vil, He thy soul shall save: He'll pre - serve thy com - ing in;

What shall be done thou false tongue? - Ar - rows of the  
Him who hates the peace I love; I'm a man of  
He who keeps thee will not sleep; He's that keep - eth  
He'll pro - tect thy go - ing out, He's the Lord He

might - y and with burn - ing coals of ju - ni - per.  
peace, But when if I do speak, then they're for war.  
Is - rael slum - bers not, He's shade at thy right hand.  
will pre - serve from this time forth and ev - er - more.

# WITH HAPPY VOICES SINGING

*William G. Tarrant, 1888*

*Berthold Tours, 1872*

1. With hap - py voic - es sing - ing, Thy chil - dren, Lord, ap - pear;  
 2. For though no eye be - holds thee, No hand thy touch may feel,  
 3. And shall we not a - dore thee, With more than joy - ous song,

Their joy - ous prais - es bring - ing In an - thems full and clear;  
 Thy u - ni - verse un - folds thee, Thy star - ry heavens re - veal;  
 And live in truth be - fore thee, All beau - ti - ful and strong?

For skies of gold - en splen - dor, For az - ure roll - ing sea,  
 The earth and all its glo - ry, Our homes and all we love,  
 Lord, bless our life's en - deav - or Thy ser - vants true to be,

For blos - soms sweet and ten - der, O Lord, we wor - ship thee.  
 Tell forth the won - drous sto - ry Of One who reigns a - bove.  
 And through all life, for - ev - er, To live our praise to thee. A-MEN.

# PRAISE HIM! PRAISE HIM!

Fanny J. Crosby

Chester G. Allen

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O Earth, His  
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He  
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por - tals

won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;  
 suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-va-tion,  
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for-ev - er and ev - er;

Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will  
 Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Glo - ri - fied. Sound His Praises! Je-sus who  
 Hail Him! hail Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing! o-ver the

REFRAIN

guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long:  
 bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong: Praise Him! praise Him!  
 world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un - to the Lord be-long:

tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ev - er in joy-ful song!

# BLESSED ASSURANCE

Fanny J. Crosby

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Lord, I am Thine! O what a fore-taste of  
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, promise of rest, I in my Sav-ior am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Drawn of His  
 hap-py and blest; Watching and waiting, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His

## CHORUS

Spir-it, washed in His blood.  
 good-ness, lost in His love. This is my sto-ry, this is my

song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my

sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

# TO THE HILLS I'LL LIFT MY EYES

One-Hundred-Twenty-First Psalm

Dwight Armstrong

1. To the hills— I'll lift— mine eyes, Whence my hopes of suc - cor rise;  
 2. God thy keep - - er still— shall stand, As a shade on thy— right hand;

From the Lord comes all— my aid, Who the earth and hea - v'n hath made.  
 Nei - ther sun by day— shall smite, Nor the si - lent moon— by night.

He will e'er be thy guide, And thy foot— shall nev - er slide;  
 God shall guard from all ill, Keep thy soul— in safe - ty still;

God his Is - ra - el— that keeps, Nev - er slum - bers, ne - - ver sleeps.  
 Both with - out and in— thy door, He will keep thee ev - - er - more.

# PAY ALL YOUR VOWS TO GOD MOST HIGH

*Fiftieth Psalm: 7, 10, 12-16—From Old Bible*

*Music by Dwight Armstrong*

1. Hear, O my peo - ple, and I'll speak; O  
 2. Pay all your vows to God most high; Give  
 3. God sa - ith to the wick - ed man, Why

Is - ra - el by name, A - gainst thee I will tes - ti - fy; for  
 thanks and of - fer praise, And when the day of trou - ble comes I'll  
 men - tion my com - mands? Why take my com - pact on your ~~lies~~ and

God thy God, I am, The fowls are all to  
 hear and an - swer thee, Think thou that I would  
 cast my words be - hind? Since thou in - struc - tion

me well known that moun - tains high do yield, I  
 eat of bulls or drink the blood of goats? Nay,  
 in thy way hast ha - ted my con - trol, And

al - so claim as all my own the wild beasts of the field.  
 ra - ther un - to me thy God thanks - giv - ing of - fer thou.  
 since my words be - hind thy back thou cast with much con - tempt.



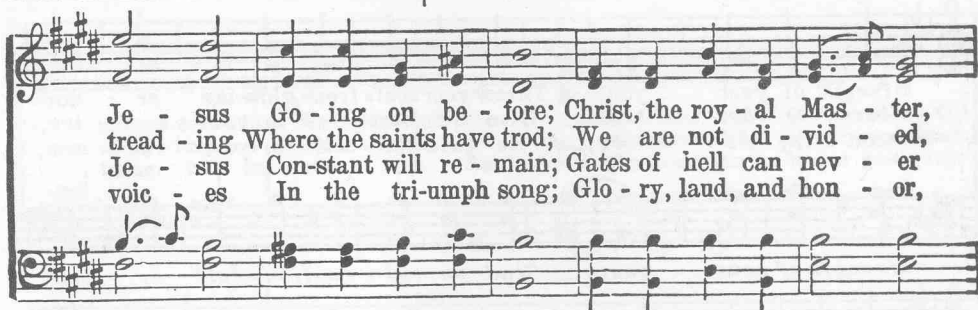
# ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Sabine Baring-Gould

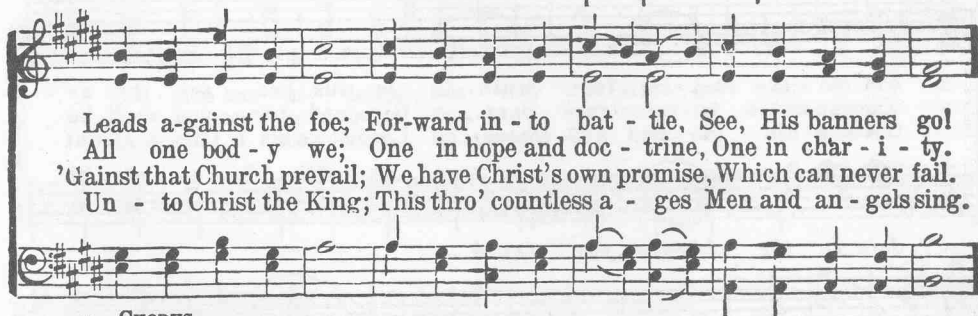
Arthur Sullivan



1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the word of  
 2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of  
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,  
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,  
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er  
 voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

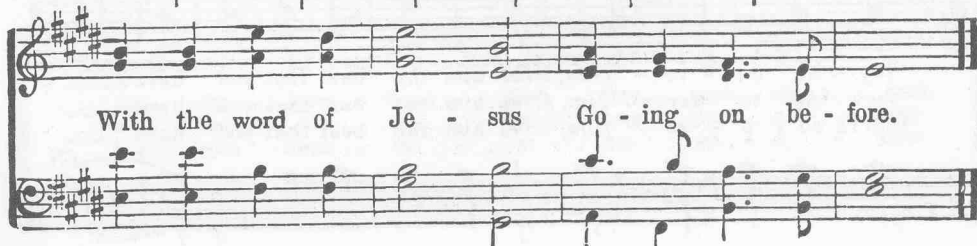


Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!  
 All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can never fail.  
 Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

## CHORUS



On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,



With the word of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



# GIVE OF YOUR BEST TO THE MASTER

H. B. G.

Mrs. Charles Barnard

1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the  
 2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give him first  
 3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is

*D.C.* Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the

strength of your youth;— Throw your soul's fresh, glow-ing ar - dor  
 place in your heart;— Give him first place in your serv - ice,  
 wor - thy his love;— He gave him - self for your ran - som,

strength of your youth;— *Fine* Clad in sal - ra-tion's full ar - mor,

In - to the bat - tle for truth.— Je - sus has set the ex -  
 Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part.— Give, and to you shall be  
 Gave up his glo - ry a - bove;— Laid down his life with - out

Join in the bat - tle for truth.—

am - ple; Daunt - less was he, young and brave;— Give him your  
 giv - en; God his be - lov - ed Son gave;— Grate - ful - ly  
 mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;— Give him your

loy - al de - vo - tion, Give him the best that you have. —  
 seek - ing to serve him, Give him the best that you have. —  
 heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give him the best that you have. —

# THE MIGHTY GOD IS MY HELPER

*Fifty-Fourth Psalm—From Old Bible*

*Music by Dwight Armstrong*

1. Save me, O God, by Thy great name and  
 2. The might - y God, my help - er is; Lo  
 3. A free will of - f'ring I to Thee will

judge me by Thy strength My prayer—hear and to my words, O  
 there - fore I am bold. He tak - eth part with ev - 'ry one, that  
 bring in sac - ri - fice. Lord, of Thy name for it is good, Thy

God give ear at length. For they that stran - gers are to me do  
 doth my soul up - hold. To all my watch - ful foes He will their  
 prai - ses I will sing. Be - cause He hath de - liv - ered me from

up a - gainst me rise; Op - pres - sors have not  
 e - vil deeds re - pay; O for Thy truth's sake  
 all ad - ver - si - ties; And His de - sire my

set be - fore them God; they seek my soul.  
 cut them off and sweep them clean a - way.  
 eye hath seen up - on my en - e - mies.

# IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL

H. G. Spafford

P. P. Bliss



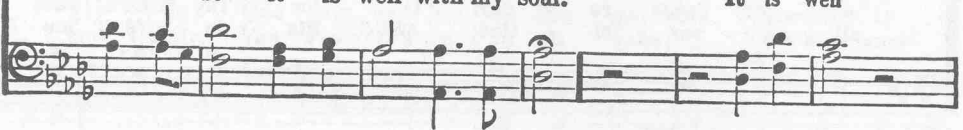
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor-rows like
2. Though Sa-tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



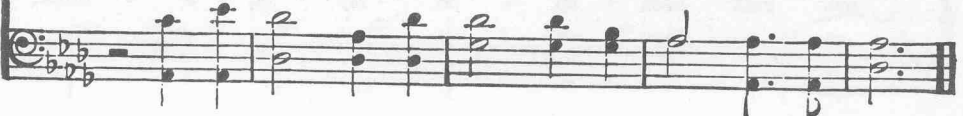
sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,  
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,  
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de - scend,



It is well, it is well with my soul.  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . . with my  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well



soul, . . . . . It is well, it is well with my soul.  
with my soul,



## SEVENTY-SECOND PSALM

*Music by Dwight Armstrong*

1. Give judg - ment to the King, O God; Give  
 2. He shall des - cend like rain that cheers, the  
 3. To Him shall ev - 'ry king on earth his

jus - tice to the poor; O judge Thy peo - ple right - eous - ly and  
 right - eous then shall thrive; As long as sun and moon en - dure, or  
 hum - ble hom - age pay; And na - tions shall with gifts and pre - sents

set the need - y free. Lo! Hills and moun - tains  
 time it - self shall last. His en - e - mies shall  
 own His right - eous sway. For He shall set the

shall bring forth pros - per - i - ty and peace; He  
 bow their heads; His foes shall lick the dust! May  
 need - y free, When they for suc - cour cry; Shall

shall de - fend the need - y ones, op - pres - sors crush to bits.  
 all the kings be - fore Him fall, all na - tions yield to Him.  
 save the help - less and the poor, and all their wants sup - ply.

# I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

Annie R. Hawks

Robert Lowry

1. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like  
 2. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Stay thou near-by; Temp-tations lose their  
 3. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; Oh, make me thine in-

## CHORUS

thine Can peace af-ford.  
 pow'r When thou art nigh. I need thee, oh, I need thee, Ev-'ry hour I  
 deed, Thou bless-ed Son!

need thee; Oh, bless me now, my Sav-ior, I come to thee!

# MT. ZION STANDS MOST BEAUTIFUL

Forty-Eighth Psalm—From Old Bible

Music by Dwight Armstrong

1. The Lord e - ter - nal is most great and  
 2. With - in her pal - a - ces our God is  
 3. As we have heard we saw with - in the

great - ly to be praised. With - in the cit - y  
 for a re - fuge known; For lo the kings as -  
 cit - y of our God; The cit - y which the

of our God up - on His ho - ly hill. Mount  
 sem - bled to - geth - er they did come. When  
 Lord of hosts es - ta - blished ev - er - more. We

Zi - on stands most beau - ti - ful the joy of all the land; The  
 they be - held it, all a - mazed they fled in great dis - may, And  
 of Thy lov - ing kind - ness thought, in Thy most ho - ly place, O

cit - y of the might - y King doth stand on her north side.  
 be - ing trou - bled. at Thy sight, they thence did haste a - way.  
 God ac - cord - ing to Thy name, Thy praise fills all the earth.



# ALL HAIL THE POWER

Edward Perronet—John Rippon

Oliver Holden

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye who did hear the Call,  
 3. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 4. O that with yon - der an - gel throng We at His feet may fall!

Be - hold the roy - al di - a - dem, And hail Him Lord of all;  
 Praise Him who saves you by His grace, And hail Him Lord of all;  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And hail Him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And hail Him Lord of all;

Be - hold the roy - al di - a - dem, And hail Him Lord of all!  
 Praise Him who saves you by His grace, And hail Him Lord of all!  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And hail Him Lord of all!  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And hail Him Lord of all! A-MEN.

(Second Tune)

MILES LANE

William Shrubsole

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Be - hold the roy - al

di - a - dem, And hail Him, hail Him, hail Him, hail Him Lord of all! A-MEN.



# THE SERVANT'S PRAYER

One-Hundred-Forty-Third Psalm

Dwight Armstrong

1. Lord, cause me that I may know of the way where I should go; For to  
 2. Bring my soul from trouble and for Thy name's sake quicken me; Lead me

Thee It lift my soul—, set me free from all my foes. Un- to  
 to the land of ref-uge, and for Thy mer-cy's sake Cut off

Thee I flee to hide me, teach me now Thy will to do; For Thou E -  
 all my foes, de stroy them: they which do af- flict my soul; For Thou E -

ter - nal art my God—: and Thy spir - it is most good.  
 ter - nal right-eous God—; and— I Thy ser- vant am.

# I AM THINE, O LORD

Fanny J. Crosby

W. H. Doann



1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I have im



love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be  
 grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my  
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-  
 mor-tal-ity; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I



## REFRAIN



clos-er drawn to Thee.  
 will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed  
 mune as friend with friend  
 rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,



Lord, To the way that Thou hast shown; Draw me near-er, near-er,



near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy ev-er rul-ing throne.



## DEPART FROM EVIL

*Thirty-Fourth Psalm**Dwight Armstrong*

1. De-part from e - vil, do what is good, Seek peace, pur-sue it— ear - nest - ly.  
 2. When right-eous men cry, God al-ways hears; For He de - liv - er - eth them from fears.  
 3. De-part from e - vil, do what is good, Seek peace, pur-sue it— ear - nest - ly.

Up - on the just are the eyes of God, His ears are o - pen un - to their cry.  
 Near un - to them of a bro - ken heart, Con - trite of spir - it God sav - eth them.  
 God keeps the bones of the right - eous man, Not one of them shall— bro - ken be.

But the E - ter - nal's face is a - gainst Them that are e - vil, do - ers of wrong.  
 Man - y af - flic - tions that we do have, Trou - bles there be of right - eous — men;  
 Though e - vil slay all un - right - eous men, Who hates the pure shall des - o - late be;

He cuts re - mem - brance— off from them, Cuts their re - mem - brance— from the earth.  
 But the E - ter - nal de - liv - er - eth Out from af - flic - tions the right - eous man.  
 But God re - deem - eth the soul that's His, None shall be des - o - late trust - ing Him.

# I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

Katherine Hankey

William G. Fischer



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus  
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - dex - ful it seems Than all the  
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems each  
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -



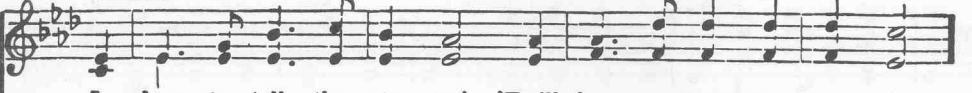
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love, I love to tell the sto - ry,  
gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry,  
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry;  
ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry,



Because I know 'tis true, It sat - is - fies my longings, As nothing else can do.  
It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee  
For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own holy word.  
I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story, That I have loved so long.



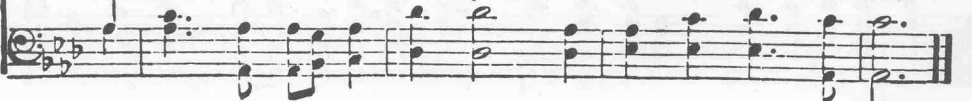
## CHORUS



I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry



To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



# FORTY-FOURTH PSALM

*Music by Dwight Armstrong*

1. O God we have heard and our fa - thers have  
 2. They gained not the land by the edge of the  
 3. No trust will I place in my bow to de -

taught, The works which of old in their day Thou hast  
 sword, Their own arm to them could no safe - ty af -  
 fend, Nor yet on my sword for my safe - ty de -

wrought, the na - tions were crushed and ex - pelled by Thy  
 ford; but by Thy right hand, o my Sav - iour and  
 pend; in God who has saved us and put them to

hand, Cast out that Thy peo - ple might dwell in their land.  
 King, Com - mand and Thy word shall de - liv - er - ance bring.  
 shame, We boast all the day ev - er prais - ing His name.

# BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Julia Ward Howe, 1861

William Steffe, 1852

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord;  
 2. I have seen him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cing camps;  
 3. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er sound re - treat;  
 4. In the beau - ty of the ~~hil - ies~~ <sup>AUTUMN</sup> Christ was born a - cross the sea,

He is tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
 They have build - ed him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps;  
 He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat;  
 With a glo - ry in his bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me;

He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of his ter - ri - ble swift sword;  
 I can read his right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps,  
 O be swift, my soul, to an - swer him; be ju - bi - lant, my feet!  
 As he died to make men ho - ly, let us <sup>LIKE</sup> die to make men free!

REFRAIN

His truth is march - ing on. Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 His day is march - ing on.  
 Our God is march - ing on.  
 While God is march - ing on.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry!

Hal - le - lu - jah! 

}	His truth	} is march - ing on. A - MEN.
	His day	
	Our God	
While God		

## PRAISE, THE KING

From Psalm One-Hundred-Three—Henry F. Lyte

Ludvig M. Lindeman

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en, To His feet thy trib-ute bring;  
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fa-vor To our fa-thers in dis-tress;  
 3. Fa-ther-like, He tends and spares us; Well our fee-ble frame He knows;  
 4. An-gels in the height, a-dore Him; Ye be-hold Him face to face;

Ran-somed, healed, restored, for-giv-en, Ev-er-more His prais-es sing!  
 Praise Him, still the same as ev-er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;  
 In His hands He gen-tly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes;  
 Saints tri-um-phant, bow be-fore Him; Gath-ered in from ev-ery race.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise with us the God of grace. A - MEN.



# AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

*Katherine Lee Bates*

*Samuel A. Ward*

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain For  
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress A  
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife, Who  
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years Thine

pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A -  
 thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A -  
 more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life! A -  
 al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Un - dimmed by hu - man tears! A -

mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And  
 mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thin ev - 'ry flaw, Con -  
 mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine, Till  
 mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And

crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!  
 firm thy soul in self con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!  
 all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry grace di - vine!  
 crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

# O, HAD I WINGS LIKE SOME SWIFT DOVE

*Fifty-Fifth Psalm (Verses 1-6)—From Old Bible*

*Music by Dwight Armstrong*

1. Un - to my ear - nest prayer give ear, nor  
 2. Sore pain in heart I find no ease, death's  
 3. Lo, wan - d'ring far my rest should be in

hide Thee, O Most High, At - tend my sad com -  
 ter - rors fill my soul, Great fear and trem - bling  
 some lone des - ert waste; I from the wind - y

plaint, and hear my mour - ning bit - ter cry. Be -  
 on me seize and hor - rors o'er me roll. O -  
 storm would flee and from the tem - pest haste. Des -

cause of sin - ful men I weep and per - se - cu - ting foes; Who  
 had I wings I sigh and say, like some swift dove to roam, Then  
 troyed, E - ter - nal, let them be; di - vide, con - fuse their tongue; For

wick - ed - ness up - on me heap - in wrath op - pos - ing me.  
 would I has - ten far a - way and find a peace - ful home.  
 in the cit - y, lo, I see great strife and griev - ous wrong.

## THIRTY-SIXTH PSALM

Verses: 2-4, 10-11

Music by Dwight Armstrong

1. The wick - ed man doth cause this thought with -  
 2. The words that from his mouth pro - ceed are  
 3. Let not the foot of pru - el pride come

in my heart to rise; Un - doubt - ed - ly the fear of God is  
 wick - ed - ness and lies; He has re - frained from do - ing good and  
 and a - gainst me stand, And let me nev - er be re - moved, Lord

not be - fore his eyes. Be - cause in his de -  
 ceased from be - ing wise. And cun - ning - ly he  
 by the wick - ed's hand. They're fall - en, they are

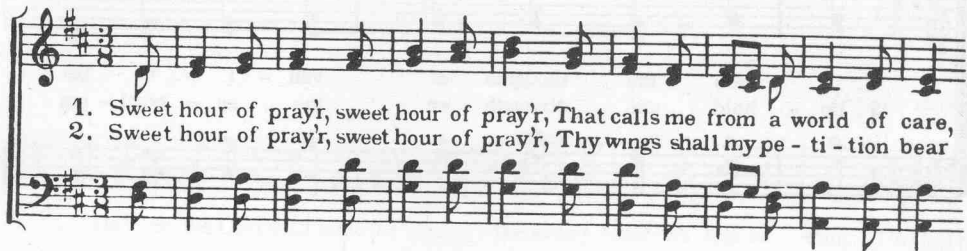
celt - ful eyes his ways are al - ways right, Un -  
 plot - eth mis - chief ly - ing on his bed, He  
 ru - ined, they that work in - i - qui - ties; They

til the vile - ness of his sin shall all be brought to light.  
 sets him - self in ways not good, and ill ab - hor - eth not.  
 are cast down and nev - er shall be a - ble to a - rise.

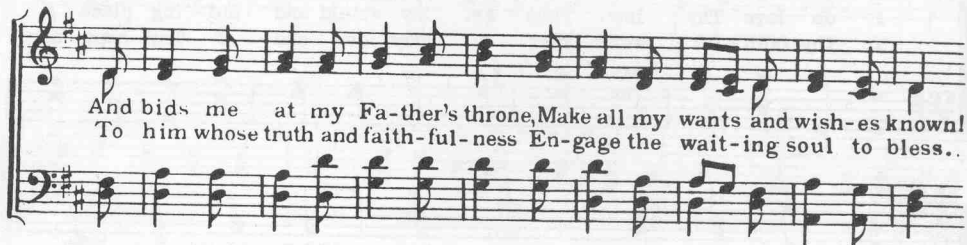
# SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

Wm. W. Walford

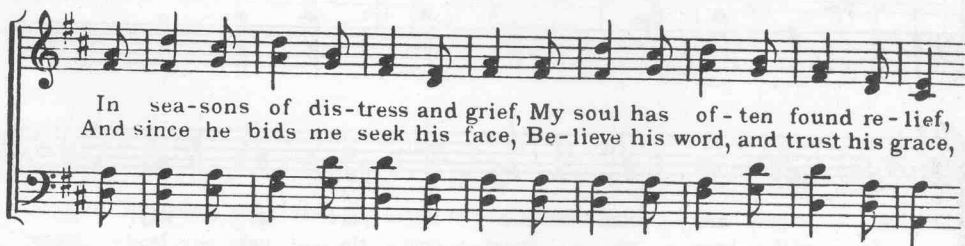
William B. Bradbury



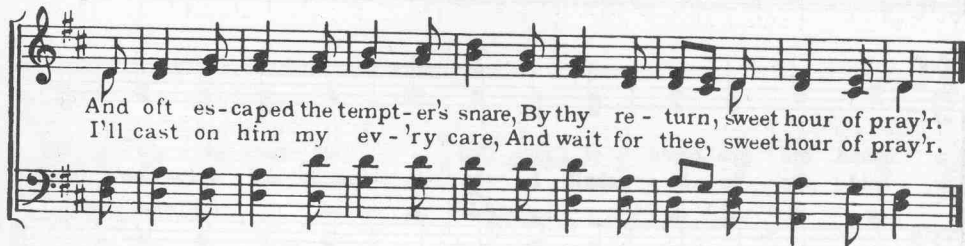
1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,  
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear



And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known!  
To him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless..



In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has of-ten found re-lief,  
And since he bids me seek his face, Be-lieve his word, and trust his grace,



And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r.  
I'll cast on him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

## ONE-HUNDRED-NINETEENTH PSALM

*Music by Dwight Armstrong*

1. I hate the thoughts of van - i - ty but  
2. Up - hold and strength - en me ac - cord - ing

I do love Thy law. Thou art my shield and hid - ing place I  
to Thy faith - ful word. That I may love and of Thy hope may

on Thy word re - ly; All ye that e - vil  
nev - er be a - shamed; And to Thy stat - utes

do - ers are from me de - part a - way; Be -  
I will have re - spect con - tin - ual - ly, They

cause the pre - cepts of my God I pur - pose to o - bey.  
hold me up so shall I be in peace and ser - vice still.

# THE ONE-HUNDRED-TWENTY- SEVENTH PSALM

*Dwight Armstrong*

1. Un - less the Lord shall build the house, The wear-y build-ers toil in vain; Un - less the  
2. Lo, child-ren are the gift of God, And sons the bless - ing He com-mands; These whom in

Lord the cit - y shields, The guards main-tain a use - less watch. In vain you  
youth - ful days be - stowed, Are like the shafts in war - rior's hands. And hap py

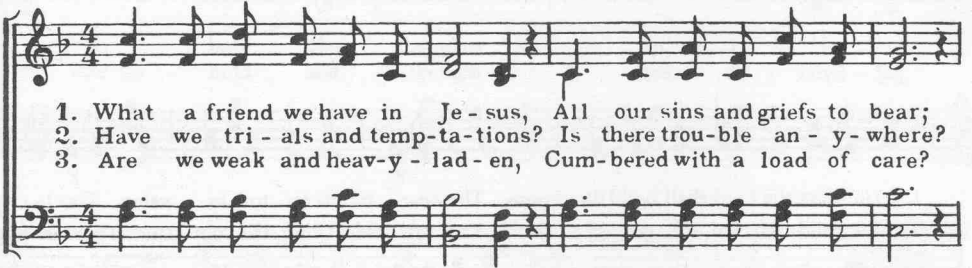
rise ere morn - ing break, And late your night-ly vig - ils keep, And bread of  
they whose quiv - ers bear Full store of ar - rows such as these; They in the

anx - ious care par - take: God gives to His be - lov - ed sleep.  
gate are free from fear, And bold-ly face their en - e - mies.

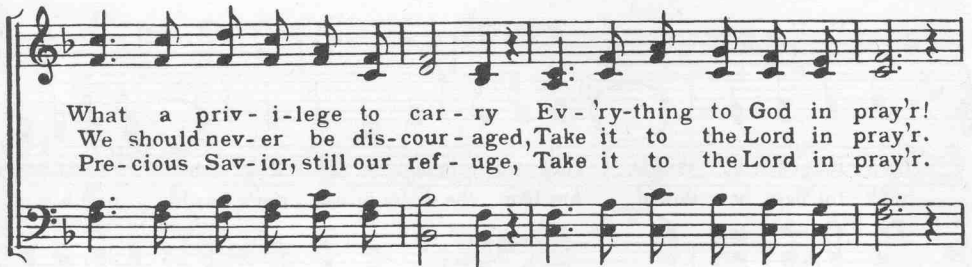
# WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

Joseph Scriven

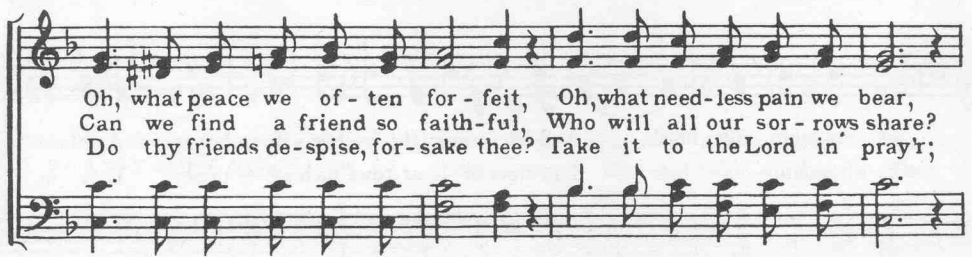
C. C. Converse



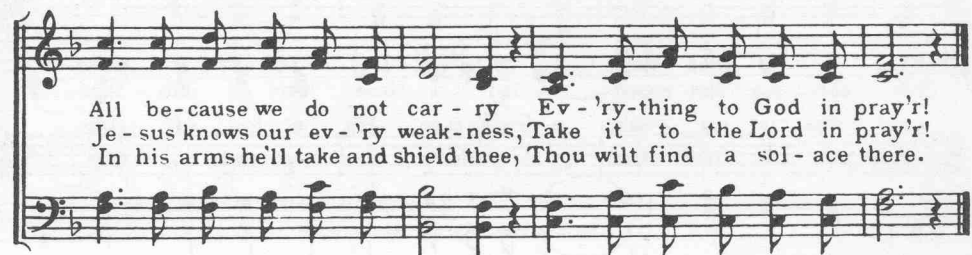
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - lad - en, Cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!  
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
 Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!  
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!  
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



# ONE HUNDRED-FORTY-FIFTH PSALM

*Music by Dwight Armstrong*

1. O Lord, Thou art my God and King: I'll Thee ex - alt, Thy  
2. To all the Lord is ver - y good, O'er all His works His

praise pro - claim I will Thee bless, and glad - ly sing, For  
mer - cy is Thy works all praise to Thee af - ford; Thy

ev - er to Thy Ho - ly name, The Lord our God most  
saints O Lord, Thy name shall bless. Thy King - dom's glo - ry

gra - cious is, in Him com - pas - sions al - so flow; In mer - cy He is  
they shall show; they shall Thy pow - er al - so tell: So that men's sons His

rich to bless, But un - to an - ger He is slow.  
deeds may know, His King - dom's grace that doth ex - cel.

# HOW MAJESTIC THE ETERNAL

*Eighth Psalm*

*Dwight Armstrong*

1. How ex - cel - lent in all the earth Lord, our Lord, is Thy name! Who  
 2. When I look up un - to the heav'ns Which Thine own fin - gers framed, Un -  
 3. For Thou a lit - tle low - er hast Him than an - gels— made; With

hast Thy glo - ry far ad - vanced A - bove the star - ry frame. From  
 to the moon and to the stars, Which were by Thee or - dained; Then  
 glo - ry and with dig - ni - ty Thou crown - ed hast his head. Ap -

mouths of babes and suck - lings, Lord, Thou didst strength or - - dain, Be -  
 say I, what is man that Thou Should be mind - ful of him? Or  
 point - ed Lord of all Thy works, Un - der him Thou didst lay All

cause of foes, that so Thou might Thy venge - ful foes re - strain.  
 what the son of - man, that Thou So kind to him should be?  
 sheep and ox - en, yea, and beasts That in the field do stray.

## TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

Psalm XXIII. "Scottish Psalter," 1650

Based on Francis Rous and Others

With serenity; in moderate time

William H. Havergal, 1846

1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie  
 2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make  
 3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear none ill;  
 4. My ta - ble Thou hast fur - nish - ed In pres - ence of my foes;  
 5. Good-ness and mer - cy all my life Shall sure - ly fol - low me;

In pas-tures green; He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.  
 With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own Name's sake.  
 For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.  
 My head Thou dost with oil a-noint, And my cup o-ver-flows.  
 And in God's house for-ev-er-more My dwell-ing place shall be. A-MEN.

## SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY

George W. Doane (alt.)

Carl M. Von Weber

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;  
 2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught, es - capes, with - out, with - in,  
 3. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All ' of man's in - fir - mi - ty;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with thee.  
 Par - don each in - fir - mi - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.  
 From thine ev - er - last - ing throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye.

# PRAISE THE ETERNAL

One-Hundred-Forty-Eighth Psalm—  
Words Rearranged

Music by Dwight Armstrong

1. Praise ye the Lord, O praise ye the Lord, O  
 2. Praise ye the Lord, ye mam - mals and deeps too,  
 3. Praise ye the Lord, O praise ye the Lord, O

Praise from the hea - vens and praise in the heights.  
 Fire hail and wind storms ful - fill - ing His word.  
 Praise from the hea - vens and praise in the heights.

Praise Him ye an - gels praise Him ye hosts, too, And  
 Va - pours and snow all hills, too, and moun - tains, All  
 Praise Him, ye an - gels, Praise Him ye hosts, for His

praise Him ye sun, moon and stars in the height;  
 ce - dars and fruit - ful trees, let's praise His name.  
 glo - ry is high - er than hea - ven a - bove;

Hea - ven of hea - vens, wa - ters a - bove  
 Beasts and all cat - tle, rep - tiles and winged fowls,  
 God lift - ed high the horn of His peo - ple:

Praise the E - ter - nal let all praise His name.  
 Earth's kings and judg - es, all peo - ple, and chiefs,  
 He hath ex - alt - ed the praise of His saints,

When He com - mand - ed they were cre - a - ted and  
 Young men and maid - ens, old men and chil - dren all  
 They are a peo - ple near un - to Him, they're the

by a de - cree fixed their bounds ev - er - more.  
 praise God's name as that which on - ly ex - cels.  
 chil - dren of Is - ra - el, praise ye the Lord!

# FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

*Folliot S. Pierpont*

*Conrad Kocher*

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,  
 2. For the beau - ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,  
 3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,  
 4. For each per - fect gift of thine To our race so free - ly giv'n,  
 5. For thy church, that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly hands a - bove,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies;  
 Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon, and stars of light;  
 Friends on earth and Thee a - bove, For all gen - tle thoughts and mild;  
 Grac - es, hu - man and di - vine, Flow'rs of earth and buds of heav'n;  
 Of - f'ring up on ev - 'ry shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love;

Lord of all, to thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

# SHOW ME THY WAYS, O LORD

*Twenty-Fifth Psalm (Verses 1-7)*

*Music by Dwight Armstrong*

1. To Thee I lift my soul; I trust Thee O my God; Let  
 2. Show me Thy ways, O Lord; O teach Thou me Thy paths; And  
 3. Thy ten - der mer - cies, Lord, re - mem - ber pray I Thee; And

me not be a - shamed nor let my foes tri - umph o'er me. Let  
 in Thy truth lead me Thy - self, there - in my teach - er be. For  
 lov - ing kind - ness - es, for they have ev - er been of old. My

none that wait on Thee be put to shame. at all; But  
 Thou art God that dost to me sal - va - tion send; And  
 sins and faults of youth do Thou, O Lord, for - get; Aft -

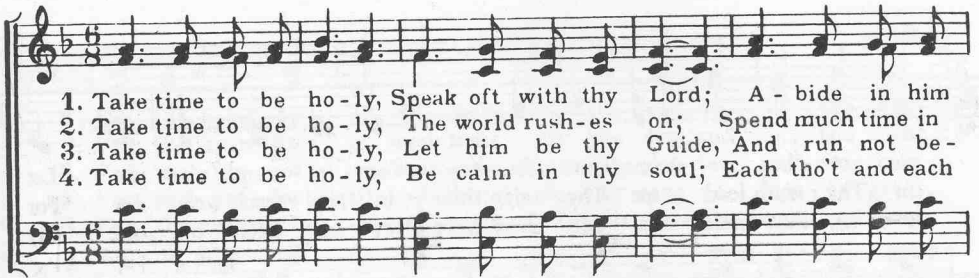
those that with - out cause trans - gress, let shame up - on them fall.  
 I up - on Thee all the day, ex - pect - ing do at - tend.  
 er Thy mer - cy think on me, and for Thy good - ness great.



# TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY

W. D. Longstaff

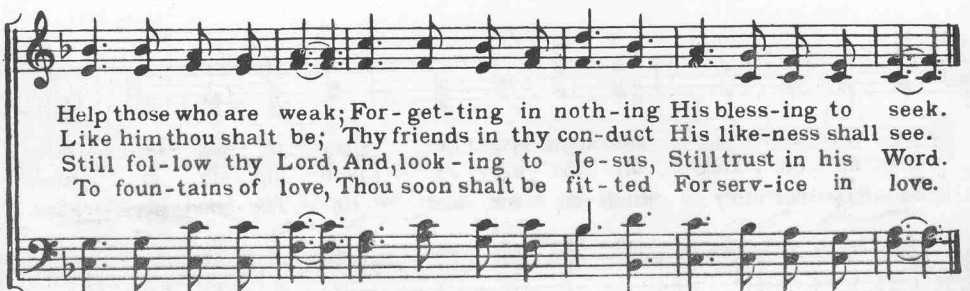
Geo. C. Stebbins



1. Take time to be ho-ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A-bide in him  
 2. Take time to be ho-ly, The world rush-es on; Spend much time in  
 3. Take time to be ho-ly, Let him be thy Guide, And run not be-  
 4. Take time to be ho-ly, Be calm in thy soul; Each tho't and each



al-ways, And feed on his Word. Make friends of God's chil-dren,  
 se-cret With Je-sus a-lone. By look-ing to Je-sus,  
 fore him, What-ev-er be-tide; In joy or in sor-row,  
 mo-tive Be-neath his con-trol; Thus led by his Spir-it



Help those who are weak; For-get-ting in noth-ing His bless-ing to seek.  
 Like him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy con-duct His like-ness shall see.  
 Still fol-low thy Lord, And, look-ing to Je-sus, Still trust in his Word.  
 To foun-tains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit-ted For serv-ice in love.

# HE WILL GUIDE THE MEEK

*Twenty-Fifth Psalm*

*Music by Dwight Armstrong*

1. God good and up - right is —; The way He'll sin - ners show. The  
 2. Now, for Thine own name's sake —, O Lord, I Thee en - treat To  
 3. His soul shall dwell at ease —; And his pos - ter - i - ty Shall

mEEK in judg - ment He will guide, And make His paths to know. The  
 par - don mine in - i - qui - ty, For it is ver - y great. What  
 flour - ish still, and of the earth In - her - i - tors shall be. With

whole paths of the Lord — Are truth and mer - cy sure — To  
 man is he that fears — The Lord, and doth Him serve —? Him  
 those that fear Him, is — The se - cret of the Lord —: The

those that do His cov - 'nant keep, And tes - ti - mo - nies pure.  
 shall he teach the way that he Shall choose and still ob - serve.  
 know - ledge of His cov - e - nant He will to them af - ford.

# SING A NEW SONG, MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE

*Ninety-Eighth Psalm*

*Dwight Armstrong*

1. O — sing a new song to the Lord, for won - ders He hath done; His  
 2. He — mind - ful of His grace and truth, for Is rael's house hath been; The  
 3. With — harp, with harp and voice of psalms, O sing un - to the Lord; With  
 4. O — sing a new song to the Lord, for won - ders He hath done; His

right hand and His ho - ly — arm Him vic - - to - - ry hath won. The —  
 great sal - va - tion of our — God all ends — of the earth have seen. Let —  
 trum - pets, cor - nets, glad - ly — sound be - fore — the — Lord the King. Let —  
 right hand and His ho - ly — arm Him vic - - to - - ry hath won. Re - -

Lord — His sal - va - - tion hath caused it to be known; His  
 all the earth un - to the Lord send forth a joy - ful noise, Lift  
 seas, and all their full - ness roar; the world and dwell - ers there; Let  
 joice ye hills be - fore the Lord, to judge the earth comes He; He'll

jus - tice in the hea - then's sight He o - pen - ly hath shown.  
 up your voice a - loud to Him, sing prais - es and re - joice.  
 floods clap hands and let the hills to - geth - er joy de - clare.  
 judge the world with right - eous - ness, His folk with eq - ui - ty.

# COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

Henry Alford, 1844

Hugh Hartsborne, 1915

George J. Elvey, 1858

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home;  
 2. All the bless-ings of the field, All the stores the gar-dens yield;  
 3. These to thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow;

All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;  
 All the fruits in full sup-ply, Rip-ened 'neath the sum-mer sky;  
 And for these our souls shall raise Grate-ful vows and sol-emn praise.

God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;  
 All that spring with boun-teous hand Scat-ters o'er the smil-ing land;  
 Come, then, thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home;

Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home.  
 All that lib-eral au-tumn pours From her rich o'er-flow-ing stores;  
 Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home. AMEN.

## RESCUE THY PEOPLE

*Sixtieth Psalm**Dwight Armstrong*

1. O Lord Thou hast re - ject - ed us and scat - tered us a - broad; For  
 2. To Thy own peo - ple Thou hard things hast shown and on them sent; And  
 3. That Thy be - lov - ed peo - ple, Lord, may all de - liv - ered be; Save

Thou hast been dis - pleased with us; re - turn a - gain, O God. For  
 Thou hast made us drink the wine of sore as - ton - ish - ment. And  
 with the pow'r of Thy right hand, and an - swer give to me. Help

Thou hast made the earth to trem - ble, in it breach - es made; Do  
 yet a ban - ner Thou hast giv - en those who Thee do fear; That  
 us from trou - ble; for the help is vain which man sup - plies. Through

Thou there - of the breach - es heal be - - cause the land doth shake.  
 for the sake of truth it may by — them dis - played ap - pear.  
 God we'll do great acts; He will tread — down our en - e - mies.

# IN THE GARDEN

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles

## TWO PARTS

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the  
 2. He speaks, and the sound of his voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their  
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with him Tho' the night a-round me be

ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The  
 sing - ing; And the mel - o - dy That he gave to me, With-  
 fall - ing, But he bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe His

CHORUS  
FOUR PARTS

Son of God dis - clos - es.  
 in my heart is ring - ing. And he walks with me, and he  
 voice to me is call - ing.

talks with me, And he tells me I am his own; And the

joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er - known.

# O BRING THOU ME OUT OF MY DISTRESSES

*Twenty-Fifth Psalm (Verses 15-22)*

*Music by Dwight Armstrong*

1. Mine eyes up - on the Lord, con - tin - ual - ly are - set: For  
 2. My heart's griefs are in - creas'd, re - lieve me from dis - tress. See  
 3. O do Thou keep my soul, do Thou de - liv - er - me: And

He it is that shall bring forth - my feet out of the net, Turn  
 mine af - flic - tion and my pain, - and all my sins for - give: Con -  
 let me nev - er be a - sham'd - be - cause I trust in Thee, Let

un - to me Thy face, And to me mer - cy show; — Be —  
 sid - er Thou my foes, Be - cause they man - y are; — And —  
 up - right - ness and truth keep me, who Thee at - tend. — Re —

cause that I am des - o - late and - am brought ver - y low.  
 it a cru - el ha - tred is which - they a - gainst me bear.  
 demp - tion, Lord, to Is - ra - el from - all his trou - bles send.



# THE DEVICES OF THE WICKED

Tenth Psalm

Dwight Armstrong

1. The wick - ed in their pride pur - sue and make the — poor their prey: Let  
 2. With - in his heart he thus hath said, "I nev - er — moved shall be; And  
 3. A - rise, E - ter - nal, O my God, lift up Thy — hand on high; Put

them be ta - ken in the snares which they for oth - ers lay. The  
 no ad - ver - si - ty at all shall ev - er come to me." With  
 not the poor and hum - ble ones out of Thy mem - o - ry. O

wick - ed, through his pride of face, on God will nev - er call; And  
 curs - ing, fraud, and foul de - ceit, his mouth is al - ways filled; While  
 judge the fa - ther - less and those be - neath op - pres - sion sore; That

in the coun - sels of his heart the — Lord is — not at all.  
 van - i - ty and mis - chief lie be - - - neath his — tongue con - cealed.  
 man, who is but sprung of earth, may — them op - - press no more.

# COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Johnson Oatman

Edwin O. Excell

1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis - care?  
 2. Are you ev - er bur - dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem  
 3. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth - er great or small, Do not be dis -

1. you are tem - pest

cour - aged, think - ing all is lost, Count your man - y bless - ings, name them  
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man - y bless - ings, ev - ery  
 cour - aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man - y bless - ings, an - gels

think - ing all is

one by one, And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.  
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.  
 will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.  
 name them one by what the Lord hath

## CHORUS

Count your bless - ings, Name them one by one; Count your  
 Count your man - y bless - ings, Name them one by one; Count your man - y

bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,  
 bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings,

*rit.* Name them one by one; *a tempo* Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done.

## ONE-HUNDRED-THIRD PSALM

*Psalms CIII. "Scottish  
Psalter," 1650*

*Hugh Wilson (1766-1824)*

*With dignity and flowing rhythm*

1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord; And all that in me is  
 2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for-get-ful be  
 3. All thine in-iq-ui-ties who doth Most gra-cious-ly for-give;  
 4. Who doth re-deem thy life, that thou To death mayst not go down;  
 5. Who with a-bun-dance of good things Doth sat-is-fy thy mouth;

Be stir-red up His ho-ly Name To mag-ni-fy and bless.  
 Of all His gra-cious ben-e-fits He hath be-stowed on thee:  
 Who thy dis-cas-es all and pains Doth heal, and thee re-lieve:  
 Who thee with lov-ing-kind-ness doth And ten-der mer-cies crown:  
 So that, even as the ea-gle sage, Re-new-ed is thy youth. A-MEN.

## 51st PSALM

*Dwight Armstrong*

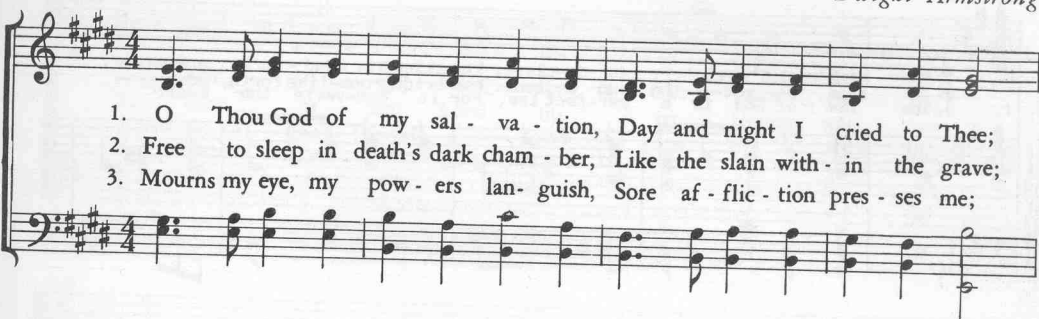
1. In Thy lov - ing - kind - ness, Lord, be mer - ci - ful to me;  
 2. 'Gainst Thee on - ly have I sinned, done e - vil in Thy sight,  
 3. From Thy gra - cious pres - ence, Lord, O cast me not a - way;  
 4. Sac - ri - fice dost Thou not want, else would I give it Thee;

In com - pas - sion great blot out all in - i - qui - ty.  
 That Thou speak - ing may be just, and in judg - ing right.  
 And Thy Ho - ly Spir - it take not from me, I pray.  
 And with of - fer - ing shalt Thou not de - light - ed be.

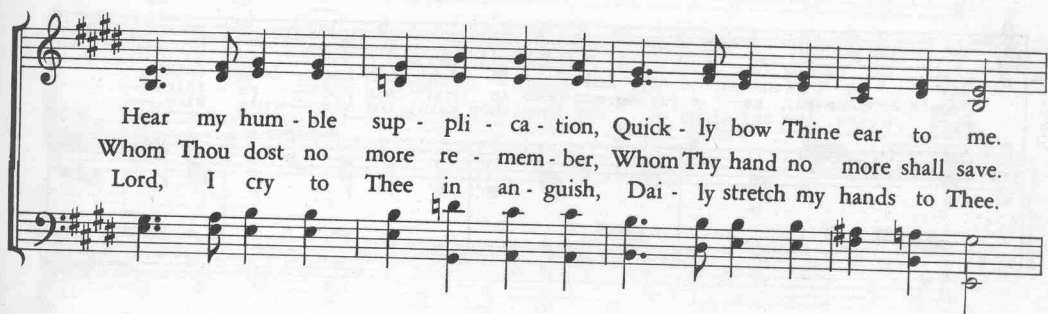
Wash me thor - ough - ly from sin; from all guilt cleanse Thou me:  
 My in - i - qui - ties blot out, my sin hide from Thy view;  
 Joy which Thy sal - va - tion brings a - gain to me re - store;  
 For a bro - ken spir - it is to God a sac - ri - fice;

For trans - gres - sions I con - fess; sins I ev - er see.  
 And in me a clean heart make, spir - it right re - new.  
 With Thy Spir - it free do Thou keep me ev - er more.  
 And a bro - ken, con - trite heart, Thou wilt not de - spise.

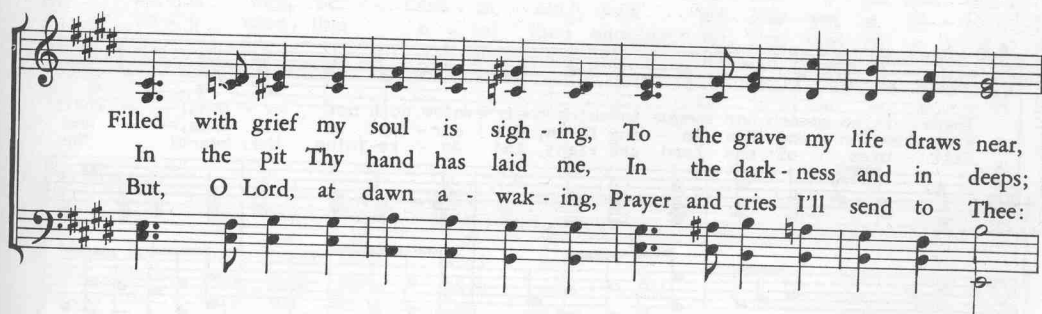
## A SUPPLICATION

*Eighty-Eighth Psalm**Dwight Armstrong*


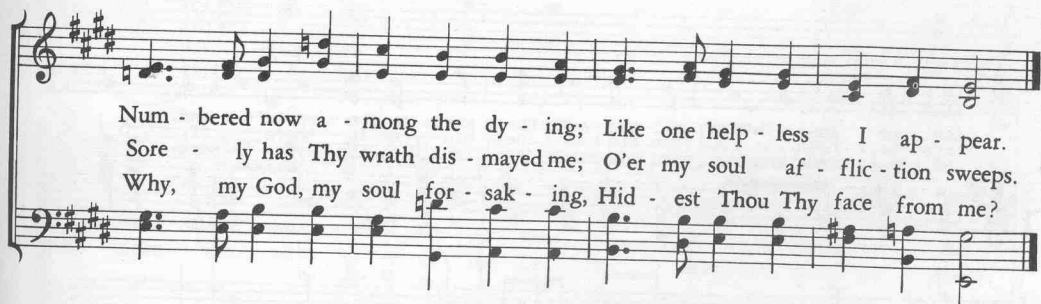
1. O Thou God of my sal - va - tion, Day and night I cried to Thee;  
 2. Free to sleep in death's dark cham - ber, Like the slain with - in the grave;  
 3. Mourns my eye, my pow - ers lan - guish, Sore af - flic - tion pres - ses me;



Hear my hum - ble sup - pli - ca - tion, Quick - ly bow Thine ear to me.  
 Whom Thou dost no more re - mem - ber, Whom Thy hand no more shall save.  
 Lord, I cry to Thee in an - guish, Dai - ly stretch my hands to Thee.



Filled with grief my soul is sigh - ing, To the grave my life draws near,  
 In the pit Thy hand has laid me, In the dark - ness and in deeps;  
 But, O Lord, at dawn a - wak - ing, Prayer and cries I'll send to Thee:



Num - bered now a - mong the dy - ing; Like one help - less I ap - pear.  
 Sore - ly has Thy wrath dis - mayed me; O'er my soul af - flic - tion sweeps.  
 Why, my God, my soul for - sak - ing, Hid - est Thou Thy face from me?

# THE NINETEENTH PSALM

*Nineteenth Psalm (Verses 1-8)*

*Music by Dwight Armstrong*

1. The heav'n's God's glo-ry do de-clare, The skies His hand-works preach,—  
 2. In them He set—the sun a tent. Who bridegroom-like forth goes—  
 3. The law of God is a per-fect law, For it con-verts the Soul:

Day ut-ters speech to day and night to night doth know—ledge teach.—  
 From's cham-ber, as a strong man doth to run his race—re-joyce.—  
 Sure are the say-ings of our Lord, they make the sim-ple wise.—

There is no speech nor tongue to which their voice doth not ex-tend:— Their  
 From heav-n's end His go-ing forth, His cir-cuit to its ends,— And  
 Stat-utes of the Lord are right, And do re-joyce to the heart: The

line is gone—through all the earth their words to the world's end.  
 there is noth-ing from its heat that hid-den is there—of.  
 Lord's com-mands are the pure com-mands doth light to the eyes im-part.

# THIRTY-SEVENTH PSALM

Verses: 1, 2, 6, 9, 7, 8—Words from Old Bible

Music by Dwight Armstrong

1. For e - vil do - ers fret thou not thy  
2. Rest in the Lord, in pa - tience wait, nor  
3. Do thou from ang - er turn a - way and

self un - qui - et - ly; Nor do thou en - vy  
for the wick - ed fret; Who pros - pering in his  
al - so cease from wrath; Fret not thy - self in

bear to those that work in - i - qui - ty. For e - ven like the  
ev - il way, suc - cess in sin doth get. For yet a lit - tle  
an - y wise, that e - vil thou shouldst do. For they that e - vil

fad - ing grass, they shall be cut down soon; And  
while and then the wick - ed cut shall not be; His  
do - ers are shall be cut off and fall; But

like the green and ten - der herb, they with - er - ed shall be.  
place thou shalt con - sid - er well, but it thou shalt not see.  
those who wait up - on the Lord, the earth they shall po - sess.



# WHO SHALL DWELL ON THY HOLY HILL?

*Fifteenth Psalm*

*Dwight Armstrong*

1. O E - ter - nal who shall dwell in the tem - ple of thy grace?  
2. He who ne'er with slan - der - ing tongue ut - ters mal - ice and de - ceit;

Who shall on Thy Ho - ly hill have a fixed a - bid - ing place?  
Who will ne'er his neigh - bor wrong, nor a slan - d'rous tale re - peat.


He who walks in right - eous - ness all his ac - tions just and clear ;  
Who will claim no u - su - ry, nor with bribes pol - lute his hand ;

He whose words the truth ex - press, spo - ken from a heart sin - cere.  
He who thus shall frame his life, shall un - moved for - ev - er stand.



# JESUS, I COME

W. T. Sleeper



George C. Stebbins





1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, **Savior**, I come;  
 3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, **Savior**, I come;  
 4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, **Savior**, I come;


In - to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Master, I come to Thee;  
 In - to Thy bless-ed will to a - bide, Master, I come to Thee;  
 In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Master, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,  
 Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,  
 Out of the depths of ru - in un-told, In - to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

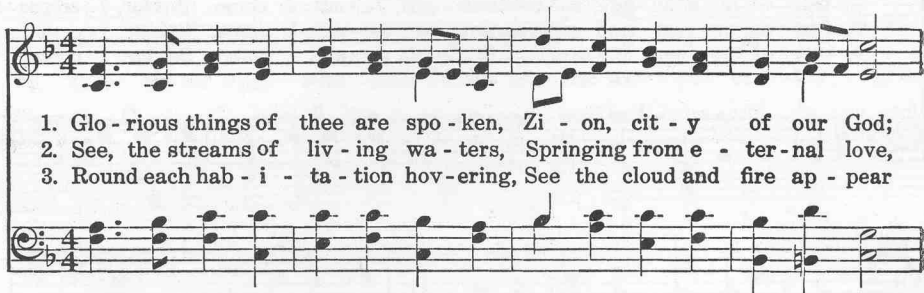
Out of my sin and in - to Thy-self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 Ev - er Thy glo-rious face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee. **A-MEN.**



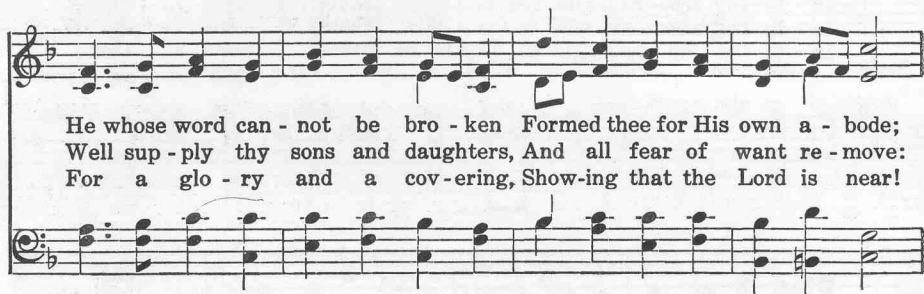
# GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN (Austrian Hymn)

John Newton

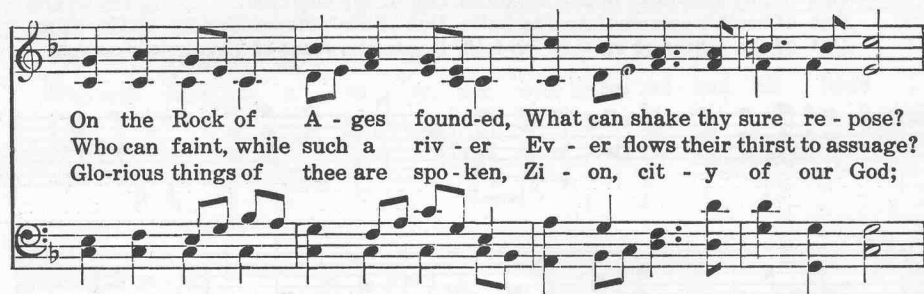
Franz Joseph Haydn



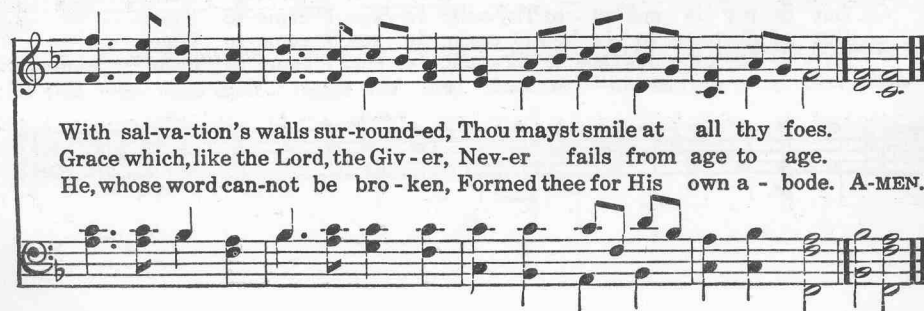
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;  
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,  
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - ering, See the cloud and fire ap - pear



He whose word can - not be bro - ken Formed thee for His own a - bode;  
Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move:  
For a glo - ry and a cov - ering, Show - ing that the Lord is near!



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to assuage?  
Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.  
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode. A - MEN.

# THE ETERNAL SHALL BE FEARED

Seventy-Sixth Psalm

Dwight Armstrong



1. In Ju-dah God is known— and feared, In Is-ra-el His name— is great;
2. The stout of heart are spoiled— in fight, A dead-ly sleep the war-rior slept;
3. From hea-ven God His judg-ment gave; The trem-bling earth stood still— and feared;



His tent in Sa-lem He— hath reared; His roy-al seat in Zi-on hath made.  
 No hand of all the men— of might; Its wont-ed strength or cun-ning kept.  
 When all the meek on earth— to save, For right-eous judg-ment God— ap-peared.



There He broke ar-rows of— the bow, The shield—, the sword, and war's— ar-ray;  
 O Ja-cob's God at Thy— com-mand, The char-iot and the horse— went down;  
 Let all a-round their pre-sents bring To Him— whom all the world— should fear;



More ex-cel-lent, O Lord—, art Thou, More glo-ri-ous far than hills— of prey.  
 For Thou art dread-ful; who— can stand Be-fore— the tem-pest of— Thy frown?  
 He cuts off prin-ces; God— the King Shall dread-ful to earth's kings— ap-pear.



## THE FIRST PSALM

*Dwight Armstrong*

1. Blest and hap - py is the man Who doth nev - er walk a - stray,  
 2. Ne'er in scorn - er's chair he sits, For he plac - es his de - light  
 3. He shall be a tree that grows Plant - ed by the riv - er's side,

Nor with the un - god - ly men Stands in sin - ner's way.  
 On God's law and med - i - tates On it day and night.  
 Which in sea - son yields its fruit; Green its leaves a - bide.

## CHORUS

All he does pros - pers well: But the wick - ed are not so,

They are chaff be - fore the wind, Driv - en to and fro.

# MY FRIEND AND GUIDE

*Fifty-Fifth Psalm*

*Dwight Armstrong*

1. 'Twas not a foe who did de - ride, For that I could en - - -  
 2. His lips more smooth than but - ter were, But in his heart was - - -  
 3. Death shall them seize, and to the tomb, A - live they shall go - - -

dure; No hat - er who thus rose in pride, Else I would hide - - - se - - -  
 war; More soft than oil his words ap - pear; But like drawn swords - - - they  
 down; For wick - ed - ness is in their home; A - mong them sins - - - a -

cure. But thou it was my friend and guide; We did as e - - - equals  
 are. But, Lord, Thou will in judg - ment sit, And bring them down - - - to  
 bound. But as for me, I'll call on God; The Lord will safe - - - ty

meet; We walked to God's house side by side, And blend - ed coun - - sel sweet.  
 woe; And in the deep and dark - some pit, In ru - in lay - - - them low.  
 give: He'll hear me when I cry a - loud, At morn - ing noon - - - and night.

# TURN NOT THOU AWAY FROM US

*Eighty-Ninth Psalm (Verses 46-52)*

*Music by Dwight Armstrong*

1. How long, E - ter - nal, hide Thou a - way?  
 2. What man can live and nev - er see death?  
 3. Re - call, E - ter - nal, Thy slave is scorned;

When will Thy wrath not burn like a fire?  
 Who can es - cape the pow'r of the grave?  
 Now I do bear in - sults of the world;

Where - fore hast Thou made all men in vain?  
 Where is the for - mer love, O my God?  
 Where with Thy foes mock Thy cho - sen ones,

Thou, God, re - mem - ber fleet - ing is life.  
 Which un - to Dav - id, Thou hast — pledged.  
 Bless - ed E - ter - nal, al - ways. A - men.



# EVEN FROM MY YOUTH, O GOD

*Seventy-First Psalm*

*Dwight Armstrong*

1. For ev - en from my youth, O God, by Thee have I been taught; And  
 2. Thy per - fect right - eous - ness, O God, the heav - ens' height ex - ceeds; O  
 3. My great - ness and my pow'r Thou wilt in - crease and far ex - tend; A -

hith - er - to I have de - clared the won - ders Thou hast wrought. And  
 who is like to Thee, who hast per - formed such might - y deeds? Thou  
 gainst all grief on ev - 'ry side to me will com - fort send. And

now, O God, for - sake me not when I am old and gray; Till  
 Lord who great ad - ver - si - ties and sore to me did show; Shalt  
 I will al - so praise Thy truth, O God, with psal - ter - y; Thou

I to this and ev - 'ry age, Thy strength and pow'r dis - play.  
 quick - en me and bring a - gain from depths of earth be - low.  
 Ho - ly One of Is - ra - el, with harp I'll sing to Thee.

# THE PRODIGAL SON

Thomas O. Chisholm

George C. Stebbins

1. Out in the wil-der-ness wild and drear, Sad-ly I've wan-dered for many a year,  
 2. Why should I per-ish in dark de-spair, Here where there's no one to help or care,  
 3. Sweet are the mem-ories that come to me, Fac-es of loved ones a - gain I see,  
 4. Oh, that I nev - er had gone a - stray! Life was all ra-diant with hope one day;

Driv - en by hun - ger and filled with fear, I will a - rise and go;  
 When there is shel - ter and food to spare? I will a - rise and go;  
 Vi - sions of home where I used to be— I will a - rise and go;  
 Now all its treas-ures I've thrown a - way, Yet I'll a - rise and go;

Backward with sor-row my steps to trace, Seek - ing my heav-en - ly Fa - ther's face,  
 Deep - ly re-pent-ing the wrong I've done, Wor - thy no more to be called a son,  
 Oth-ers have gone who had wandered too, They were for-giv-en, were clothed a-new,  
 Something is say-ing "God loves you still, Though you have treated His love so ill";

Will - ing to take but a serv - ant's place— I will a - rise and go—  
 Hop - ing my Fa - ther His child may own— I will a - rise and go—  
 Why should I lin - ger, with home in view? I will a - rise and go—  
 I must not wait, for the night grows chill, I will a - rise and go—

## CHORUS

Back to [my Fa-ther and home,  
and home, Back to my Fa-ther and home,

I will a - rise and go  
and go Back to my Fa - ther and home.

## DEAR LORD AND FATHER OF MANKIND

John G. Whittier

F. C. Maker

1. Dear Lord and Fa-ther of man-kind, For-give our fe-v'rish  
2. In sim-ple trust like theirs who heard, Be-side the Syr-ian  
3. O Sab-bath rest by Gal-i-lee! O calm of hills a-  
4. Breathe thro' the heats of our de-sire Thy cool-ness and thy

ways! Re-clothe us in our right-ful mind; In pur-er  
sea, The gra-cious call-ing of the Lord, Let us, like  
bove! Where Je-sus knelt to share with thee The si-lence  
balm; Let sense be dumb, let flesh re-tire: Speak thro' the

lives thy serv-ice find, In deep-er rev-'rence, praise.  
them, with-out a word, Rise up and fol-low thee.  
of e-ter-ni-ty, In-ter-pret-ed by love;  
earth-quake, wind and fire, O still, small voice of calm!

## LET THY CHASTENING BE IN MEASURE

*Thirty-Eighth Psalm**Dwight Armstrong*

1. Lord, do not in hot dis - plea - sure Lay Thy heav-y hand on me. Let Thy  
 2. O'er my head like bil-lows rush - ing, My trans-gres-sions ri-sen are; Like a  
 3. For my loins are filled with burn - ing, Health in me no more re - mains. I am

chast - 'ning be in mea - sure; Thy re - bukes from an - ger free.  
 bur - den heav - y crush - ing, Great - er far than I can bear.  
 fee - ble, bruised and mourn - ing; Groan - ing loud through in - ward pains.

For Thy hand most sure - ly press - es, Fast Thy ar - rows stick with - in;  
 Loath - some are my wounds neg - lect - ed; My own fol - ly makes it so;  
 My de - sires and cease - less wail - ing, Loud, un - veiled be - fore Thee lie;

Wrath my wea - ry flesh dis - tress - es, Gives my bones no rest for sin.  
 Bowed with grief and much af - flict - ed, All the day I mourn - ing go.  
 Pants my heart, my strength is fail - ing, All its light hath left mine eye.

# SAVE ME, AND DELIVER ME

*Seventh Psalm (Verses 1-8)*

*Music by Dwight Armstrong*

1. O Lord, my God, in Thee do I my con-fi-dence re - pose: Save  
 2. O Lord, my God, if it be so that I com-mit-ted this; If  
 3. Then let the foe pur-sue my life and thrust it to the earth; Then  
 4. So shall the con-gre-ga-tion there en-com-pass thee a-bout. There-

and de-liv-er me from all my per-se-cut-ing foes; Lest  
 it be so that in my hands in-iq-ui-ty there is: If  
 let for un-to thy place on high re-turn in the dust. Rise  
 The

that the en-e-my, my soul should, like a li-on tear in  
 I to him that was at peace did e-vil rec-om-pence - Yea  
 in Thy wrath, Lord; Raise Thy-self, for my foes rag-ing be; And  
 Lord He shall the peo-ple judge; My judge the Lord shall be, Ac-

pie-ces, rend-ing it while there is no de-liv-er-er.  
 Thou that was my foe with-out a cause did I set free.  
 cord-ing to in-ter-gri-ty and right-eous-ness, in me, mand,

# TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY

Kate Hankey

W. H. Doane

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus  
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That won - der -  
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re - mem - ber  
 4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry  
 ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry  
 I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry  
 emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry,  
 oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing  
 al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of troub - le,  
 glo - ry is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry:

## CHORUS

And help - less and de - filed.  
 Has passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the  
 A com - fort - er to me.  
 "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."

Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



# ONE-HUNDRED-THIRTIETH PSALM

*Psalm cxxx. "Scottish  
Psalter," 1650*  
*In moderate time*

*Song 67 (St. Matthias)  
Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)*

1. Lord, from the depths to Thee I cried: My voice, Lord, do Thou hear:  
2. Lord, who shall stand, if Thou, O Lord, Shouldst mark in-iquity?  
3. I wait for God, my soul doth wait; My hope is in His word.  
4. I say, more than they that do watch The morning light to see.  
5. Re-demp-tion al-so plen-teous Is ev-er found with Him:

Un-to my sup-pli-ca-tion's voice Give an at-ten-tive ear.  
But yet with Thee for-give-ness is, That feared Thou may-est be.  
More than they that for morn-ing watch, My soul waits for the Lord;  
Let Is-ra-el hope in the Lord, For with Him mer-cies be.  
And from all his in-iqui-ties He Is-rael shall re-deem. A-MEN.

# FORTY-SIXTH PSALM

*Psalm XLVI. "Scottish  
Psalter," 1650*  
*In moderate time*

*Winchester Old  
"Este's Psalter," 1592*

1. God is our Ref-uge and our Strength, In straits a pres-ent aid;  
2. Though hills a-midst the seas be cast; Though wa-ters roar-ing make  
3. A riv-er is, whose streams make glad The Cit-y of our God;  
4. God in the midst of her doth dwell; And noth-ing shall her move;

There-fore, al-though the earth re-move, We will not be a-fraid;  
And trou-bled be; yea though the hills By swell-ing seas do shake.  
The ho-ly place, where-in the Lord Most High hath His a-bode.  
The Lord to her an help-er will, And that right ear-ly, prove. A-MEN.



# GOD BE WITH YOU

J. E. Rankin

W. G. Tomer



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;



With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Dai - ly bread He will pro - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.



## REFRAIN



Till we meet, . . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;



Till we meet, . . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Till we meet, till we meet,



# DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST

Mary A. Lathbury

William F. Sherwin

1. Day is dy-ing in the west, Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and  
 2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, thy home, Gath-er  
 3. While the deepning shad-ows fall, Heart of love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the  
 4. When for-ev-er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of

wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.  
 us, who seek thy face, To the fold of thy em-brace, For thou art nigh-  
 glo-ry and the grace Of the stars that veil thy face, Our hearts as-cend.  
 an-gels, on our eyes Let e-ter-nal morn-ing rise, And shad-ows end!

CHORUS

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of thee! Heav'n and earth are prais-ing thee, O Lord most high!

## BLEST BE THE TIE

John Fawcett

Hans G. Naegeli

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

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.  
 oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
 we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

## NOW THE DAY IS OVER

Sabine Baring-Gould

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,  
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;  
 3. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.  
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.  
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - men.

ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.

# Bible Hymnal

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