

*Bible*  
*Hymnal*

WORLDWIDE CHURCH OF GOD

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

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*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 Howlong 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;

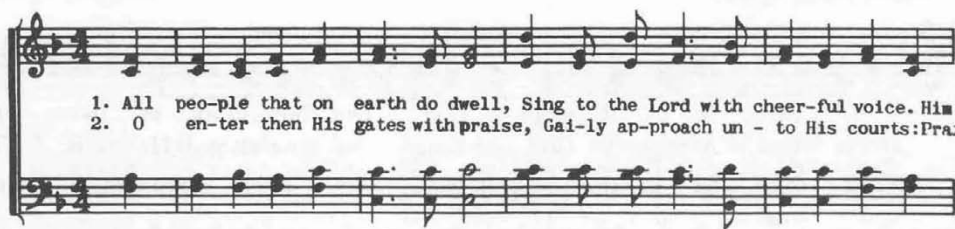
'Mid che - ru - bim dwel - ling Thy glo - ry dis - play. In Eph - raim's, Ma - nas - seh's, and  
 Of tears' bit - ter mix - ture their drink Thou hast made. O God, give us fa - vor, re -  
 Look down from the hea - vens and vis - it this vine; No more shall we wan - der, de -

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

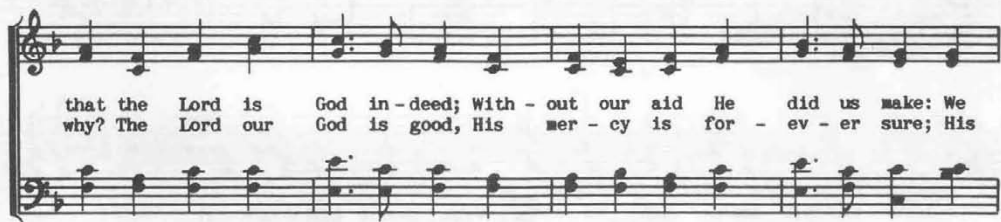
Music by Dwight Armstrong



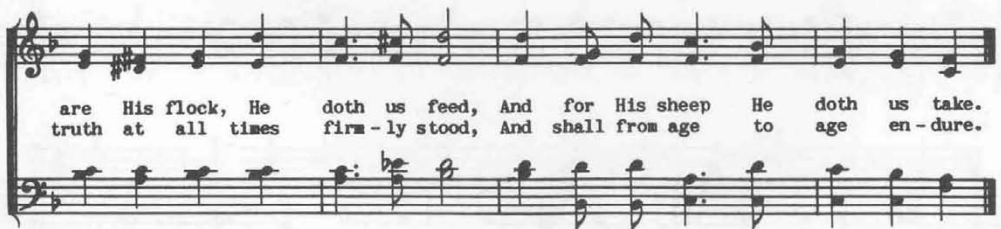
1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice. Him  
2. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Gai-ly ap-proach un - to His courts: Prais



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 - mighty - y care.

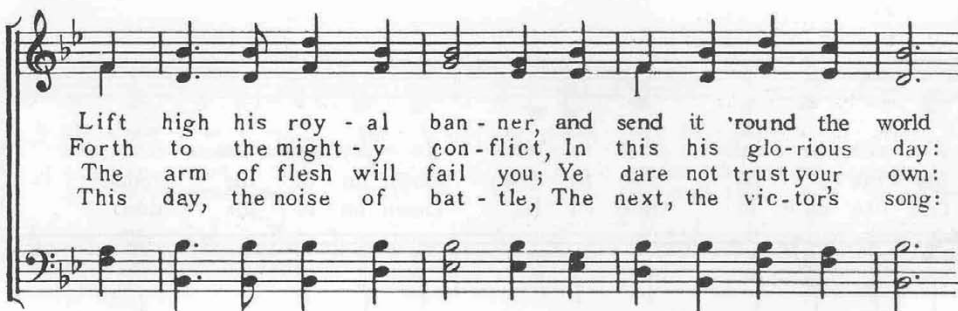
# STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

George Duffield

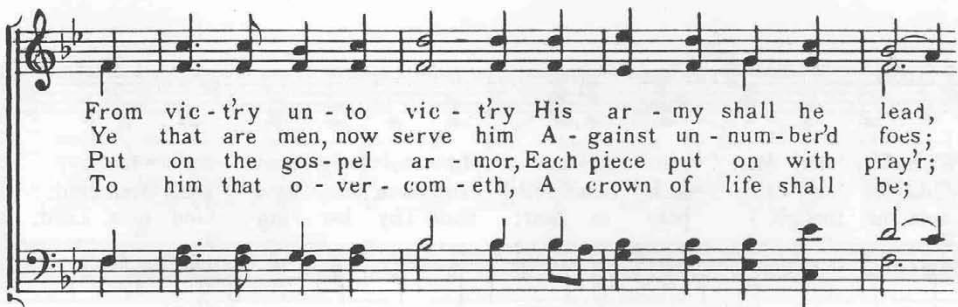
George James Webb



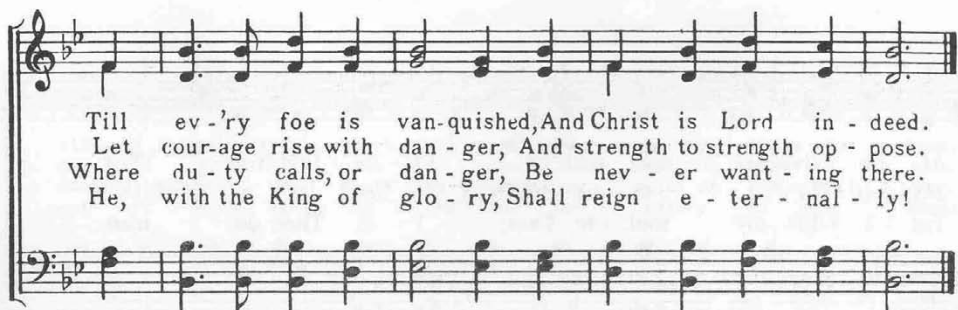
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the word  
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey;  
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus; Stand in his strength a - lone;  
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus; The strife will not be long;



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 - stroy; 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 ———.

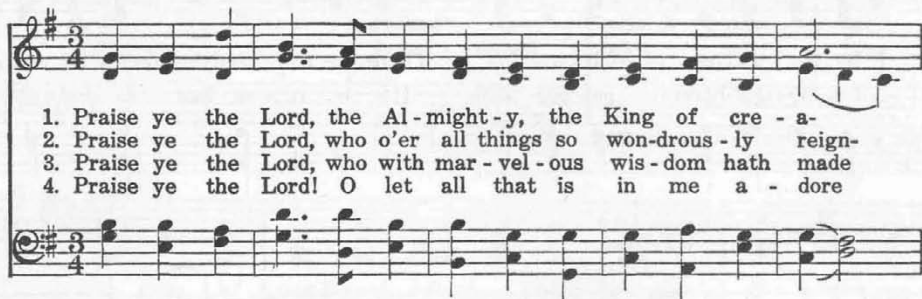
Bap - tize them in - to the Fa - ther's name, In the Ho - ly Spir - it's and the Son's:  
 They shall cast out de - mons in my name, They shall not be hurt by dead - ly things;  
 His dis - ci - ples went out as He said; And they preached the gos - pel ev - 'ry - where;

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.

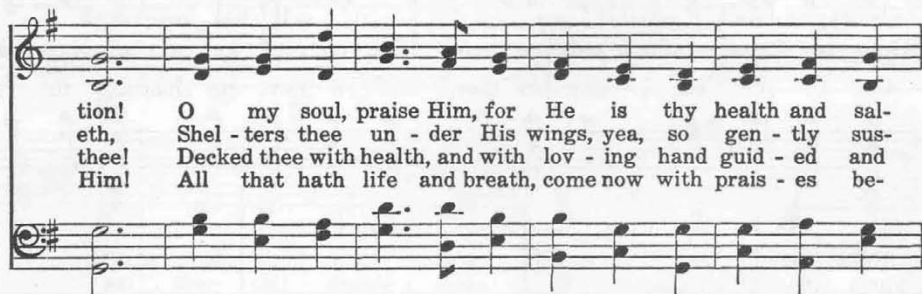
# PRAISE YE THE LORD, THE ALMIGHTY

Joachim Neander  
Trans. by  
Catherine Winkworth

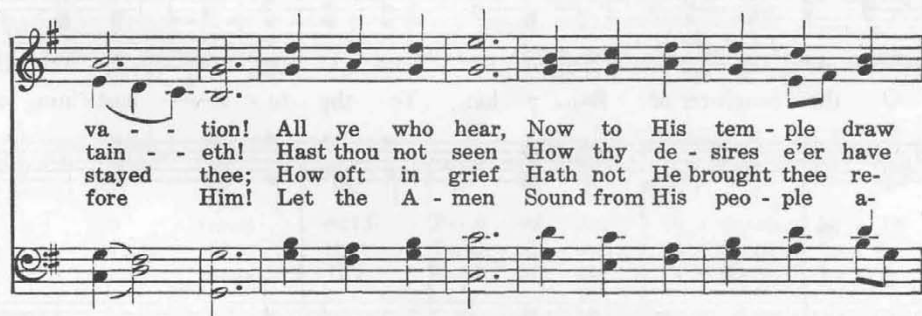
Lobe Den Herren  
"Stralsund Gesangbuch"  
Arr. in "Praxis Pietatis Melica"



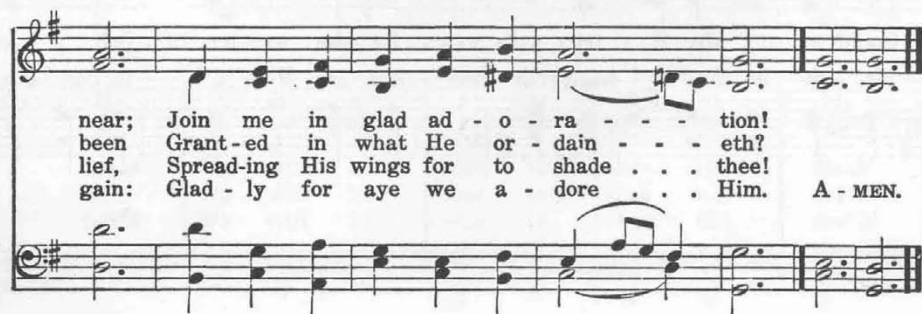
1. Praise ye the Lord, the Al-might-y, the King of cre-a-  
2. Praise ye the Lord, who o'er all things so won-drous-ly reign-  
3. Praise ye the Lord, who with mar-vel-ous wis-dom hath made  
4. Praise ye the Lord! O let all that is in me a-dore



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-sembled for God;  
2. For those who fear Him our God will provide; Ev-er His cov-'nant He will not for-get;  
3. Un-to His peo-ple re-demp-tion He sent; God hath com-mand-ed His cov-'nant al-way;

His glo-rious works 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' rsem - 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.



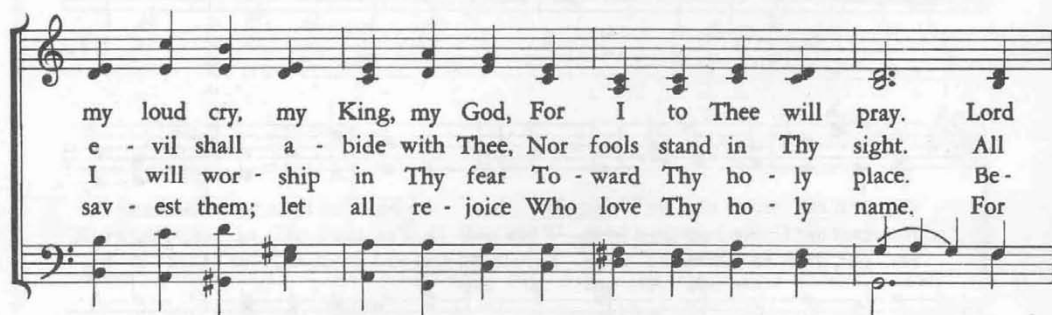
## MORNING PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE

Fifth Psalm

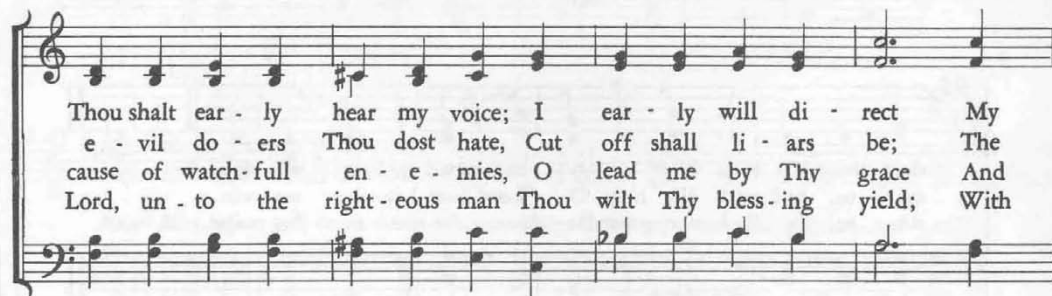
Dwight Armstrong



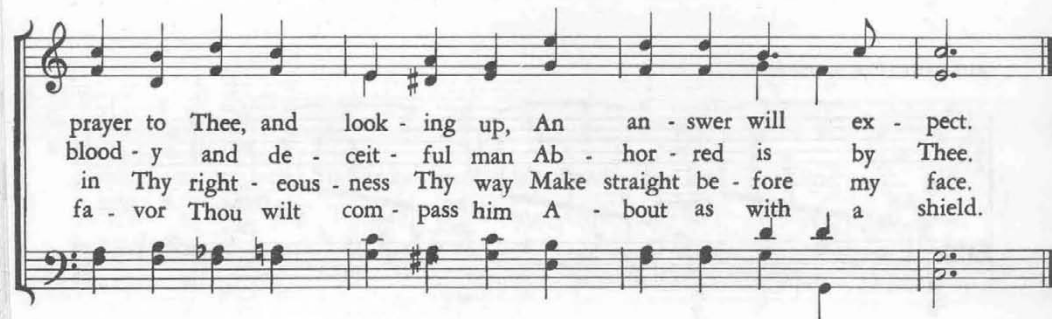
1. Give ear un - to my words, O Lord, My med - i - ta - tion weigh. Hear  
 2. For Thou art not a God that doth In wick - ed - ness de - light; No  
 3. But I in - to Thy house will come In Thine a - bun - dant grace; And  
 4. Let all who trust in Thee be glad, In shouts their praise pro - claim; Thou



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 stand - ing wa - ter like rams? bring; And  
 sto - ny rock did stand - ing wa - ter like rams? 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,

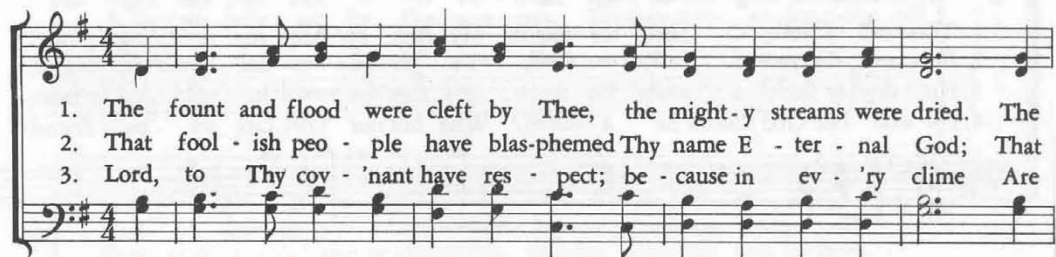
Just when I need Him most; Je - sus is near to

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

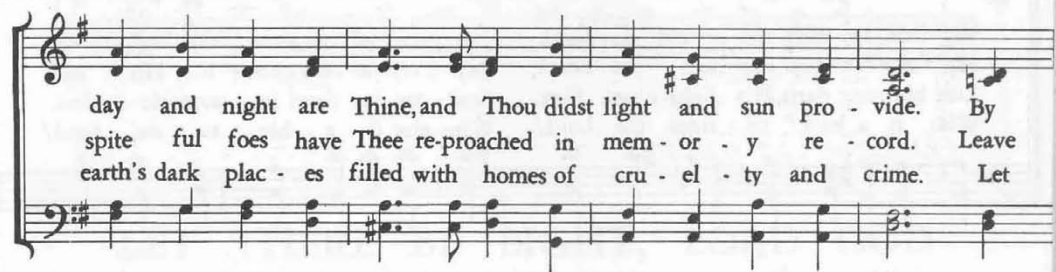
# THE FOUNT AND FLOOD WERE CLEFT BY THEE

Seventy-Fourth Psalm

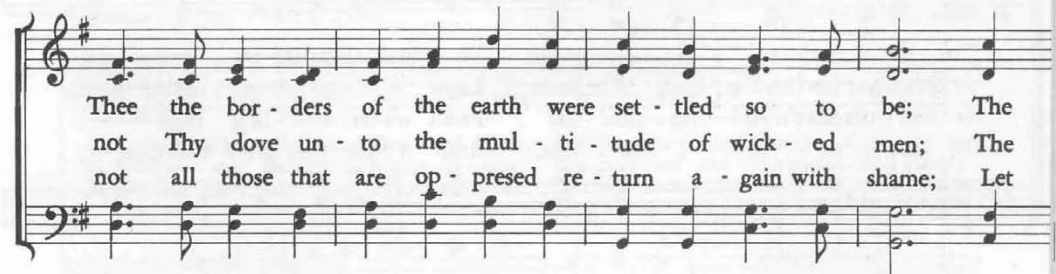
Dwight Armstrong



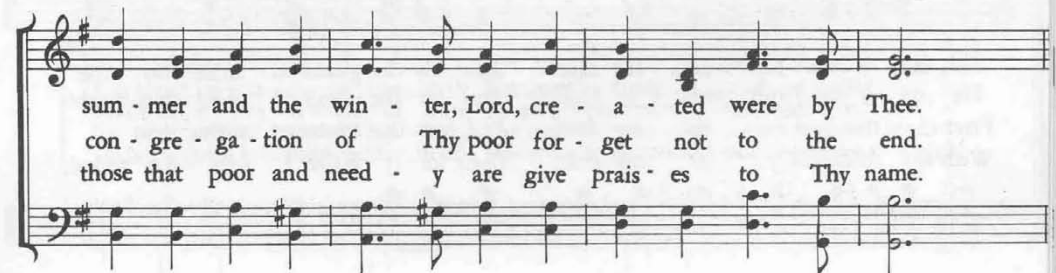
1. The fount and flood were cleft by Thee, the might-y streams were dried. The  
 2. That fool - ish peo - ple have blas-phemed Thy name E - ter - nal God; That  
 3. Lord, to Thy cov - nant have res - pect; be - cause in ev - 'ry clime Are



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

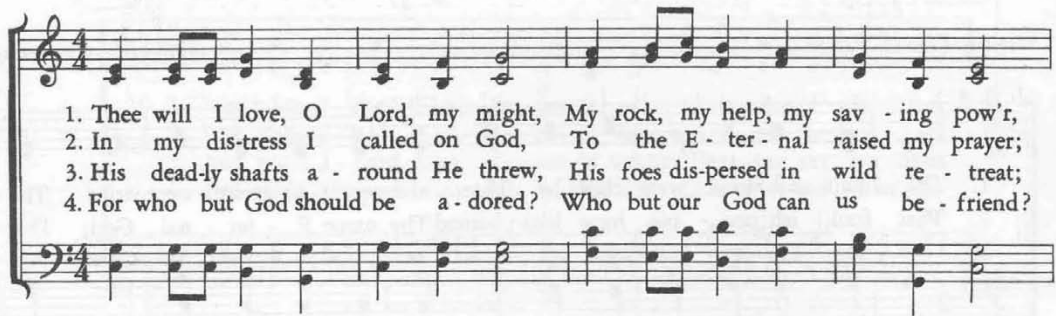


sum - mer and the win - ter, Lord, cre - a - ted were by Thee.  
 con - gre - ga - tion of Thy poor for - get not to the end.  
 those that poor and need - y are give prais - es to Thy name.

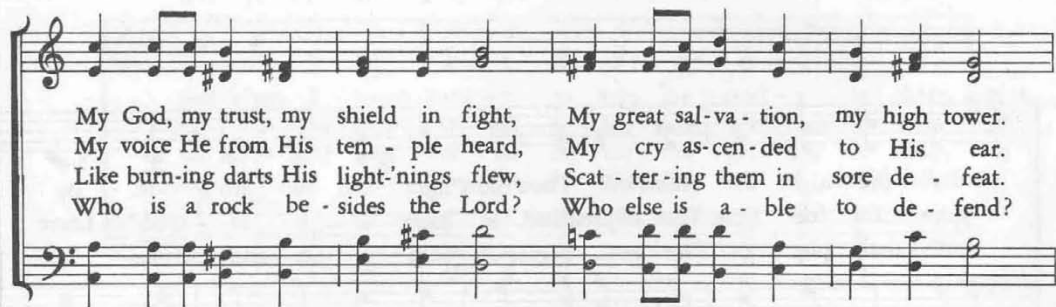
# MY ROCK AND MY SALVATION

II Samuel 22:1-32

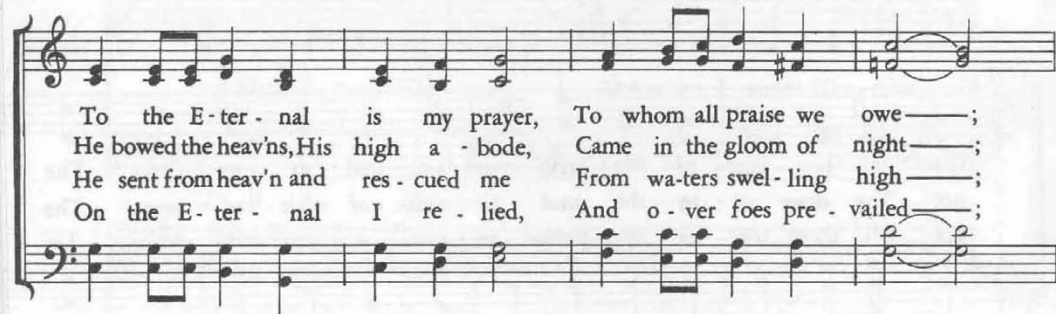
Dwight Armstrong



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, 'Chris - tian, 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 eyes 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 thee pre-serve from

from de-cep-tul 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 that keep-eth  
He'll pro-ject 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

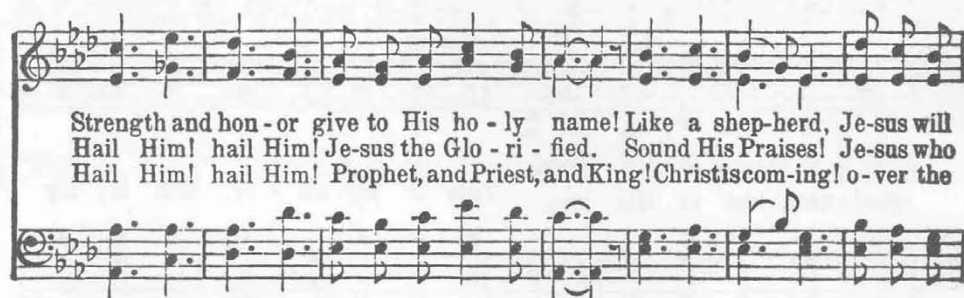
Chester G. Allen



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

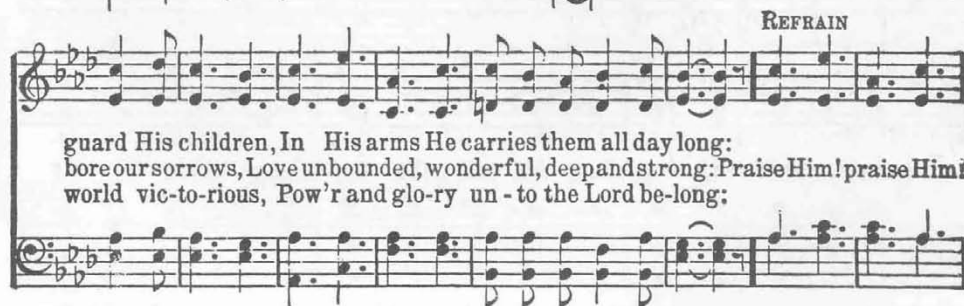


won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;  
 suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,  
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;

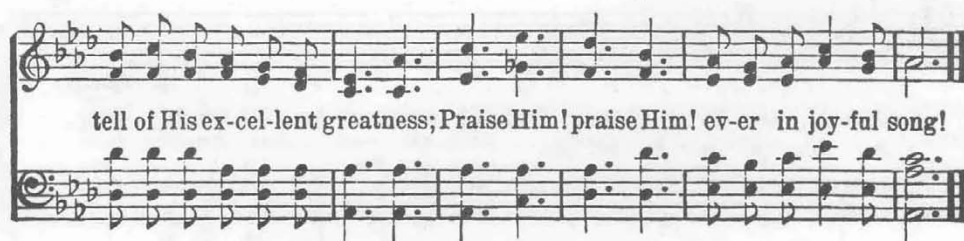


Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will  
 Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Glo-ri-fied. Sound His Praises! Je-sus who  
 Hail Him! hail Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing! o-ver the

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-ri-ous, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:



tell of His ex-cel-lent great-ness; 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

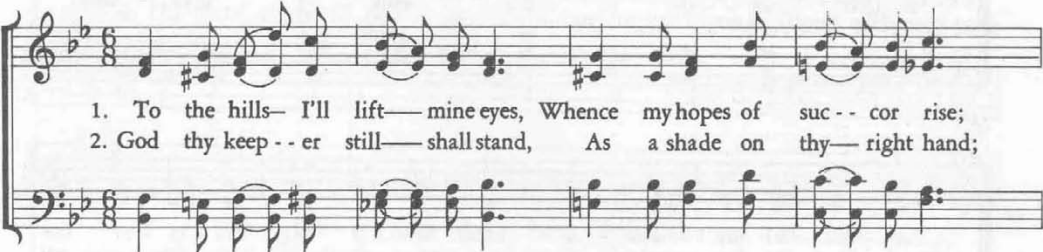
song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my

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

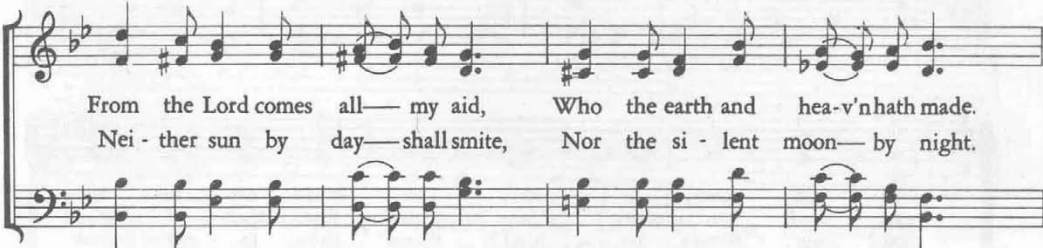
# TO THE HILLS I'LL LIFT MY EYES

One-Hundred-Twenty-First Psalm

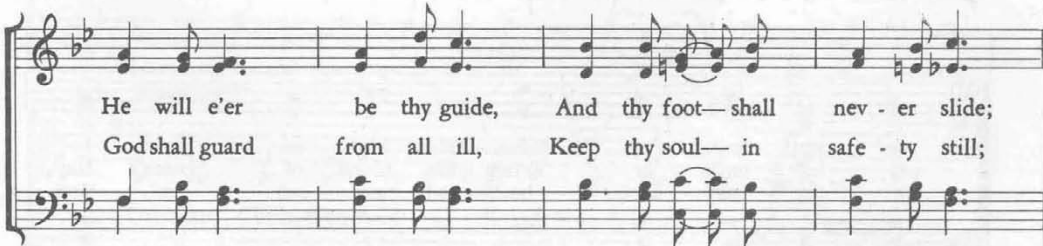
Dwight Armstrong



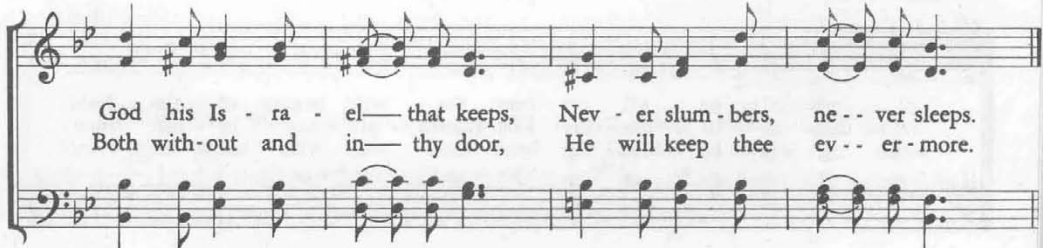
1. To the hills— I'll lift— mine eyes, Whence my hopes of suc - - cor rise;  
2. God thy keep - - er still— shall stand, As a shade on thy— right hand;



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 the 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.

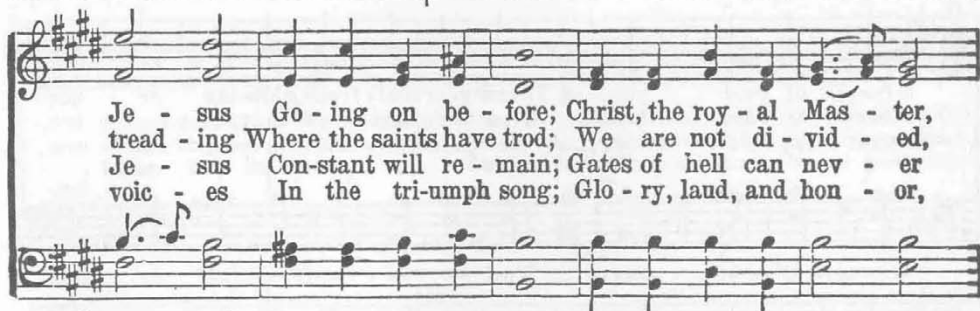
# ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Sabine Baring-Gould

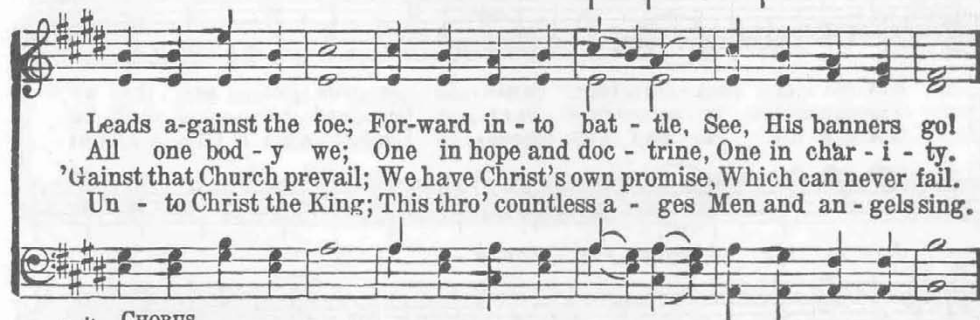
Arthur Sullivan



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,

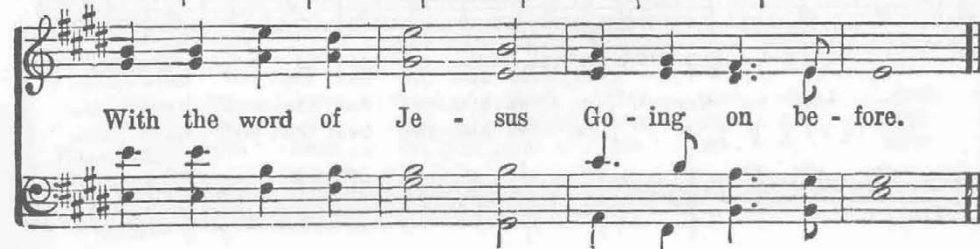


Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!  
 All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can never fail.  
 Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an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

*D.C.*  
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



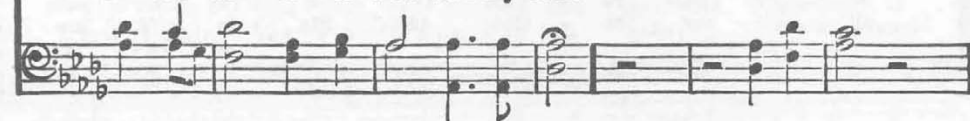
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor-rows like
2. Though Sa-tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



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 the  
 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 - cribe, 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 - cribe, 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! near - er, near - er,  
 rest in peace with Thee.

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.



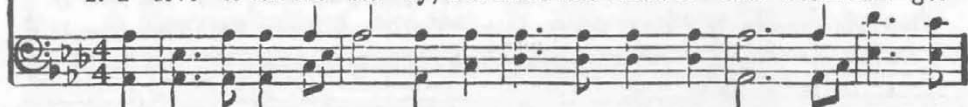
# I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

Katherine Hankey

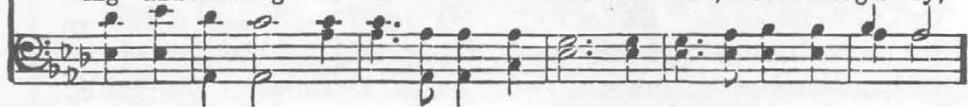
William G. Fischer



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 - der - 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 -



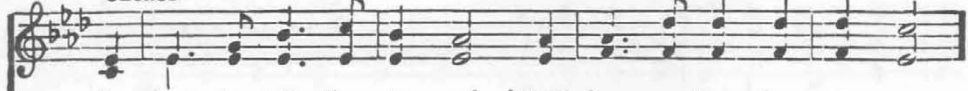
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love, I love to tell the sto - ry,  
gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry,  
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry;  
ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo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



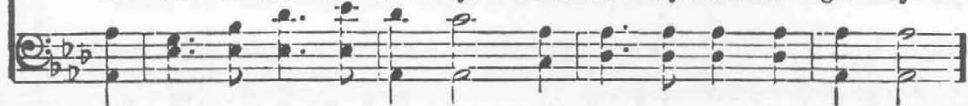
Because I know 'tis true, It sat - is - fies my longings, As nothing else can do.  
It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee  
For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own holy word.  
I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story, That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



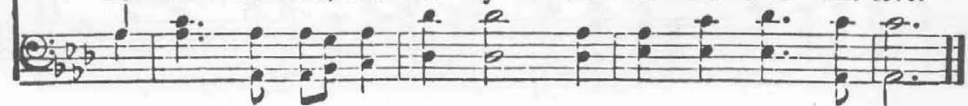
## CHORUS



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 - cling camps;  
 3. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er sound re - treat;  
 4. In the beau - ty of the ~~hill~~ <sup>AUTUMN</sup> - ies 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 dew and damp;  
 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! 

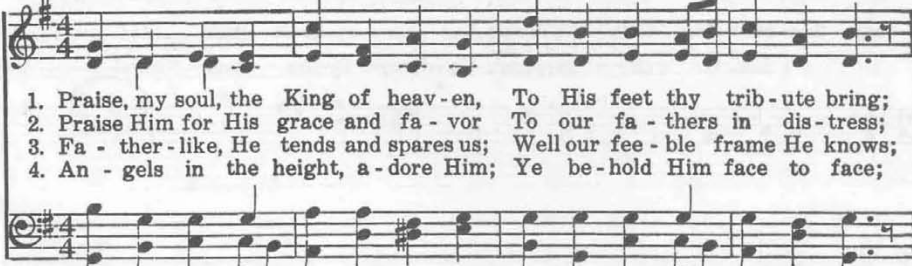
}	His truth
	His day
	Our God
While God	

 is march - ing on. A - MEN.

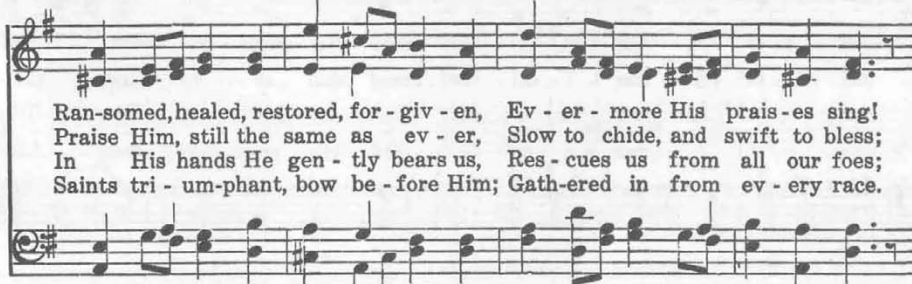
## PRAISE, THE KING

*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-phiant, 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 cru - 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

ceit - 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, Andsonsthebless - ing He com-mands;These whom in

Lord the cit - y shields, Theguardsmain-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, Andbold-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*

*William H. Havergal, 1846*

*With serenity; in moderate time*

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-apes, 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,

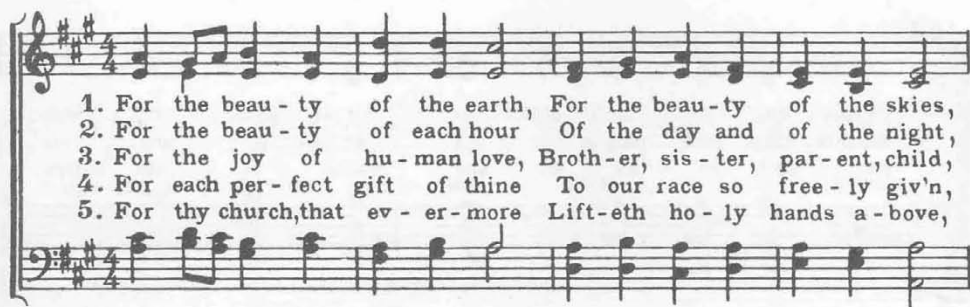
When He com - mand - ed they were cre - a - ted and  
 Young men and maid - ens, old men and chil - dren all  
 They are a peo - ple near un - to Him, they're the

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!

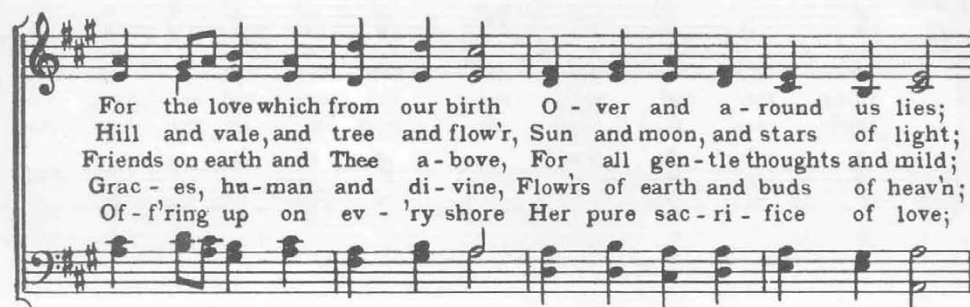
# FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

*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

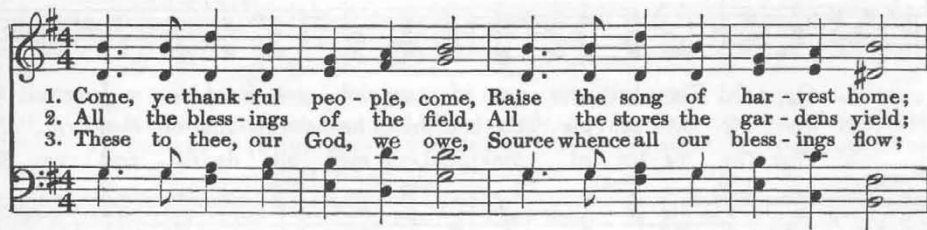
jus - tice in the hea - then's sight He o - pen - ly hath shown.  
 up your voice a - loud to Him, sing prais - es and re - joice.  
 floods clap hands and let the hills to - geth - er joy de - clare.  
 judge the world with right - eous - ness, His folk with eq - ui - ty.

# COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

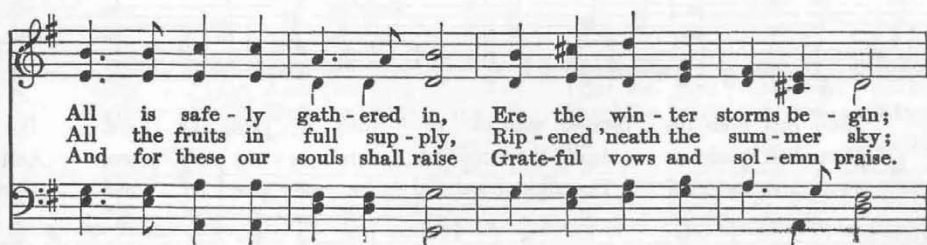
Henry Alford, 1844

Hugh Hartsborne, 1915

George J. Elvey, 1858



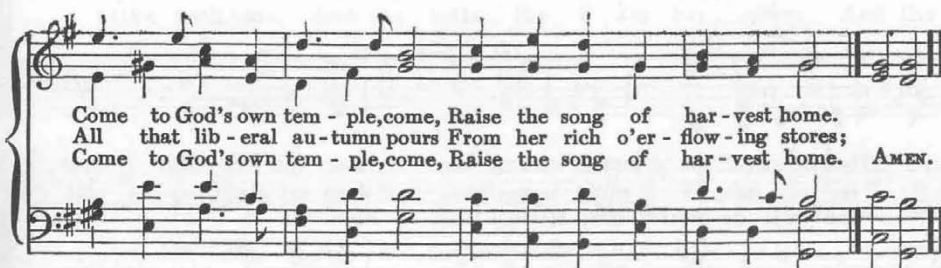
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home;  
 2. All the bless-ings of the field, All the stores the gar-dens yield;  
 3. These to thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow;



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

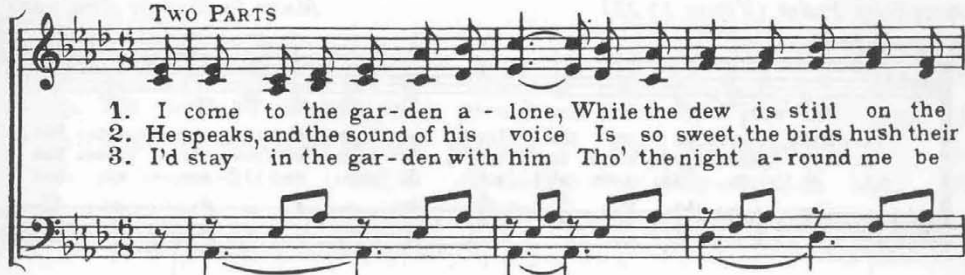
Thou there - of the breach - es heal be - - cause the land doth shake.  
 for the sake of truth it may by — them dis - played ap - pear.  
 God we'll do great acts; He will tread — down our en - e - mies.

# IN THE GARDEN

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles

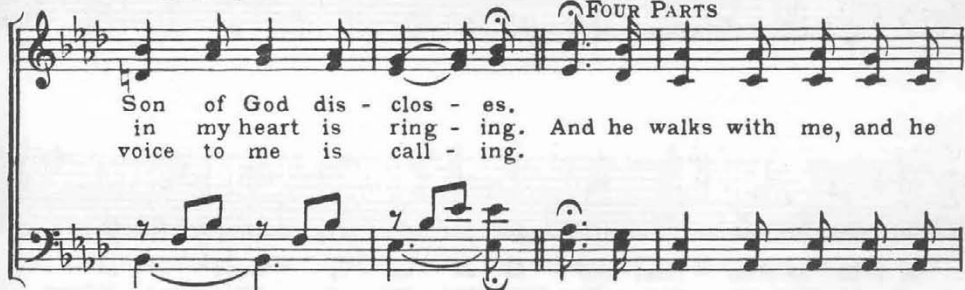
## TWO PARTS



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



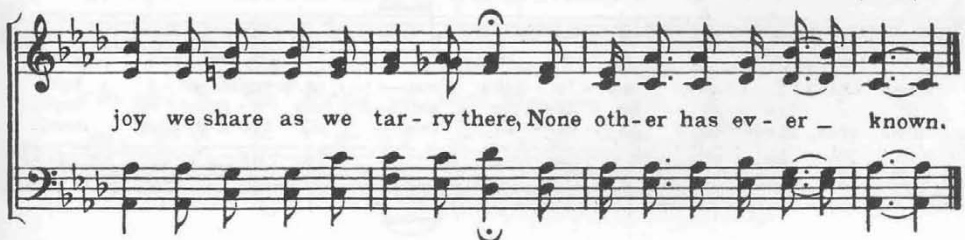
ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The  
 sing - ing; And the mel - o - dy That he gave to me, With -  
 fall - ing, But he bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe His

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.

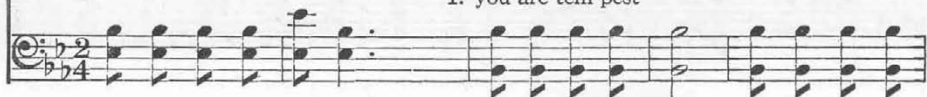
# COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Johnson Oatman

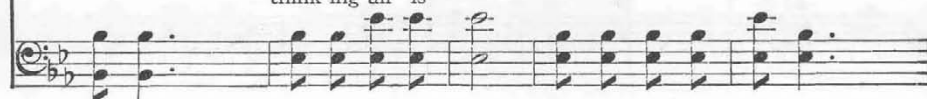
Edwin O. Excell



1. When up-on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-  
 2. Are you ev - er bur-den-ed 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.* *a tempo*

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

## ONE-HUNDRED-THIRD PSALM

Psalm 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 - eas - 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's age, 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-joice.—  
 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-joice 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 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 - ous - 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;

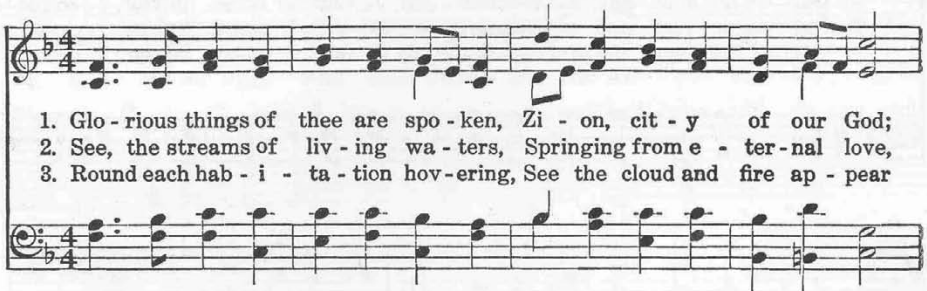
Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,  
 Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,  
 Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

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.**

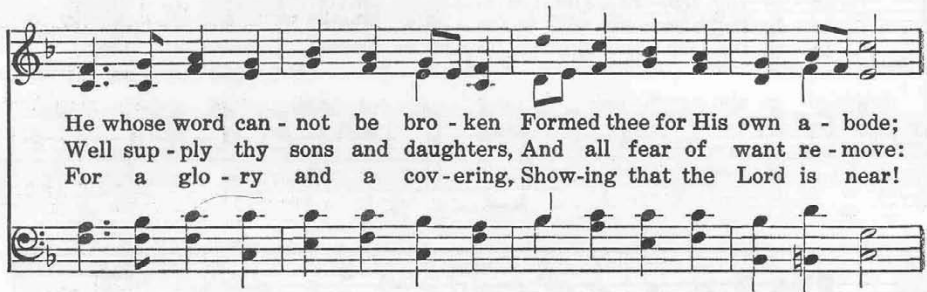
# GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN (Austrian Hymn)

John Newton

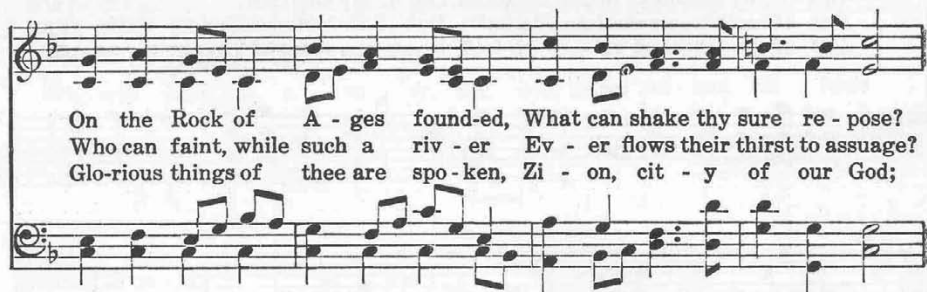
Franz Joseph Haydn



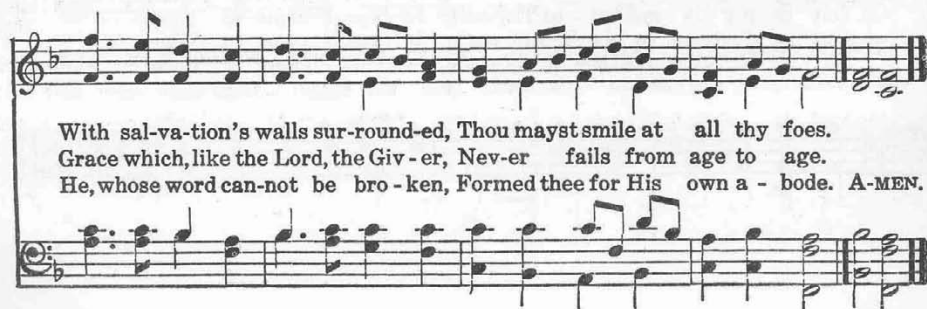
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;  
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,  
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - ering, See the cloud and fire ap - pear



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

ture; 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*

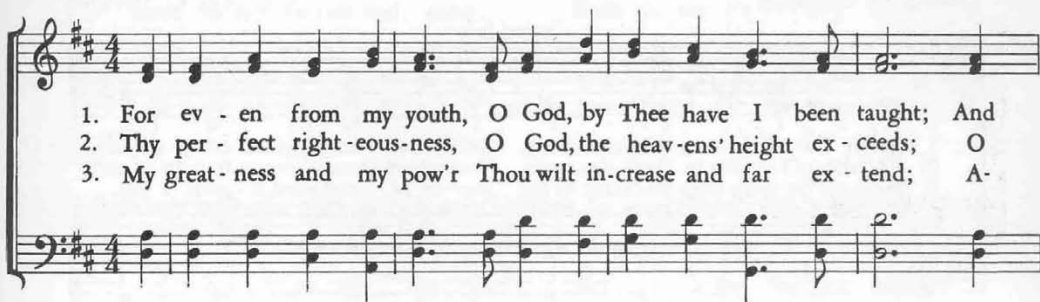
1. How long, E - ter - nal, hide Thou a - way?  
 2. What man can live and nev - er see death?  
 3. Re - call, E - ter - nal, Thy slave is scorned;

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;

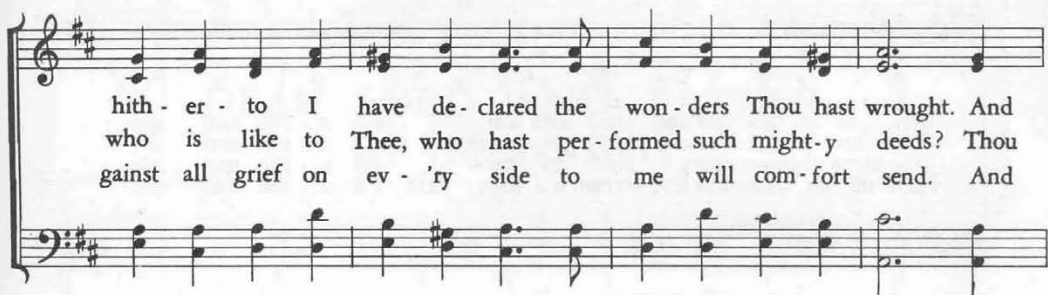
Where - fore hast Thou made all men in vain?  
 Where is the for - mer love, O my God?  
 Where with Thy foes mock Thy cho - sen ones,

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.

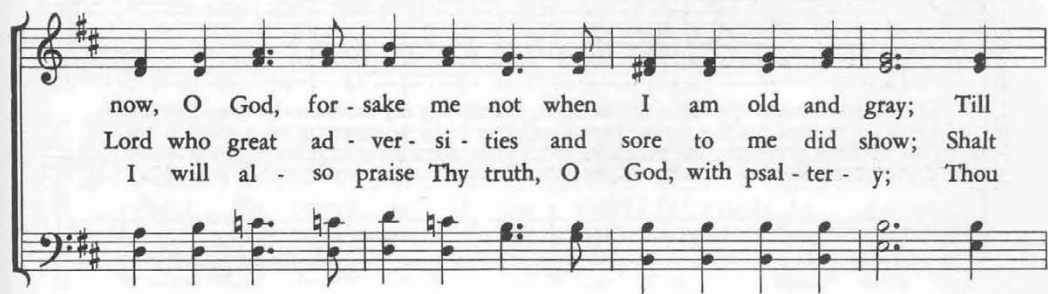
## EVEN FROM MY YOUTH, O GOD

*Seventy-First Psalm**Dwight Armstrong*


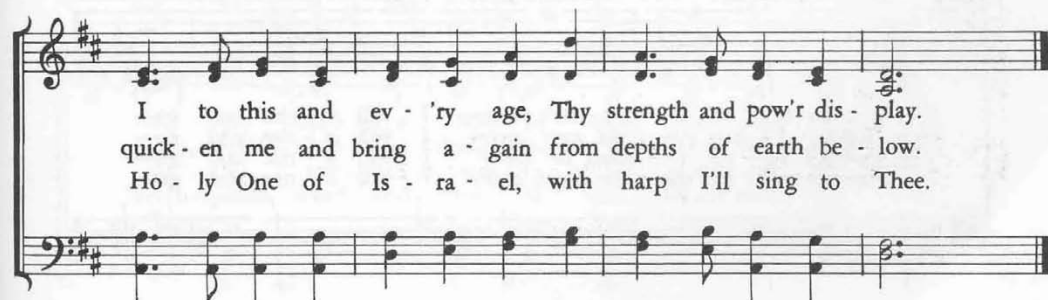
1. For ev - en from my youth, O God, by Thee have I been taught; And  
 2. Thy per - fect right - eous - ness, O God, the heav - ens' height ex - ceeds; O  
 3. My great - ness and my pow'r Thou wilt in - crease and far ex - tend; A -



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, Back to my Fa-ther and home,  
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 him take my soul and lay mine hon - our in the dust. Rise  
 for un - to thy place on high re - turn - for their sakes. 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 - on - 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.  
 him that was my foe with - out a cause did I set free.  
 Thou for me a - wake to judg - ment which Thou doth com - mand,  
 cord - ing to in - teg - ri - ty and right - eous - ness, in me.

# 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

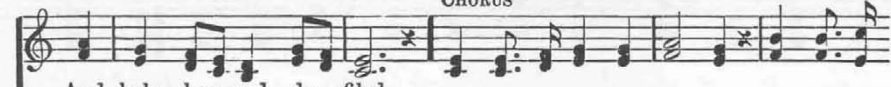


and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry  
ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry  
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry  
emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's




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*

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

*In moderate time*

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-iqui-ty?  
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 morn-ing 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-ra-el shall re-deem. A-MEN.

# FORTY-SIXTH PSALM

*Psalm XLVI. "Scottish  
Psalter," 1650*

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

*In moderate time*

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 deep'ning 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

## I N D E X

<i>Title</i>	<i>Page</i>
ALL HAIL THE POWER .....	48
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL .....	56
A PRAYER TO GOD .....	8
A SONG OF JOYFUL PRAISE .....	5
A SUPPLICATION .....	81
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC .....	54
BLESSED ASSURANCE .....	38
BLEST BE THE TIE .....	100
BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON .....	14
COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME .....	73
COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING .....	2
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS .....	78
DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST .....	99
DEAR LORD AND FATHER OF MANKIND .....	93
DEPART FROM EVIL .....	51
EVEN FROM MY YOUTH, O GOD .....	91
FAITH OF OUR FATHERS! .....	15
FIRST PSALM .....	88
FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH .....	68
FORGET NOT GOD AND HIS COVENANT .....	20
FORTY-FOURTH PSALM .....	53
FORTY-SIXTH PSALM .....	97
GIVE OF YOUR BEST TO THE MASTER .....	42
GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN .....	86
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD .....	12
GOD BE WITH YOU .....	98
GOD IS OUR REFUGE .....	19
GOD LOOKED DOWN FROM HEAVEN .....	17
GOD OF OUR FATHERS, WHOSE ALMIGHTY HAND .....	21
GOD'S ARMY .....	34

## I N D E X (continued)

<i>Title</i>	<i>Page</i>
HE WILL GUIDE THE MEEK .....	71
HIS MERCY NEVER FAILS .....	25
HOW MAJESTIC THE ETERNAL .....	64
I AM THINE, O LORD .....	50
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY .....	52
I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR .....	46
I WOULD BE TRUE .....	10
IN THE GARDEN .....	75
IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL .....	44
JESUS CALLS US, O'ER THE TUMULT .....	33
JESUS, I COME .....	85
JUST WHEN I NEED HIM MOST .....	30
LET THERE BE LIGHT, LORD GOD OF HOSTS .....	33
LET THY CHASTENING BE IN MEASURE .....	94
MORNING PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE .....	28
MT. ZION STANDS MOST BEAUTIFUL .....	47
MY FRIEND AND GUIDE .....	89
MY ROCK AND MY SALVATION .....	32
NINETEENTH PSALM .....	82
NO NIGHT THERE .....	23
NOW THE DAY IS OVER .....	100
O BRING THOU ME OUT OF MY DISTRESSES .....	76
O, HAD I WINGS LIKE SOME SWIFT DOVE .....	57
ONE-HUNDRED-FORTY-FIFTH PSALM .....	63
ONE-HUNDRED-NINETEENTH PSALM .....	60
ONE-HUNDRED-THIRD PSALM .....	79
ONE-HUNDRED-THIRTIETH PSALM .....	97
ONE-HUNDRED-TWENTY-SEVENTH PSALM .....	61
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS .....	41
OPEN MY EYES, THAT I MAY SEE .....	18
PAY ALL YOUR VOWS TO GOD MOST HIGH .....	40
PRAISE HIM! PRAISE HIM! .....	37
PRAISE THE ETERNAL .....	66
PRAISE, THE KING .....	55
PRAISE TO GOD .....	6

## I N D E X (continued)

<i>Title</i>	<i>Page</i>
PRAISE TOWARD GOD'S HOLY PLACE .....	16
PRAISE YE THE LORD, THE ALMIGHTY .....	13
PURGE ME CLEAN FROM ALL MY SINS .....	80
REMEMBER THY PEOPLE .....	4
RESCUE THY PEOPLE .....	74
RIGHTEOUS JUDGE FROM FOES DEFEND ME .....	26
SAFELY THRO' ANOTHER WEEK .....	24
SAVE ME, AND DELIVER ME .....	95
SEVENTY-SECOND PSALM .....	45
SHOW ME THY WAYS, O LORD .....	69
SING A NEW SONG, MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE .....	72
SING OF MERCY AND JUDGMENT .....	9
SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY .....	65
STANDING ON THE PROMISES .....	3
STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS .....	7
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER .....	59
TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY .....	70
TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY .....	96
THE DEVICES OF THE WICKED .....	77
THE ETERNAL SHALL BE FEARED .....	87
THE FOUNT AND FLOOD WERE CLEFT BY THEE .....	31
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD .....	11
THE MIGHTY GOD IS MY HELPER .....	43
THE PRODIGAL SON .....	92
THE SERVANT'S PRAYER .....	49
THIRTY-SIXTH PSALM .....	58
THIRTY-SEVENTH PSALM .....	83
TO THE HILLS I'LL LIFT MY EYES .....	39
TURN NOT THOU AWAY FROM US .....	90
TWENTY-THIRD PSALM .....	65
WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD, OUR REDEEMER .....	27
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS .....	62
WHEN I DWELT IN MESECH .....	35
WHEN ISRAEL WENT OUT OF EGYPT .....	29
WHO SHALL DWELL ON THY HOLY HILL? .....	84
WISDOM BEGINS WITH THE FEAR OF THE LORD .....	22
WITH HAPPY VOICES SINGING .....	36

