THIS IS MY FATHER's WORLD

(1) This is my father's world, And to my listening ears, all nature sings, and round me rings, The music of the spheres. This is my father's world, I rest me in the thought of rocks and trees, of skies and seas, His hand the wonders wrought.

(2) This is my father's world, The birds their carols raise, The morning light, the lily white, Declare their Maker's praise. This is my father's world, He shines in all that's fair, In the rustling grass, I hear him pass, He speaks to me everywhere.

(3) This is my father's world, O let me ne'er forget, That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Ruler yet. This is my Father's world, The battle is not done, Jesus who died shall be satisfied, And earth and heav'n be one.
FISHERS OF MEN

(1) I will make you fishers of men, fishers of men, Fishers of men,
I will make you fishers of men, if you follow me, If you follow me,
If you will follow me I will make you fishers of men, if you follow me.

(2) Hear Christ calling, Come unto Me, Come unto Me, Come unto me,
Hear Christ calling, Come unto me, I will give you rest. I will give you rest,
I will give you rest, "Hear Christ calling Come unto me,
I will give you rest."
HE KEEPS ME SINGING

(1) There's within my heart a melody, Jesus whispers sweet and low:
Fear not I am with you, peace be still, In all of life's ebb and woe.

CHORUS: Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Sweetest name I know, Fills my every longing, Keeps me singing as I go.

(2) Soon he's coming back to welcome me Far beyond the starry sky;
I shall wing me flight to world's unknown, I shall reign with him on high.
FATHER WE THANK THEE

(1) Father, we thank thee for the night, And for the pleasant
morning light; For rest and food and loving care, And all
that makes the world so fair.

(2) Help us to do the things we should, To be to others kind and
good; In all we do in work and play, To love thee better day by day.
TELL ME THE STORIES OF JESUS

(1) Tell me the stories of Jesus I love to hear;
   Things I would ask him to tell me, if he were here;
   Scenes by the wayside, Tales of the sea, Stories of Jesus, Tell them to me.

(2) First let me hear how the children stood round his Knee,
   And I shall fancy his blessing resting on me; Words full of Kindness, Deeds full of grace, All in the lovelight of Jesus' face.

(3) Tell me the accents of wonder, How rolled the sea;
   Tossing the boat in a tempest on Galilee. And how the Master, Ready and kind chided the billows, And hushed the wind.
WE LOVE THE BIBLE

(1) Who would not love the Bible, So beautiful and wise?
   Its teachings lead us upward and point us to the skies.
   Its stories all so mighty, of men so brave to see; The
   beautiful dear Bible, it shall our teacher be.

(2) But most we love the Bible, For there we learn of One Who
   came to earth from heaven God's well beloved son, And how
   he bowed to sorrow, That we his face might see, The Bible,
   O the Bible, it shall our teacher be.

(3) Then we will hold the Bible, The glorious book of God;
   We'll never forsake the Bible, Through all life's future roads;
   The watchword in life's battles, The chart on life's dark sea
   The beautiful, dear Bible, it shall our teacher be.
WHEN HE COMETH

(1) When he cometh, when he cometh, to make up his jewels,
   All his jewels, precious jewels, his loved and his own.

   CHORUS: Like the stars of the morning, his bright crown
   adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems
   for his crown.

(2) He will gather, He will gather the gems for his Kingdom
   All the pure ones, all the bright ones, his loved and his own.

(3) Little children, little children, Who love their Redeemer,
   Are the jewels, precious jewels, His loved and his own.
WHISPER A PRAYER

(1) Whisper a prayer in the morning;
    Whisper a prayer at noon;
    Whisper a prayer in the evening
    Twill keep your heart in tune

(2) God answers prayer in the morning,
    God answers prayer at noon;
    God answers prayer in the evening,
    He'll keep your heart in tune

JESUS LOVES THE LITTLE CHILDREN

Jesus loves the little children, All the children of the world;
Red and yellow, black and white, They are precious in his sight;
Jesus loves the little children of the world.
Jesus Loves Me

(1) Jesus loves me, this I know, For the Bible tells me so;
     Little ones to him belong; They are weak but he is strong.

(2) Jesus loves me, loves me still, Tho I'm very weak and ill;
     That I might from sin be free, Bled and died upon the tree.

(3) Jesus loves me, he who died, Heavens gates to open wide;
     He will wash away my sin, Let his little child come in.

(4) Jesus loves me, he will stay, close beside me all the way;
     Thou hast bled and died for me, I will hence-forth live for thee.

CHORUS:

Yes Jesus loves me, Yes Jesus loves me, Yes Jesus loves me!

The Bible tells me so.
I’LL BE A SUNBEAM

(1) Jesus wants me for a sunbeam, to shine for him each day;
   In every way try to please him, At home, at school, at play.

(2) I will ask Jesus to help me to keep my heart from sin;
   Ever reflecting his goodness, And always shine for him.

(3) I’ll be a sunbeam for Jesus, I can if I but try; Serving him
   moment by moment, Then live with him on high.

CHORUS:

A sunbeam, a sunbeam, Jesus wants me for a sunbeam;
A sunbeam, a sunbeam, I’ll be a sunbeam for him.
STANDIN' IN THE NEED OF PRAYER

(1)
Not my father, nor my mother, but it's me, O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer;
Not my sister, nor by brother, but it's me, O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer.

(2)
Not the prophet, nor the preacher, but it's me, O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer;
Not the deacon, nor the teacher, but it's me, O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer.

(3)
Not the people who are shoutin', but it's me, O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer;
Not the members I am doubtin', but it's me, O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer.

(4)
Not the other man in danger, but it's me, O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer;
Not my neighbor, nor the stranger, but it's me, O Lord, standin' in the need of prayer.

WHERE COULD I GO?

(1) Living below in this old sinful world, hardly a comfort can afford;
Striving alone to face temptations sore, where could I go but to the Lord?

(2) Neighbors are kind, I love them every one, we get along in sweet accord;
But when my soul needs manna from above, where could I go but to the Lord?

(3) Life here is grand with friends I love so dear, comfort I get from God's own word;
Yet when I face the chilling hand of death, where could I go but to the Lord?

Chorus: Where could I go, O where could I go, seeking a refuge for my soul?

Needing a friend to save me in the end, where could I go but to the Lord?

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE

(1) This little light of mine, yes I'm gonna let it shine; This little light of mine, yes I'm gonna let it shine; Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

(2) Hide it under a bushel? No, I'm gonna let it shine; Hide it under a bushel?
No, I'm gonna let it shine; let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

(3) Won't let Satan blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine; Won't let Satan blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine;
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

(4) Let it shine till Jesus comes, I'm gonna let it shine, Let it shine till Jesus comes, etc.
MORNING WILL COME

safe, safe at home! Oh, happy day,
safe at last at home, safe at last at home! Oh, the happy day, oh, the happy day

When we shall the glory of the Savior see, And know as we are known.

AN EVENING PRAYER

1. If I have wounded any soul to-day, If I have caused one
2. If I have uttered idle words or vain, If I have turned a-
3. If I have been perverse, or hard, or cold, If I have longed for
4. For-give the sins I have con-fessed to Thee; For-give the se-
crust

foot to go a-stray, If I have walked in my own will-fal way, side from want or pain, Lest I of-fend some oth-er thru the strain, shel-ter in the fold, When Thou hast giv-en me some fort to hold, sins I do not see; O guide me, love me, and my keep-er be.

Verses 1, 2 & 3. D. C. 4th Verse only.

1-3. Dear Lord, for-give (for-give)!
Heavenly sunshine, heavenly sunshine

Flooding my soul with glory divine,

Heavenly sunshine, heavenly sunshine

Hallelujah, Jesus is mine.
Sometimes “Alleluia”

Blessed is His glorious name forever; let the whole earth be filled with His glory.
— Psalm 72:19

SOMETIMES ALLELUIA

Chuck Girard

Sometimes “Alleluia,” Sometimes “Praise the Lord,” Sometimes gently singing,

Our hearts in one accord.

1 O let us lift our voices,
2 O let our joy be unconfined,
3 O let us feel His presence,
4 O let the Spirit overflow,

Look toward the sky and start to sing;
Let us sing with freedom unrestrained;
Let the sound of praises fill the air;
As we are filled from head to toe;

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1 O, let us now re-turn His love— Just let our

2 Let's take this feel-ing that we're feel-ing now Out-side these

3 O, let us sing the song of Je-sus' love To peo-ple

4 We love You Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost. And we want

1 voices ring.

2 walls and let it rain.

3 ev-ery where.

4 this world to know.

Some-times "Al-le-lu-ia," Some-times "Praise the Lord;"

Some-times gent-ly sing-ing, Our hearts in one ac-cord.

WORSHIP AND ADORATION
LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING

Lift every voice and sing, Till earth and heaven ring
Ring with the harmonies of liberty, Let our rejoicing rise
High as the listening skies, Let it resound
Loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song, full of the faith that the dark past has taught us
Sing a song, full of the hope that the present has brought us.
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stoney the road we trod, Bitter the chastening rod
Felt in the days, when hope unborn, had died
Yet with a steady beat, had not our weary feet
Come to the place from which our Fathers sighed.
We have come over a way that with tears have been watered,
We have come treading our path thru the blood of the slaughtered.
Out from the gloomy past. Till now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,
Thou who hast brought us this far on the way,
Thou who hast by thy might, Led us into the light
Keep us forever in the path we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places our God where we met Thee
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world we forget Thee!
Shadowed beneath thy hand
May we forever stand,
True to our God, True to our Native Land.
Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing
National Negro Hymn
Mixed Quartette

Words by
JAMES WELDON JOHNSON
Class '94

Music by
J. ROSAMOND JOHNSON

Moderato e maestoso

1. Lift ev'ry voice and sing,
    Till earth and heav en ring,
    Ring with the har mo nies of trod,
    Bit ter the chast ning rod,
    Felt in the days when hope un years,
    God of our si lent tears,
    Thou who hast brought us thus far.

2. Sto ny the road we trod,
    Bit ter the chast ning rod,
    Felt in the days when hope un years,
    God of our si lent tears,
    Thou who hast brought us thus far.

3. God of our wea ry
    God of our wea ry
    God of our wea ry
    God of our wea ry
    God of our wea ry
    God of our wea ry
    God of our wea ry

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Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing

Lib-er-ty; Let our re-joic-ing rise High as the
born had died; Yet with a stead-y beat, Have not our
on the way; Thou who hast by Thy might, Led us in-

list-ning skies, Let it re-sound loud as the roll-ing sea.
wear-y feet Come to the place for which our fa-thers sighed?
to the light, Keep us for-ev-er in the path, we pray.

Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us
We have come o-ver a-way that with tears has been wa-tered
Lest our feet stray from the place, our God, where we met Thee,

Gt. with Trumpets
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought
We have come, treading our path thro’ the blood of the slough
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget

Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought
We have come, treading our path thro’ the blood of the slough
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget

Facing the rising sun of our new day
Beneath the gloomy past, till now we stand at
Thee, shadowed beneath Thy hand, May we forever

Gun, Let us march on till victory is won
Last, Where the white gleam of our bright star is east
Stand, True to our God, True to our native land.
Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing

Lib-erty; Let our re-jois- ing rise High as the
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to the light, Keep us for-ev-er in the path, we pray.

Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us
We have come o-ver a-way that with tears has been wa-tered
Lest our feet stray from the pla-ces, our God, where we met Thee,
"WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN MOTHER"

What a friend we have in Mother,
Who will all our secrets share;
We should never keep things from her,
Tell her all and she'll be there:
Oh what tender love she gives us,
When in sorrow or despair,
Tell her gently, whisper softly
She will listen she'll be there.

When you're sick and cannot labor,
And there's nothing you can do,
Call on Mother, she will help you,
God will bless her, that is true,
She will clean and do the dishes
She will feed your babes with care;
If she finds you cold or hungry,
Do not worry she'll be there.

Day by day as she grows older,
She's the nation's guiding star
Don't forget the prayers she taught you,
You may need them bye and bye.
Tho' her hair has turned to silver,
Send her flowers sweet and fair,
Drop a card or send a letter,
She'll be waiting, she'll be there.

When her eyes have closed in slumber,
Gently kiss her icy brow;
Fold her hands upon her bosom,
She will rest in Heaven now,
When your days are dark and dreary
And your cross is hard to bear,
Do not let your memory fail you
Think of her and she'll be there.
ABIDE WITH ME

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

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

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dweltst with Thy disciples,
Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free.
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for ev’ry plea.
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
Amen.
AMAZING GRACE

Amazing Grace how sweet the sound that
saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found, Was
blind, but now I see.

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

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

The Lord has promised good to me: His word
my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be as long as
life endures.
FAIREST LORD JESUS

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature, O Thou of God and man the Son; Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor, Thou my soul’s glory, joy, and crown.
Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring; Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host; Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer, Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Amen.
JESUS LOVES ME!

Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong; They are weak, but He is strong.

CHORUS
Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!

Jesus loves me! He who died, Heav’n’s gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin: Let His little child come in.

REPEAT CHORUS
Jesus loves me! He will stay close beside me all the way:
If I love Him, when I die He will take me home on high.

REPEAT CHORUS
WHISPERING HOPE

Soft as the voice of an angel, breathing a lesson unheard.
Hope with a gentle persuasion, whispers her comforting word.
Wait till the darkness is over, wait till life’s tempest is done;
Hope for the sunshine tomorrow, after the shower is gone.
Whispering hope, O how welcome Thy voice, making my heart in its sorrow rejoice.

If in the dusk of the twilight, dim be the region afar,
Will not the deepening darkness brighten the glimmering star?
Then when the night is upon us, why should the heart sink away?
When the dark midnight is over, watch for the breaking of day.
Whispering hope, O how welcome Thy voice, making my heart in its sorrow rejoice.
When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation,
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

REPEAT CHORUS

JOSHUA FIT THE BATTLE OF JERICHO

Joshua fit the battle of Jericho, Jericho,
Jericho,
Joshua fit the battle of Jericho, and the walls came tumbling down.
You may talk about your King of Gideon,
You may talk about your man of Saul,
But there's none like good old Joshua,
At the battle of Jericho.
TAKE MY HAND, PRECIOUS LORD

CHORUS
Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on,
let me stand;
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.
Thru the storm, thru the night, lead me
on the light,
Take my hand, Precious Lord, lead me home.

When my way grows drear, Precious Lord,
linger near,
When my life is almost gone.
Hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand,
lest I fall,
Take my hand, Precious Lord, lead me home.

REPEAT CHORUS

When the darkness appears and the night
draws near,
And the day is past and gone.
At the river I stand, guide my feet,
hold my hand,
Take my hand, Precious Lord, lead me home.

REPEAT CHORUS
Hope as an anchor so steadfast rends the
dark veil for the soul,
Whither the Master has entered, robbing
the grave of its goal.
Come, then, O come, glad fruition, come
to my sad weary heart.
Come, O Thou blest hope of glory, never,
oh, never depart.
Whispering hope, O how welcome Thy
voice, making my heart in its sorrow
rejoice.

LONESOME VALLEY

Jesus walked this lonesome valley;
He had to walk it by Himself;
O nobody else could walk it for Him,
He had to walk it by Himself.

We must walk this lonesome valley;
We have to walk it by ourselves;
O nobody else can walk it for us;
We have to walk it by ourselves.

You must go and stand your trial,
You have to stand it by yourself;
O nobody else can stand it for you,
You have to stand it by yourself.
BLESSSED ASSURANCE

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretast of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God;
Born of His spirit, washed in His blood.

CHORUS
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour, all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song;
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.
REPEAT CHORUS

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour, am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
REPEAT CHORUS
KUM BA YAH
Kum Ba Yah, my Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Kum Ba Yah, my Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Kum Ba Yah, my Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Oh, Lord, Kum Ba Yah.

Someone’s crying, Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Someone’s crying, Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Someone’s crying, Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Oh, Lord, Kum Ba Yah.

Someone’s praying, Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Someone’s praying, Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Someone’s praying, Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Oh, Lord, Kum Ba Yah.

Someone hears you, Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Someone hears you, Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Someone hears you, Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Oh, Lord, Kum Ba Yah.

Someone’s singing, Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Someone’s singing, Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Someone’s singing, Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Oh, Lord, Kum Ba Yah.

Kum Ba Yah, my Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Kum Ba Yah, my Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Kum Ba Yah, my Lord, Kum Ba Yah. 
Oh, Lord, Kum Ba Yah.
MANSION OVER THE HILLTOP

I'm satisfied with just a cottage below,
A little silver and a little gold;
But in that City where the ransomed will shine,
I want a gold one that's silver lined.

CHORUS
I've got a mansion just over the hilltop,
In that bright land where we'll never grow old;
And someday yonder we will never more wander
But walk on streets that are purest gold.

Tho' often tempted, tormented and tested
And like the prophet, my pillow a stone;
And tho' I find here no permanent dwelling,
I know He'll give me a mansion my own.
REPEAT CHORUS

Don't think me poor or deserted or lonely,
I'm not discouraged, I'm heaven bound;
I'm but a pilgrim in search of a city,
I want a mansion, a harp and a crown.
REPEAT CHORUS
DO, LORD

I’ve got a home in glory land that outshines the sun,
I’ve got a home in glory land that outshines the sun,
I’ve got a home in glory land that outshines the sun,
Way beyond the blue.

CHORUS
Do Lord, O, Do Lord, O do remember me,
Do Lord, O, Do Lord, O do remember me,
Do Lord, O, Do Lord, O do remember me,
Way beyond the blue.

I took Jesus as my Saviour you take Him too,
I took Jesus as my Saviour you take Him too,
I took Jesus as my Saviour you take Him too,
Way beyond the blue.

REPEAT CHORUS

WEDDING MARCH

Love is of God, love is divine, vows of devotion two hearts will combine;
Love’s golden bond binds man and wife, each giving all in a full, happy life.
Nothing can mar the joy God has sent, Blessed are they whose hearts are content.
True love is something sent from God on high, Love is a flame, a flame that cannot die.

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WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

We are walking in the footsteps of those who’ve walked before,
And we’ll all be reunited on that great, far distant shore.
Oh, when the saints go marching in,
Oh, when the saints go marching in,
Oh, I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in.

Oh, our hearts will swell with gladness when we join that mighty throng,
And there’ll be no sign of sadness when old Gabriel blows his horn.
Oh, when we hear old Gabriel blow,
Oh, when we hear old Gabriel blow,
We will all be in that number
When we hear old Gabriel blow.

There’s green pastures waiting for us,
There’ll be pie high in the sky.
There’s a great day coming for us,
When those saints go marching by.
Oh, when the Judgment Day is here,
Oh, when the Judgment Day is here,
Oh I want to be in that number,
When the Judgment Day is here.
I ASKED THE LORD

I asked the Lord to comfort me when things weren't going my way.
He said to me "I will comfort you, and lift your cares away."
I asked the Lord to walk with me, when darkness was all that I knew;
He said to me, "Never be afraid, for I will see you through."
I didn't ask for riches, He gave me wealth untold,
The moon, the stars, the sun, the sky, and gave me eyes to behold.
I thank the Lord for ev'rything, and I count my blessings each day;
He came to me when I needed Him, I only had to pray;
And He'll come to you if you ask Him to, He's only a prayer away!
Precious mem'ries, unseen angels,  
Sent from somewhere to my soul;  
How they linger, ever near me,  
And the sacred past unfold.

CHORUS  
Precious mem'ries, how they linger,  
How they ever flood my soul;  
In the stillness of the midnight,  
Precious, sacred scenes unfold.

Precious Father, loving Mother  
Fly across the lonely years;  
And old home scenes of my childhood,  
In fond memory appears.

REPEAT CHORUS

In the stillness of the midnight,  
Echoes from the past I hear;  
Old time singing, gladness bringing,  
From that lovely land somewhere.

REPEAT CHORUS

As I travel on life's highway,  
Know not what the years may hold;  
As I ponder, hope grows fonder,  
Precious mem'ries flood my soul.

REPEAT CHORUS
HOW GREAT THOU ART

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder, Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder. Thy pow’r throughout the universe displayed.

CHORUS
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee; How great Thou art, how great Thou art! Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee; How great Thou art, how great Thou art;

When through the woods and forest glades I wander, And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees; When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur, And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze; REPEAT CHORUS

And when I think that God, His son not sparing, Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in; That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing, He bled and died to take away my sin; REPEAT CHORUS
THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suff’ring and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest
and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

CHORUS
So I’ll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

Oh that old rugged cross, so despised by
the world
Has a wondrous attraction for me,
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory
above,
To bear it to dark calvary.

REPEAT CHORUS
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

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

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

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

Amen.
OH WHAT A TIME

1. Oh what a time, when we all gather there. Oh what a time shouting and praising the Lord. Sorrows will cease, burdens no longer bear. Oh my Lord What a time. --

2. In that fair land, there will be no more night, No sun or moon, For the Lamb of God is light. It's good to know that He's prepared the way to a bright and endless day. --

Chorus:

From this old world we'll flee - to live eternally - With Christ our blessed Lord - In our home on high, we're going to shout, and praise his name. Every day will be the same. Oh my Lord, what a time.

Special Chorus:

Oh my Lord, - what a time. Oh my Lord what a time.

Oh my Lord, what a time. From this old world we'll flee.

To live eternally. Oh my Lord, Oh my Lord, Oh my Lord, -

What a Time.

Hold To God's Unchanging Hand

1. Time is filled with swift transgressions. Naught of earth unmoved can stand - Build your hopes on things eternal, Hold on to God's Unchanging hand.

2. I was sick and at death's door - I called on the Lord as never before, He heard my feeble cry, and He did understand, now I'm holding to God's unchanging hand.

Chorus:

Hold to His hand, God's unchanging hand. Hold to His hand, God's unchanging Hand. Build your hopes on things eternal, Hold on to God's unchanging hand.
I NEED THEE

EVR'RY HOUR
I Need Thee Ev'ry Hour

VERSE

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour,
   Most gracious near

2. I need Thee ev'ry hour,
   Stay Thou

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CHORUS

I need Thee, Oh I need Thee;

Every hour, Lord I need Thee, I won't bless me now,

my Saviour, I come

mn to Thee!
YOUR MOST BELOVED FRIEND

WHO IS YOUR MOST BELOVED FRIEND
IN ALL THE WORLD TODAY
YOUR SPOUSE OR SWEETHEART OR A SOUL
WHO SOMEHOW CAME YOUR WAY.

YOUR MOTHER OR YOUR FATHER OR
YOUR DAUGHTER OR YOUR SON
A RELATIVE OF ANY KIND
OR ANY OTHER ONE.

NO NONE OF THESE COULD EVER BE
YOUR MOST BELOVED FRIEND
HOWEVER MUCH THEY LOVE YOU NOW
THEIR FRIENDSHIP HAS TO END.

IT HAS TO END WHEN THEY MUST DIE
OR YOU YOURSELF ARE GONE
WHILE GOD BESTOWS A FRIENDSHIP THAT
GOES ON AND ON AND ON

HE IS YOUR MOST BELOVED FRIEND
AND AS YOUR HEART IS TRUE
FOREVER AND FOREVER HE
WILL KEEP AND COMFORT YOU.
When The Saints Go Marching In

0, the pearly gates stand open, all is peace and joy within; songs of praise shall ring from angels, when the saints go marching in.

Refrain: when the saints go marching in, when the saints go marching in; Dear Lord I want to be in that number when the saints go marching in.

Past those gates we'll find our loved ones, never more to part again; they will sing songs of redemption, when the saints go marching in.

O' I want to help to praise Him, and eternal life begin; in that glory world forever, when the saints go marching in.

I'll Be Alright

Refrain: I'll be alright, I'll be alright, I'll be alright, some sweet day, if in my heart, I will not yield; I'll be alright some day.

I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home, some sweet day, if in my heart I will not yield I'm going home some day.

I'll wear a crown, I'll wear a crown, I'll wear a crown, some sweet day. If in my heart I will not yield I'll be alright some day.

I'll see the king, I'll see the king, I'll see the king some sweet day, if in my heart I will not yield I'll see the King some day.
JESUS LIFTED ME

(CHORUS)

I'm so glad, Jesus lifted me,
I'm so glad, Jesus lifted me,
I'm so glad, Jesus lifted me
Singing Glory Hallelujah,
Jesus lifted me.

Satan had me bound, Jesus lifted me
(repeat)

When I was in bondage, Jesus lifted me
(repeat)

Now he is my Saviour, Jesus lifted me
(repeat)

---

Yes, God Is Real

There are some things, I may not know,
There are some places I cannot go.
But I am sure of this one thing
That God is real, for I can feel
Him in my soul.

(Chorus)

Yes, God is real, real in my soul
Yes, God is real, for he hath washed
and made me whole,
His love for me is like pure gold
Yes God is real for I can feel Him
in my soul.

2.
I cannot tell just how you felt
when Jesus washed your sins away.
But since that day yes that hour
God has been real for I can feel His
Holy Power.

3.
Some folks may doubt, some folks may
all desert and leave me alone;
But as for me, I'll take God's part,
God has been real for I can feel Him
in my heart.

---

Just a Little Talk With Jesus

I once was lost in sin, But Jesus took
me in, and then a little light from
heaven filled my soul. It filled my
soul with love and wrote my name above
and just a little talk with Jesus made
me whole.

(Chorus)

(Now let us) Have a little talk with
Jesus (and we'll) tell Him all
about our troubles, (He will)
hear your faintest cry (and He will)
answer by and by; (now when you)
feel a little prayer wheel turning,
(and you) know a little fire is burning
and (you will) find a little talk
with Jesus makes it right.

2.
Sometimes my way is drear, Without a
ray of cheer and just a little cloud of
doubt creeps over the day, the mist of
sin may rise and hide the sunlit skies,
but just a little talk with Jesus
clears the way.

---

Lead Me, Guide Me

I am weak and I need thy strength and
power, to help me over my weakest hour,
let me thru the darkness Thy face to see,
Lead me, Oh Lord lead me.

(Chorus)

Lead me, guide me along the way, for if
you lead me I cannot stray,
Lord let me walk each day with thee,
Lead me, Oh Lord lead me.

2.
Help me tread in the path of righteousness,
be my aid when Satan and Sin
oppress, I am putting my trust in thee,
Lead me, oh Lord lead me.

3.
I am lost if you take your hand from me,
I am blind without Thy light to see,
Lord, just always let me Thy servant be,
Lead me, Oh Lord Lead me.
Let there be peace on earth, and mercy on men above. If we walk with my brother in peace, if we begin with me, let this be a

Let God be the peace on earth. For ever and ever. With God as our Father, strength and song.

Let God be the peace on earth. For ever and ever. With God as our Father, strength and song.
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Four Parts Mixed,
with Soprano Obligato ad lib.
A Cappella.

From Finlandia by
JEAN SIBELIUS.
Arr. by Ira B. Wilson.

This is my song, O God of all the nations, A song of peace for lands afar, and mine; This is my home, the country where my heart is, This is my hope, my dream, my

Text and arrangement copyright, 1934, by Lorenz Publishing Co.
2094-4
My country's skies
are blue,
mine;

My country's skies
are bluer than the
mine;

Soprano Obligato. (Obligato may be omitted)
And sun-light beams on pine,
ocean, And sun-light beams on clover-leaf and
ocean, And sun-light beams on clover-leaf and

But other lands have light,
pine. But other lands have sunlight, too, and
pine. But other lands have sunlight, too, and

And skies are blue,
clover, And skies are sometimes
clover, And skies are sometimes
O God, A song of peace for their land, and mine.

A song of peace for their land, and mine.
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Title</th>
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<tr>
<td>2001.</td>
<td>Autumn</td>
<td>Ira B. Wilson $0.10</td>
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<tr>
<td>2003.</td>
<td>In the Gloaming. Annie F. Harrison</td>
<td>Carrie B. Adams $0.10</td>
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<td>2004.</td>
<td>Lullaby. Kat D.</td>
<td>Ira B. Wilson $0.10</td>
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<td>2006.</td>
<td>Sleep. Ma Honey.</td>
<td>Ira B. Wilson $0.10</td>
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<td>2008.</td>
<td>Serenade</td>
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<td>2009.</td>
<td>Last Night.</td>
<td>Kjerulf $0.10</td>
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<td>2010.</td>
<td>My Old Kentucky Home</td>
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<td>2011.</td>
<td>Sweet and Low.</td>
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<td>Only Dreams.</td>
<td>Edward Solomon $0.10</td>
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<td>2013.</td>
<td>The Song of the Spinning Wheel.</td>
<td>H. W. Petriss $0.12</td>
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<td>2014.</td>
<td>Serenade</td>
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<td>2015.</td>
<td>Your Hand in Mine.</td>
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<td>The Day is Done.</td>
<td>Ira B. Wilson $0.10</td>
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<td>Old Doc Boggs.</td>
<td>H. W. Petriss $0.10</td>
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<td>2018.</td>
<td>A Touching Verse.</td>
<td>Lee G. Kraft $0.10</td>
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<td>I Had a Friend.</td>
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<td>Peace be Around Thee.</td>
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<td>There was a Bee-l-e-i-e.</td>
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<td>I Once Know’d a Man.</td>
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<td>The Man Who Wins.</td>
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<td>What Mary Had.</td>
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<td>Our Own Dear Land.</td>
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<td>To Make Life Sunny.</td>
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<td>Bits of Life.</td>
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<td>A Song of Spring.</td>
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<td>If You’re Anything Good to Say.</td>
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<td>2036.</td>
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<td>2048.</td>
<td>The Singin’ Skewl.</td>
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NE UNDERSTANDS, HE'LL SAY "WELL DONE!"

1. IF WHEN YOU GIVE THE BEST OF YOUR SERVICE, TELLING THE WORLD THAT THE SAVIOR IS COME; HE NOT DISMAYED WHEN MEN DON'T BELIEVE YOU; HE UNDERSTANDS'LL SAY "WELL DONE."

2. MISUNDERSTOOD, THE SAVIOR OF SINNERS, HUNG ON THE CROSS; HE WAS GOD'S ONLY SON; OH! HEAR HIM CALLING HIS FATHER IN HEAV'N; "NOT MY WILL BUT THEE BE DONE."

3. IF WHEN THIS LIFE OF LABOR IT ENDED, AND THE REWARD OF THE RACE YOU HAVE RUN; OH! THE SWEET REST PREPARED FOR THE FAITHFUL, WILL BE HIS BLESSED AND ETERNAL "WELL DONE."

4. BUT IF YOU TRY AND FAIL IN YOUR TRYING HANDS SORE AND SCARR'D FROM THE FIGHT YOU'VE BEGUN; TAKE UP YOUR CROSS, RUN QUICKLY TO MEET HIM; HE'LL UNDERSTAND HE'LL SAY "WELL DONE."

(Chorus) Oh! When I come to the end of my journey, weary of life and the battle is won; Car'ring the staff and cross of redemption, he'll understand, he'll say "well done."
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD
(THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW)

Words & Music by JAY P. POWELL JR.
Arr. by K. MORRIS

As Sung by The Hill & Powell Gospel Singers; Dedicated to Rev. Geo. G. Moss & Rev. Mattie Thornton

1. If I were hungry without bread or meat, If I were
2. If you but ask Him a door He'll open wide, If you but
3. Yes I love Jesus who saves and sanctifies, I'm walking

na- ked no shoes on my feet, I would never doubt Him my Lord knows and
trust Him I'm sure He'll provide, You must never doubt it, the wonders of God's
daily by His side, Yes I will follow my Jesus all the

For the Lord is my shepherd That's all I need to know.

sees; For the Lord is my shepherd He'll supply all my needs.
grace; For the Lord is your shepherd He'll provide and make a way.
time; For the Lord is my shepherd Praise God, He's mighty fine.

CHORUS

The Lord is my shepherd That's all I need to know; The

Lord is my shepherd He'll protect where'er I go;

on the land on the sea, any time anywhere.

Copyright 1944 by Jay P. Powell Jr.
Published by Martin & Morris Music Studio, 4315 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I Am Sending My Timber Up to Heaven

There's a dream that I dreamed of my heavenly home; And I know I'm going
There's a great compensation for heart-ache and pain; If you just send your
Jesus died and He suffered for you and for me; That a soul so un-
May be morn, night or noon, I
there some day; May be morn, night or noon, I
timber every day; In the hope that is given, The
worthy might live; If you send up some timber,
don't know just how soon. But I'm sending up my timber every day.
word of God is true, There'll be a white mansion waiting for you.
Every now and then, You will live in your mansion at the end.

CHORUS

Yes I'm sending my timber up to heaven every day, That my mansion He-
will prepare for me, And I'll join with my friends who have
gone to that land. That's why I'm sending up my timber every day.

Copyright 1939 by Bowles Music House, 4640 State St., Chicago, Ill.
Now the ground is white, go it while you're young,
Take the girls tonight, and sing this sleigh- ing song.
Just get a bobtail nag, two-forty for his speed,
Then hitch him to an open sleigh, and crack! you'll take the lead.

REPEAT CHORUS

THE FIRST NOEL

The first Noel, the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds
In fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

CHORUS
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star shining
In the east, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
REPEAT CHORUS
O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary; and gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently the wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts the blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming, but in this world of sin,
There meek souls will receive Him, still the dear Christ enters in.
CHRISTMAS SONG
(Chestnuts Roasting On An Open Fire)

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire,
Jack Frost nipping at your nose,
Yuletide carols being sung by a choir,
And folks dressed up like Eskimos.
Everybody knows a turkey and some mistletoe,
Help to make the season bright.
Tiny tots with their eyes all aglow,
Will find it hard to sleep tonight,
They know that Santa’s on his way;
He’s loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh,
And every mother’s child is gonna spy,
To see if reindeer really know how to fly.
And so, I’m offering this simple phrase,
To kids from one to ninety-two.
Although it’s been said many times, many ways;
“Merry Christmas to you.”
JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS

Jolly old Saint Nicholas, lean your ear this way
Don’t you tell a single soul what I’m going to say;
Christmas Eve is coming soon; now you dear old man;
Whisper what you’ll bring to me;
Tell me if you can.

When the clock is striking twelve, when I’m fast asleep,
Down the chimney, broad and black, with your pack you’ll creep;
All the stockings you will find hanging in a row
Mine will be the shortest one, you’ll be sure to know.

Johnny wants a pair of skates, Susy wants a sled;
Jellie wants a picture book, yellow, blue and red;
Now I think I’ll leave to you what to give the rest;
Choose for me, dear Santa Claus, you will know the best.
O HOLY NIGHT

O holy night! The stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Savior's birth.
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;
Fall on your knees! O hear the angel voices!
O night divine! O night when Christ was born,
O night, divine, O night, O night divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand.
Led by a light from heaven sweetly gleaming,
Here came the Wise Men from far Orient land.
The king of kings lay in a lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend;
He knows our need; He guards us from all danger;
Behold your King! Before Him lowly bend.
O night, divine, O night, O night divine!
DECK THE HALL WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY

Deck the hall with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la, la la la la,
Tis the season to be jolly,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Don we now our gay apparel,
Fa la la la, la la la.

Troll the ancient Yuletide Carol,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

See the blazine Yule before us,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Strike the harp and join the chorus,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Follow me in merry measure,
Fa la la la, la la la.

While I tell of Yuletide treasure.
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Fast away the old year passes,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Hail the new, ye lads and lasses,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.

Sing we joyous all together,
Fa la la la, la la la.

Heedless of the wind and weather,
Fa la la la la, la la la la.
WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

We wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year!

CHORUS
Goodtidings we bring to you and your kin;
We wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year!

Go bring us a figgy pudding, go bring us a figgy pudding,
Go bring us a figgy pudding, and bring some out here!
REPEAT CHORUS

We won’t go until we get some, we won’t go until we get some,
We won’t go until we get some so bring some out here!
REPEAT CHORUS
Now to the Lord sing praises, all you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas all others doth deface.

REPEAT CHORUS

HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

I heard the bells on Christmas day,
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat,
Of “Peace on earth, good will to men!”

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along th’ unbroken song,
Of “Peace on earth, good will to men!”

And in despair I bowed my head;
“There is no peace on earth,” I said,
“For hate is strong and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!”

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail
With peace on earth, good will to men!”

Amen.
GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN

God rest you merry, gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day;
To save us all from Satan’s power when we were gone astray.

CHORUS
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy;
O tidings of comfort and joy.

From God our heavenly Father, a blessed angel came;
And unto certain shepherds brought tidings of the same;
How that in Bethlehem was born the Son of God by name.
REPEAT CHORUS

“Fear not, then,” said the angel, “Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him from Satan’s power and might.”
REPEAT CHORUS
11. On the 'leventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me: 'Leven ladies dancing, ten pipers piping, nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five golden rings, four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.

12. On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me: Twelve lords a-leaping, 'leven ladies dancing, ten pipers piping, nine drumming, eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five golden rings, four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.

O CHRISTMAS TREE

O Christmes tree, O Christmas tree, your branches sing of beauty; At Christmas time when all is white, Your branches green a rare sight. Come snow or hail, come rain or shine; We think of thee, O faithful pine; O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, You evergreen of beauty.
7. On the seventh day of Christmas my true love sent to me:
Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five golden rings, four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.

8. On the eighth day of Christmas my true love sent to me:
Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five golden rings, four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.

9. On the ninth day of Christmas my true love sent to me:
Nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five golden rings, four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.

10. On the tenth day of Christmas my true love sent to me:
Ten pipers piping, nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five golden rings, four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.
THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

1. On the first day of Christmas my true love sent to me:
   A partridge in a pear tree.

2. On the second day of Christmas my true love sent to me:
   Two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.

3. On the third day of Christmas my true love sent to me:
   Three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.

4. On the fourth day of Christmas my true love sent to me:
   Four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.

5. On the fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me:
   Five golden rings, four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.

6. On the sixth day of Christmas my true love sent to me:
   Six geese a-laying, five golden rings, four calling birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear tree.
HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark, the herald angels sing, “Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!”
Joyful all ye nations, rise, join the triumph of the skies;
With th’ angelic host proclaim, “Christ is born in Bethlehem!”
Hark, the herald angels, sing, “Glory to the newborn King.”

Christ, by highest heaven adored; Christ, the Everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come to the earth from heaven’s home;
Yield in flesh the Godhead see; hail th’ incarnate Diety,
Pleased as man with men to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark, the herald angels sing, “Glory to the newborn King.”

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings, risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth, born to give them second birth.
Hark, the herald angels sing, “Glory to the newborn King.”
ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before,
Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe.
Forward into battle, See, His banners go!

CHORUS
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Like a mighty army moves the church of God,
Brothers we are treading where the saints have trod.
We are not divided all one body we.
One in hope and doctrine one in charity.

REPEAT CHORUS
Onward, then, ye faithful, join the happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song.
Glory, laud, and honor unto Christ the King.
This thro’ countless ages men and angels sing.

REPEAT CHORUS
NOTHING BUT BLOOD

What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

CHORUS
O precious is the flow that makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know; Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

For my pardon this I see, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing this my plea, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
REPEAT CHORUS

Nothing can for sin atone, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
REPEAT CHORUS

This is all my hope and peace, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness, Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
REPEAT CHORUS
NOW THE DAY IS OVER

Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening steal across the sky.

Jesus gives the weary calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tend’rest blessing may our eyelids close.

Grant to little children visions bright of Thee,
Guard the sailors tossing on the deep blue sea.

Thro’ the long night watches may Thine angels spread,
Their white wings above me, watching ’round my bed.

When the morning wakens, then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless, in Thy holy eyes.
BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above.

Before our Fathers's throne, we pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes, our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows the sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part, it gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart, and hope to meet again.
Stand up! Stand up for Jesus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of battle, the next, the victor’s song. To him that overcometh a crown of life shall be; He with the King of Glory shall reign eternally.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care And bids me at my Father’s throne, Make all my wants and wishes known. In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief, And oft escaped the tempter’s snare By Thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
Stand up! Stand up for Jesus, ye soldier of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner, it must not suffer loss.
From vict'ry unto vict'ry His army shall He lead,
Till ev'ry foe is vanquished and Christ is Lord in deed.

Stand up! Stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict in this his glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serv Him against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger and strength to strength oppose.

Stand up! Stand up for Jesus! Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armor, each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger, be never wanting there.
THE LORD’S PRAYER

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread, forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive them who trespass against us,
Forgive us our trespasses. Oh, heaven.
Oh Lord, lead us not into temptation.
But save us from evil, and the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory,
Forever will be yours.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.
NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD

Now thank we all our God with heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mothers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love, And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God, Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts and blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace, and guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills in this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns with them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God, Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now, and shall be evermore.
Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God; Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above; I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love; Thro' the land of their sojourn. Thy kingdom of love.

WE GATHER TOGETHER TO ASK THE LORD' BLESSING

We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing, He chastens, and hastens His will to be known. The wicked opars sing, now cease from distressing, Sing praises to His name, He forgets not His own.

We all do extol Thee, Thou leader triumphant, And pray that Thou still our defender will be. Let Thy congregation escape tribulation. Thy name be ever praised; Oh, Lord make us free.
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest.
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand’ring, redeems when oppressed;
Restores me when wand’ring, redeems when oppressed.

Thro’ the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with My Comforter near;
No harm can befall with My Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o’er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the morning and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves;
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

WE GIVE THEE BUT THINE OWN

We give thee but Thine own, whate’er the gifts may be.
All that we have is Thine alone, a trust
O Lord, from Thee.
May we, Thy bounties thus, as stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us to Thee out first fruits give.

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GIVE ME THAT OLD TIME RELIGION

CHORUS
Give me that old time religion, give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion, it’s good enough for me.

It was good for the Hebrew children, it was good for the Hebrew children,
It was good for the Hebrew children, and it’s good enough for me!

REPEAT CHORUS

It will do when the world’s on fire, it will do when the world’s on fire,
It will do when the world’s on fire, and it’s good enough for me!

DOXOLOGY

Praise God, From Whom all blessings flow.
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav’nly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Amen.
'Sire, the night is darker now, and the wind blows stronger; Fails my heart, I know not how; I can go no longer.' 'Mark my footsteps, good my page, tread thou in them boldly; Thou shalt find the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly.'

In his master's steps he trod, where the snow lay dinted; Heat was in the very sod which the Saint had printed. Therefore, Christian men, be sure, wealth or rank possessing, Ye who now will bless the poor, shall yourselves find blessing.

O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE

O Master let me walk with Thee, In lowly paths of service free. Tell me Thy secret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee, In closer dearer company. In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong.
GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked out, on the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about, Deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night, though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight, gath’ring winter fuel.

’Hither, page, and stand by me, if thou know’st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?’
’Sire, he lives a good league hence, underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence, by St. Agnes’ fountain.

’Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither.’
Page and monarch, forth they went, forth they went together
Through the rude wind’s wild lament and the better weather.
NEARER MY HOME

One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o’er and o’er, I’m nearer home today, today, than I have been before.

CHORUS
Nearer my home, nearer my home, Nearer my home today, today, Than I have been before.

Nearer my Father’s house, where many mansions be; Nearer the great white throne today, nearer the crystal sea.

REPEAT CHORUS

Nearer the bound of life, where I lay my burdens down; Nearer to leave the cross today, and nearer to the crown.

REPEAT CHORUS

Be near me when my feet are slipping o’er the brink; For I am nearer home today, perhaps than now I think.

REPEAT CHORUS
CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY

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

Lives again our glorious King, Alleluia!  
Where O death is now thy sting? Alleluia!  
Once He died, our souls to save, Alleluia!  
Where’s thy victory, boasting grave? Alleluia!  

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

PRAISE HIM, ALL YE LITTLE CHILDREN

Praise Him, praise Him all ye little children.  
God is Love, God is Love,  
Praise Him, praise Him all ye little children.  
God is Love, God is Love.  

Love Him, love Him all ye little children.  
God is Love, God is Love;  
Love Him, love Him all ye little children.  
God is Love, God is Love.  

Thank Him, thank Him all ye little children.  
God is Love, God is Love;  
Thank Him, thank Him all ye little children.  
God is Love, God is Love.
CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb upon His throne;
Hark, how the heav’nly anthem drowns all music by its own!
Awake my soul and sing of Him who died for Thee,
And hail Him as Thy matchless King through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of years, the Potentate of time;
Creator of the rolling spheres, ineffably sublime!
All hail Redeemer hail! For Thou hast died for me,
Thy praise shall never, never fail throughout eternity.

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES

I know that my redeemer lives and ever prays for me;
A token of His love, He gives and pledge of liberty.

Jesus, I hang upon Thy word; I steadfastly believe;
Thow wilt return and claim me, Lord, and to Thy self receive.
WERE YOU THERE?

Were you there when they crucified the Lord?
Were you there when they crucified the Lord?
Oh sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified the Lord?

Were you there when they nailed Him to the Cross?
Were you there when they nailed Him to the Cross?
Oh! sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they nailed Him to the Cross?

Were you there when they laid Him in the Tomb?
Were you there when they laid Him in the Tomb?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble,
Were you there when they laid Him in the Tomb?
AT THE CROSS

Alas, and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov’reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?

CHORUS
At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away;
It was there by faith I received my sight
And now I am happy all the day.

Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

REPEAT CHORUS
Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut His glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died for man the creature’s sin.

REPEAT CHORUS
But drops of grief can ne’er repay the debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away, “Tis all that I can do!

REPEAT CHORUS
GO, TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

CHORUS
Go tell it on the mountain, Over the hills and everywhere.
Go, tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born.

When I was a sinner, I prayed both night and day;
I asked the Lord to help me, and He showed me the way.
REPEAT CHORUS

When I was a seeker, I sought both night and day;
I asked the Lord to help me, and He taught me to pray.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING

Work, for the night is coming; work thro’ the morning hours.
Work, while the dew is sparking, work ’mid springing flowers.
Work when the day grows brighter, work in the glowing sun.
Work, for the night is coming, when man’s work is done.
A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD
A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing.
Our helper He amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great and armed with cruel hate.
On earth is not his equal.
Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing,
Were not the right man on our side, the man of God’s own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be, Christ Jesus it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His name, from age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

JUST AS I AM
Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me;
And that Thou biddest me come to Thee.
O Lamb of God I come, I come.
Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe.
O Lamb of God I come, I come.
WHERE COULD I GO BUT TO THE LORD

Living below in this old sinful world,
Hardly a comfort can afford;
Striving alone to face temptations sore,
Where could I go but to the Lord?

CHORUS
Where could I go, O where could I go,
Seeking a refuge for my soul?
Needing a friend to save me in the end,
Where could I go but to the Lord?

Neighbors are kind, I love them ev’ry one,
We get along in sweet accord;
But when my soul needs manna from above,
Where could I go but to the Lord?
REPEAT CHORUS

Life here is grand with friends I love so dear,
Comfort I get from God’s own word;
Yet when I face the chilling hand of death,
Where could I go but to the Lord.
REPEAT CHORUS
There the bear will be gentle, the wolf will be tame,
And the lion will lie down by the lamb.
The host form the wild will be lead by a Child,
I’ll be changed from the creature I am.

REPEAT CHORUS

No headaches or heartaches or misunderstands,
No confusion or trouble won’t be,
No frowns to defile, just a big endless smile;
There’ll be peace and contentment for me.

REPEAT CHORUS

THE LORD BLESS YOU AND KEEP YOU

The Lord bless you and keep you, The Lord lift his countenance upon you;
And give you peace, And give you peace,
The Lord make his face to shine upon you.
And be gracious unto you, be gracious,
The Lord be gracious, gracious unto you.

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There’ll Be

PEACE IN THE VALLEY

For Me

I am tired and weary but I must toil on,
Till the Lord comes to call me away.
Where the morning is bright and the Lamb is the light,
And the night is as fair as the day.

CHORUS
There’ll be peace in the valley for me someday;
There’ll be peace in the valley for me.
I pray no more sorrow and sadness or trouble will be;
There’ll be peace in the valley for me.

There the flow’rs will be blooming, the grass will be green,
And the skies will be clear and serene.
The sun ever shines, giving one endless beam
And no clouds there will ever be seen.

REPEAT CHORUS
WHERE WE’LL NEVER GROW OLD
I have heard of a land on the faraway strand.
’Tis a beautiful home of the soul.
Built by Jesus on high, there we never shall die,
’Tis a land where we never grow old.

CHORUS
Never grow old, never grow old;
In a land where we’ll never grow old.
Never grow old, never grow old;
In a land where we’ll never grow old.
In that beautiful home where we’ll never more roam,
We shall be in the sweet by - and by;
Happy praise to the King thro’ eternity sing,
’Tis a land where we never shall die.

REPEAT CHORUS
When our work here is done and the life-crown is won,
And our troubles and trials are o’er
All our sorrow will end, and our voices will blend
With the loved ones who’ve gone on before.

REPEAT CHORUS
I BELIEVE

I believe for ev’ry drop of rain that falls,
    A flower grows.
I believe that somewhere in the darkest night, a candle glows.
I believe for ev’ryone who goes astray,
    Someone will come, to show the way.
I believe, I believe.
I believe above the storm the smallest pray’r will still be heard.
I believe that someone in the great somewhere, hears ev’ry word.
    Ev’ry time I hear a new born baby cry, or touch a leaf, or see the sky,
Then I know why I believe.
BEYOND THE SUNSET

Beyond the sunset, O blissful morning,
When with our Savior heav’n is begun.
Earth’s toiling ended O glorious dawning,
Beyond the sunset, when day is done.

Beyond the sunset no clouds will gather,
No storms will threaten, no fears annoy;
O day of gladness, O day unended,
Beyond the sunset, eternal joy!

Beyond the sunset a hand will guide me
To God, the Father, whom I adore;
His glorious presence, His words of welcome,
Will be my portion on that fair shore.

Beyond the sunset, O glad reunion,
With our dear loved ones who’ve gone before;
In that fair homeland we’ll know no parting,
Beyond the sunset forever-more!
BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE

Somewhere the sun is shining, somewhere the songbirds dwell;
Hush then thy sad repinin’, God lives and all is well.

CHORUS
Somewhere, Somewhere, Beautiful Isle of Somewhere!
Land of the true where we live anew,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

Somewhere the Lord is lifted, close by the open gate;
Somewhere the clouds are rifted, somewhere the angles wait.

REPEAT CHORUS
EVERYTHING IS BEAUTIFUL

Jesus loves the little children, all the little children of the world,
Red and yellow, black and white, they are precious in His sight,
Jesus loves the little children of the world.

CHORUS
Everything is beautiful in its own way,
Like a starry summer night, or a snow-covered winter’s day,
Everybody’s beautiful in their own way
Under God’s heaven the world’s gonna find a way.

There is none so blind as he who will not see,
We must not close our minds, we must let our thoughts be free,
For ev’ry hour that passes by you know the world gets a little bit older,
It’s time to realize that beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder.

REPEAT CHORUS
We shouldn’t care about the length of his hair or the color of his skin,
Don’t worry about what shows from without but the love that lives within,
We gonna get it all together now and everything gonna work out fine,
Just take a little time to look on the good side my friend,
And straighten it out in your mind.
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry ev’rything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry Ev’rything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a Friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev’ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumber’d with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He’ll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.
Tell me the story softly, with earnest tones and grave:
Remember! I’m the sinner whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always, if you would really be
In any time of trouble a comforter to me.

REPEAT CHORUS
Tell me the same old story, when you have cause to fear
That this world’s empty glory is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world’s glory is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story: “Christ Jesus made thee whole”.

REPEAT CHORUS

JESUS IS TENDERLY CALLING

Jesus is tenderly calling Thee home,
Calling today, calling today.
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam,
Farther, and farther away?
Calling today, calling today.
Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling today.
TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY

Tell me the old, old story of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply, As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary, And helpless and defiled.

CHORUS
Tell me the old, old story, Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story slowly, That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption, God’s remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often for I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning has passed away at noon.

REPEAT CHORUS
No way on earth to gain peace of mind.
Take your troubles to the chapel, get down
on your knees and pray;
Your burdens will be lighter, and you’ll
surely find the way.

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I’VE SEEN

CHORUS
O nobody knows the trouble I’ve seen,
Nobody knows my sorrows,
Nobody knows the trouble I’ve seen,
Glory, halleluja!

Sometimes I’m up, sometimes I’m down:
O yes, Lord;
Sometimes I’m almost to the ground,
O yes, Lord.

REPEAT CHORUS

Although you see me goin’ slow, O yes, Lord;
I have my trials here below, O yes, Lord.

REPEAT CHORUS

What makes old Satan hate me so?
O yes, Lord;
He had me once and let me go, O yes, Lord.
CRYING IN THE CHAPEL

You saw me crying in the chapel, the tears I shed were tears of joy;
I know the meaning of contentment, now I am happy with the Lord.
Just a plain and simple chapel, where humble people go to pray;
I pray the Lord that I’ll grow stronger, as I live from day to day.
I’ve searched and I’ve searched, but I couldn’t find
No way on earth to gain peace of mind.
Now I’m happy in the chapel, where people are of one accord;
We gather in the chapel, just to sing and praise the Lord.

Ev’ry sinner looks for something that will put his heart at ease;
There is only one true answer, he must get down on his knees.
Meet your neighbor in the chapel, join with him in tears of joy;
You’ll know the meaning of contentment, then you’ll be happy with the Lord.
You’ll search and you’ll search, but you’ll never find
GOIN’ HOME

Goin’ home, goin’ home, I’m a-goin’ home;
Quiet-like, some still day, I’m jes’
goin’ home.
It’s not far, jes’ close by, through an
open door;
Work all done, care laid by, gwin to fear
no more.
Mother’s there ’spectin’ me, Father’s
waitin’ too;
Lots o’folk gathered there, all the friends
I knew, all the friends I knew.
Home, home, I’m goin’ home!
Nothin’ lost, all’s gain, no more fret nor
pain,
No more stumblin’ on the way, no more
longin’ for the day,
Gwin to roam no more!
Mornin’ star lights the way, res’less
dream all done;
Shadows gone, break o’day, real life jes’
begun.
Dere’s no break, ain’t no end, Jes’ a-livin’
on;
Wide awake, with a smile goin’ on and on.
Goin’ home, goin’ home, I’m jes’ goin’ home;
It’s not far, jes’ close by through an
open door.
I’m jes’ goin’ home. Goin’ home.
SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER

Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God.

CHORUS
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the Saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour King we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never,
'Neath the glory of the throne.

REPEAT CHORUS

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we ev'ry burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

REPEAT CHORUS

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

REPEAT CHORUS
At the porch of St. Mary’s I’ll wait there for you,
In my soft wedding dress with it’s ribbons of blue,
In the church of St. Mary’s sweet voices shall sing,
For you and me dearest the wedding bells ring.

REPEAT CHORUS

**SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT**

Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin’ for to carry me home,
O swing low sweet chariot, Comin’ for to carry me home.
I looked over Jordan and what did I see,
Comin’ for to carry me home,
A band of angels comin’ after me,
Comin’ for to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin’ for to carry me home,
O swing low sweet chariot, Comin’ for to carry me home.
If you get - a there before I do, Comin’ for to carry me home,
Tell all of my friends I’m comin’ too,
Comin’ for to carry me home.
THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

The bells of St. Mary's at sweet eventide,
Shall call me beloved to come to your side,
And out in the valley in sound of the sea,
I know you'll be waiting, yes waiting for me.

CHORUS
The bells of St. Mary's, Ah! hear they are calling,
The young loves, the true loves, who come from the sea,
And so my beloved, when red leaves are falling,
The love-bells shall ring out, ring out for you and me.

The bells of St. Mary's, Ah! hear they are calling,
The young loves, the true loves, who come from the sea,
And so my beloved, when red leaves are falling,
The love-bells shall ring out, ring out for you and me.
There close by the side of that loved one,
'Neath the tree where the wild flowers bloom,
When the farewell hymn shall be chanted,
I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

REPEAT CHORUS

SOFTLY AND TENDERLY

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching
Watching for you and for me.
Come home, come home
Ye, who are weary, come home.
Earnestly tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling O sinner come home.
THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

CHORUS
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come, to the church in the wildwood.
Oh, come to the church in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a clear Sabbath morning,
To list to the clear ringing Bell;
Its tones so sweetly are calling,
Oh come to the church in the vale.

REPEAT CHORUS

There close by the church in the valley,
Lies one that I loved so well;
She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the willow;
Disturb not her rest in the vale.

REPEAT CHORUS
OH HAPPY DAY

Oh, happy day, Oh, happy day, when Jesus washed, Oh, when he washed,
When Jesus washed, He washed the sins away.
  Aw happy day.
Oh happy day, Oh happy day, when Jesus washed, Oh, when he washed,
When Jesus washed, He washed the sins away.
  Aw happy day.
He taught me how to watch, fight and pray,
  fight and pray.
And live rejoicing ev’ry day. ev’ry day.
Oh happy day, oh happy day, when Jesus washed, Oh when he washed,
When Jesus washed, He washed my sins away.
Oh happy day, He taught me how to watch,
  fight and pray, fight and pray.
And live rejoicing ev’ry day, ev’ry day.
Oh happy day.
(In The)

SWEET BY AND BY

There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar.
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHORUS
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sign for the blessing of rest.

REPEAT CHORUS

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

REPEAT CHORUS
FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Faith of our fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
When-e’er we hear that glorious word!

CHORUS
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children’s fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!

REPEAT CHORUS

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:

REPEAT CHORUS

Amen.
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee. E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

Tho' like the wanderer, the sun gone down, Darkness be over me, my rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear steps unto heav'n; All that Thou sendest me in mercy giv'n; Angels to beckon me nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee. AMEN
WINGS OF A DOVE

When troubles surround us, when evils come,
The body grows weak; the spirit grows numb.
When these things beset us, He doesn’t forget us.
He sends down His love on the wings of a dove.

CHORUS
On the wings of a snow white dove, He sends His pure sweet love,
A sign from above, On the wings of a dove.

When Noah had drifted on the flood many days,
He searched for land in various ways.
Troubles he has some but wasn’t forgotten.
He sent him His love on the wings of a dove.

REPEAT CHORUS
When Jesus went down to the waters that day,
He was baptized in the usual way.
When it was done, God blessed His Son.
He sent Him His love on the wings of a dove.

REPEAT CHORUS
PUT YOUR HAND IN THE HAND

CHORUS

Put your hand in the hand of the man who stilled the water.
Put your hand in the hand of the man who calmed the sea.
Take a look at yourself and-a you can look at others diff’rently,
By puttin’ your hand in the hand of the man from-a Gallilee.

Ev’ry time I look into the holy book I wanna tremble.
When I read about the part where a carpenter cleared the temple
For the buyers and the sellers were no diff’rent fellas than what I profess to be.
And it causes me pain to know I’m not the gal (guy) that I should be.

REPEAT CHORUS

Mama taught me how to pray before I reached the age of seven.
And when I’m down on my knees that’s a-when I’m close to heaven.
Daddy lived his life with two kids and a wife you do what-a you must do.
But he showed me enough of what it takes to get you through.

REPEAT CHORUS
HE’S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

CHORUS
He’s got the whole world in His hands;
He’s got the whole wide world in His hands;
He’s got the whole world in His hands;
He’s got the whole world in His hands.

He’s got the earth and sky in His hands;
He’s got the night and day in His hands;
He’s got the sun and moon in His hands;
He’s got the whole world in His hands.

REPEAT CHORUS
He’s got the land and sea in His hands;
He’s got the wind and rain in His hands;
He’s got the spring and fall in His hands;
He’s got the whole world in His hands.

REPEAT CHORUS
He’s got the young and old in His hands;
He’s got the rich and poor in His hands;
Yes, He’s got ev’ry one in His hands;
He’s got the whole world in His hands.

REPEAT CHORUS
THE GOSPEL TRAIN

(Get On Board, Little Children)

The gospel train is comin’,
I hear it just at hand,
I hear the wheels a-movin’
and rumblin’ thro’ the land.

CHORUS
Get on board, little children,
Get on board, little children,
Get on board, little children,
There’s room for many a more.

The fare is cheap and all can go,
The rich and poor are there;
No second class aboard this train,
No difference in the fare.

REPEAT CHORUS

I hear that train a’comin’
She sure is speedin’ fast,
So get your tickets ready
And ride to heaven at last.

REPEAT CHORUS
ROCK OF AGES

Rock of Ages, cleft for me. Let me hide myself in Thee.
Let the water and the blood from Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure. Save from wrath and make me pure.

Not the labors of my hands can fulfill Thy Law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know, could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress; helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Soul, I to the fountain fly, wash me, Savior, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath, when mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown, see Thee on Thy judgment - throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee!
IN THE GARDEN

I come to the garden alone, While the dew
is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear, Falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.

CHORUS
And He walks with me, and He talks with me;
And he tells me I am his own;
And the joy we share, as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

He speaks, and the sound of His voice, is so
sweet, the birds hush their singing,
And the melody, that He gave to me, within
my heart is ringing.

REPEAT CHORUS

I’d stay in the garden with Him, tho’ the
night around me be falling,
But He bids me go; Thro’ the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.

REPEAT CHORUS
There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell, What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough to pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate of heav’n, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved! And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do.

Amen.
Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup, I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath, not so much hon'ring thee
As giving it a hope that there, it could not withered be;
But thou thereon did'st only breathe, and sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of itself, but thee.
I love to tell the story: 'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems each time I tell it, More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story: For some have never heard
The message of salvation From God's own holy word.

REPEAT CHORUS

I love to tell the story; For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story, That I have loved so long.

REPEAT CHORUS
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

I love to tell the story, Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory, Of Jesus and His love,
I love to tell the story, Because I know 'tis true,
It satisfies my longings, As nothing else can do.

CHORUS
I love to tell the story! 'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story. Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the story; More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies, Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story, It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.

REPEAT CHORUS
n the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
I wondrous beauty I see.
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died
to pardon and sanctify me.

REPEAT CHORUS

To the old rugged cross, I will ever be true,
its shame and reproach gladly bear,
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share.

REPEAT CHORUS
JINGLE BELLS!

Dashing thro’ the snow, In a one horse open sleigh.
O’er the fields we go, laughing all the way;
Bells on bobtail ring, making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing a sleighing song tonight!

CHORUS
Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells! Jingle all the way!
O what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh!
Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells! Jingle all the way!
O what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh!

A day or two ago I thought I’d take a ride,
And soon Miss Fannie Bright was seated by my side;
The horse was lean and lank, misfortune seemed his lot;
He got into a drifted bank, and we, we got upset!
REPEAT CHORUS
RUDOLPH THE RED-NOSED REINDEER

You know Dasher and Dancer and Prancer and Vixen, Comet and Cupid and Donner and Blitzen, But do you recall the most famous reindeer of all?

Rudolph, the rednosed reindeer had a very shiny nose, And if you ever saw it, you would even say it glows.

All of the other reindeer used to laugh and call him names, They never let poor Rudolph join in any reindeer games;

Then one foggy Christmas Eve, Santa came to say:

"Rudolph, with your nose so bright, won't you guide my sleigh tonight;"

Then how the reindeer loved him as they shouted out with glee:

"Rudolph, the rednosed reindeer, you'll go down in history."
Glorious now behold Him arise,  
King and God and Sacrifice;  
Alleluia, Alleluia!  
Sounds through the earth and skies.

REPEAT CHORUS

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world! The Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let ev’ry heart prepare Him room,  
And heav’n and nature sing,  
And heav’n and nature sing,  
And heav’n and nature sing,  
And heav’n and nature sing.

Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ.  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.
IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth, to touch their harps of gold;
“Peace on the earth good will to men, from heaven’s all gracious King;”
The world in solemn stillness lay, to hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come, with peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats o’er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains they bend on hovering wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds the blessed angels sing.

And ye, beneath life’s crushing load, whose forms are bending low,
Who toil with heavy,沉重的 load with