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Catalog

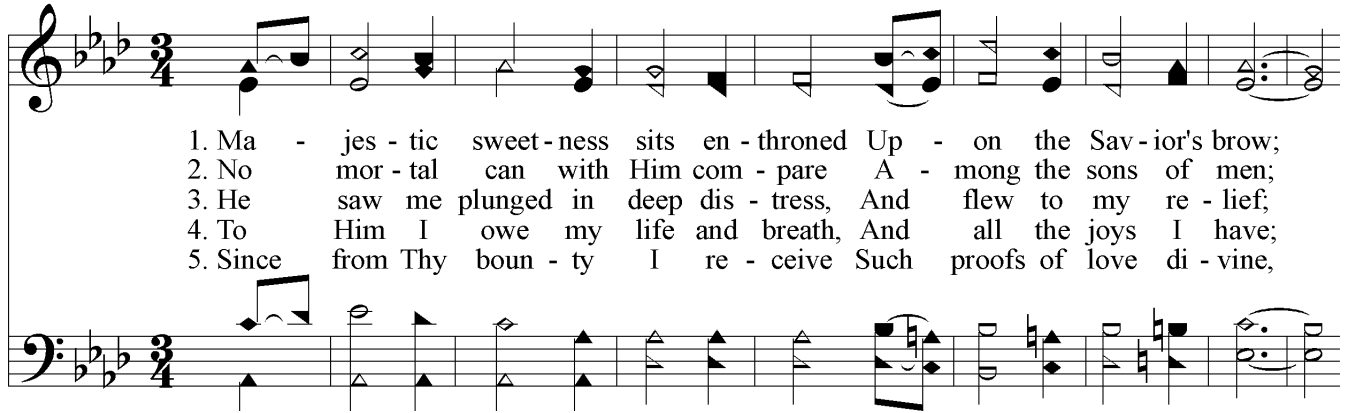
M

All music is in Shaped Note (Do-Mi-Sol) Notation

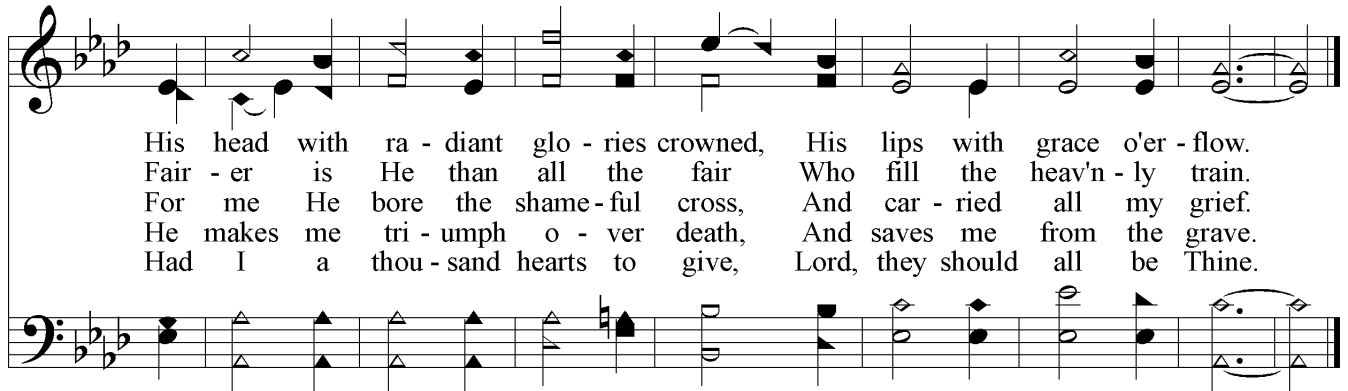
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Majestic Sweetness (Arr. 1)

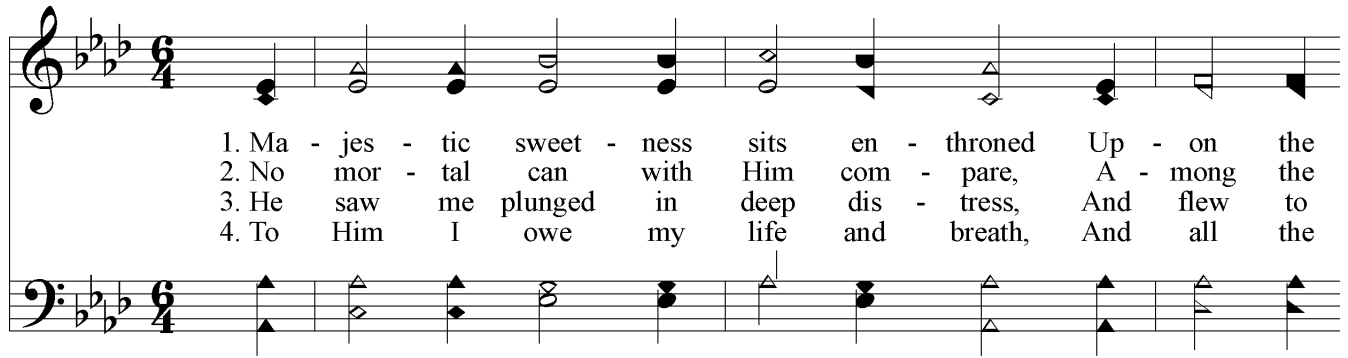


1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow;
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare A - mong the sons of men;
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief;
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;
5. Since from Thy boun - ty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di - vine,

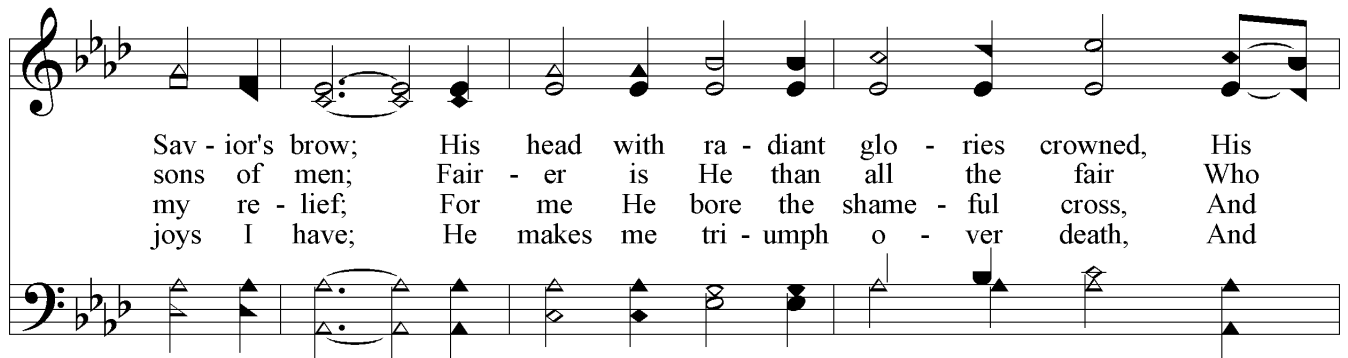


His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
Fair - er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav'n - ly train.
For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried all my grief.
He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me from the grave.
Had I a thou - sand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.

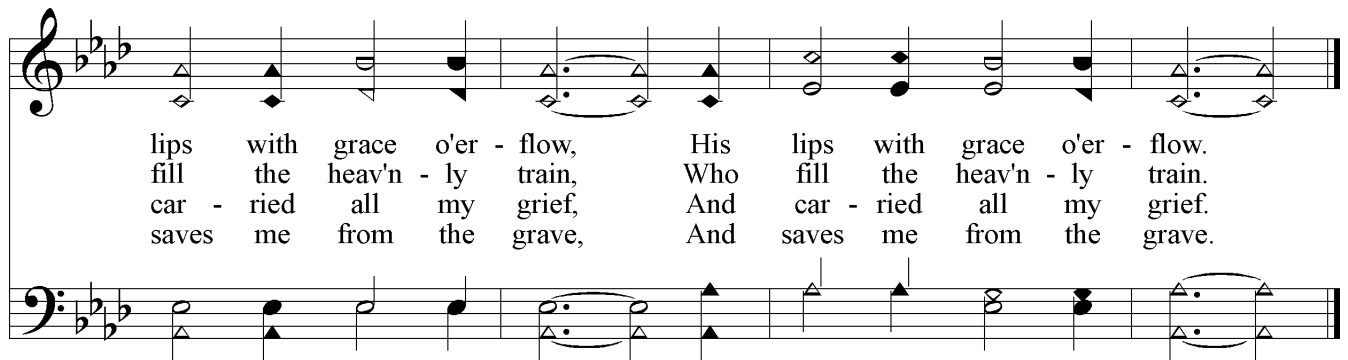
Majestic Sweetness (Arr. 2)



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to the
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the



Sav - ior's brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His
sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair Who
my re - lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And
joys I have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And



lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
fill the heav'n - ly train, Who fill the heav'n - ly train.
car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

Make Haste!

1. A storm gath - ers dark o'er the foam crest - ed deep, And souls on the
 2. No bright beam-ing star in the dark - ness they see, No bells from the
 3. A light soft - ly breaks, and their per - il is o'er; They hear, and they

bil - lows are tossed; Then forth let us go, with a mes - sage of hope,
 har - bor they hear; Their frail, shat - tered bark, still is drift - ing a - far,
 an - swer our call; Our boat hur - ries on with the Pi - lot on board-

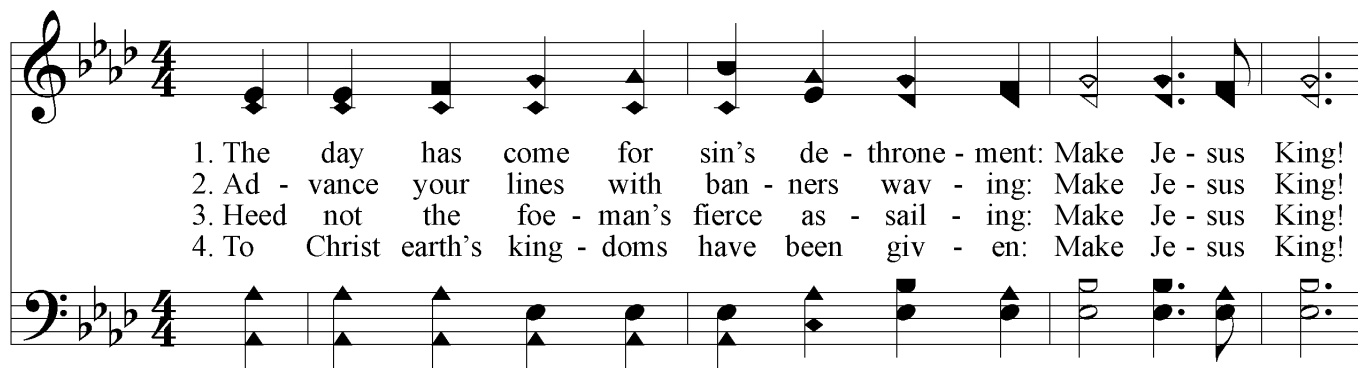
Chorus

Speed on, lest their ves - sel be lost. Make haste, make haste,
 Speed on, with a mes - sage of cheer.
 In Him is a ref - uge for all. Make haste, make haste,

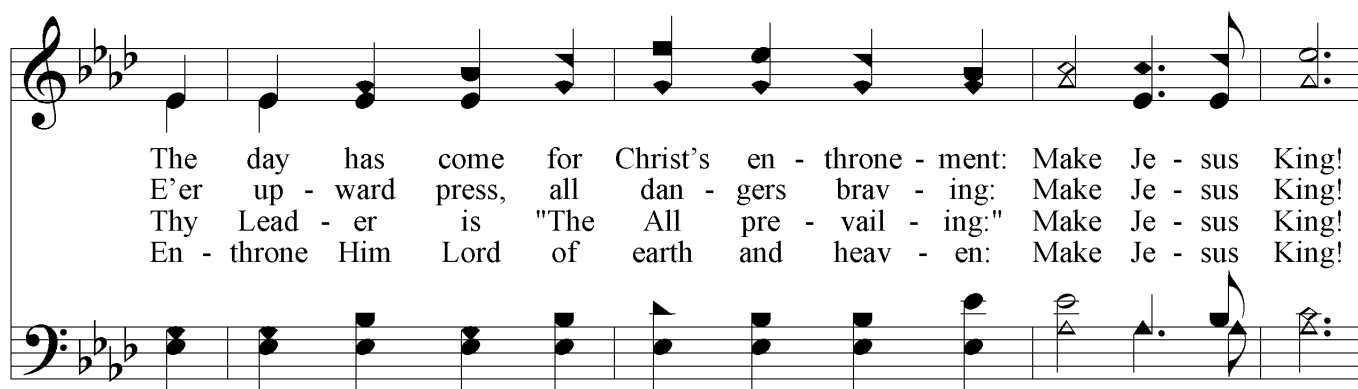
Make haste to the res - cue, a - way! Speed on, quick - ly on, with a

mes - sage of hope- No time for a mo - ment's de - lay.

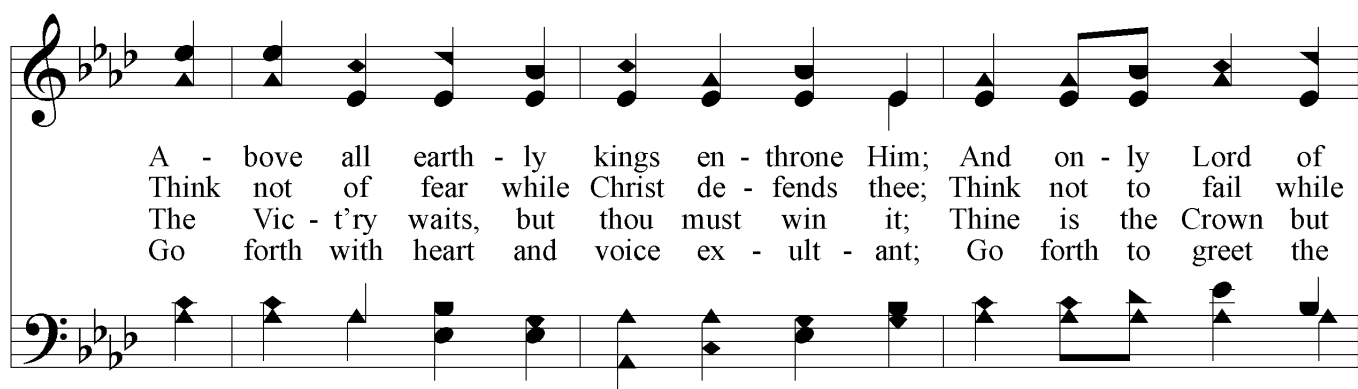
Make Jesus King!



1. The day has come for sin's de - throne - ment: Make Je - sus King!
 2. Ad - vance your lines with ban - ners wav - ing: Make Je - sus King!
 3. Heed not the foe - man's fierce as - sail - ing: Make Je - sus King!
 4. To Christ earth's king - doms have been giv - en: Make Je - sus King!

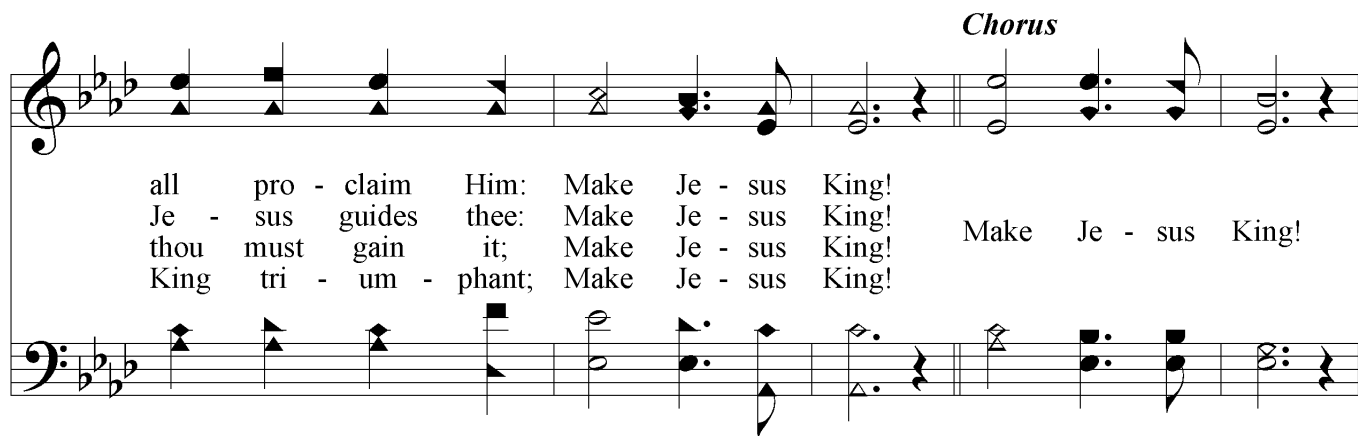


The day has come for Christ's en - throne - ment: Make Je - sus King!
 E'er up - ward press, all dan - gers brav - ing: Make Je - sus King!
 Thy Lead - er is "The All pre - vail - ing:" Make Je - sus King!
 En - throne Him Lord of earth and heav - en: Make Je - sus King!



A - bove all earth - ly kings en - throne Him; And on - ly Lord of
 Think not of fear while Christ de - fends thee; Think not to fail while
 The Vic - t'ry waits, but thou must win it; Thine is the Crown but
 Go forth with heart and voice ex - ult - ant; Go forth to greet the

Chorus



all pro - claim Him: Make Je - sus King!
 Je - sus guides thee: Make Je - sus King! Make Je - sus King!
 thou must gain it; Make Je - sus King!
 King tri - um - phant; Make Je - sus King!

Make Jesus King!

Make Je - sus King! And crown Him King of
earth and heav'n, Make Je - sus King!

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in a key of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, with the Bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The first system covers the lyrics 'Make Je - sus King! And crown Him King of'. The second system covers 'earth and heav'n, Make Je - sus King!'. The score ends with a double bar line.

Make Me A Blessing To-Day

1. O soft - ly the Spir - it is whisp-'ring to me, With ten - der com -
2. Some heart may be long - ing for on - ly a word, Whose love by the
3. Some soul may be plunged in the dark - est de - spair, Whose shad - ows would
4. Come all ye that la - bor, ye wea - ry and worn, Come ye who in

pas - sion, with pit - y - ing plea; I hear His be - seech - ing, and
Spir - it is quick - ened and stirred; Now grant, bless - ed Sav - ior, this
melt in the sun - light of pray'r; O give me, dear Sav - ior, I
sor - row or sin - ful - ness mourn; With me this pe - ti - tion to

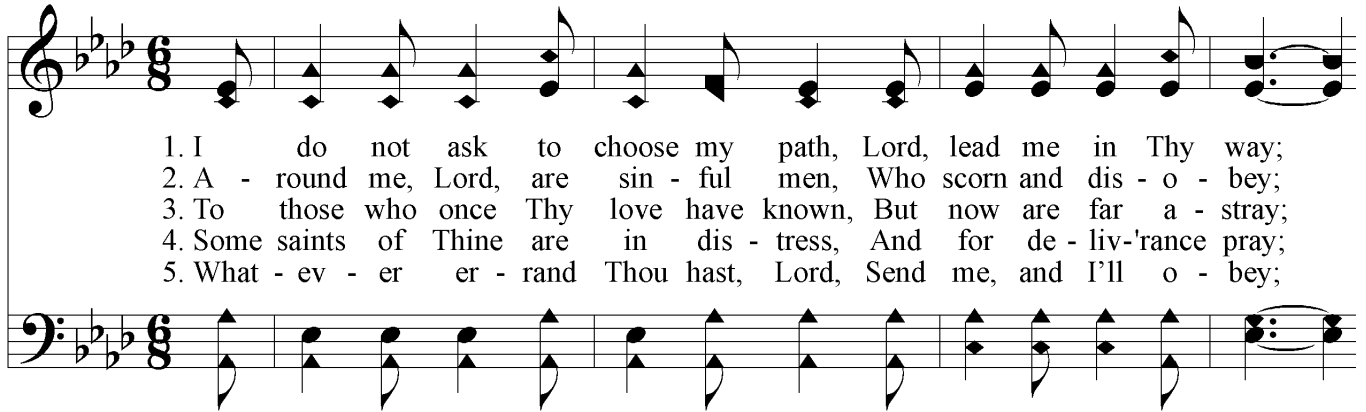
ear - nest - ly pray That Je - sus will make me a bless - ing to - day.
ser - vice to me, Of speak - ing a com - fort - ing mes - sage for Thee.
hum - bly im - plore, The sweet con - so - la - tion that soul to re - store.
Je - sus con - vey: O make me a bless - ing, dear Sav - ior, to - day.

Chorus

Lord, make me a bless - ing to - day, A bless - ing to some one, I pray;
Lord, make me a bless - ing, I pray;

In all that I do, in all that I say, O make me a bless - ing to - day.

Make Me A Blessing To-Day (Arr. 2)

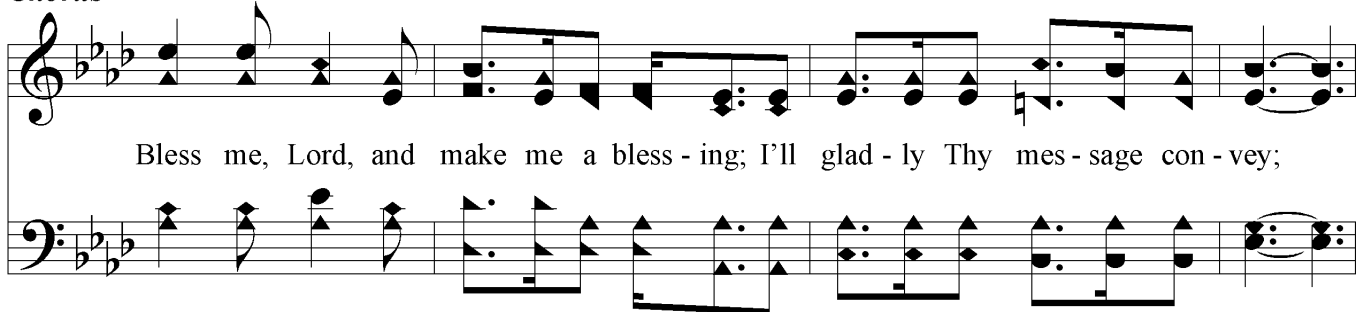


1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in Thy way;
2. A - round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once Thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of Thine are in dis - tress, And for de - liv'-rance pray;
5. What - ev - er er - rand Thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;

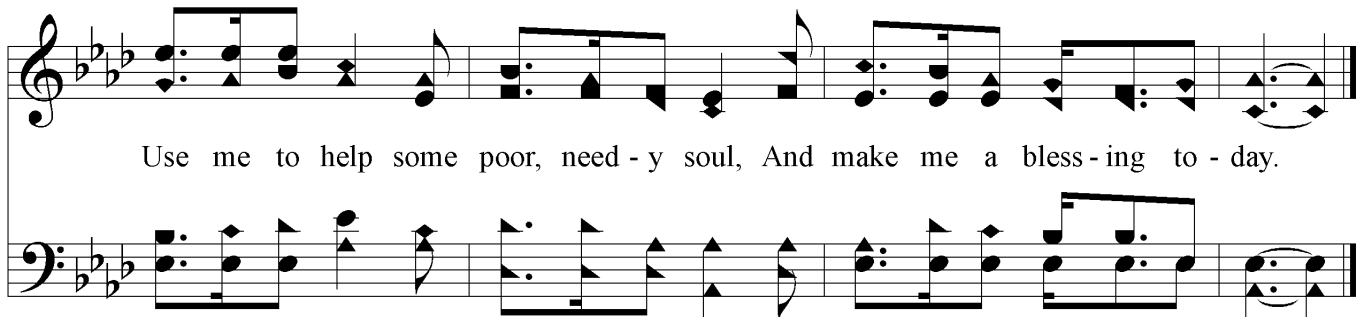


In - spire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
Help me to win them back to Thee, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
O let me go and help them Lord, And make me a bless - ing to - day.
Use me in an - y way Thou wilt, And make me a bless - ing to - day.

Chorus



Bless me, Lord, and make me a bless - ing; I'll glad - ly Thy mes - sage con - vey;



Use me to help some poor, need - y soul, And make me a bless - ing to - day.

Make Me a Channel of Blessing

1. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God flow - ing thru
 2. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for those that are
 3. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Is it da - ily tell - ing for
 4. We can - not be chan - nels of bless - ing If our lives are not free from all

you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sa - vior? Are you
 lost? Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing The you
 Him? Have you spok - en the word of sal - va - tion To
 sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To

Chorus
 read - y His ser - vice to do?
 Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan - nel of
 those who are dy - ing in sin?
 those we are try - ing to win.

bless - ing to - day, Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess - ing,
 my serv - ice bless - ing, Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing to - day.

Man The Life-Boat!

1. Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Strong and short a - bove the roar,
 2. Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Fog and night and cru - el sea,
 3. Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Cour - age, fel - low men! 'tis He,
 4. Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Think how once on break - ing deck

Sounds the or - der to the watch - ers On the tem - pest beat - en shore,
 All the odds of death a - gainst them, And e - ter - nal jeop - ard - y.
 Guid - ing us to your de - liv - 'rance, Once that trod the Gal - i - lee!
 Thou didst stand a - ghastr, till Je - sus Bro't thee from the lurch - ing wreck.

Hark! a - gain the guns ap - peal - ing! Sig - nals burn for swift re - lief;
 Thou, who bidd'st us dare the surg - es, Stay us at the strug - gling oar!
 Lo, the Church that carri - eth Je - sus, Not death's flood - gates shall o'er whelm;
 To the oars then! O Re - deem - er Let Thy heart throb thru our hand,

There are men and wives and chil - dren, Fac - ing death, on yon - der reef!
 Nay! go with us to the res - cue! Shall they sink in sight of shore?
 Scourg - ing storms but urge us shore - ward, Life and Love are at the helm!
 Till the souls in mor - tal dan - ger, Find thru Thee the sol - id land.

Man The Life-Boat!

Chorus

Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Help, for Christ's sake, them that drown!

In the per - il of great wa - ters, Let them not go down!

ff

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first system contains the first line of the chorus, with lyrics 'Man the life - boat! Man the life - boat! Help, for Christ's sake, them that drown!'. The second system contains the second line of the chorus, with lyrics 'In the per - il of great wa - ters, Let them not go down!'. The second system begins with a forte (ff) dynamic marking. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The lyrics are centered under the notes.

Marching To The Land Above

Sopranos and Altos in Unison

1. We are march - ing to a land a - bove, Beau - ti - ful land a - bove, beau - ti - ful
 2. We are march - ing t'ward the cit - y fair, Beau - ti - ful cit - y fair, beau - ti - ful
 3. We are march - ing to the home of God, Beau - ti - ful home of God, beau - ti - ful

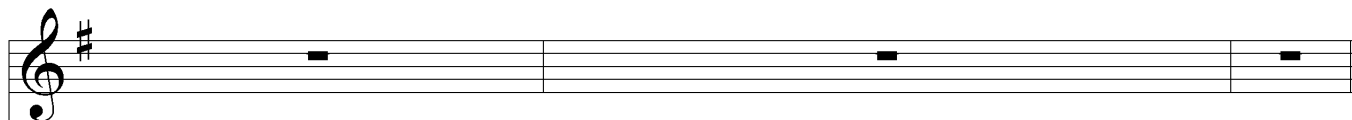
land a - bove; To a land where dwells e - ter - nal love, The
 cit - y fair; Where the an - gel an - thems fill the air, The
 home of God; And our guide - book is His ho - ly word, The

Basses and Tenors in Unison

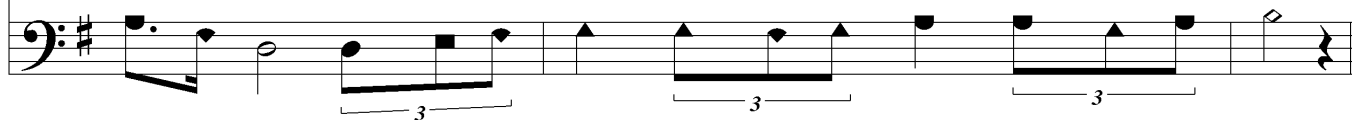
beau - ti - ful land a - bove.
 beau - ti - ful cit - y fair.
 beau - ti - ful word of God. And we sing a glad tri - um - phant song, March - ing a -

long, march - ing a - long, march - ing a - long; While our glo - rious Cap - tain

Marching To The Land Above



leads us on, March - ing a - long, march - ing a - long, march - ing a - long.

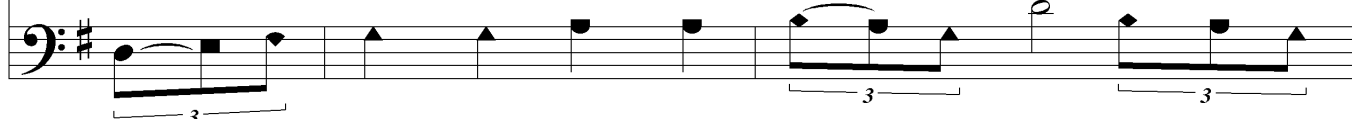


Chorus

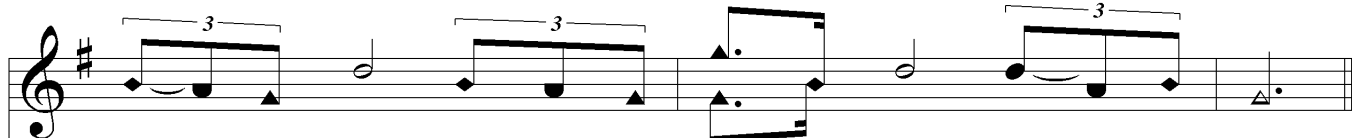
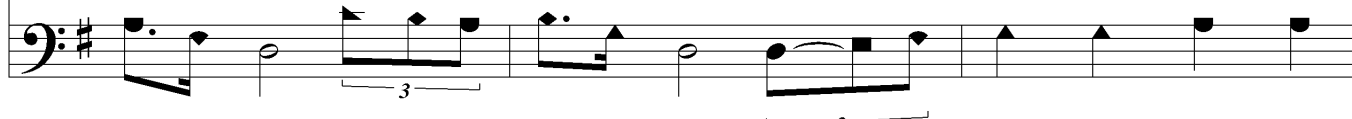
All voices in Unison



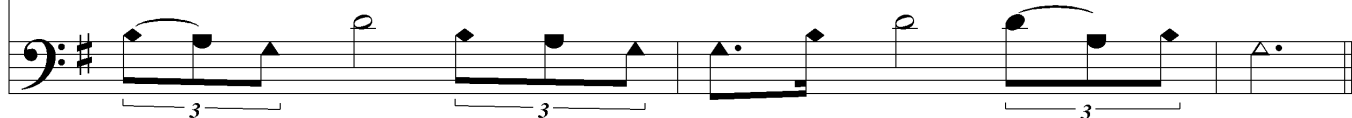
We are march - ing to a land a - bove, Beau - ti - ful
We are march - ing t'ward the cit - y fair, Beau - ti - ful
We are march - ing to the home of God, Beau - ti - ful



land a - bove, beau - ti - ful land a - bove; To a land where dwells e -
cit - y fair, beau - ti - ful cit - y fair; Where the an - gel an - thems
home of God, beau - ti - ful home of God; And our guide - book is His



ter - nal love, Beau - ti - ful land a - bove, land a - bove.
fill the air, Beau - ti - ful cit - y fair, cit - y fair.
ho - ly word, Beau - ti - ful word of God, word of God.



Marching We Go

1. Un - der the stand - ard of Christ, the King, March - ing we go,
2. Un - der the stand - ard of heav'n - ly grace, Now in the field
3. Un - der the stand - ard that ne'er shall yield Un - to the e -
4. Un - der the stand - ard that shows the way, Home to the cit -

and our voic - es ring; Praise to our Cap - tain, the Lord of might,
let us take our place; And in the Name that the an - gels praise,
vil, or quit the field; Know - ing no truce with the dark and wrong,
y of bright - est day; March - ing we go, and we lift the strain,

Chorus


"Friend of the chil - dren, E - ter - nal Light!"
Fight the good fight thru the com - ing days. Un - der the stand - ard with
Gath - er we all with thanks - giv - ing song.
"Ev - er and ev - er shall Je - sus reign."

hearts true and brave, March where the flag of the Lord doth wave! Join in the

mu - sic that ne'er shall cease, March in the ar - my of hope and peace.


Marvelous Things

SOPRANO: Begin singing first time thru



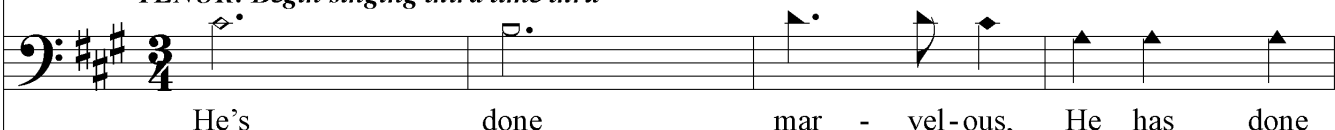
He has done mar - vel - ous, He has done mar - vel - ous

ALTO: Begin singing second time thru



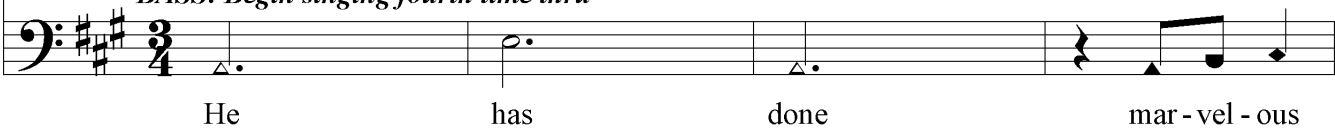
Mar - vel - ous, mar - vel - ous, mar - vel - ous, Mar - vel - ous

TENOR: Begin singing third time thru




He's done mar - vel - ous, He has done

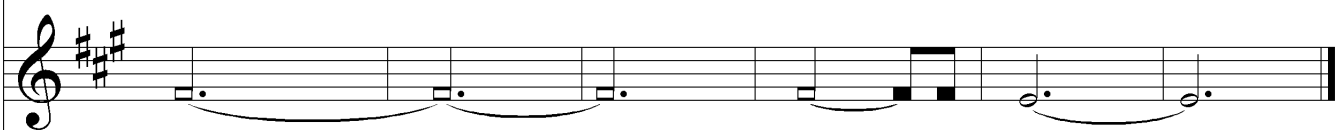
BASS: Begin singing fourth time thru




He has done mar - vel - ous




things. Praise the Lord.



things. Praise the Lord.



mar - vel - ous things. Praise the Lord.



things. Praise the Lord.

Mary To The Savior's Tomb

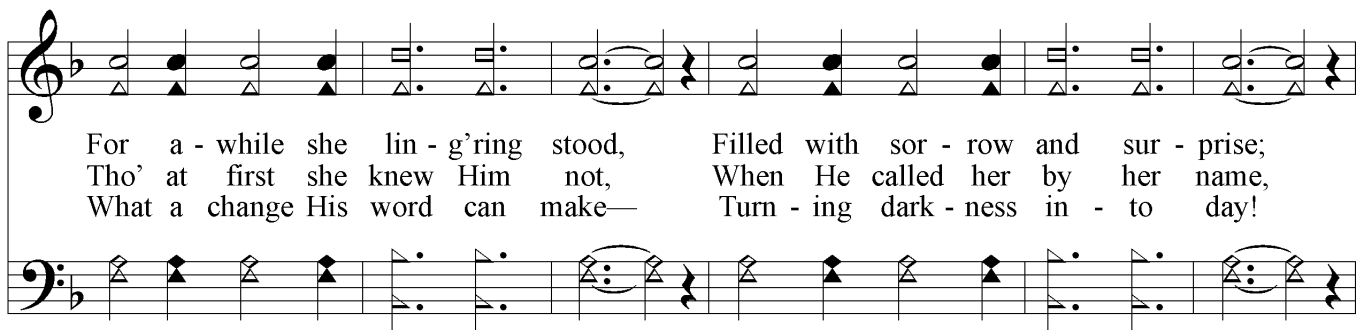
MARTYN



1. Mar - y to the Sav - ior's tomb Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn;
2. Je - sus who is al - ways near, Tho' too of - ten un - per - ceived,
3. And her sor - rows quick - ly fled, When she heard His wel - come voice—



Spice she brought, and sweet per - fume; But the Lord she loved had gone.
Came, her droop - ing heart to cheer, Kind - ly ask - ing why she grieved.
Christ had ris - en from the dead; Now He bids her heart re - joice.

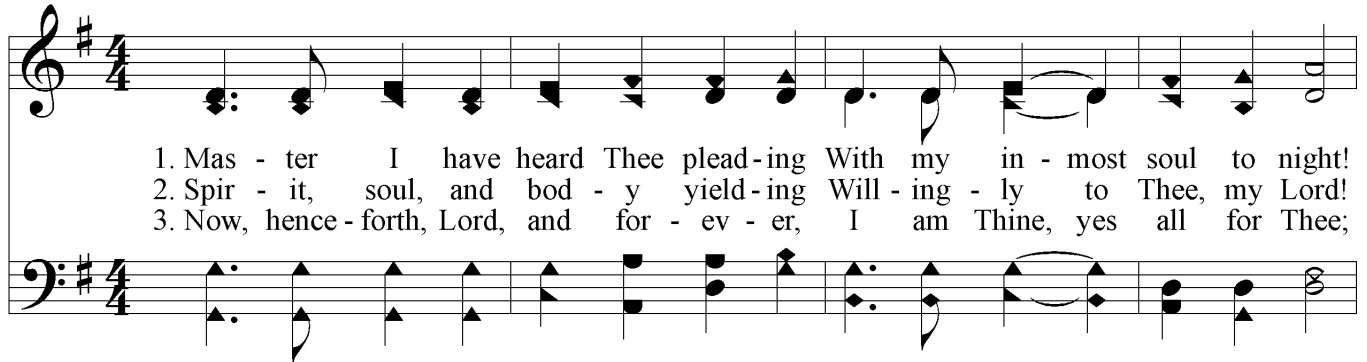


For a - while she lin - g'ring stood, Filled with sor - row and sur - prise;
Tho' at first she knew Him not, When He called her by her name,
What a change His word can make— Turn - ing dark - ness in - to day!



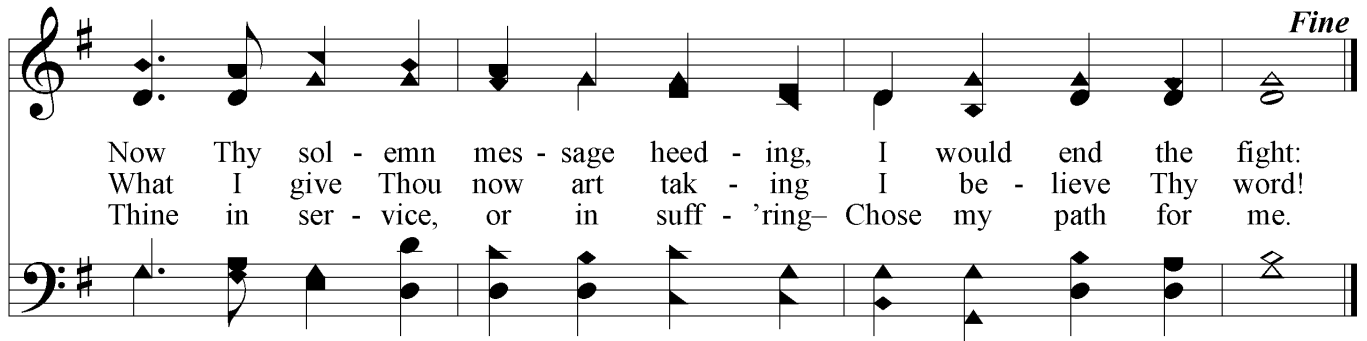
Trem - bling, while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes.
She her heav - y griefs for - got; For she found Him still the same.
You who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.

Master, I Have Heard Thee Pleading



1. Mas - ter I have heard Thee plead - ing With my in - most soul to night!
 2. Spir - it, soul, and bod - y yield - ing Will - ing - ly to Thee, my Lord!
 3. Now, hence - forth, Lord, and for - ev - er, I am Thine, yes all for Thee;

Chorus—Je - sus, Mas - ter, search me, prove me! With Thy fire try my heart;

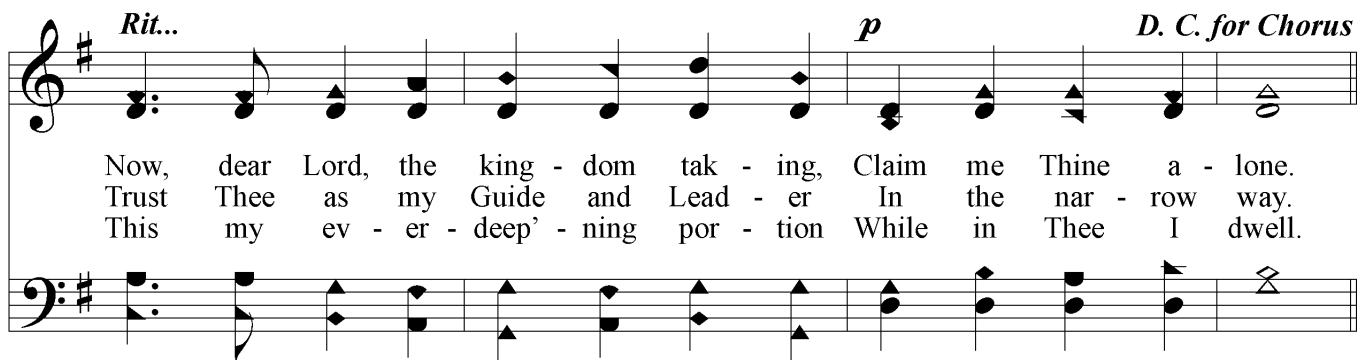


Now Thy sol - emn mes - sage heed - ing, I would end the fight:
 What I give Thou now art tak - ing I be - lieve Thy word!
 Thine in ser - vice, or in suff - 'ring— Chose my path for me.

All I am and have I yield, Lord; All I need— Thou art.



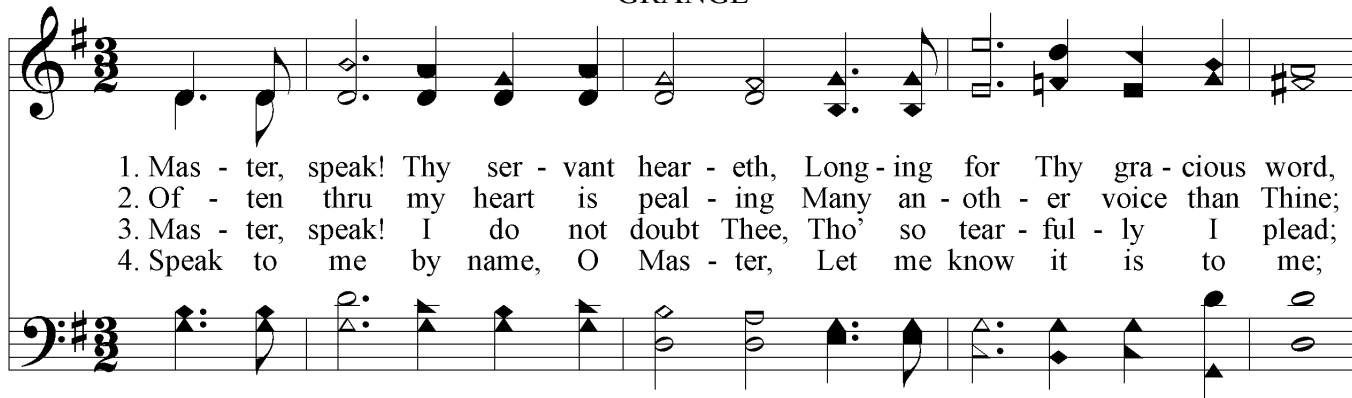
p
 Vain - ly hath my soul been strug - gl'ing With the ty - rant on its throne;
 Yes! I trust Thee as my Keep - er, 'Mid temp - ta - tions day by day,
 Peace and joy my heart are fill - ing; Rest be - yond all pow'r to tell,



Rit... *p* *D. C. for Chorus*
 Now, dear Lord, the king - dom tak - ing, Claim me Thine a - lone.
 Trust Thee as my Guide and Lead - er In the nar - row way.
 This my ev - er - deep' - ning por - tion While in Thee I dwell.

Master, Speak! Thy Servant Heareth

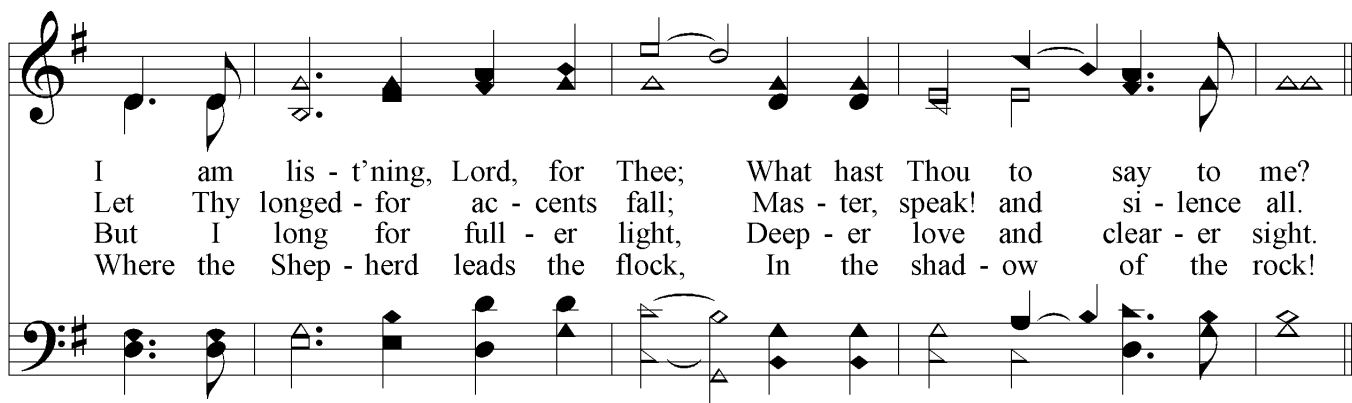
GRANGE



1. Mas - ter, speak! Thy ser - vant hear - eth, Long - ing for Thy gra - cious word,
2. Of - ten thru my heart is peal - ing Many an - oth - er voice than Thine;
3. Mas - ter, speak! I do not doubt Thee, Tho' so tear - ful - ly I plead;
4. Speak to me by name, O Mas - ter, Let me know it is to me;

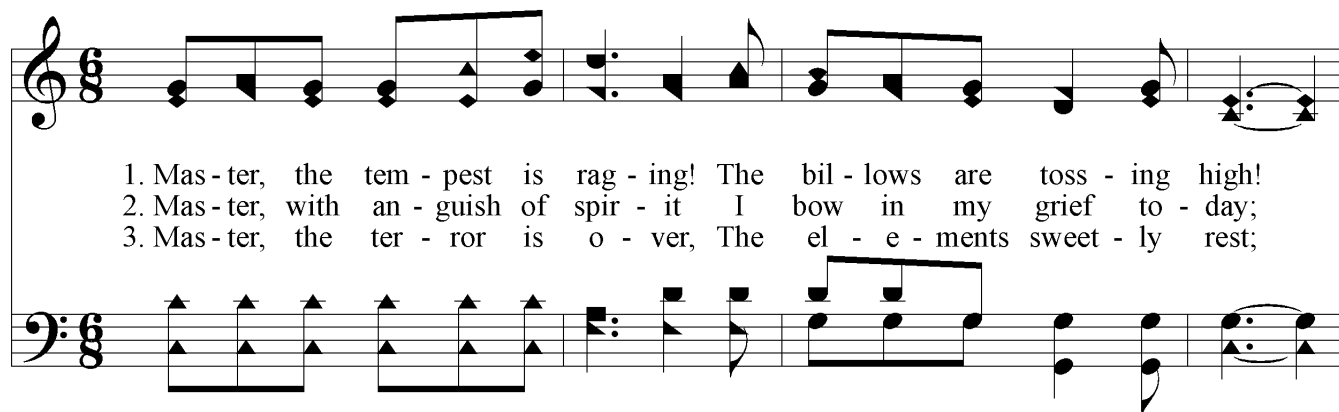


Long - ing for Thy voice that cheer - eth; Mas - ter, let it now be heard.
Many an un - willed ech - o steal - ing From the walls of this Thy shrine.
Sav - ior, Shep - herd! oh, with - out Thee Life would be a blank in - deed.
Speak, that I may fol - low fast - er, With a step more firm and free,



I am lis - t'ning, Lord, for Thee; What hast Thou to say to me?
Let Thy longed - for ac - cents fall; Mas - ter, speak! and si - lence all.
But I long for full - er light, Deep - er love and clear - er sight.
Where the Shep - herd leads the flock, In the shad - ow of the rock!

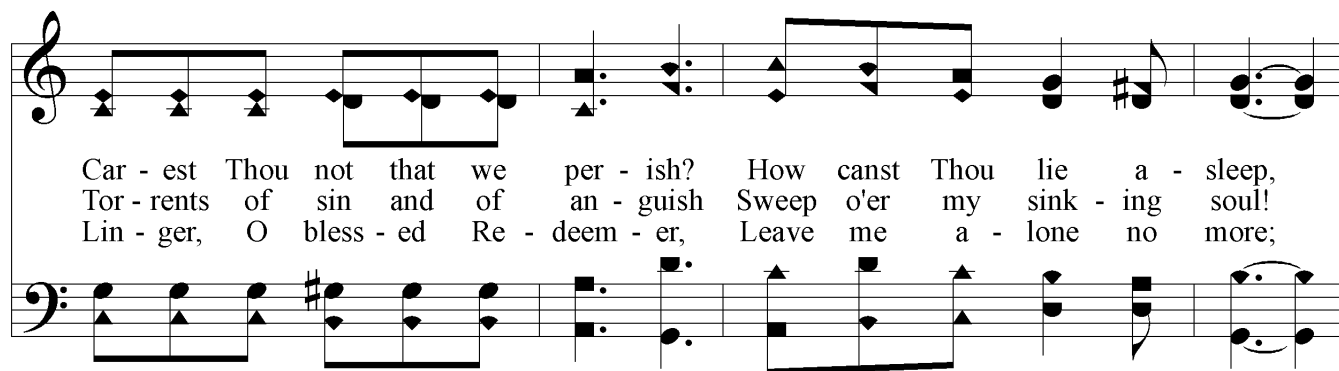
Master, The Tempest Is Raging



1. Mas - ter, the tem - pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas - ter, with an - guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas - ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest;



The sky is o'er-shad-owed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are trou-bled; O wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast.



Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul!
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more;



When each mo - ment so mad - ly is threat - 'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish! I per - ish, dear Mas - ter; O has - ten, and take con - trol!
And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

Master, The Tempest Is Raging

Chorus

p *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Cresc...

Wheth - er the wrath of the storm - tossed sea, Or de - mons, or men, or what-

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal - low the ship where lies The Mas - ter of

ff *mf*

o - cean and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, be still!

p *mp* *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! They all shall sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

Matchless Love

1. It was match - less love that found me, When the bands of sin had
 2. What a ten - der lov - ing - kind - ness, That sought me in my
 3. What a won - der - ful re - la - tion That I, in low - ly

bound me, It was love that planned es - cape for me When I was
 blind - ness, And a mar - vel - ous re - demp - tion wro't That mor - tals
 sta - tion, Am called a "son un - to God," what more Could hu - man

lost, un - done; It was love in sad plight, saw me, It was
 might be free! What an act in its com - plete - ness! What a
 heart de - sire? By His ten - der love o'er - shad - ed, I'll be

love that reached out for me, 'Twas the pre - cious love of Je - sus
 love in ten - der sweet - ness! What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion
 kept till earth has fad - ed From my sight, and I shall en - ter

Chorus

Christ The might - y, ho - ly One. Love, 'twas love,
 now A - bounds for you and me!
 in To join the heav'n - ly choir.

'Twas love, 'Twas match - less

Matchless Love

match - less love, Love, 'twas love, match - less love, Up
love, That caused my Sav - ior there

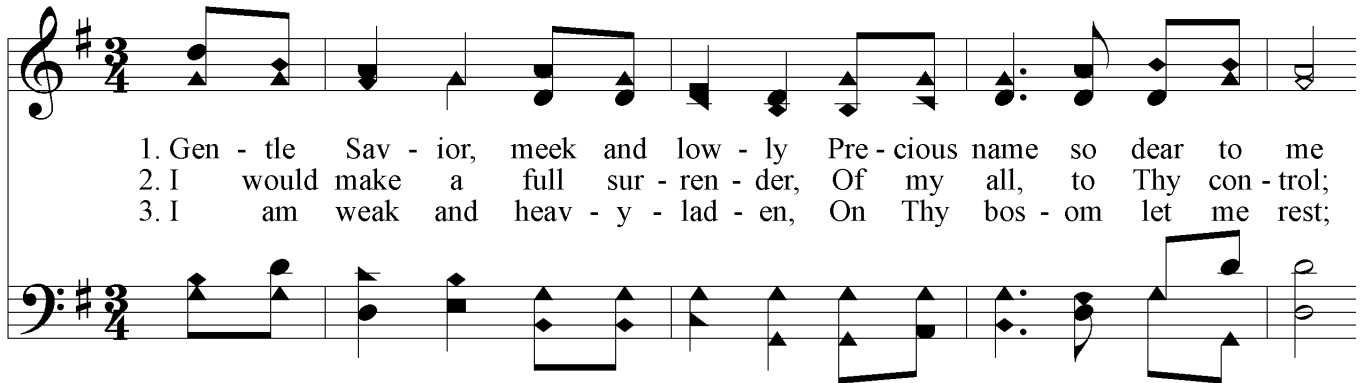
on the cru - el cross to choose A death of
death of shame for e - ven

shame for me; Love, 'twas love, match - less love,
me; How can I e'er re - pay The

Love, 'twas love, love I owe, For His sal - va - tion
debt of love I owe,

full and free, Giv'n thru love, love, match - less love?
won - der - ful love, match - less love?

May I Come to Thee?

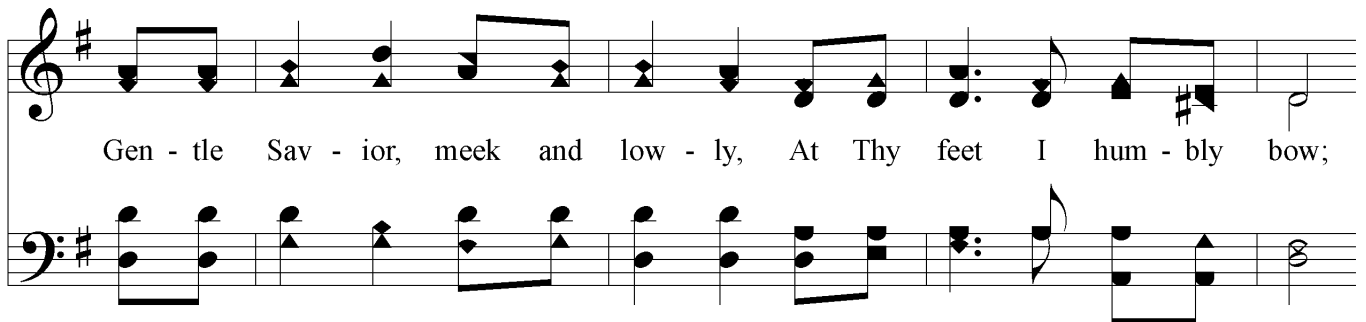


1. Gen - tle Sav - ior, meek and low - ly Pre - cious name so dear to me
2. I would make a full sur - ren - der, Of my all, to Thy con - trol;
3. I am weak and heav - y - lad - en, On Thy bos - om let me rest;

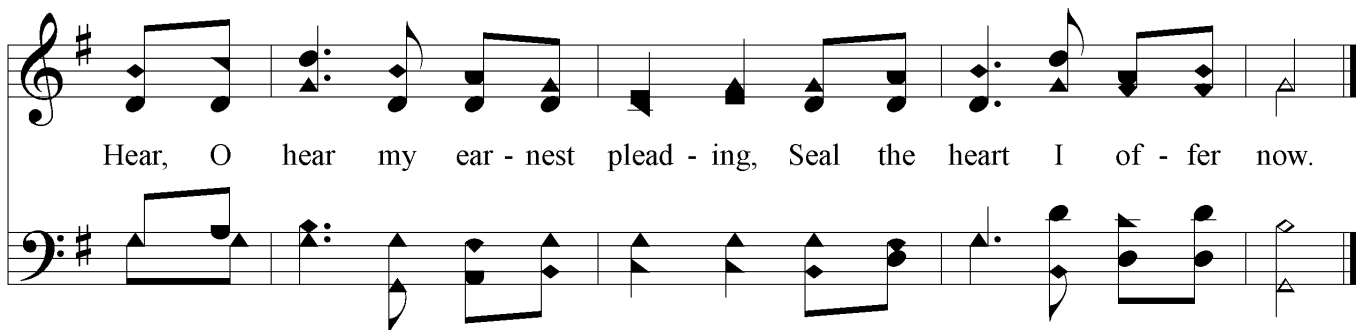


I would take Thy yoke and bear it; May I come and learn of Thee?
In the path of life e - ter - nal, On - ly Thou canst lead my soul.
From the pow'r of sin de - fend me; Be Thou still my wel - come guest.

Chorus




Gen - tle Sav - ior, meek and low - ly, At Thy feet I hum - bly bow;

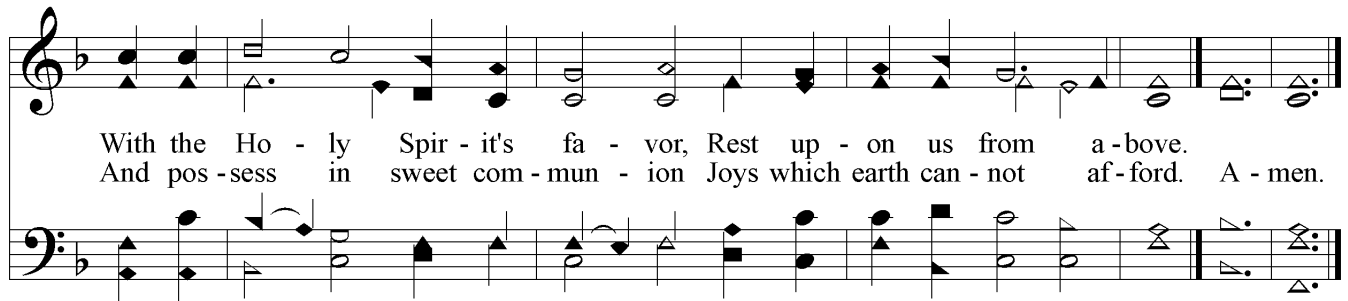


Hear, O hear my ear - nest plead - ing, Seal the heart I of - fer now.

May the Grace of Christ Our Savior

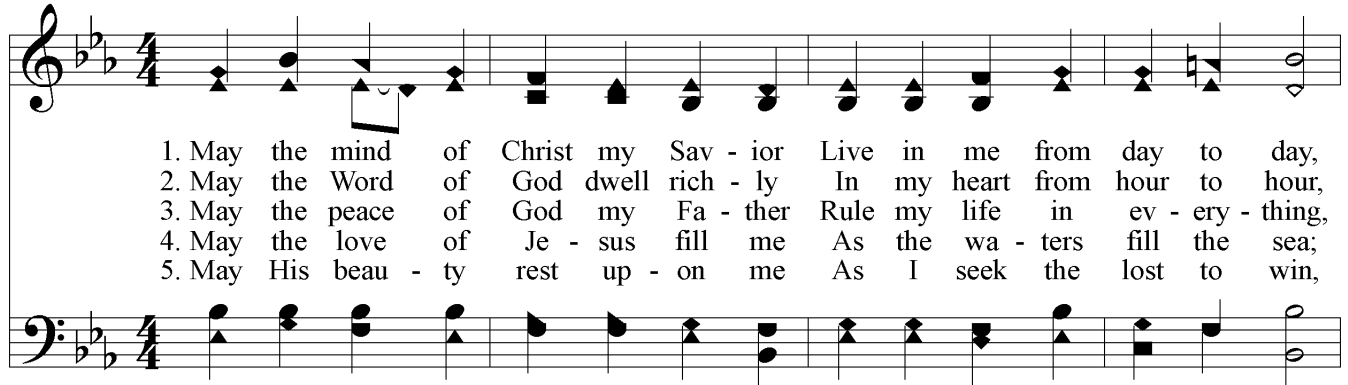


1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - ior And the Fa - ther's bound - less love,
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,

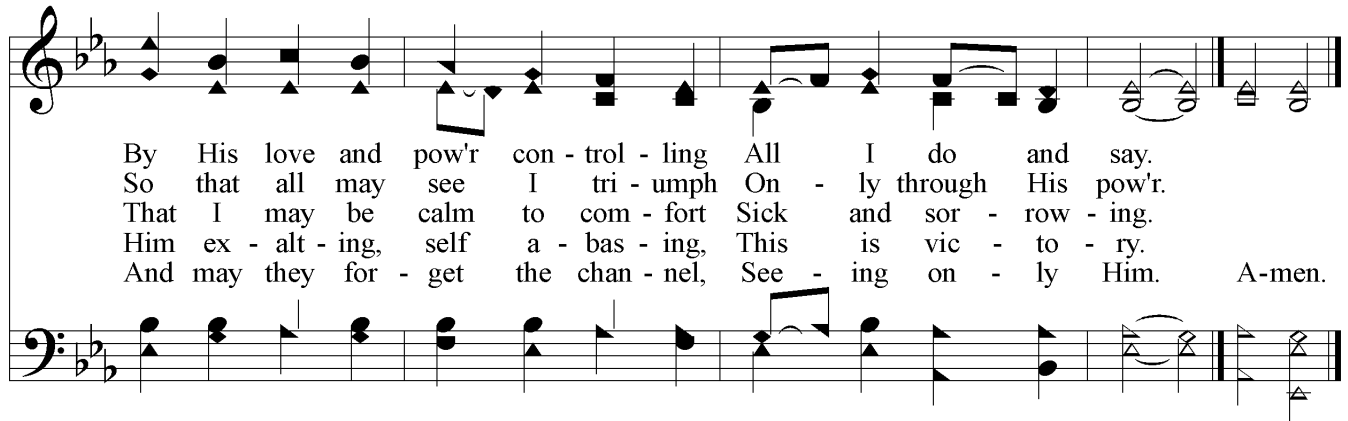


With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.
And pos - sess in sweet com - mun - ion Joys which earth can - not af - ford. A - men.

May the Mind of Christ My Savior

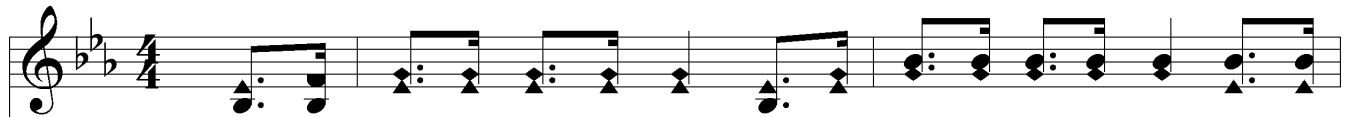


1. May the mind of Christ my Sav - ior Live in me from day to day,
2. May the Word of God dwell rich - ly In my heart from hour to hour,
3. May the peace of God my Fa - ther Rule my life in ev - ery - thing,
4. May the love of Je - sus fill me As the wa - ters fill the sea;
5. May His beau - ty rest up - on me As I seek the lost to win,

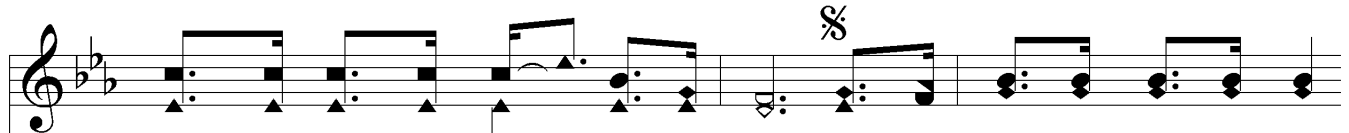


By His love and pow'r con - trol - ling All I do and say.
So that all may see I tri - umph On - ly through His pow'r.
That I may be calm to com - fort Sick and sor - row - ing.
Him ex - alt - ing, self a - bas - ing, This is vic - to - ry.
And may they for - get the chan - nel, See - ing on - ly Him. A-men.

Meet Me There



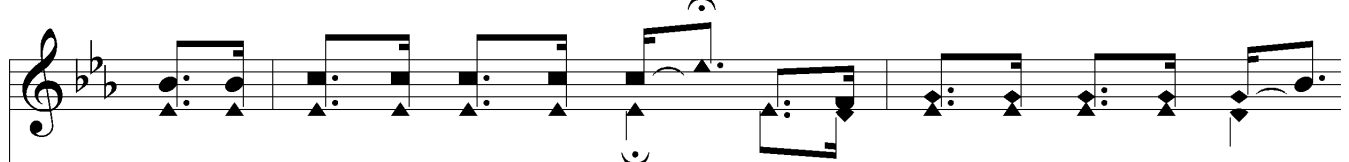
1. On the hap - py, gold - en shore, where the faith - ful part no more, When the
 2. Here our fond - est hopes are vain, dear - est links are rent in twain, But in
 3. Where the songs of an - gels ring, and the blest for - ev - er sing, In the



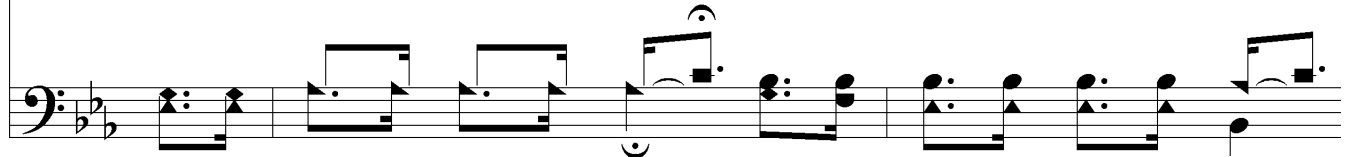
storms of life are o'er meet me there, Where the night dis - solves a - way
 heav'n no throb of pain meet me there, By the riv - er spark - ling bright
 pal - ace of the King, meet me there, Where in sweet com - mun - ion blend



D.S.— When the storms of life are o'er,



in - to pure and per - fect day, I am go - ing home to stay,
 in the cit - y of de - light, Where our faith is lost in sight,
 heart with heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end,

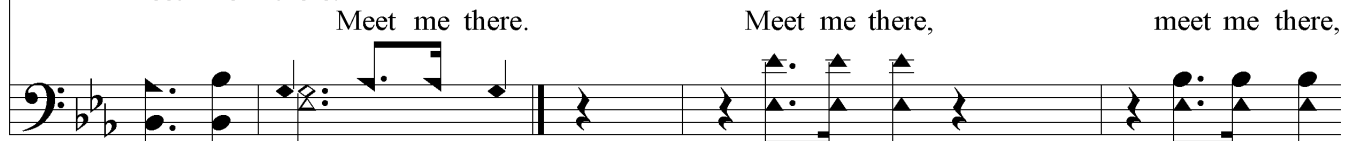


on the hap - py, gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more,

Fine Chorus



meet me there. Meet me there, meet me there,
 meet me there. Meet me there, meet me there,
 meet me there.



meet me there.

Meet Me There

D.S. al Fine

Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, meet me there, meet me there,

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Meet Me There'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom, both in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The accompaniment is primarily composed of eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The phrase 'Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, meet me there, meet me there,' is written across both staves. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. The instruction 'D.S. al Fine' is written above the final measure of the treble staff.

Memories of Galilee

1. Each coo-ing dove and sigh-ing bough That makes the
 2. Each flow-'ry glen and moss-y dell, Where hap - py
 3. And when I read the thrill-ing lore Of Him who

(1. Each coo - ing dove and sigh - ing bough

eve so blest to me Has some-thing far di - vin - er
 birds in song a-gree, Thru sun - ny morn the prais - es
 walked up - on the sea, I long, O how I long, once

That makes the eve so blest to me Has some-thing far

now: It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.
 tell Of sights and sounds in Gal - i - lee.
 more To fol - low Him in Gal - i - lee.

di - vin - er now: It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.)

Chorus
 O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal - i - lee! Where Je - sus loved so much to be;
 Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a - gain to me!
 Come, sing thy song a - gain to me!

Mighty God, Enthroned On High

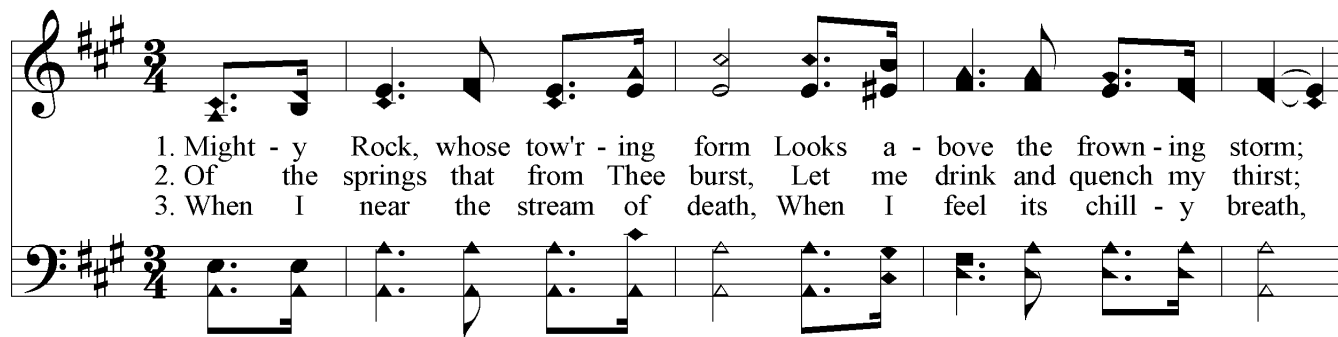


1. Might - y God, en - throned on high, Un - to Thee once more we cry;
2. Foun - tain of E - ter - nal Love, Let Thy Spir - it, like a dove,
3. Source of un - cre - at - ed Light, Grant that ev - er in Thy sight
4. God, our Fa - ther, may we be Heirs with Christ e - ter - nal - ly,



After last verse
Ere this ho - ly day pass by, Oh, hear our prayer.
Rest up - on us from a - bove, Oh, hear our prayer.
We may shine so pass - ing bright, As an - gels fair.
Thru His death on Cal - va - ry, Our guilt to bear. A - men.

Mighty Rock, Whose Towering Form



1. Might - y Rock, whose tow'r - ing form Looks a - bove the frown - ing storm;
2. Of the springs that from Thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chill - y breath,



Rock a - mid the des - ert waste, To Thy shad - ow now I haste.
Wea - ry, faint - ing, toil op - pressed, In Thy shad - ow let me rest.
Rock where all my hopes a - bide, In Thy shad - ow let me hide.

Chorus



Un - to Thee, un - to Thee, Pre - cious Sav - ior, now I flee;

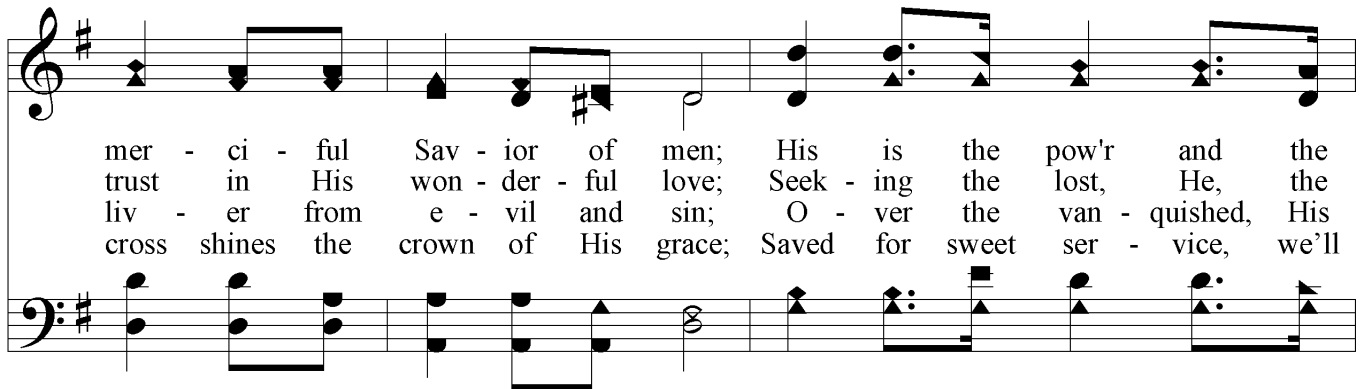


Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

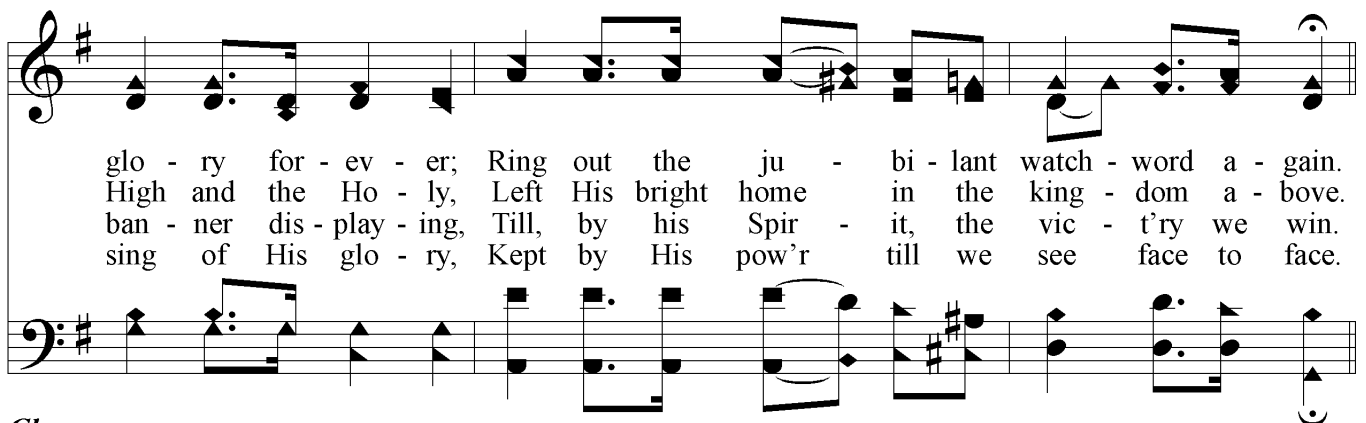
Mighty To Save Us



1. Might - y to save us, and strong to de - liv - er, Je - sus, the
2. Might - y to save us, the poor and the low - ly, Bid - ding us
3. Might - y to save us, the weak and the stray - ing, Strong to de -
4. Might - y to save us, O beau - ti - ful sto - ry! O - ver the

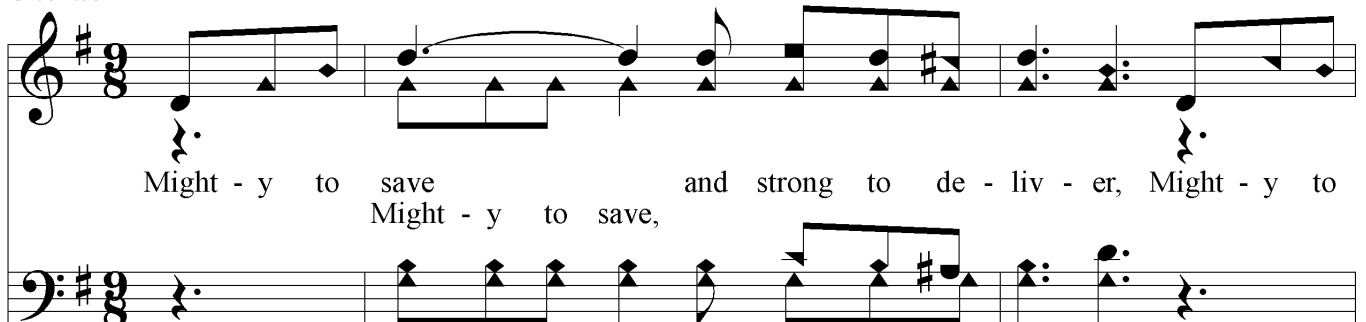


mer - ci - ful Sav - ior of men; His is the pow'r and the
trust in His won - der - ful love; Seek - ing the lost, He, the
liv - er from e - vil and sin; O - ver the van - quished, His
cross shines the crown of His grace; Saved for sweet ser - vice, we'll



glo - ry for - ev - er; Ring out the ju - bi - lant watch - word a - gain.
High and the Ho - ly, Left His bright home in the king - dom a - bove.
ban - ner dis - play - ing, Till, by his Spir - it, the vic - t'ry we win.
sing of His glo - ry, Kept by His pow'r till we see face to face.

Chorus



Might - y to save and strong to de - liv - er, Might - y to
Might - y to save,

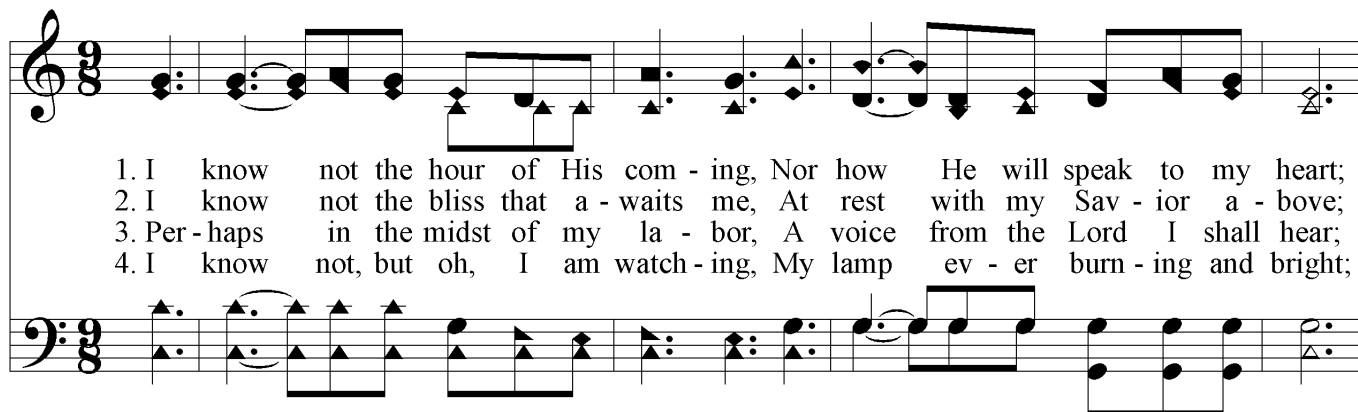
Mighty To Save Us

save, might - y to save; Might - y to save, and
Might - y to save, might - y to save; Might - y to save,

strong to de - liv - er, All who will come thru His name; O praise the Lord.

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment. It consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system covers the third line. The score ends with a double bar line.

Mine Eyes Shall Behold Him

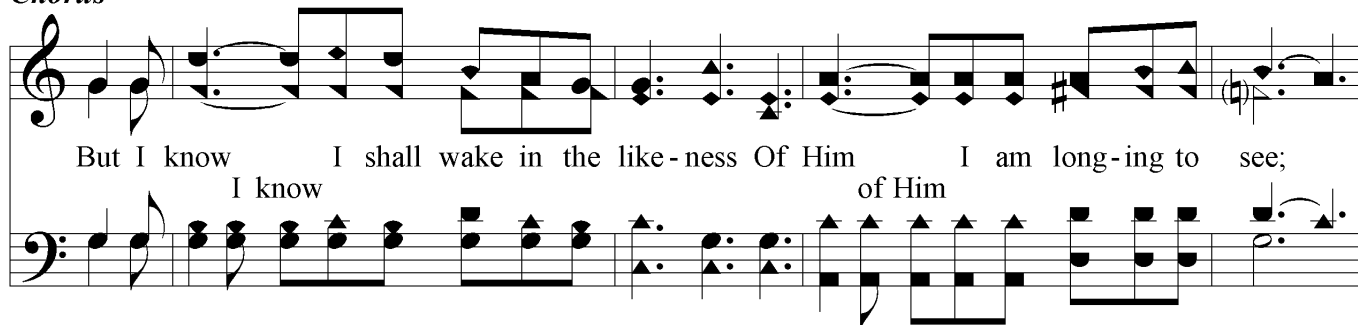


1. I know not the hour of His com - ing, Nor how He will speak to my heart;
 2. I know not the bliss that a - waits me, At rest with my Sav - ior a - bove;
 3. Per - haps in the midst of my la - bor, A voice from the Lord I shall hear;
 4. I know not, but oh, I am watch - ing, My lamp ev - er burn - ing and bright;



Or wheth - er at morn - ing or mid - day, My spir - it to Him will de - part.
 I know not how soon I shall en - ter, And bathe in the o - cean of love.
 Per - haps in the slum - ber of mid - night, Its mes - sage will fall on my ear.
 I know not if Je - sus will call me At morn - ing, at noon, or at night.

Chorus

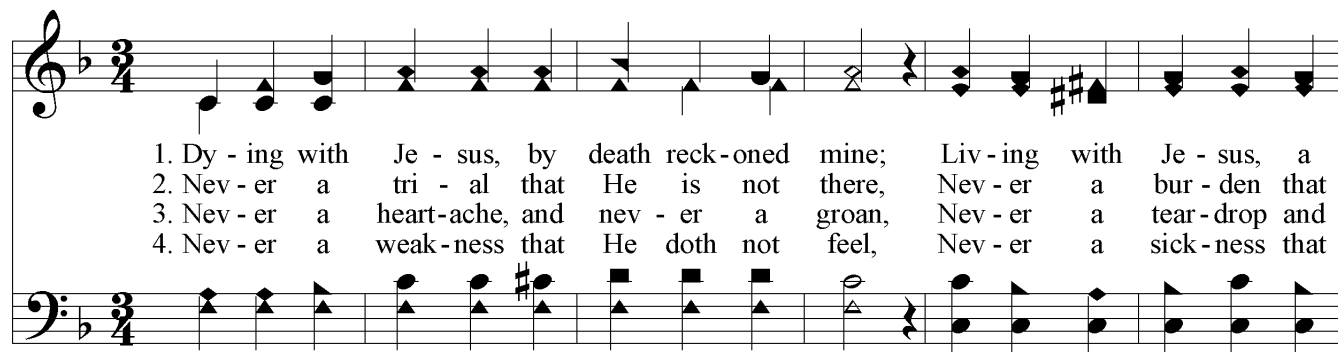


But I know I shall wake in the like - ness Of Him I am long - ing to see;
 I know of Him

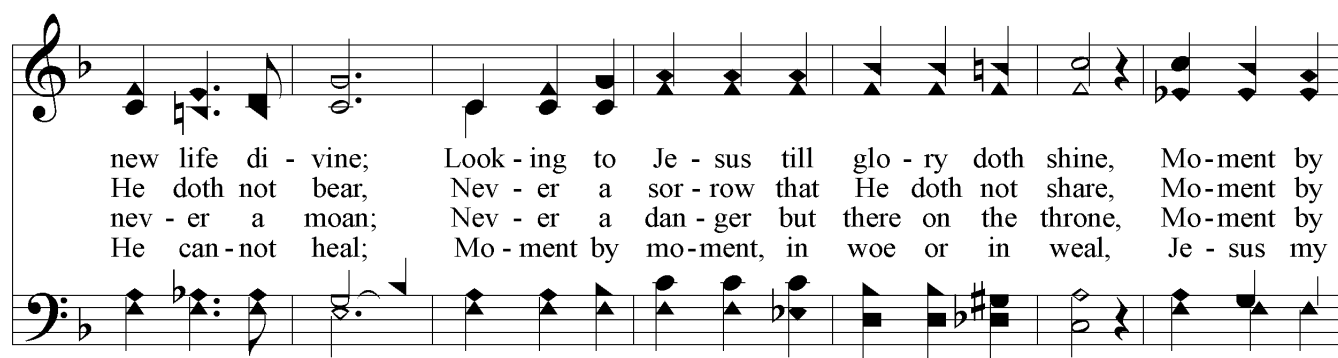


I know that mine eyes shall be - hold Him, And that is e - nough for me.
 I know is e - nough

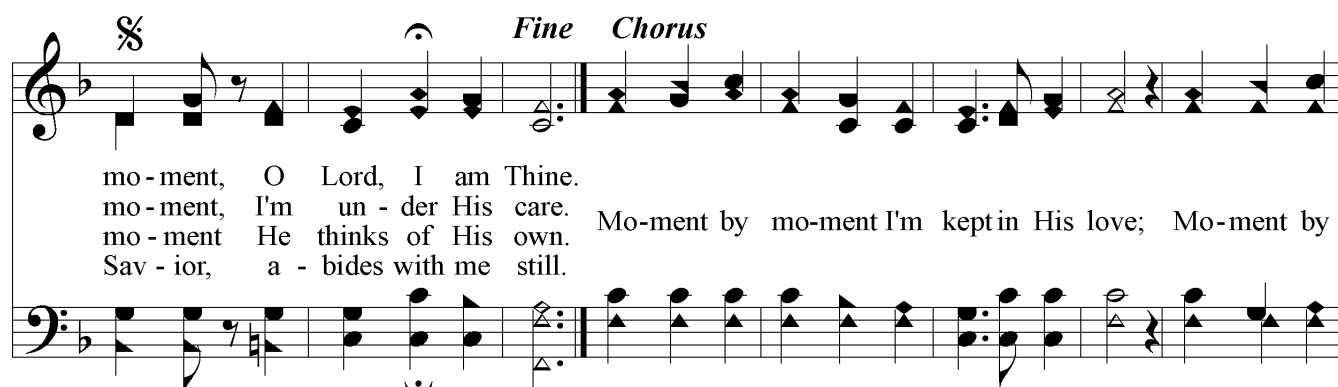
Moment By Moment



1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reck - oned mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus, a
 2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a bur - den that
 3. Nev - er a heart - ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a tear - drop and
 4. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sick - ness that




new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine, Mo - ment by
 He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share, Mo - ment by
 nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but there on the throne, Mo - ment by
 He can - not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus my



Fine Chorus
 mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
 mo - ment, I'm un - der His care. Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love; Mo - ment by
 mo - ment, He thinks of His own.
 Sav - ior, a - bides with me still.

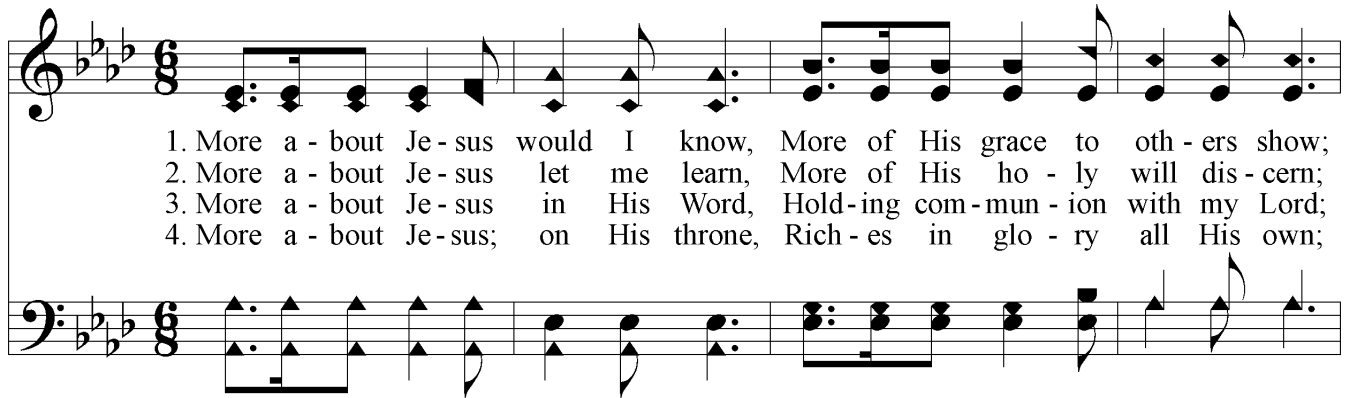
D.S. - mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

D.S. al Fine

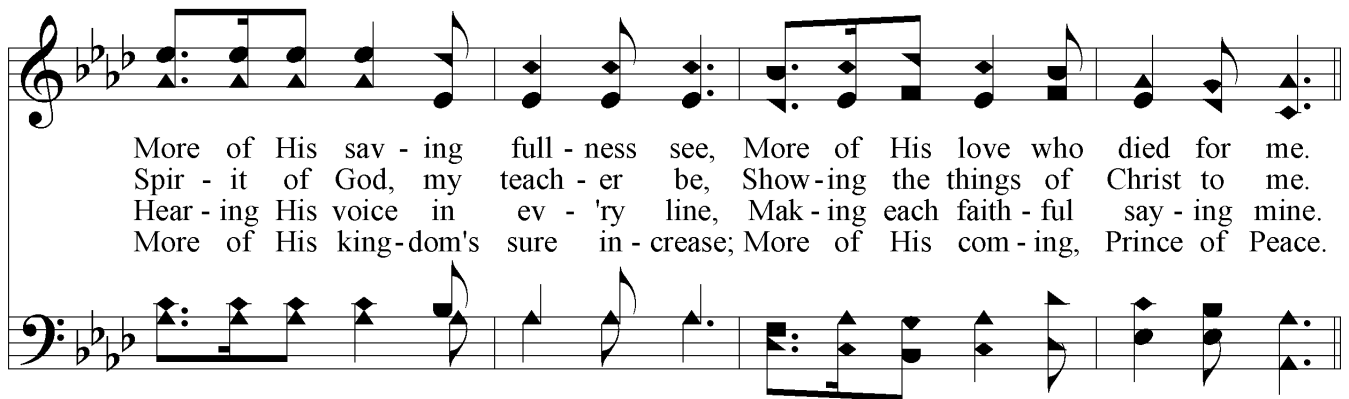


mo - ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine; Mo - ment by

More About Jesus

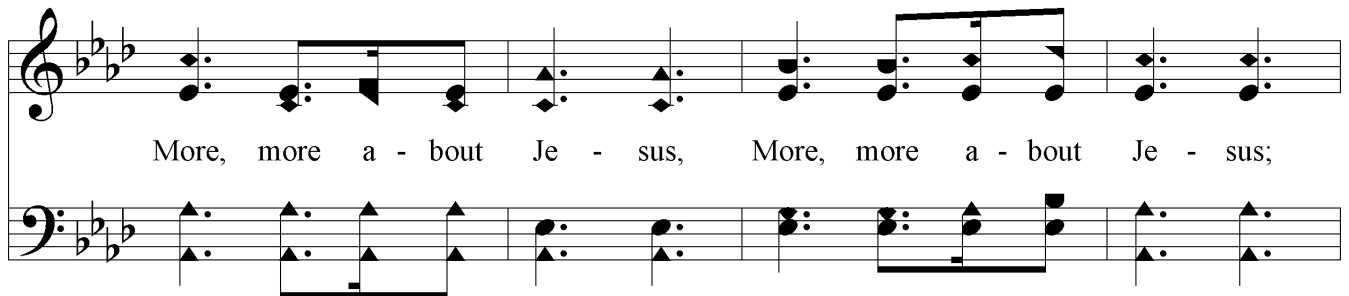


1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus in His Word, Hold - ing com - mun - ion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;

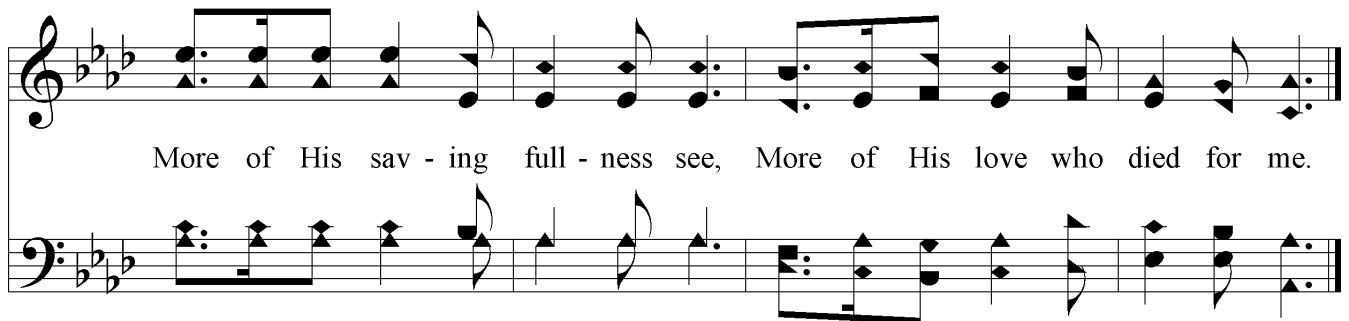


More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear - ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.
More of His king - dom's sure in - crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

Chorus



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

More and More I Need Thee

1. More and more I need Thee, Pre - cious Friend di - vine, More and
 2. More and more I need Thee, Thou, my all in all; More and
 3. More and more I need Thee, In temp - ta - tion's hour; More and
 4. More and more I need Thee, While the days go by; More and

more I need Thee, In this heart of mine, Thou hast led me
 more I need Thee, Lest I faint and fall, I am weak and
 more I need Thee, Need thy keep - ing pow'r; Let my soul up -
 more I need Thee, While the mo - ments fly; In Thy se - cret

ev - er, Still my ref - uge be. Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -
 help - less, Thou, my strength must be; Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -
 lift - ed, Cling by faith to Thee, Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -
 pres - ence, Let my dwell - ing be; Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A -

Chorus

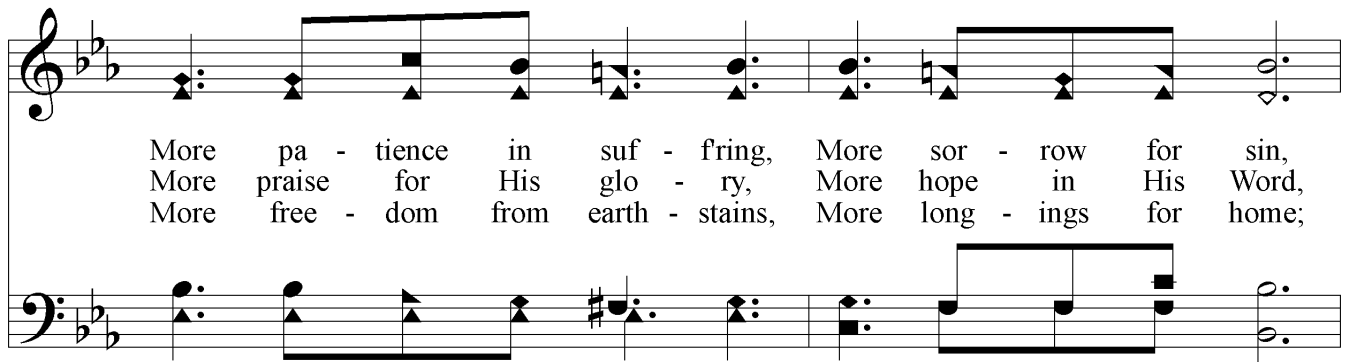
bide with me. More and more, and more I need Thee oh, I
 More and more, yes, more and more,

need Thee! Sav - ior, lov - ing Sav - ior, A - bide with me.

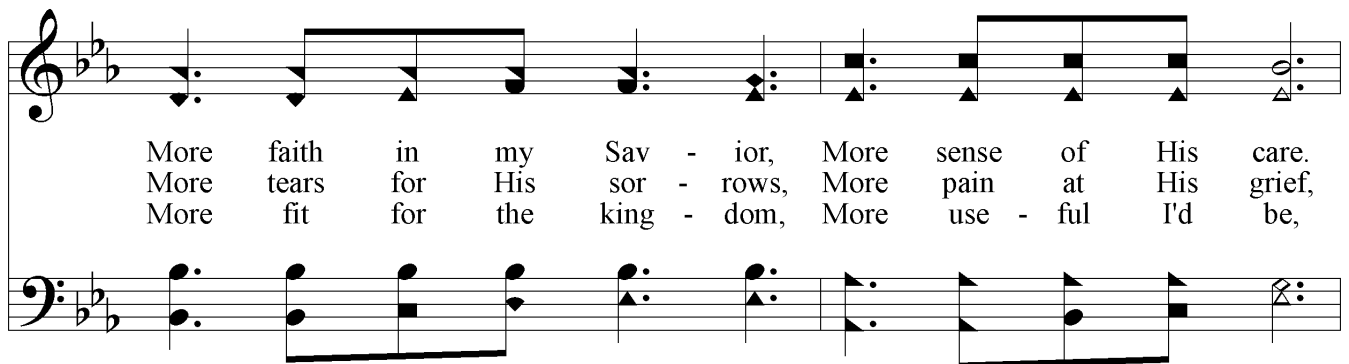
More Holiness Give Me



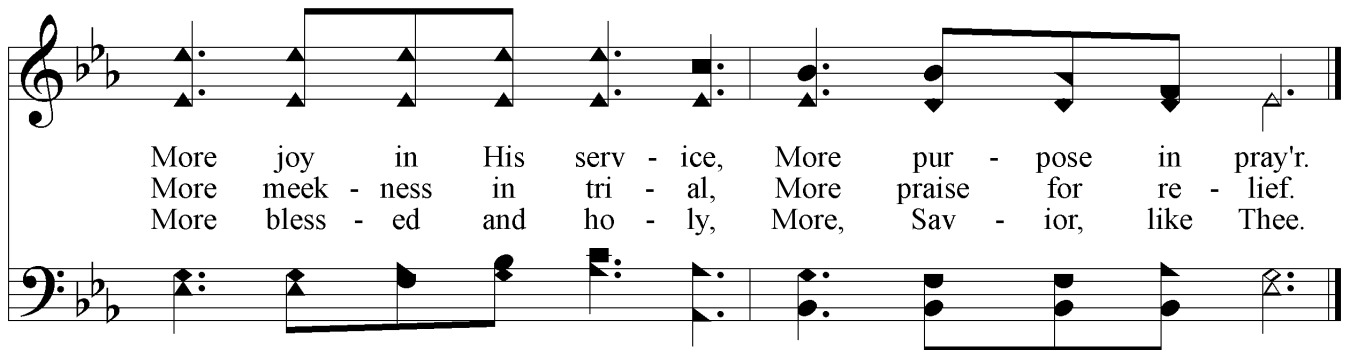
1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ings with - in,
 2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord,
 3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come,



More pa - tience in suf - fring, More sor - row for sin,
 More praise for His glo - ry, More hope in His Word,
 More free - dom from earth - stains, More long - ings for home;

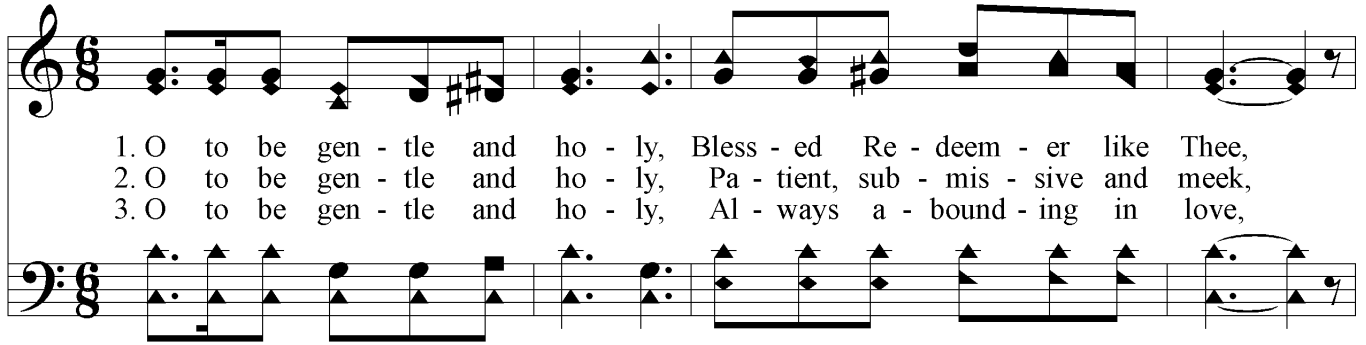


More faith in my Sav - ior, More sense of His care.
 More tears for His sor - rows, More pain at His grief,
 More fit for the king - dom, More use - ful I'd be,

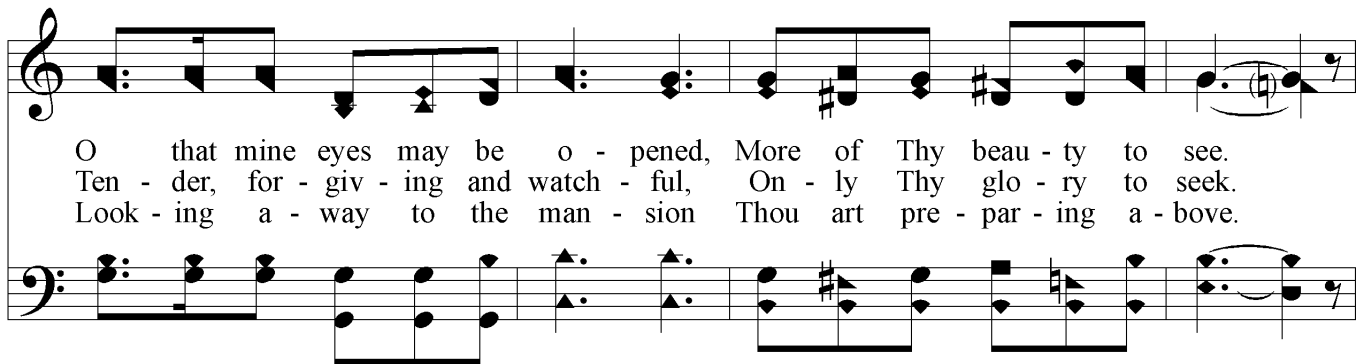


More joy in His serv - ice, More pur - pose in pray'r.
 More meek - ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
 More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - ior, like Thee.

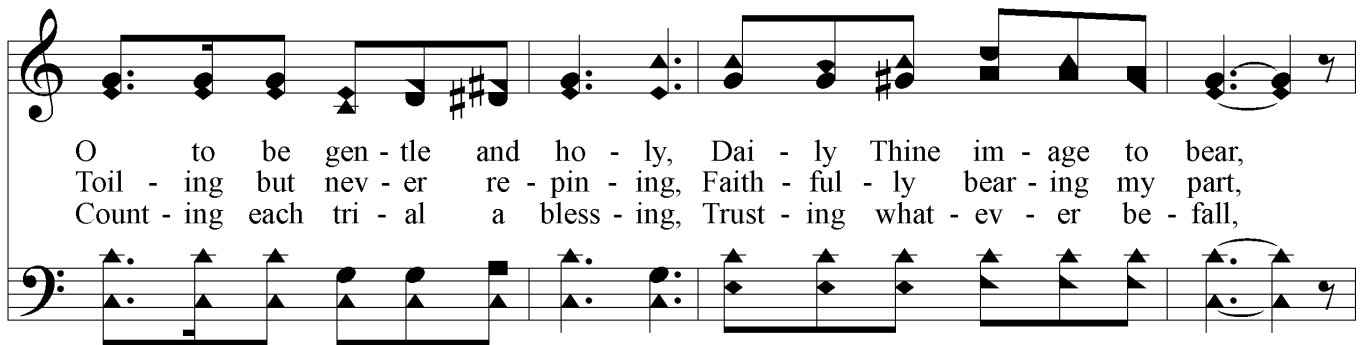
More Holy Would I Be



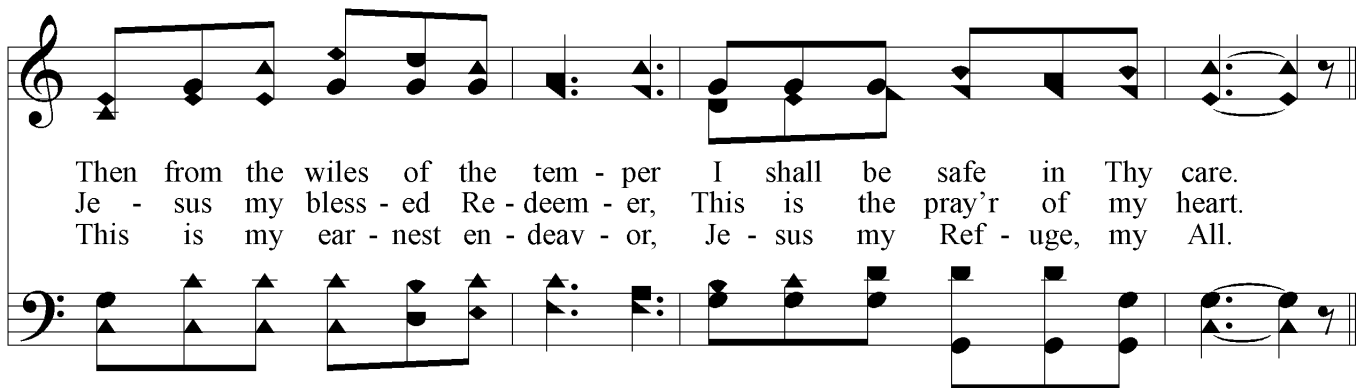
1. O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Bless - ed Re - deem - er like Thee,
 2. O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Pa - tient, sub - mis - sive and meek,
 3. O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Al - ways a - bound - ing in love,



O that mine eyes may be o - pened, More of Thy beau - ty to see.
 Ten - der, for - giv - ing and watch - ful, On - ly Thy glo - ry to seek.
 Look - ing a - way to the man - sion Thou art pre - par - ing a - bove.



O to be gen - tle and ho - ly, Dai - ly Thine im - age to bear,
 Toil - ing but nev - er re - pin - ing, Faith - ful - ly bear - ing my part,
 Count - ing each tri - al a bless - ing, Trust - ing what - ev - er be - fall,



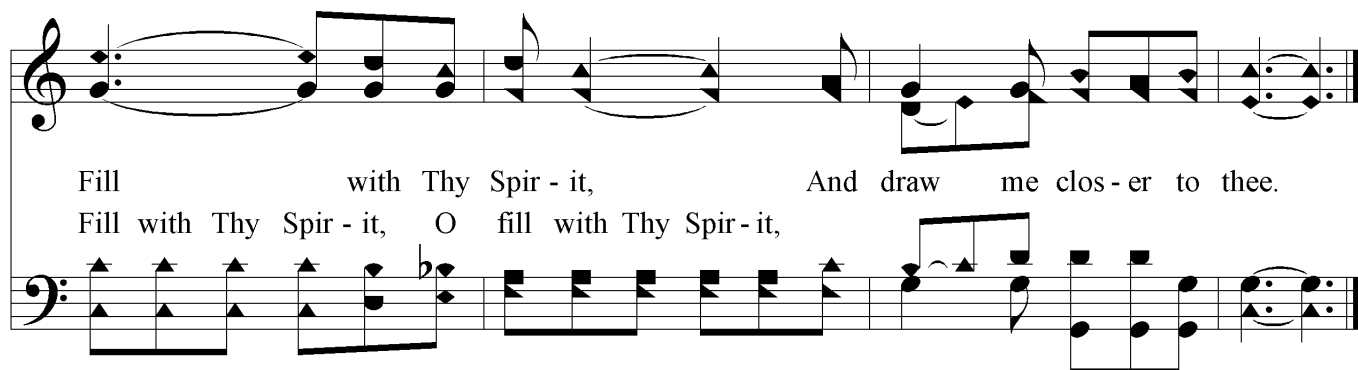
Then from the wiles of the tem - per I shall be safe in Thy care.
 Je - sus my bless - ed Re - deem - er, This is the pray'r of my heart.
 This is my ear - nest en - deav - or, Je - sus my Ref - uge, my All.

More Holy Would I Be

Chorus

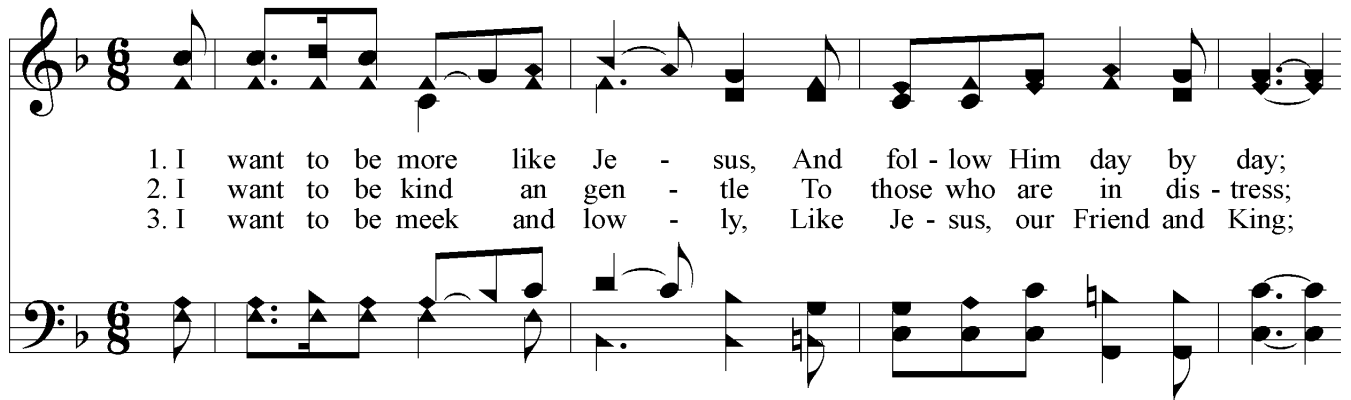


Ho - ly, more ho - ly, O still would I be,
Ho-ly, more ho - ly, Ho-ly, more ho - ly, Bless-ed Re-deem - er, O still would I be,

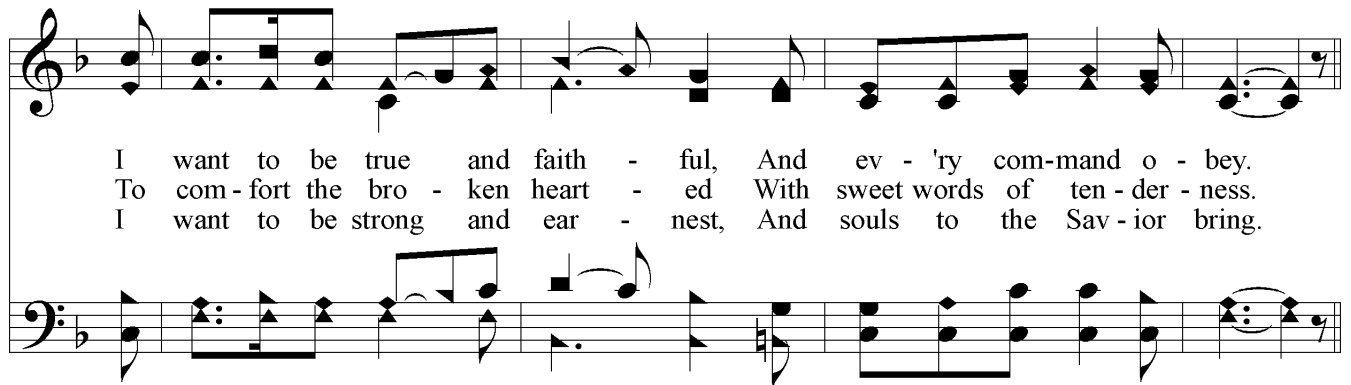


Fill with Thy Spir - it, And draw me clos - er to thee.
Fill with Thy Spir - it, O fill with Thy Spir - it,

More Like Jesus

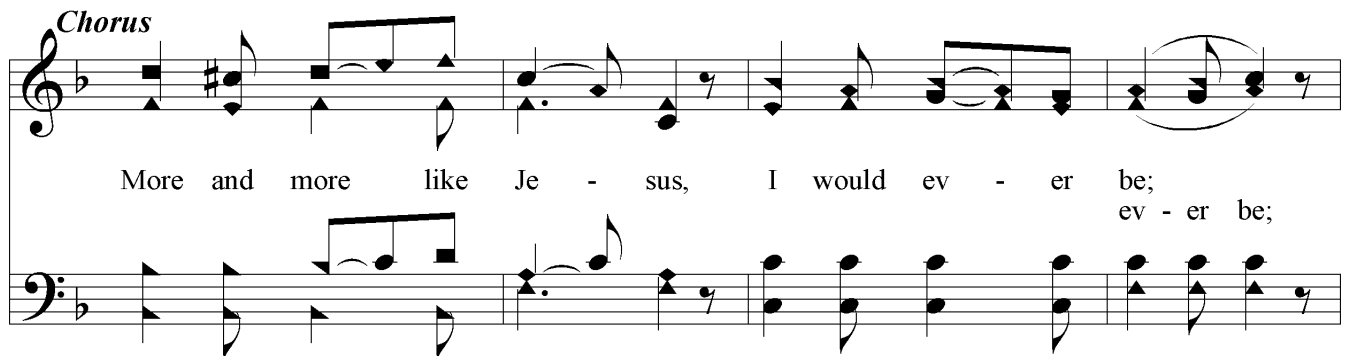


1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol - low Him day by day;
2. I want to be kind an gen - tle To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and King;

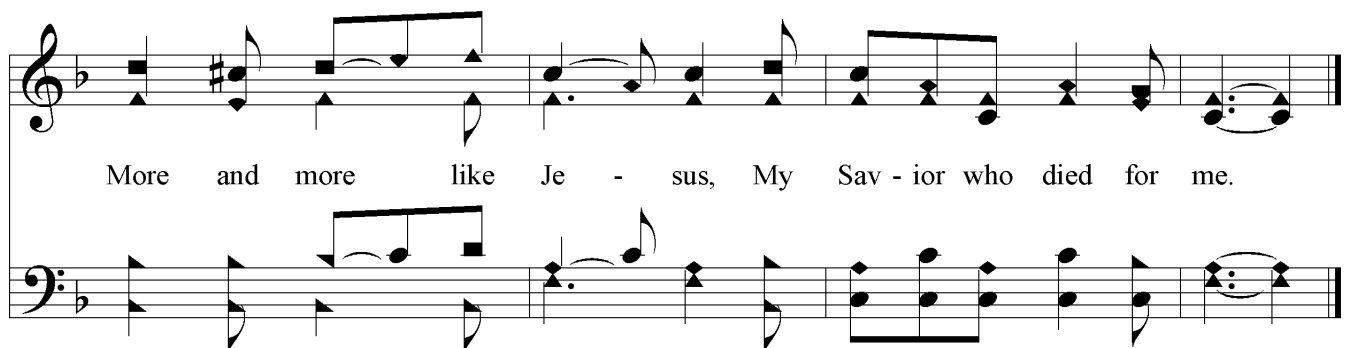


I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - 'ry com-mand o - bey.
To com - fort the bro - ken heart - ed With sweet words of ten - der - ness.
I want to be strong and ear - nest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.

Chorus



More and more like Je - sus, I would ev - er be;
ev - er be;



More and more like Je - sus, My Sav - ior who died for me.

More Like Jesus Would I Be

MORE LIKE JESUS

1. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Sav - ior dwell with me,
2. If He hears the ra - ven's cry; If His ev - er watch - ful eye
3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day,

Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gen - tle as a dove;
Marks the spar - rows when they fall, Sure - ly He will hear my call,
May I rest me by His side, Where the tran - quil wa - ters glide;

More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low;
He will teach me how to live, All my sin - ful tho'ts for - give;
Born of Him, thru grace re - newed, By His love my will sub - dued,

Poor in spir - it would I be— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me.
Pure in heart I still would be— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me.
Rich in faith I still would be— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me.

More Like the Master



1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness,
 2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car - ry
 3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to



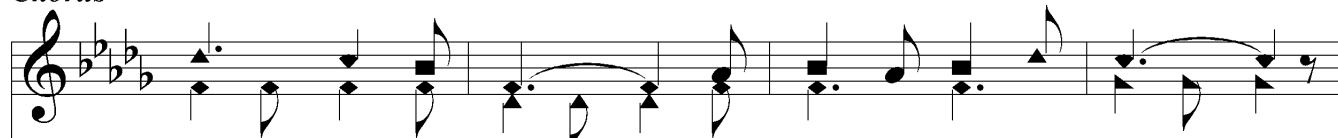
more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour - age to be
 cross - es I must bear; More ear - nest ef - fort His king - dom to in -
 oth - ers I would show; More self de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i -



true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
 crease; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
 lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.



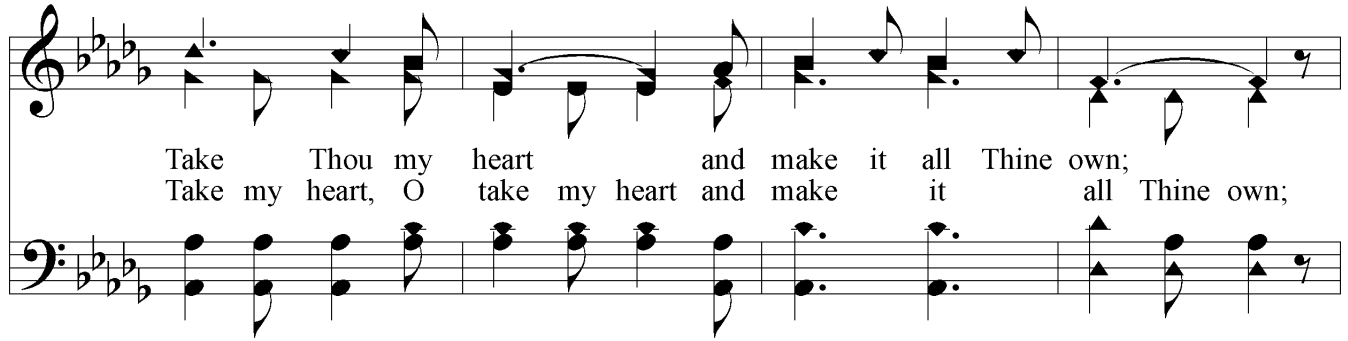
Chorus



Take Thou my heart, I would be Thine a - lone;
 Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone;



More Like the Master



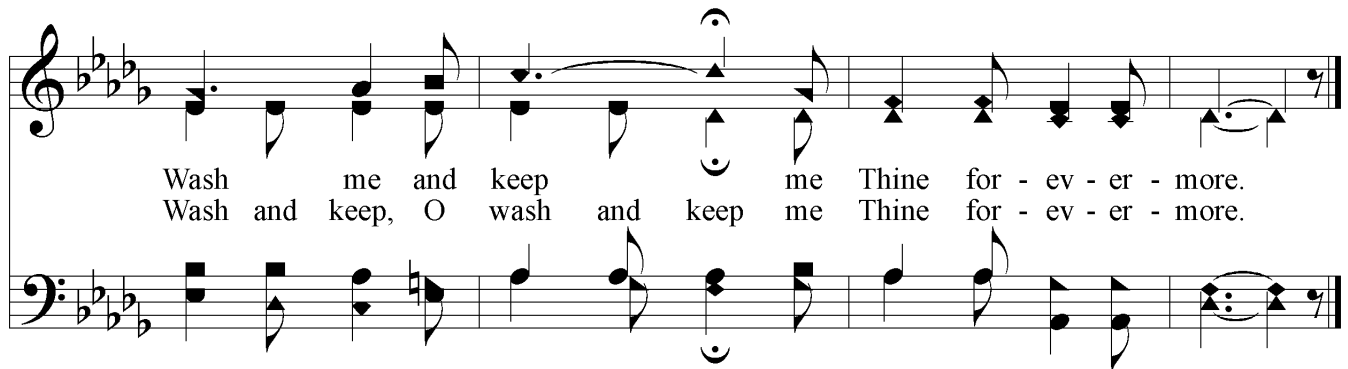
Take Thou my heart and make it all Thine own;
Take my heart, O take my heart and make it all Thine own;

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in G minor (three flats). The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a half note D5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



Purge me from sin, O Lord, I now im - plore,
Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O Lord, I now im - plore,

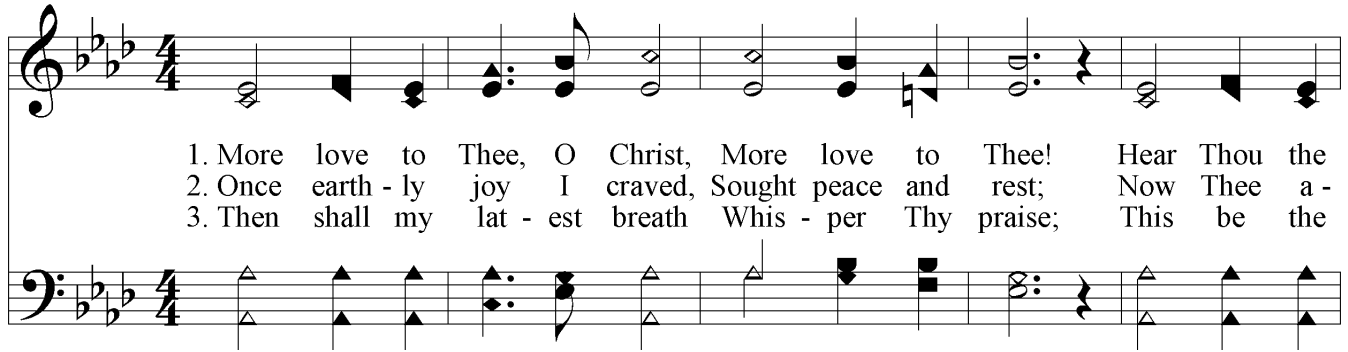
The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff includes a half note E5 and a quarter note D5. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.



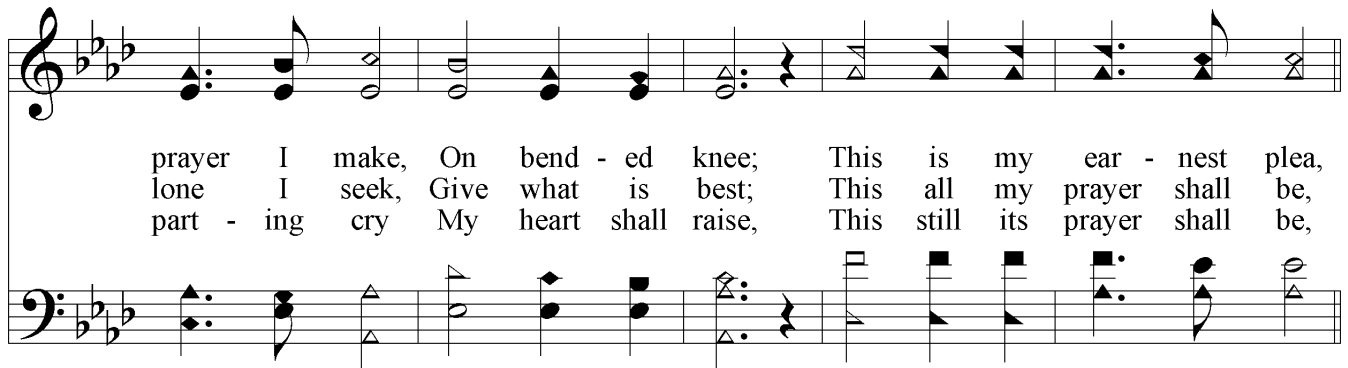
Wash me and keep me Thine for - ev - er - more.
Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for - ev - er - more.

The third system concludes the hymn. The treble staff features a half note C5 and a quarter note Bb4. The bass staff concludes with a half note G3. The piece ends with a double bar line.

More Love To Thee



1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the



prayer I make, On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be,

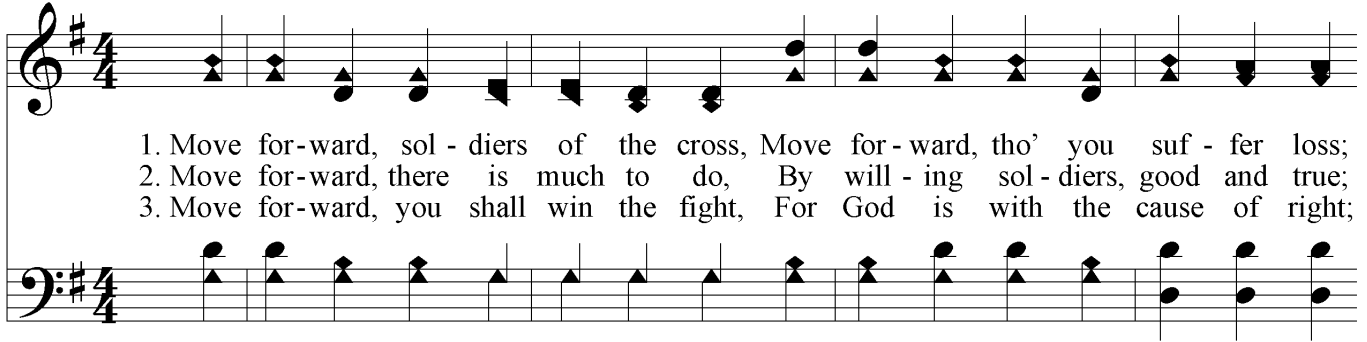
Chorus



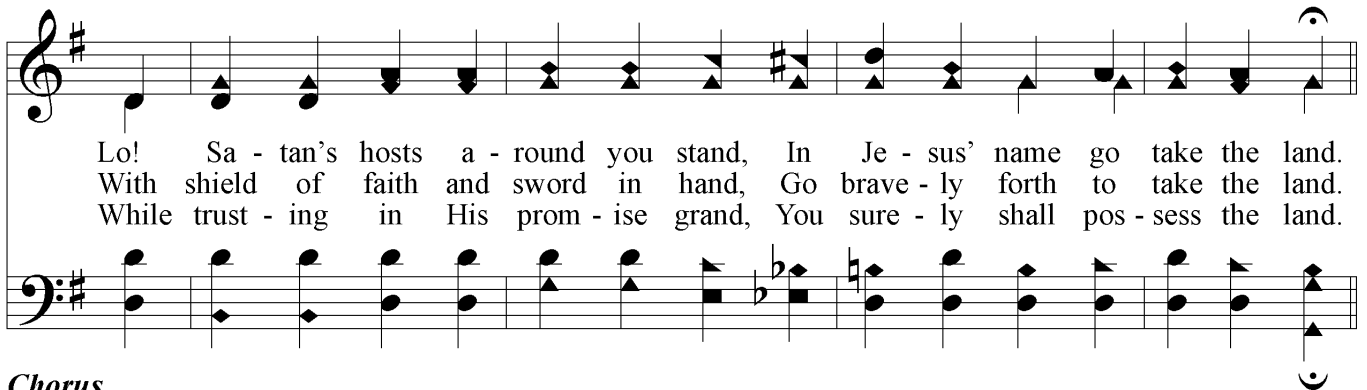
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee.

Move Forward, Soldiers Of The Cross

MOVE FORWARD

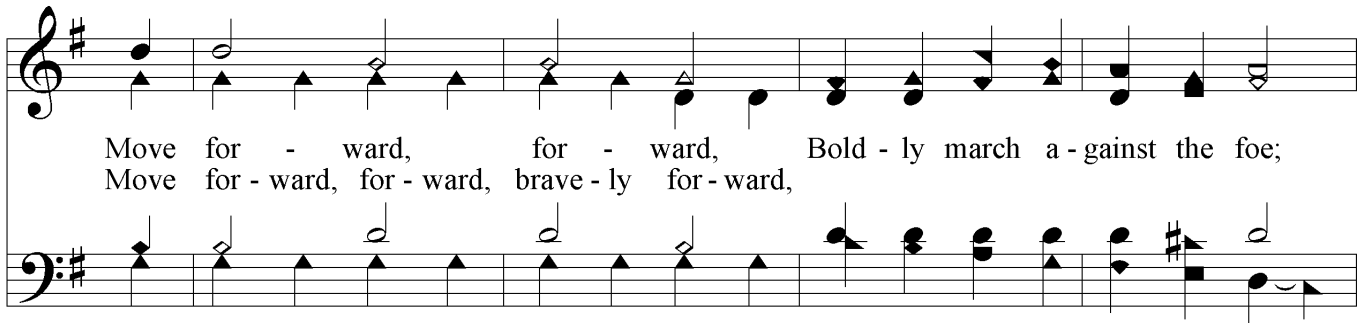


1. Move for-ward, sol - diers of the cross, Move for - ward, tho' you suf - fer loss;
2. Move for-ward, there is much to do, By will - ing sol - diers, good and true;
3. Move for-ward, you shall win the fight, For God is with the cause of right;

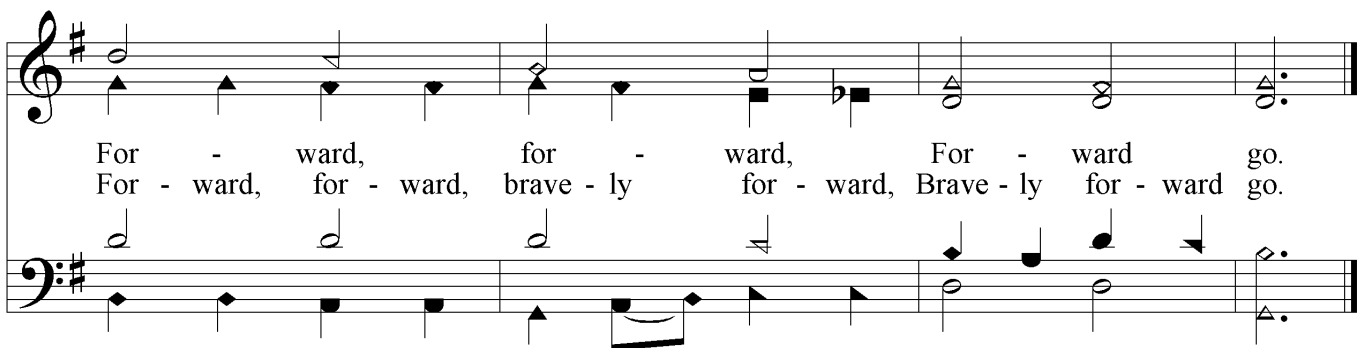


Lo! Sa - tan's hosts a - round you stand, In Je - sus' name go take the land.
With shield of faith and sword in hand, Go brave - ly forth to take the land.
While trust - ing in His prom - ise grand, You sure - ly shall pos - sess the land.

Chorus

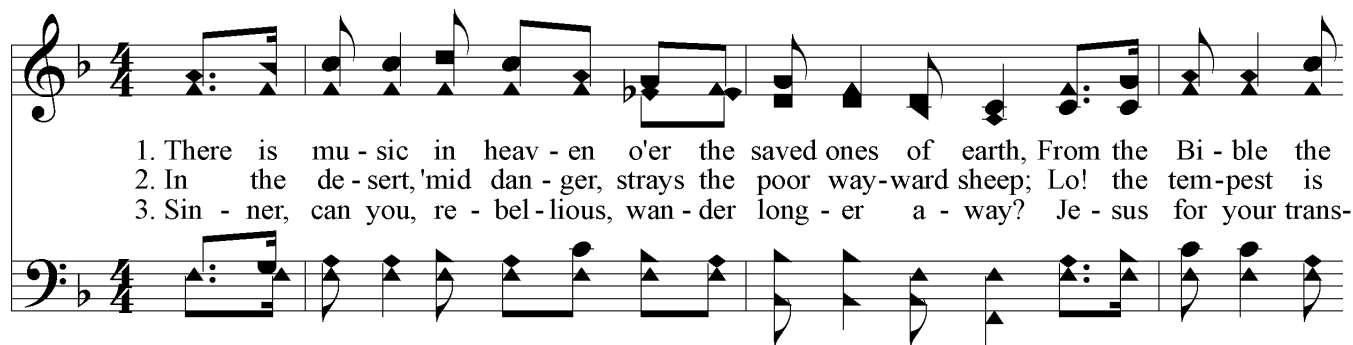


Move for - ward, for - ward, Bold - ly march a - gainst the foe;
Move for - ward, for - ward, brave - ly for - ward,

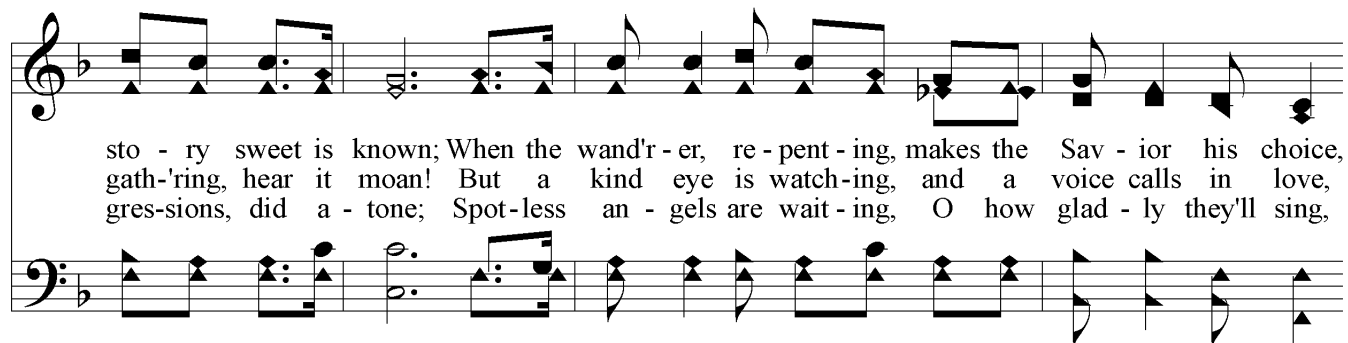


For - ward, for - ward, For - ward go.
For - ward, for - ward, brave - ly for - ward, Brave - ly for - ward go.

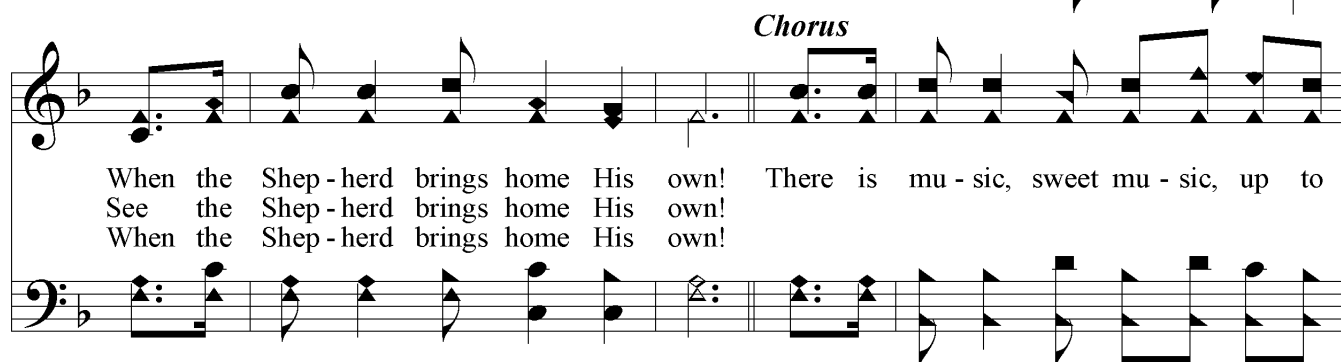
Music in Heaven



1. There is mu - sic in heav - en o'er the saved ones of earth, From the Bi - ble the
2. In the de - sert, 'mid dan - ger, strays the poor way - ward sheep; Lo! the tem - pest is
3. Sin - ner, can you, re - bel - lious, wan - der long - er a - way? Je - sus for your trans -



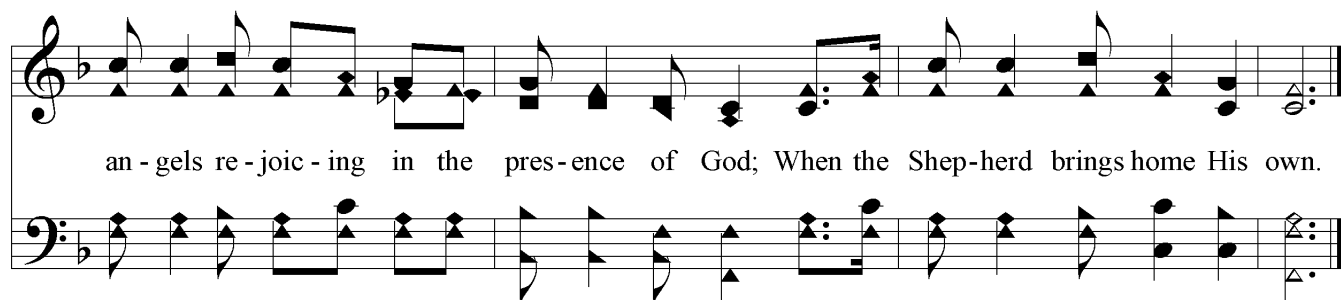
sto - ry sweet is known; When the wand'r - er, re - pent - ing, makes the Sav - ior his choice,
gath'ring, hear it moan! But a kind eye is watch - ing, and a voice calls in love,
gres - sions, did a - tone; Spot - less an - gels are wait - ing, O how glad - ly they'll sing,



Chorus
When the Shep - herd brings home His own! There is mu - sic, sweet mu - sic, up to
See the Shep - herd brings home His own!
When the Shep - herd brings home His own!

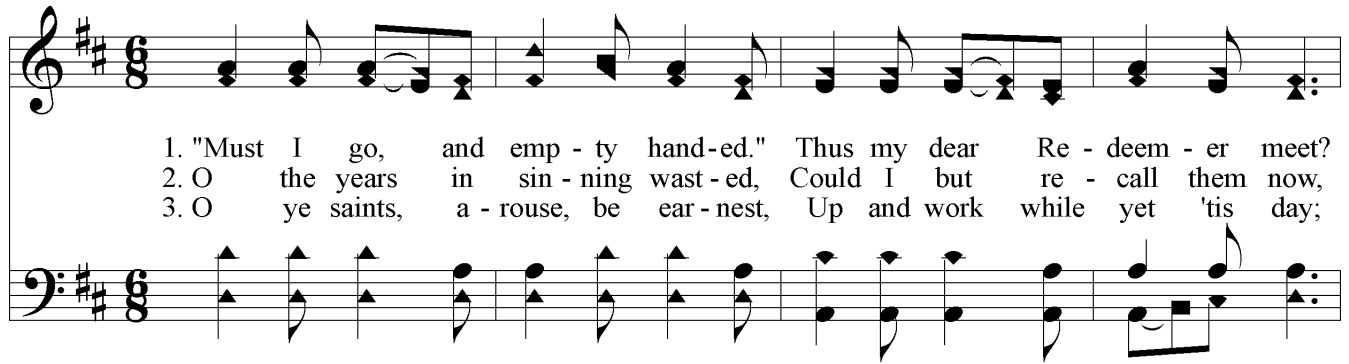


heav - en we know, O what in - t'rest for err - ing mor - tals shown! Ho - ly

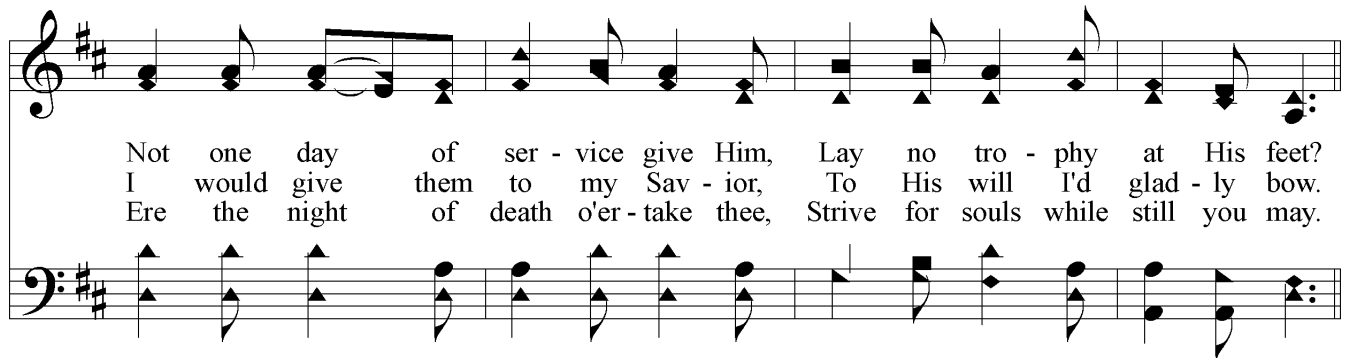


an - gels re - joic - ing in the pres - ence of God; When the Shep - herd brings home His own.

Must I Go, and Empty-Handed?



1. "Must I go, and emp - ty hand-ed." Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. O the years in sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
3. O ye saints, a - rouse, be ear - nest, Up and work while yet 'tis day;

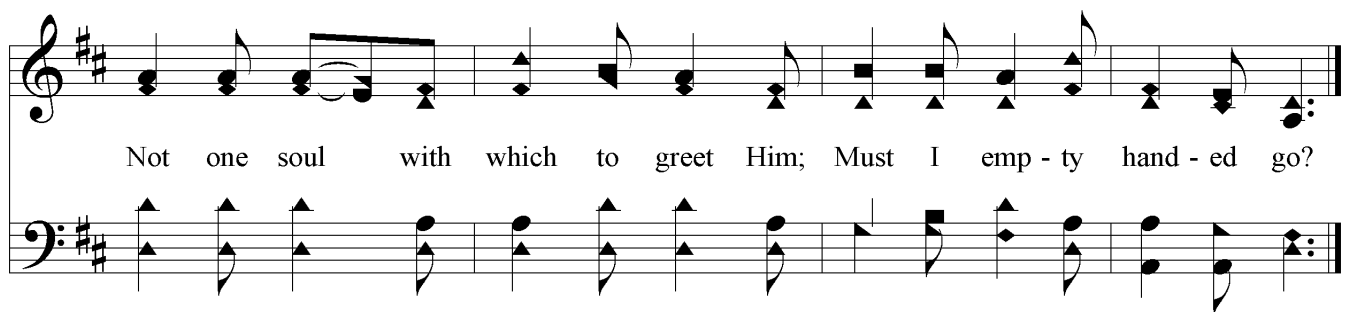


Not one day of ser - vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
I would give them to my Sav - ior, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er - take thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

Chorus



"Must I go, and emp - ty hand - ed?" Must I meet my Sav - ior so?



Not one soul with which to greet Him; Must I emp - ty hand - ed go?

Must Jesus Bear The Cross Alone?

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in the key of A major (three sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the Soprano and Tenor parts, with the Alto and Bass parts providing harmonic support. The lyrics are arranged in two systems, with the first system containing three verses and the second system containing the concluding lines.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

Must We Be to the Judgment Brought

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is primarily in the Soprano and Alto parts, with the Tenor and Bass parts providing harmonic support. The lyrics are arranged in three verses, with the first verse being the most prominent. The score includes a variety of musical notations such as quarter notes, half notes, and rests, as well as dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The lyrics are as follows:

1. Must we be to the judg - ment bro't To an - swer in that day
2. Yes, ev - 'ry se - cret of my heart Shall sure - ly be made known;
3. How care - ful, than, ough we to live, With what im - pres - sive fear,

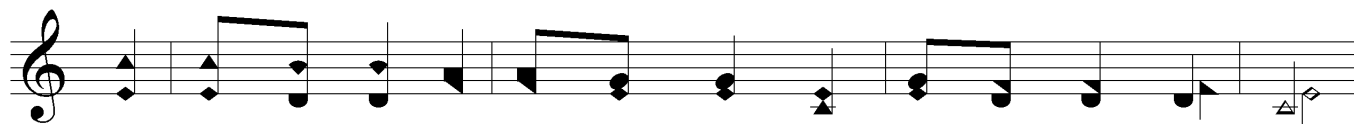
For ev - 'ry vain and i - dle tho't, And ev - 'ry word we say?
God's word shall be the meas - uring chart For all that we have done.
Who such a strict ac - count must give For our be - hav - ior here!

My Blessed Jesus, Thou Hast Taught

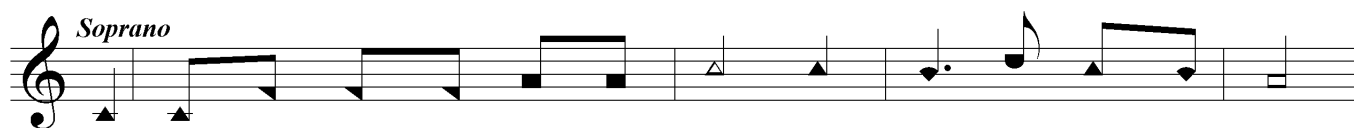
Soprano & Alto



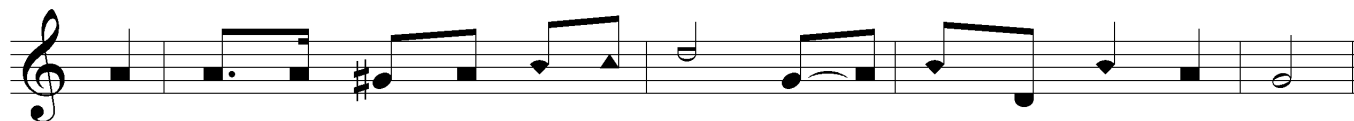
1. My bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast taught A grate - ful heart to sing,
2. I praise Thee for that arm of pow'r Which round my fee - ble frame



While shel - ter - ing my wea - ry soul Be - neath Thy lov - ing wing.
In lov - ing pit - y has been thrown, And still a - bides the same.

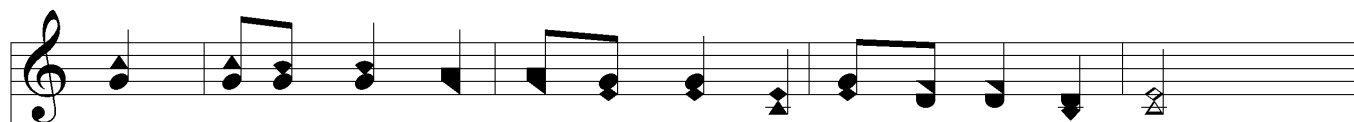


I praise Thee for that look di - vine Which broke my ston - y heart,
In ad - o - ra - tion I would bow, O Lord, be - fore Thy throne,

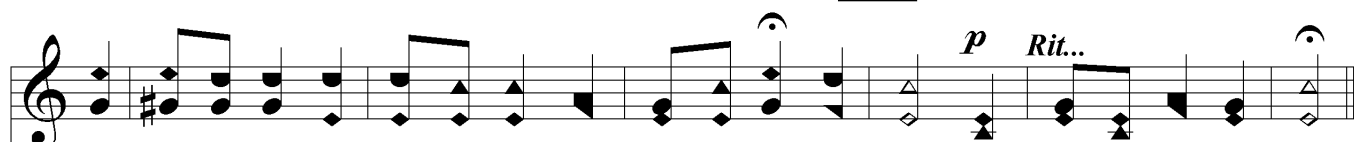
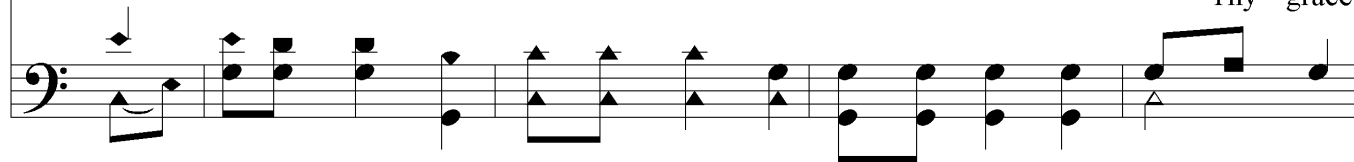


And bade its sor - rows and its fears For - ev - er to de - part.
And yield my - self a sac - ri - fice To Thee, and Thee a - lone!

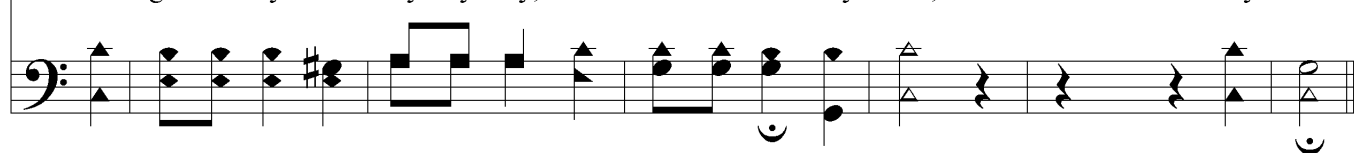
Chorus



Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine; Oh, help me by Thy grace Thy grace



To glo - ri - fy Thee day by day, And then to see Thy face, And then to see Thy face.

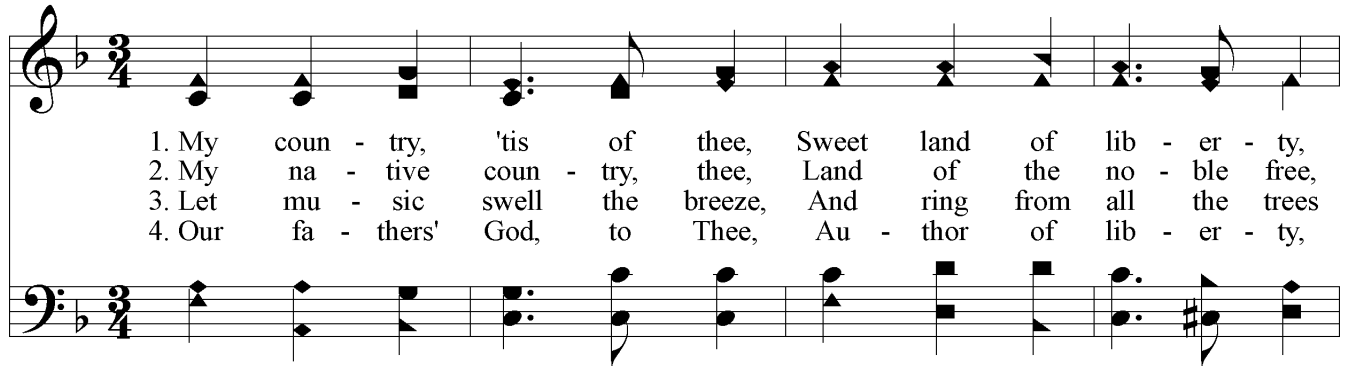


Words: Unknown

Music from Barker, Arr. by J. B. Herbert

PDHymns.com

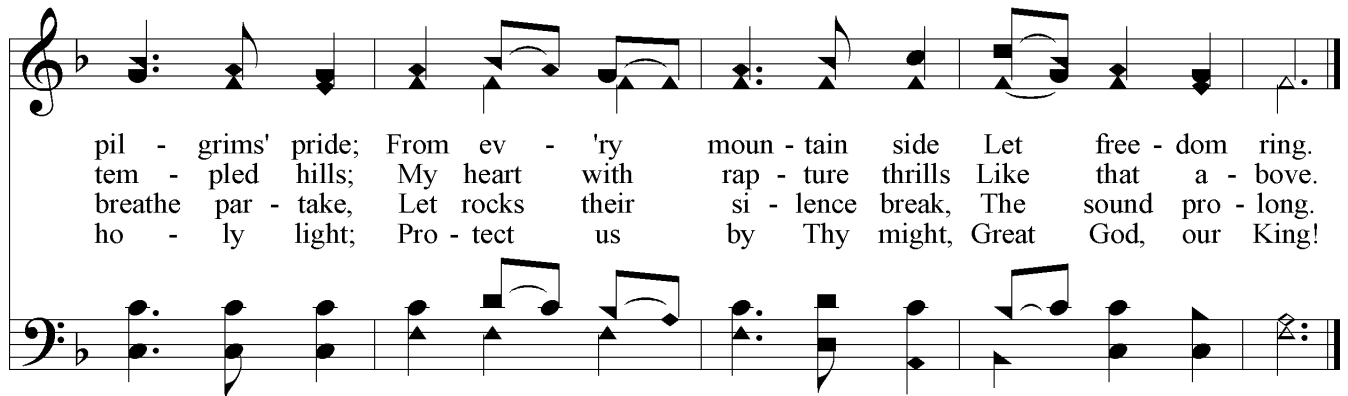
My Country, 'Tis of Thee



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's



pil - grims' pride; From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my breth - ren dear, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing;
3. Should com - ing days be cold and dark We need not cease our sing - ing;
4. Let sor - row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;

Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
Our ab - sent Lord has left us word: Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing.
That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
Our King says Come; and there's our home For ev - er, O for ev - er!


Chorus

For O we stand on Jor - dan's strand; Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

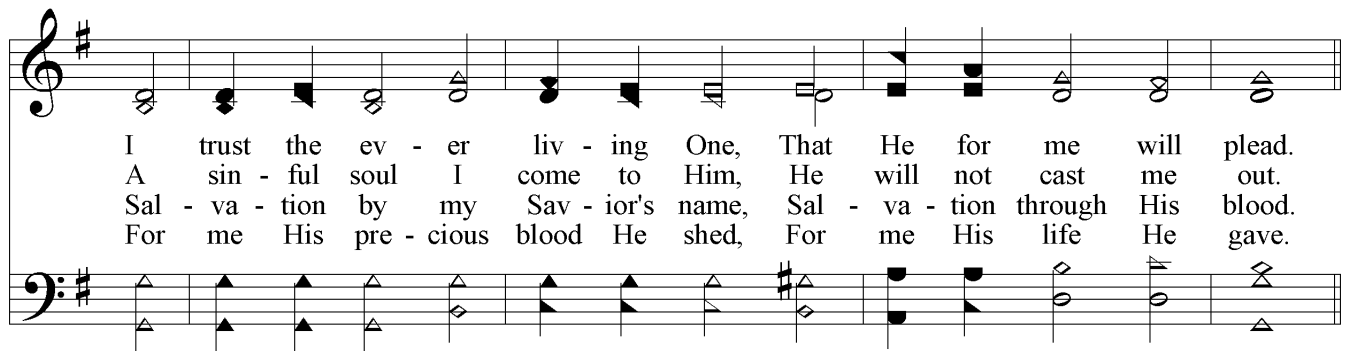
And, just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes four verses of lyrics, a chorus, and a final line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal melody.

My Faith Has Found a Resting Place



1. My faith has found a rest - ing place, Not in a man - made creed;
2. E - nough for me that Je - sus saves, This ends my fear and doubt;
3. My soul is rest - ing on the Word, The liv - ing Word of God:
4. The great Phy - si - cian heals the sick, The lost He came to save;

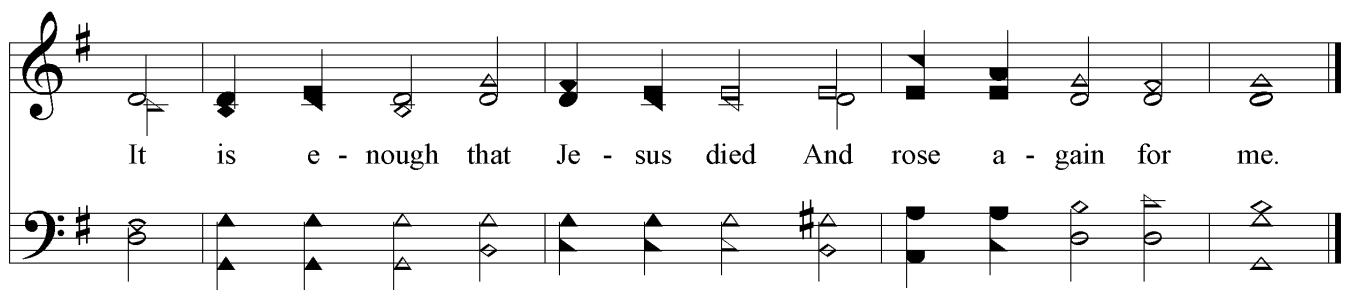


I trust the ev - er liv - ing One, That He for me will plead.
A sin - ful soul I come to Him, He will not cast me out.
Sal - va - tion by my Sav - ior's name, Sal - va - tion through His blood.
For me His pre - cious blood He shed, For me His life He gave.

Chorus



I need no oth - er ar - gu - ment, I need no oth - er plea;



It is e - nough that Je - sus died And rose a - gain for me.

My Faith Looks Up To Thee



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,



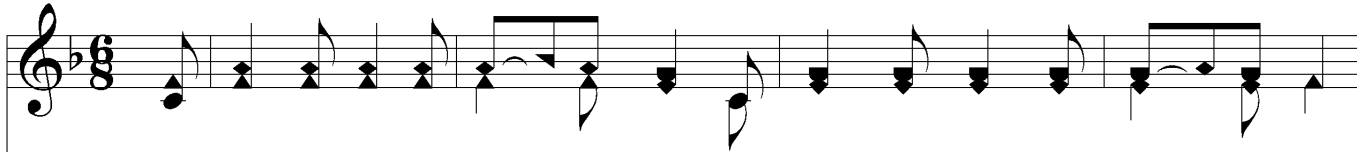
Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's



sins a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee, Pure warm, and change - less be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

My Feet Were In The Miry Clay

THE BLESSED ROCK OF AGES



1. My feet were in the mir - y clay Un - til my Sav - ior came this way;
2. No more up - on the sink - ing sand, The storms may rage on ev - 'ry hand,
3. Oh, sure foun-da-tion for my feet, While dread - ful storms a - round me beat;
4. Oh, shel - ter for the tem - pest-ried, Oh, bless - ed cleft where - in to hide,



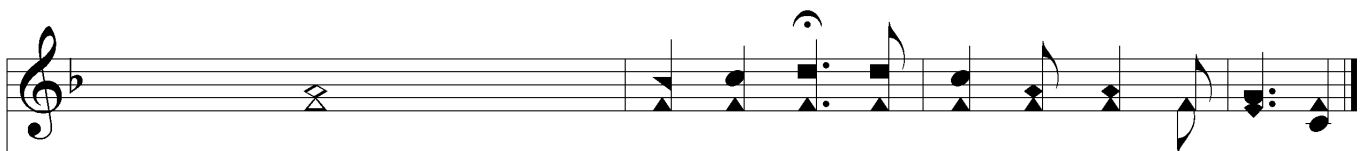
They're safe up - on the Rock to - day, The bless - ed Rock of Ag - es.
I'm not a - fraid, where now I stand Up - on the Rock of Ag - es.
I'll cling to Thee, Thou ref - uge sweet- Thou bless - ed Rock of Ag - es.
In Thee, in Thee will I a - bid- Thou bless - ed Rock of Ag - es.



Chorus



O rest - ful Rock of Ag - es, O peace - ful Rock of Ag - es,



Out of the mir - y clay, Up - on the Rock to - day; The bless - ed Rock of Ag - es.



My God, How Endless Is Thy Love

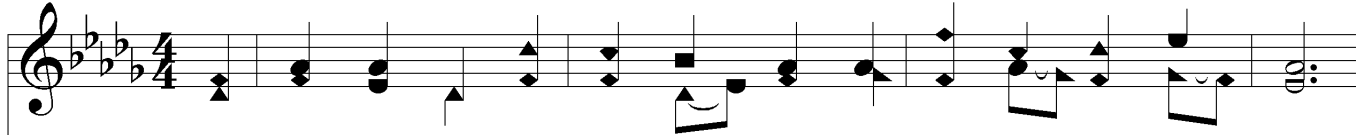
1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are
 2. Thou spread'st the cur - tains of the night, Great Guard - ian
 3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy com - mand, To Thee I

eve - ry eve - ning new; And morn - ing mer - cies
 of my sleep - ing hours; Thy sov - er'ign word re -
 con - se - crate my days, Per - pet - ual bless - ing,

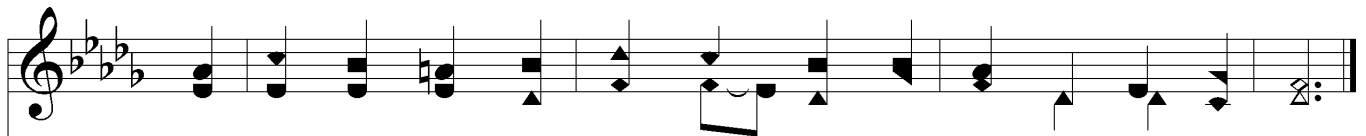
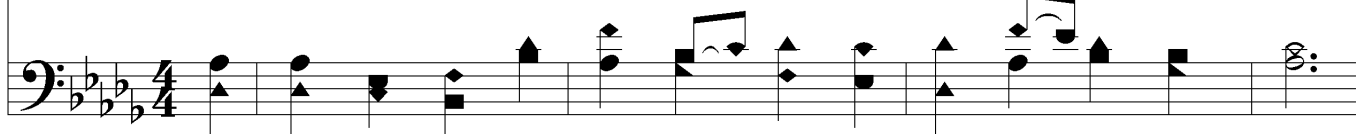
from a - bove Gen - tly dis - till like ear - ly dew.
 stores the light, And quick - ens all my wak - ing pow'rs.
 from Thy hand De - mand per - pet - ual songs of praise. A - men.

My God, How Wonderful Thou Art!

WESTMINSTER



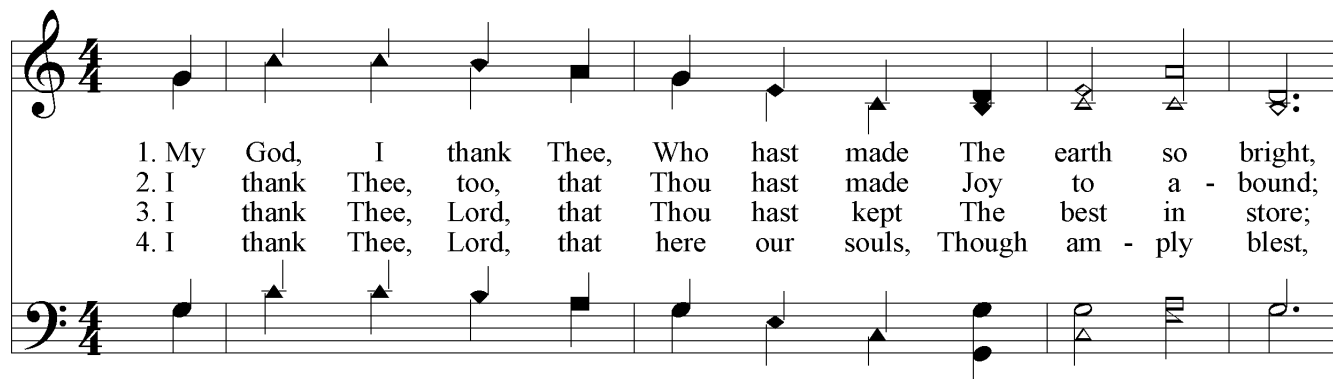
1. My God, how won - der - ful Thou art! Thy maj - es - ty how bright!
2. How dread are Thine e - ter - nal years, Oh, ev - er - last - ing Lord!
3. How beau - ti - ful, how beau - ti - ful, The sight of Thee must be!—
4. Oh! how I fear Thee, liv - ing God! With deep - est, ten - der'st fears,
5. No earth - ly fa - ther loves like Thee, No moth - er, half so mild,



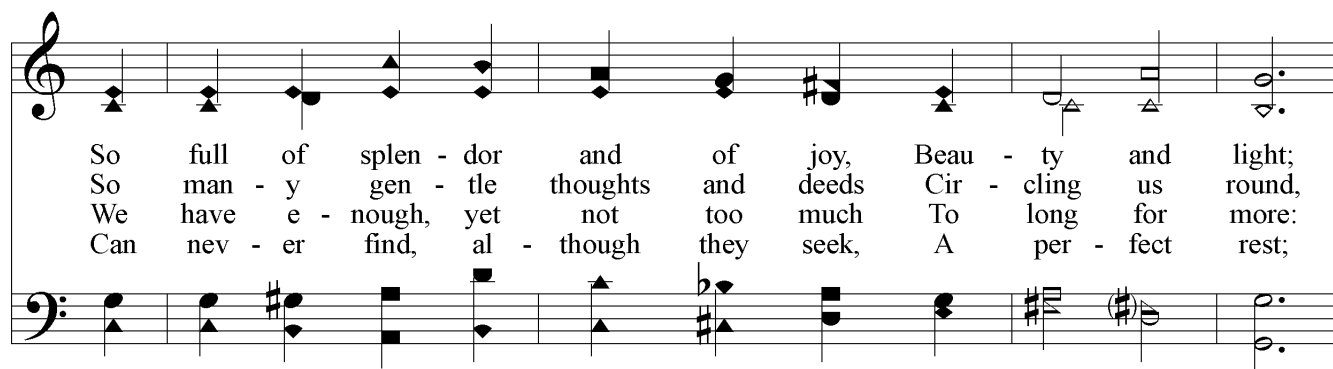
How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light!
By pros - trate spir - its, day and night, In - ces - sant - ly a - dored.
Thine end - less wis - dom, bound - less pow'r, And aw - ful pu - ri - ty!
And wor - ship Thee with trem - bling hope, And pen - i - ten - tial tears.
Bears and for - bears, as Thou hast done With me, Thy sin - ful child.



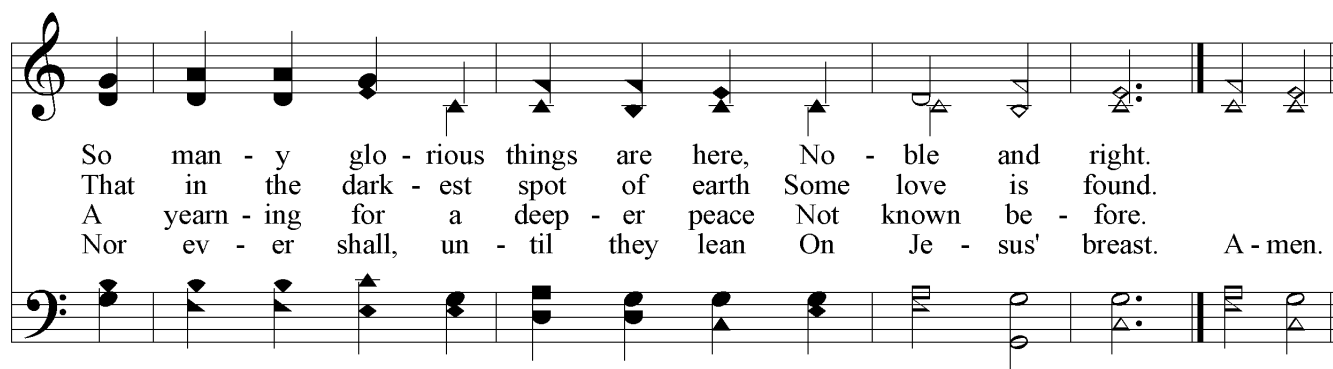
My God, I Thank Thee



1. My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright,
 2. I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound;
 3. I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store;
 4. I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls, Though am - ply blest,



So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;
 So man - y gen - tle thoughts and deeds Cir - cling us round;
 We have e - nough, yet not too much To long for more:
 Can nev - er find, al - though they seek, A per - fect rest;



So man - y glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right.
 That in the dark - est spot of earth Some love is found.
 A yearn - ing for a deep - er peace Not known be - fore.
 Nor ev - er shall, un - til they lean On Je - sus' breast. A - men.

My God, My Father, Though I Stray

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the Soprano and Alto parts, with the Tenor and Bass parts providing harmonic support. The lyrics are arranged in four lines, each corresponding to a different voice part. The first line of lyrics is for the Soprano part, the second for the Alto, the third for the Tenor, and the fourth for the Bass. The music concludes with a final chord in the Soprano and Alto parts, and a final note in the Tenor and Bass parts.

1. My God, my Fa - ther, tho I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,
2. Tho dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still and mur - mur not,
3. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine, and take a - way
4. Then, when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears be - fore,

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Or breathe the prayer di - vine - ly taught, "Thy will be done!"
All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!" A - men.

My Gracious Redeemer I Love!

1. My gra-cious Re-deem-er I love! His prais-es a-loud I'll pro-claim,
2. Earth's pal-ac-es, scep-ters, and crowns, Their pride with dis-dain I sur-vey;

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble, and the bass line provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with two verses provided.

And join with the ar-mies a-bove, To shout His a-dor-a-ble name.
Their pomps are but shad-ows and sounds, And pass in a mo-ment a-way.

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves.

To gaze on His glo-ries di-vine Shall be my e-ter-nal em-ploy,
The crown that my Sav-ior be-stows Yon per-ma-nent sun shall out-shine;

The third system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves.

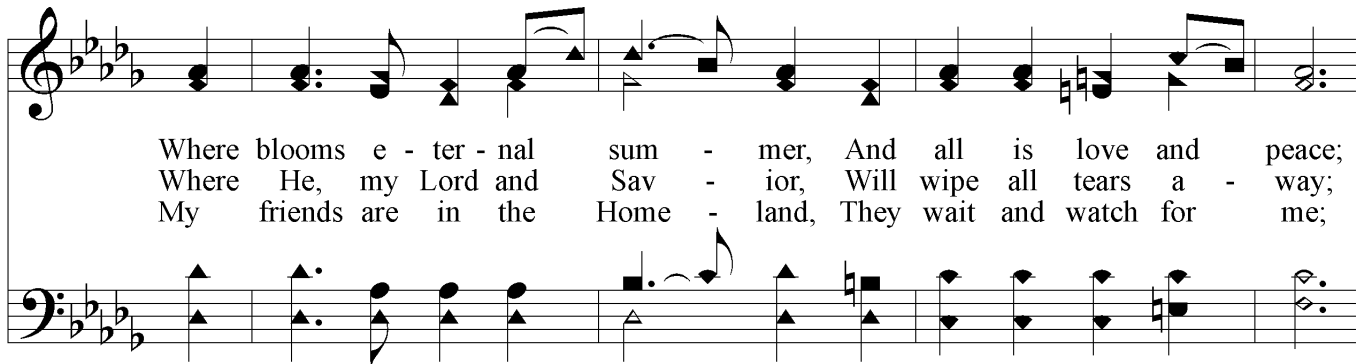
And feel them in-ces-sant-ly shine, My bound-less, in-ef-fa-ble joy.
My joy ev-er-last-ing-ly flows— My God, my Re-deem-er, is mine.

The fourth system concludes the hymn with the final melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves.

My Heart Is In The Homeland



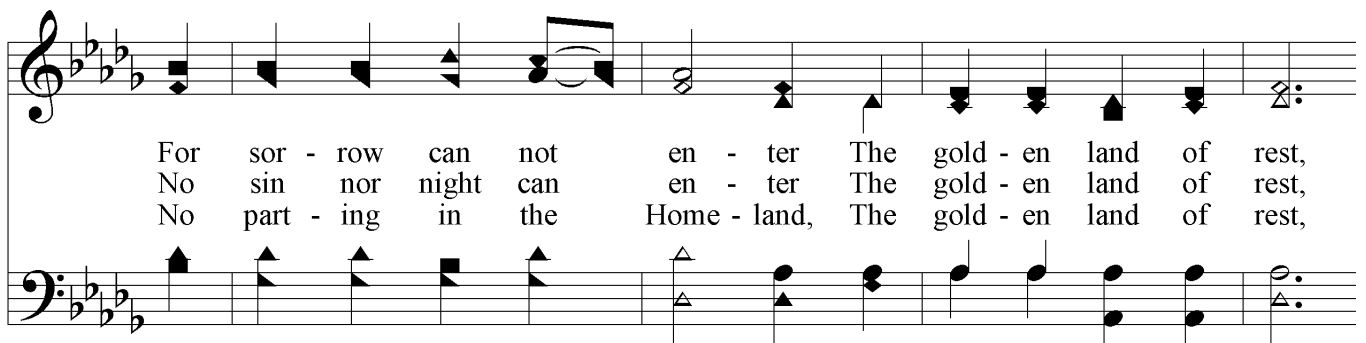
1. My heart is in the Home - land, Where ev - 'ry storm shall cease,
2. My heart is in the Home - land, That realm of end - less day,
3. My heart is in the Home - land, And there I soon shall be;



Where blooms e - ter - nal sum - mer, And all is love and peace;
Where He, my Lord and Sav - ior, Will wipe all tears a - way;
My friends are in the Home - land, They wait and watch for me;



There dwell the tried and faith - ful, No more with care op - pressed,
My tho'ts are in the Home - land A - mong the pure and blest,
Oh, joy - ful, joy - ful meet - ing, With those for - ev - er blest,



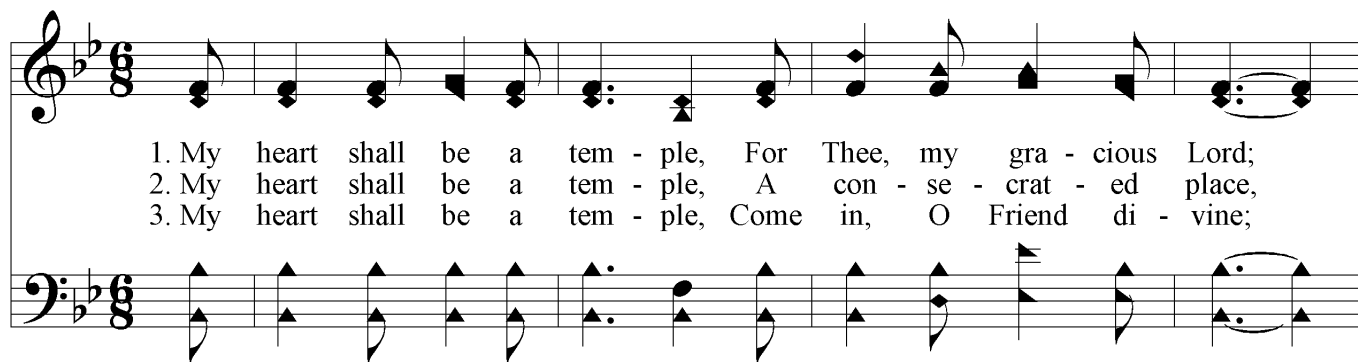
For sor - row can not en - ter The gold - en land of rest,
No sin nor night can en - ter The gold - en land of rest,
No part - ing in the Home - land, The gold - en land of rest,

My Heart Is In The Homeland

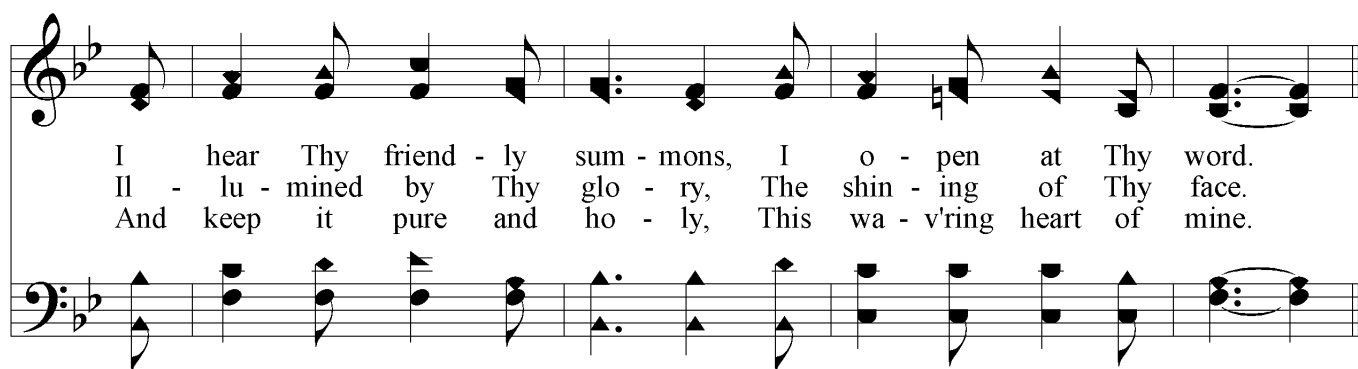
The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of 16 measures. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are: For sor - row can not en - ter The gold - en land of rest. No sin nor night can en - ter The gold - en land of rest. No part - ing in the Home - land, The gold - en land of rest.

For sor - row can not en - ter The gold - en land of rest.
No sin nor night can en - ter The gold - en land of rest.
No part - ing in the Home - land, The gold - en land of rest.

My Heart Shall Be A Temple



1. My heart shall be a tem - ple, For Thee, my gra - cious Lord;
2. My heart shall be a tem - ple, A con - se - crat - ed place,
3. My heart shall be a tem - ple, Come in, O Friend di - vine;



I hear Thy friend - ly sum - mons, I o - pen at Thy word.
Il - lu - mined by Thy glo - ry, The shin - ing of Thy face.
And keep it pure and ho - ly, This wa - v'ring heart of mine.

Chorus

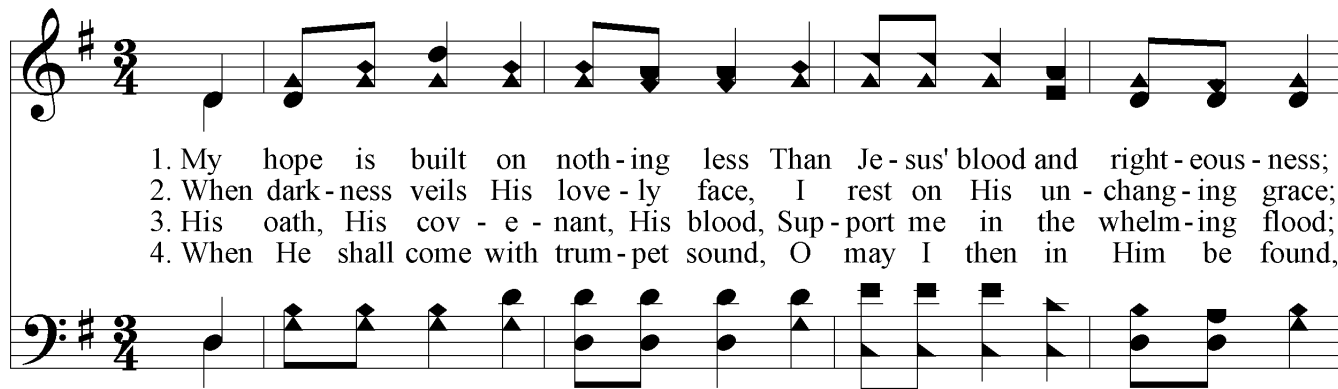


My heart shall be a tem - ple; Pre - pared for Thee a - lone;

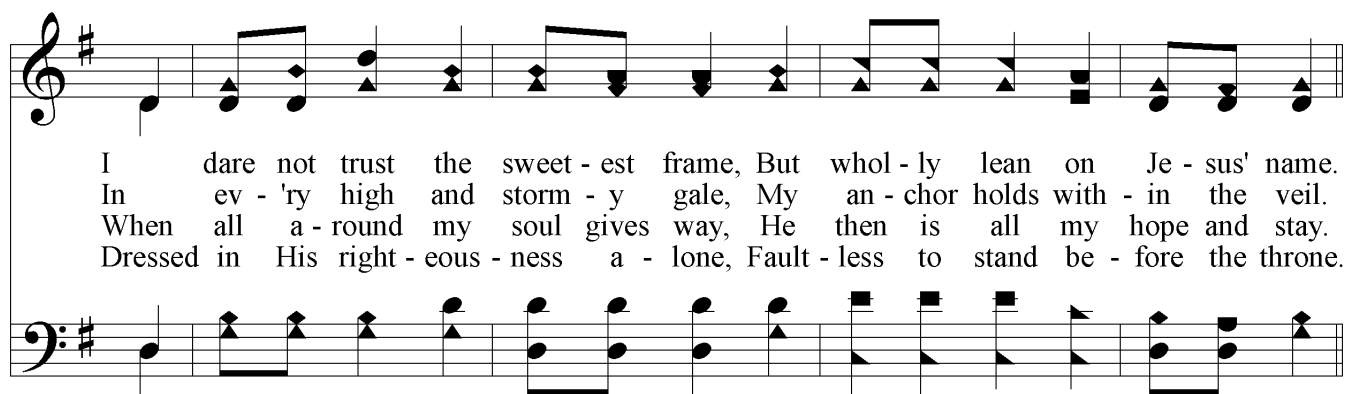


I pray Thee come and en - ter, Oh, make it all Thine own.

My Hope Is Built On Nothing Less

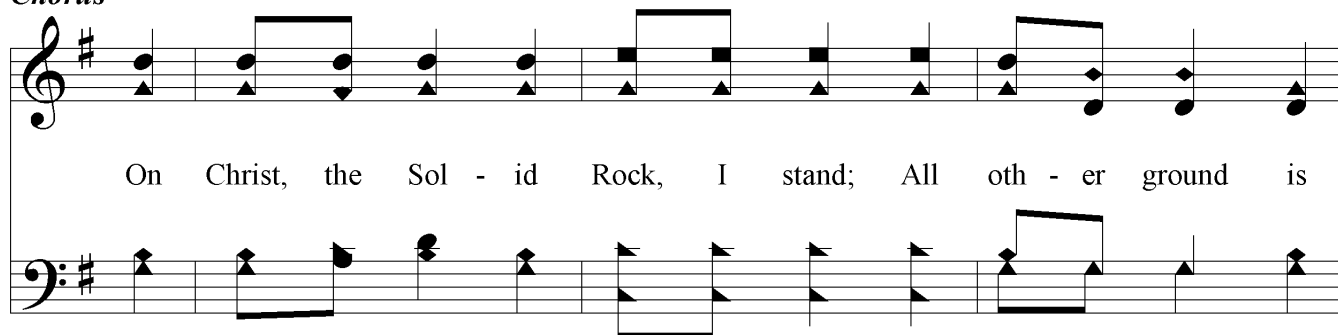


1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness;
2. When dark - ness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un - chang - ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the whelm - ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, O may I then in Him be found,

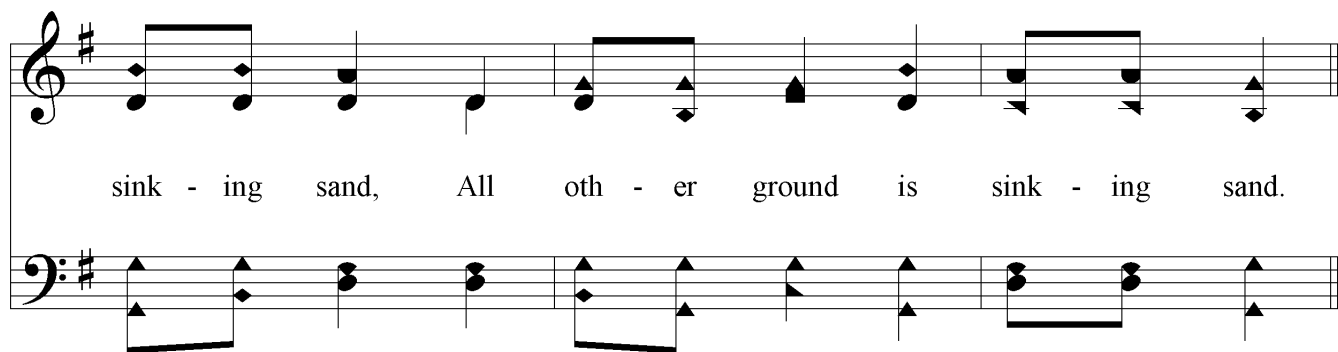


I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the veil.
When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right - eous - ness a - lone, Fault - less to stand be - fore the throne.

Chorus



On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is



sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt



1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine;
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! If need - y here and poor,
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thru many a tear,
 4. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well with me;


In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
 Give me Thy peo - ple's bread, Their por - tion rich and sure;
 Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear;
 Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee;

Thru sor - row and thru joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
 The man - na of Thy Word, Let my soul feed up - on,
 Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed oft a - lone,
 Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

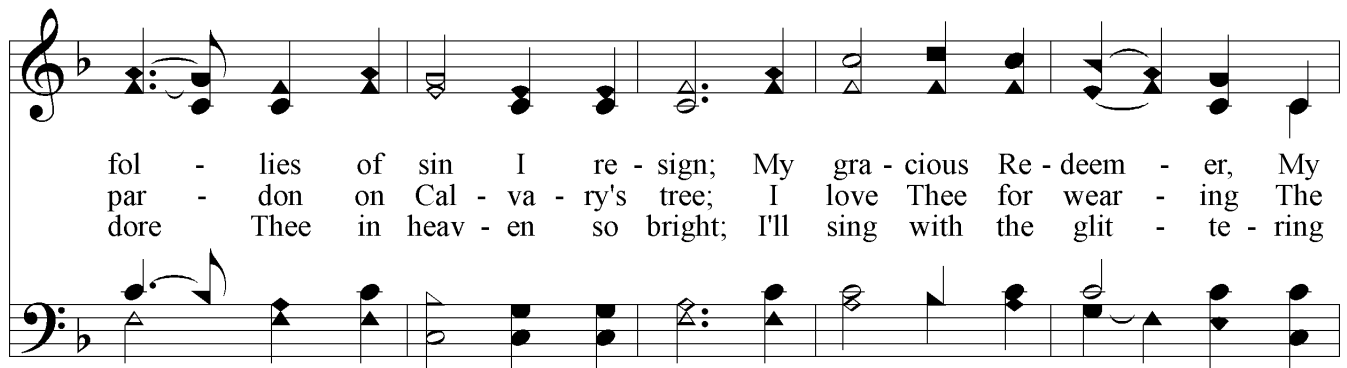
And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 And, if all else should fail, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

Words by Benjamin Schmolke, Translated by Jane Borthwick
 Music by Carl von Weber

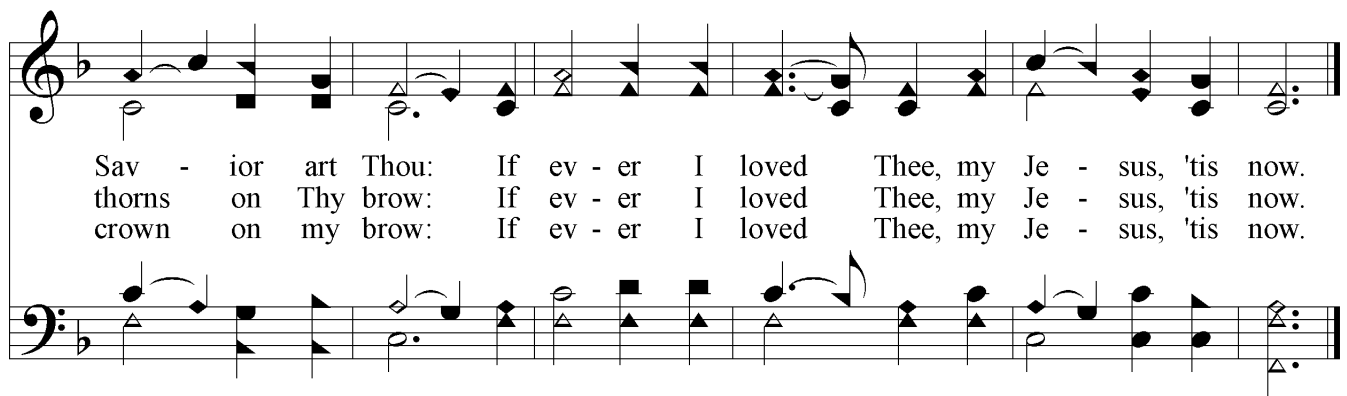
My Jesus, I Love Thee



1. My Je - sus, I Love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou has first loved me, And pur - chased my
3. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, My
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing The
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - te - ring



Sav - ior art Thou: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

My Lord And I

(I Have A Friend So Precious)

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
 2. Some - times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,
 3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
 4. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,

He loves me with such ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly;
 And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek;
 I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
 And so He bids me go and speak The lov - ing word for Him;

I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
 He leads me in the paths of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky,
 He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me how to try,
 He bids me tell His won - drous love, And why He came to die,

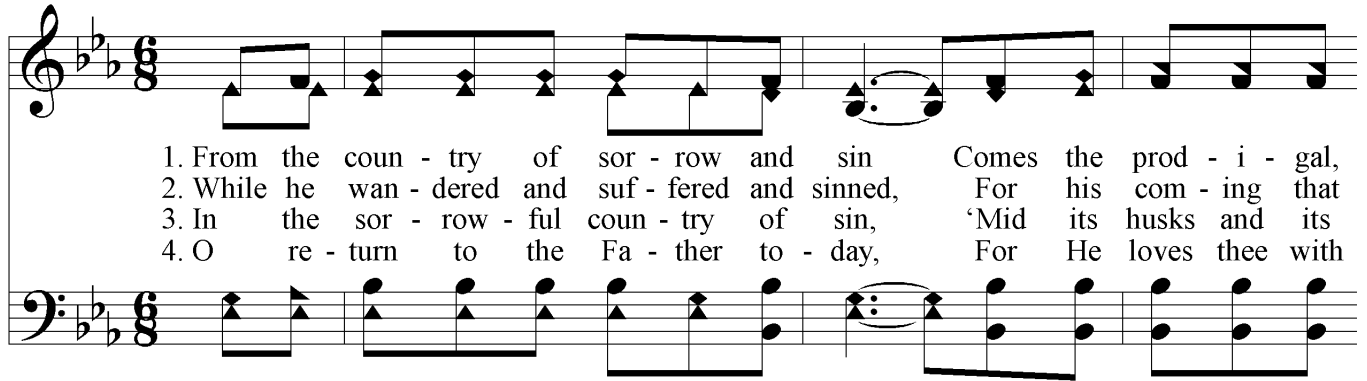
And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

My Lord, My Truth, My Way

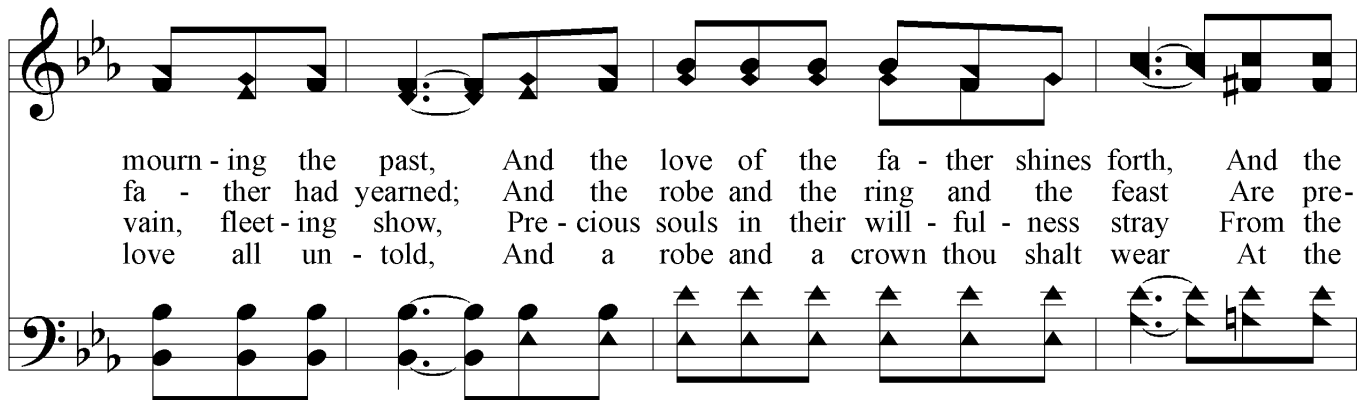
1. My Lord, my Truth, my Way, My sure, un - err - ing light,
2. My Wis - dom and my Guide, My Coun - se - lor Thou art;
3. Teach me the hap - py art In all things to de - pend

On Thee my fee - ble steps I stay, Which Thou wilt guide a - right.
O nev - er let me leave Thy side, Or from Thy paths de - part!
On Thee: O nev - er, Lord, de - part, But love me to the end!

My Lord, To Thee

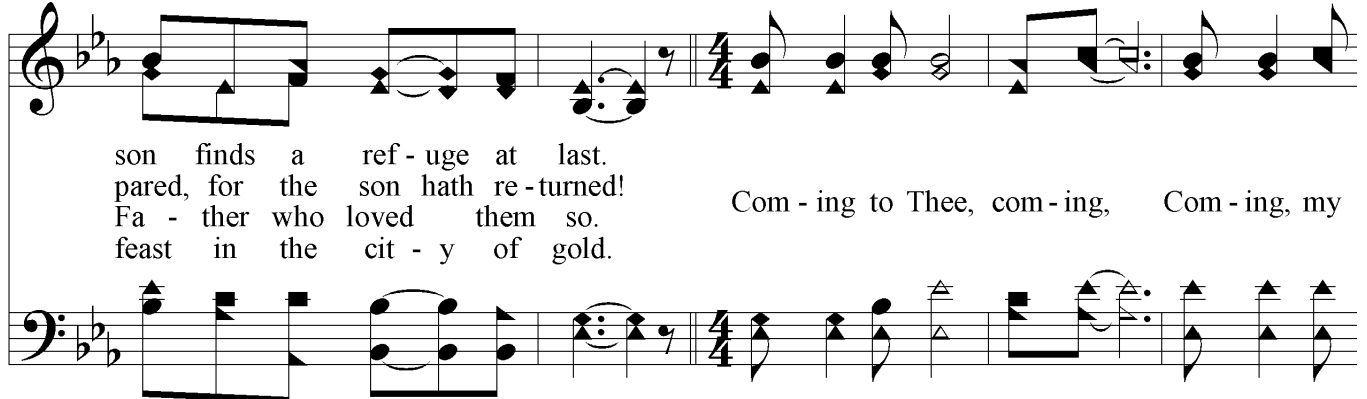


1. From the coun - try of sor - row and sin Comes the prod - i - gal,
2. While he wan - dered and suf - fered and sinned, For his com - ing that
3. In the sor - row - ful coun - try of sin, 'Mid its husks and its
4. O re - turn to the Fa - ther to - day, For He loves thee with

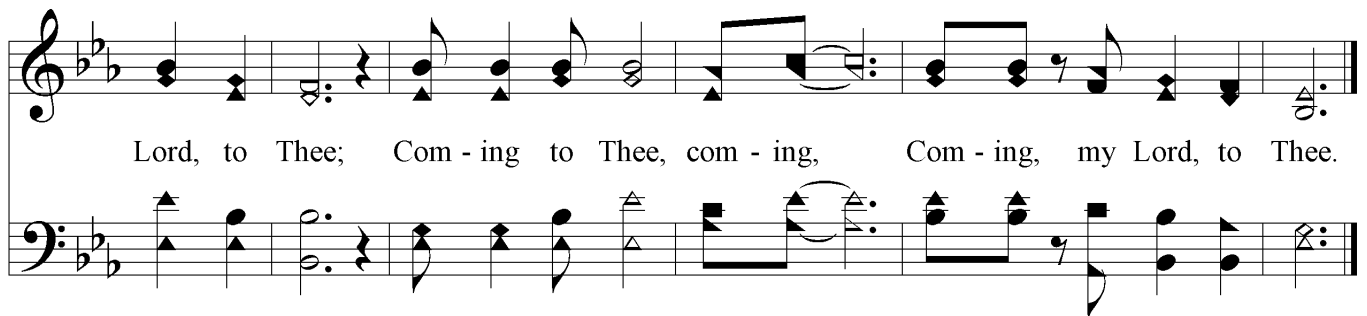


mourn - ing the past, And the love of the fa - ther shines forth, And the
fa - ther had yearned; And the robe and the ring and the feast Are pre -
vain, fleet - ing show, Pre - cious souls in their will - ful - ness stray From the
love all un - told, And a robe and a crown thou shalt wear At the

Chorus

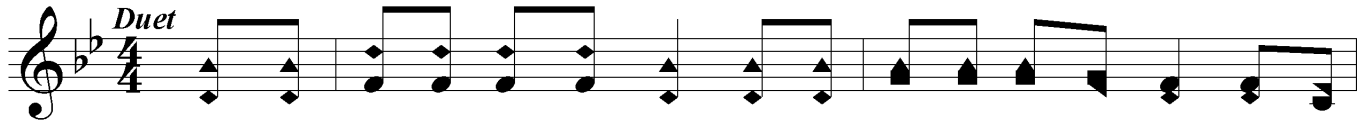


son finds a ref - uge at last.
pared, for the son hath re - turned! Com - ing to Thee, com - ing, Com - ing, my
Fa - ther who loved them so.
feast in the cit - y of gold.

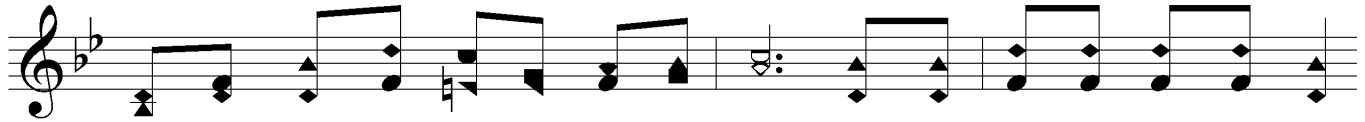


Lord, to Thee; Com - ing to Thee, com - ing, Com - ing, my Lord, to Thee.

My Mother's Bible



1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' it's worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
2. There she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-'ry lin-gers still, And the



calls the hap-py days of long a-go; When I stood at moth-er's knee,
suf-fered, bled and died up-on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

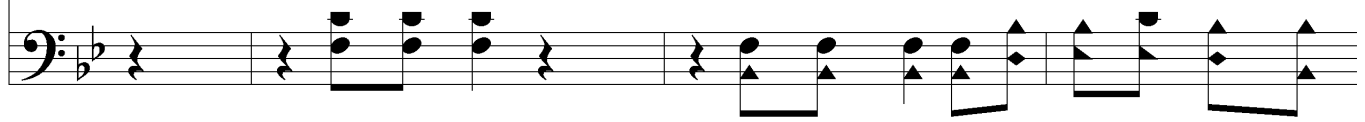


With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low.
Then she dried my flow-ing tear With her kiss-es as she said it was for me.
As my moth-er taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words a-bide.

Chorus



Bless-ed book, pre-cious book, On thy dear old tear-stained
Bless-ed book, pre-cious book,



leaves I love to look; Thou art sweet-er day by day,
love to look;

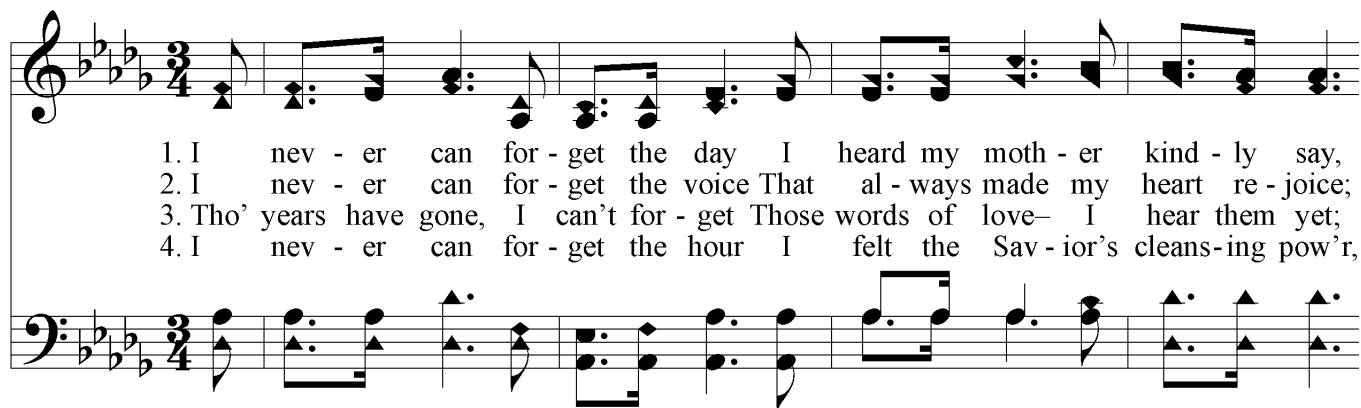


My Mother's Bible

As I walk the nar - row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Mother's Bible". It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music is a simple, hymn-like melody with a clear harmonic structure.

My Mother's Prayer

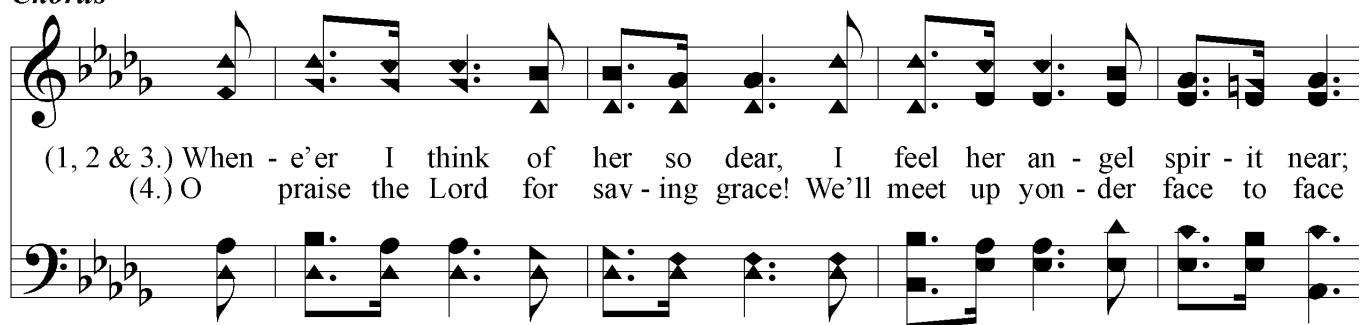


1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth - er kind - ly say,
 2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That al - ways made my heart re - joice;
 3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for - get Those words of love— I hear them yet;
 4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Sav - ior's cleans-ing pow'r,

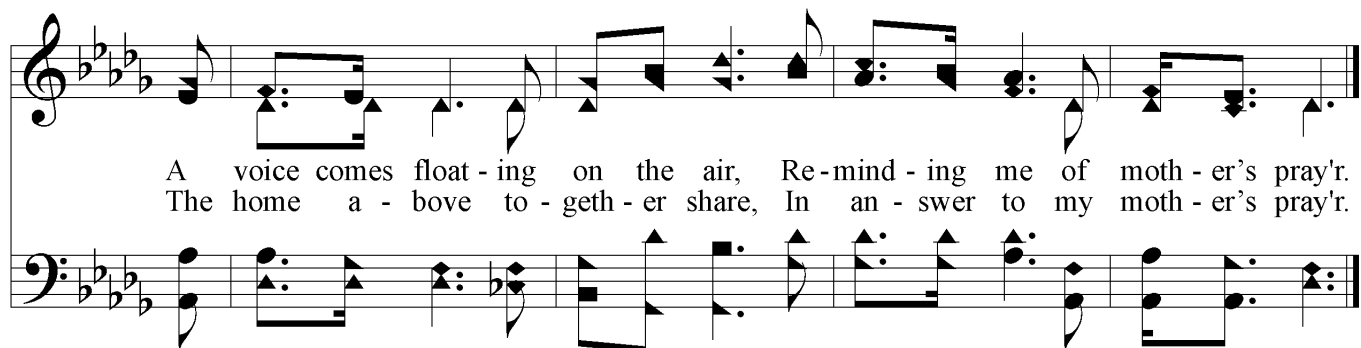


“You’re leav - ing now my ten - der care; Re - mem-ber, child, your moth-er’s pray’r.”
 Tho’ I have wan-dered God knows where, Still I re-mem - ber moth-er’s pray’r.
 I see her by the old arm chair, My moth - er dear, in hum - ble pray’r.
 My sin and guilt He can - celed there, ’Twas there He an - swered moth-er’s pray’r.

Chorus

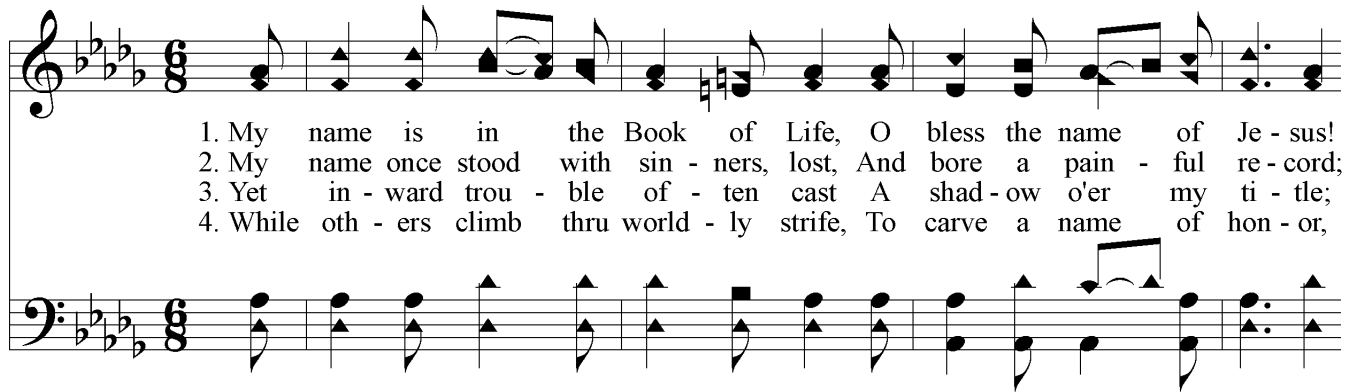


(1, 2 & 3.) When - e’er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
 (4.) O praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We’ll meet up yon - der face to face

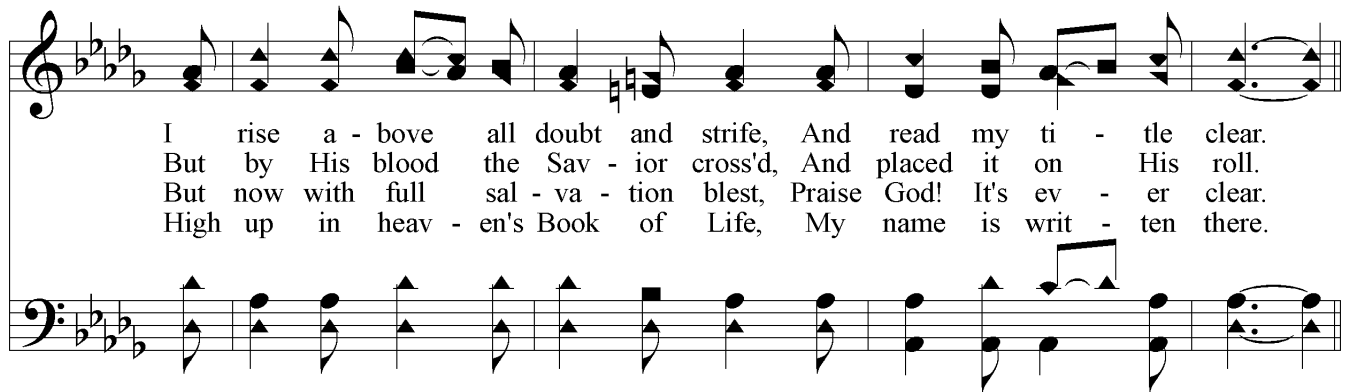


A voice comes float - ing on the air, Re-mind - ing me of moth - er’s pray’r.
 The home a - bove to - geth - er share, In an - swer to my moth - er’s pray’r.

My Name Is in the Book of Life



1. My name is in the Book of Life, O bless the name of Je - sus!
2. My name once stood with sin - ners, lost, And bore a pain - ful re - cord;
3. Yet in - ward trou - ble of - ten cast A shad - ow o'er my ti - tle;
4. While oth - ers climb thru world - ly strife, To carve a name of hon - or,




I rise a - bove all doubt and strife, And read my ti - tle clear.
But by His blood the Sav - ior cross'd, And placed it on His roll.
But now with full sal - va - tion blest, Praise God! It's ev - er clear.
High up in heav - en's Book of Life, My name is writ - ten there.

Chorus



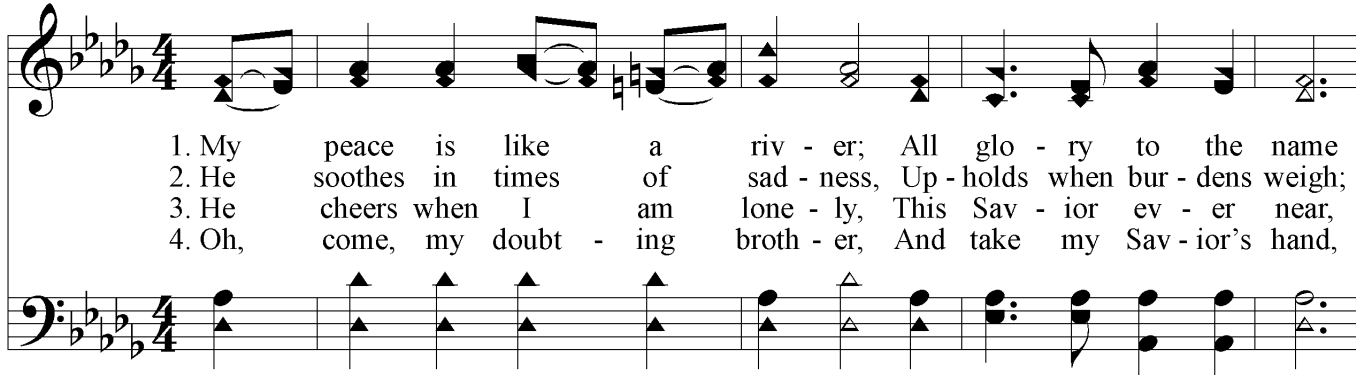
I know, I know, I know my name is there;
I know, I tru - ly know, I know my name is there;



I know, I know my name is writ - ten there.
I know my name is there,

My Peace Is Like A River

PEACE LIKE A RIVER



1. My peace is like a riv - er; All glo - ry to the name
2. He soothes in times of sad - ness, Up - holds when bur - dens weigh;
3. He cheers when I am lone - ly, This Sav - ior ev - er near,
4. Oh, come, my doubt - ing broth - er, And take my Sav - ior's hand,



Of Him I'm trust - ing ev - er, Each day and hour the same.
He turns my grief to glad - ness, And takes the load a - way.
'Tis Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly, Can light the path - way drear.
He'll lead you like no oth - er, Thru hap - py Beu - lah land.

Chorus



My peace is like a riv - er, All glo - ry to the Giv - er,



In whom I'm trust - ing, trust - ing ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah!

My Precious Bible

1. Like a star in the morn - ing in its beau - ty, Like a
 2. 'Tis a light in the wil - der - ness of sor - row, And a
 3. It shall stand in its beau - ty and its glo - ry, When the

Sun is the Bi - ble to my soul, Shin - ing clear on the way of
 Lamp on the wea - ry pil - grim way; And it guides to the bright, e -
 earth and the heav - ens pass a - way; Ev - er tell - ing the bless - ed,

D.S. - I will cling to the dear, old

Fine

love and du - ty, As I has - ten on my jour - ney to the goal.
 ter - nal mor - row, Shin - ing more and more un - to the per - fect day.
 won - drous sto - ry Of the lov - ing Lamb, the on - ly Liv - ing Way.

Ho - ly Bi - ble, As I has - ten to the Cit - y of the King.

Chorus

Ho - ly Bi - ble! Ho - ly Bi - ble! pre - cious Bi - ble!
 Ho - ly Bi - ble! Ho - ly Bi - ble! pre - cious Bi - ble, book di - vine!

D.S. al Fine

Gift of God and lamp of life, My beau - ti - ful Bi - - - - ble!
 Bi - ble, thou art mine!

My Savior

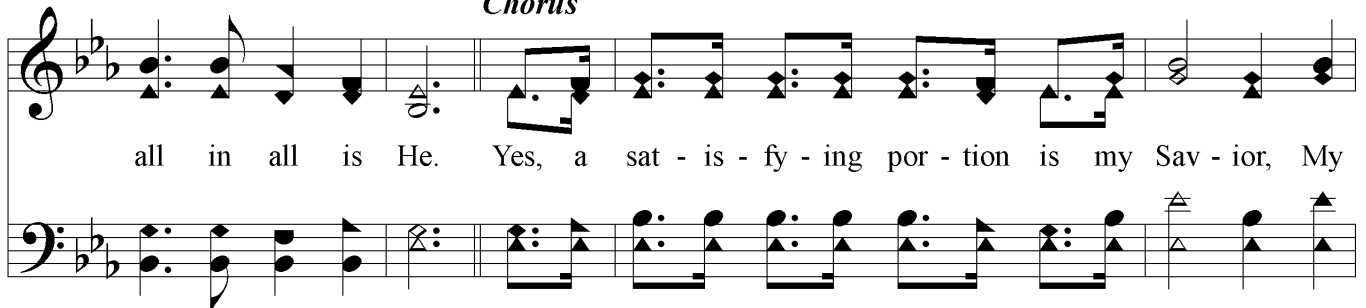


1. He will hear me when I call, He will help me when I fall, My Sav - ior, my
2. I will la - bor, I will pray, I will trust Him ev - 'ry day, My Sav - ior, my
3. When I'm wea - ry and dis - tressed, I will go to Him for rest, My Sav - ior, my
4. May I nev - er, nev - er stray From Thy pre - cious side a - way, My Sav - ior, my



Sav - ior; He will give me strength to bear Ev - 'ry grief that may ap - pear; My
Sav - ior; I will look to Him in faith, I will trust Him un - til death; My
Sav - ior; To His lov - ing arms I'll fly, Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply; My
Sav - ior; Naught of e - vil will I fear, While I have my Sav - ior near; My

Chorus

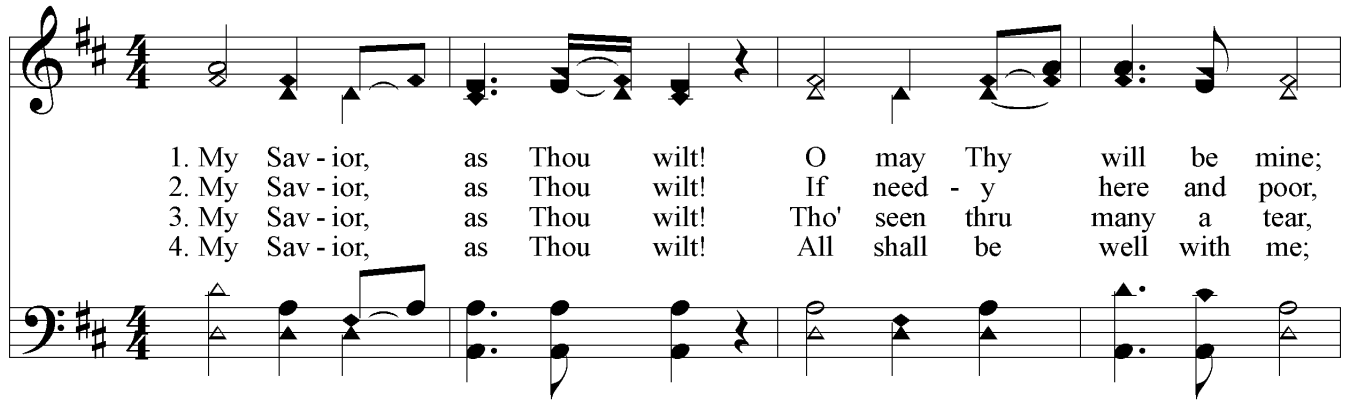


all in all is He. Yes, a sat - is - fy - ing por - tion is my Sav - ior, My

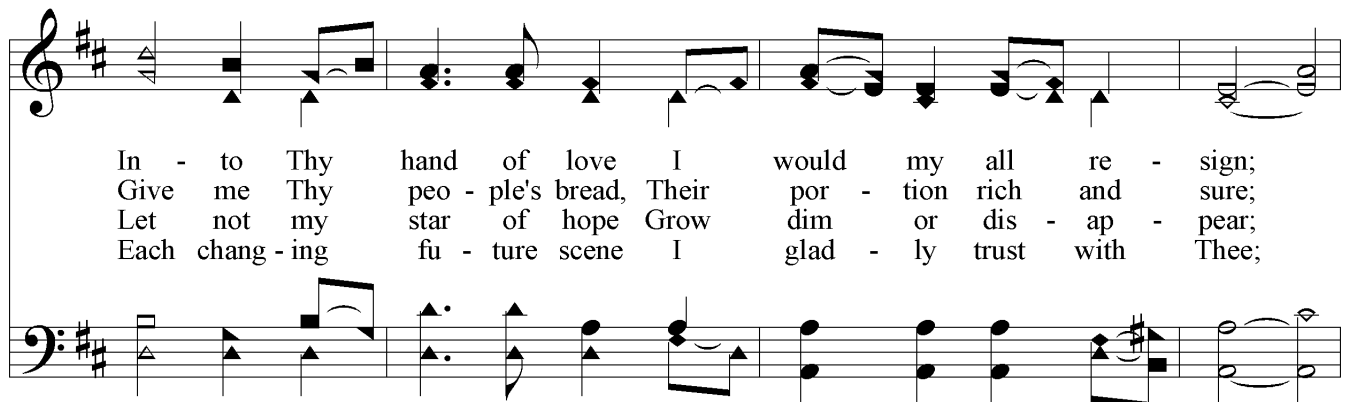


Sav - ior, my Sav - ior; My rock, my stay, by night and day, My all in all is He.

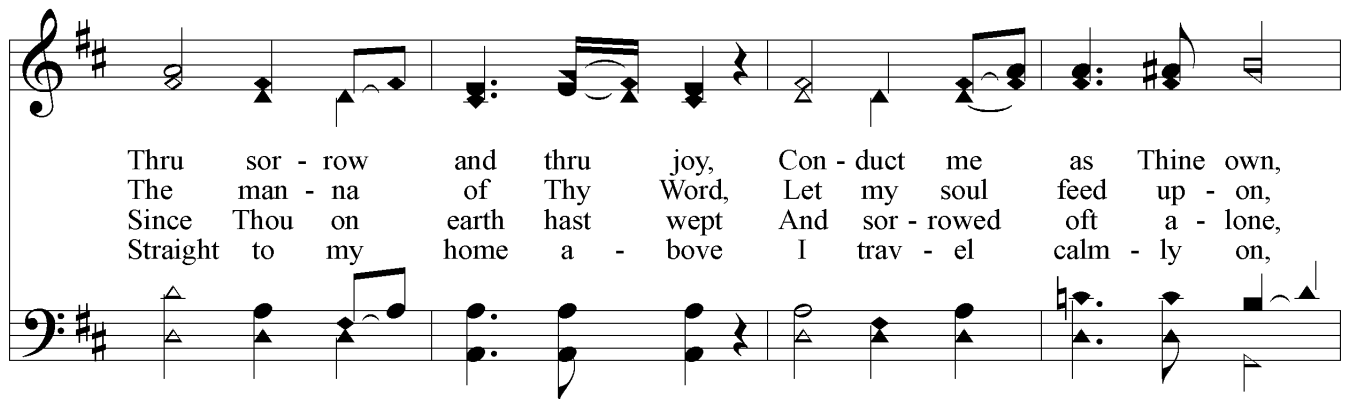
My Savior, As Thou Wilt



1. My Sav - ior, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine;
 2. My Sav - ior, as Thou wilt! If need - y here and poor,
 3. My Sav - ior, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thru many a tear,
 4. My Sav - ior, as Thou wilt! All shall be well with me;



In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
 Give me Thy peo - ple's bread, Their por - tion rich and sure;
 Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear;
 Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee;

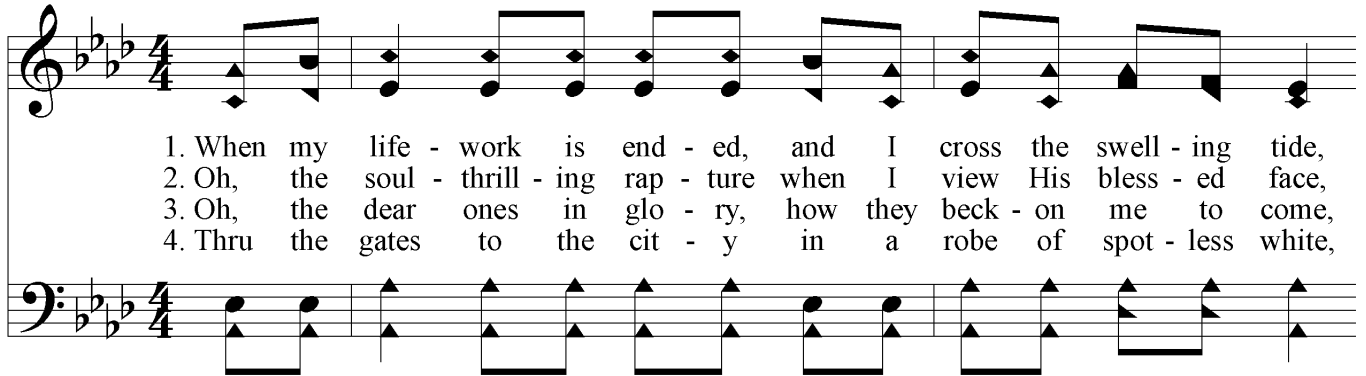


Thru sor - row and thru joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
 The man - na of Thy Word, Let my soul feed up - on,
 Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed oft a - lone,
 Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,



And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 And, if all else should fail, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

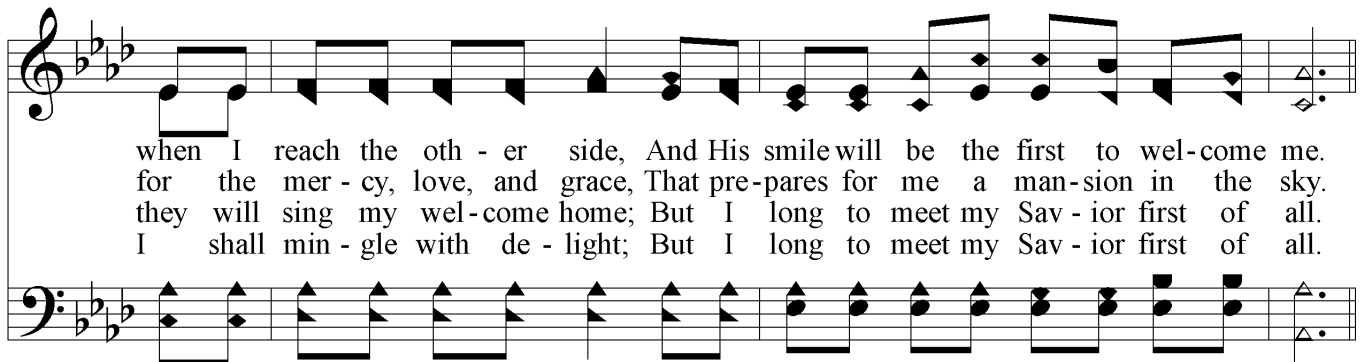
My Savior First Of All



1. When my life - work is end - ed, and I cross the swell - ing tide,
2. Oh, the soul - thrill - ing rap - ture when I view His bless - ed face,
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck - on me to come,
4. Thru the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot - less white,

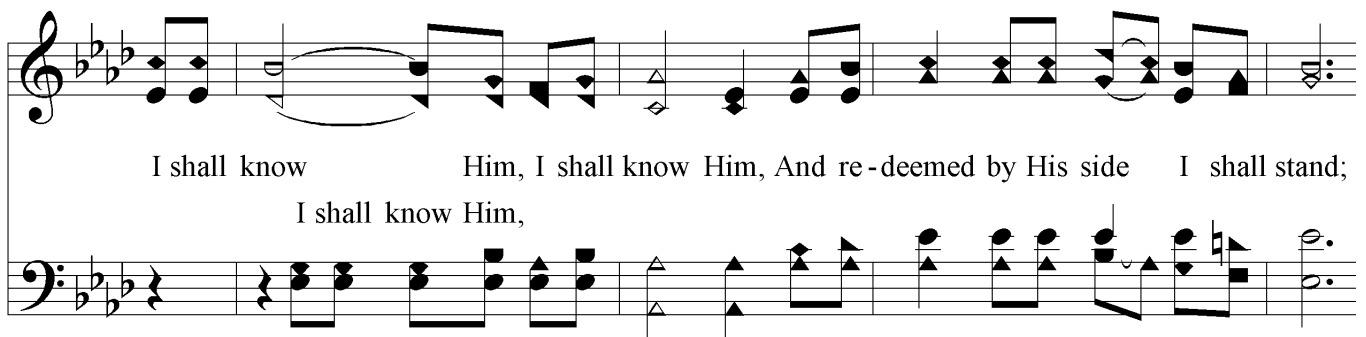


When the bright and glo - rious morn - ing I shall see; I shall know my Re - deem - er
And the lus - ter of His kind - ly beam - ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him
And our part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den
He will lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of ag - es



when I reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.
for the mer - cy, love, and grace, That pre - pares for me a man - sion in the sky.
they will sing my wel - come home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
I shall min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.

Chorus



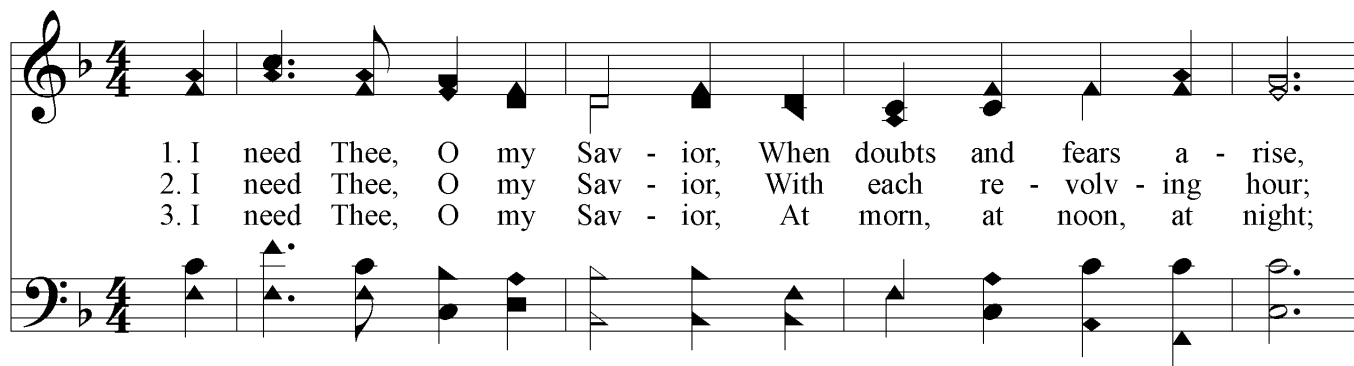
I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And re - deemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,

My Savior First Of All

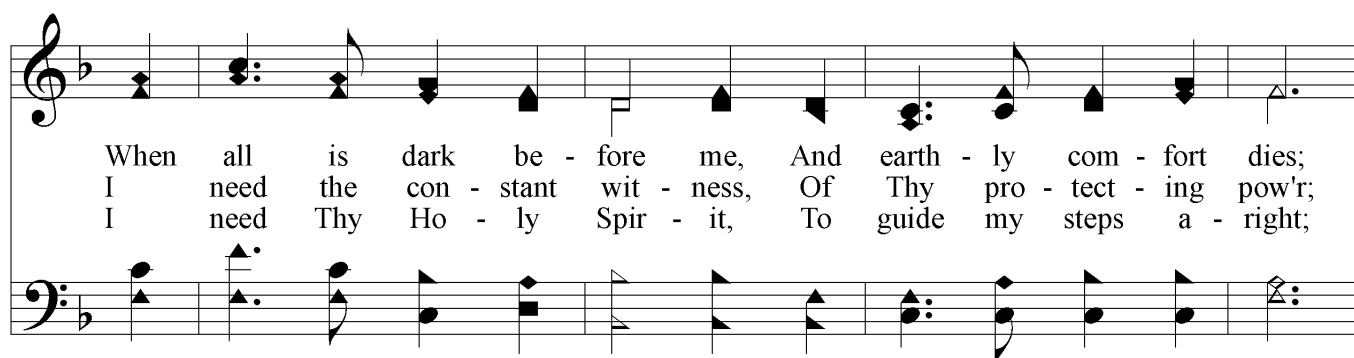
The image shows a musical score for the hymn "My Savior First Of All". It consists of two staves, a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom, both in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are: "I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand. I shall know Him,". The score ends with a double bar line.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

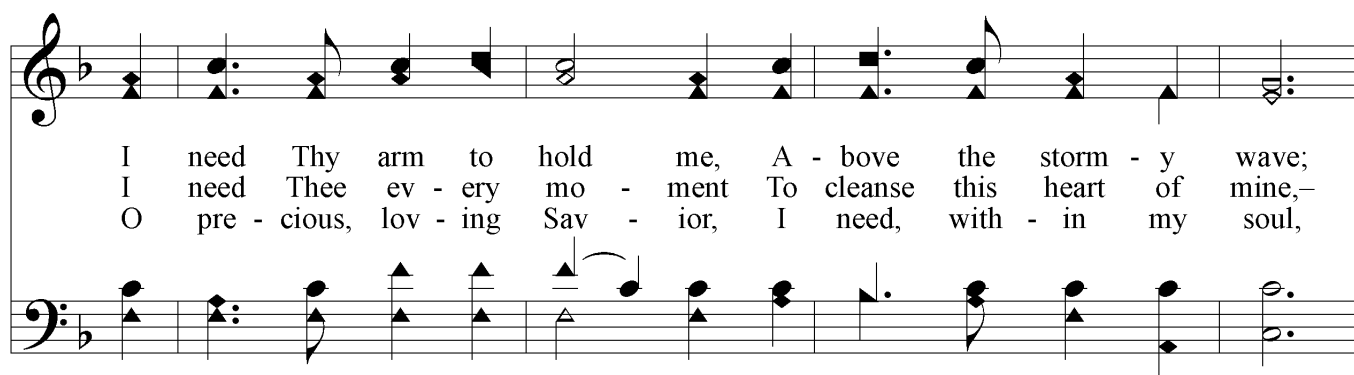
My Savior, I Need Thee



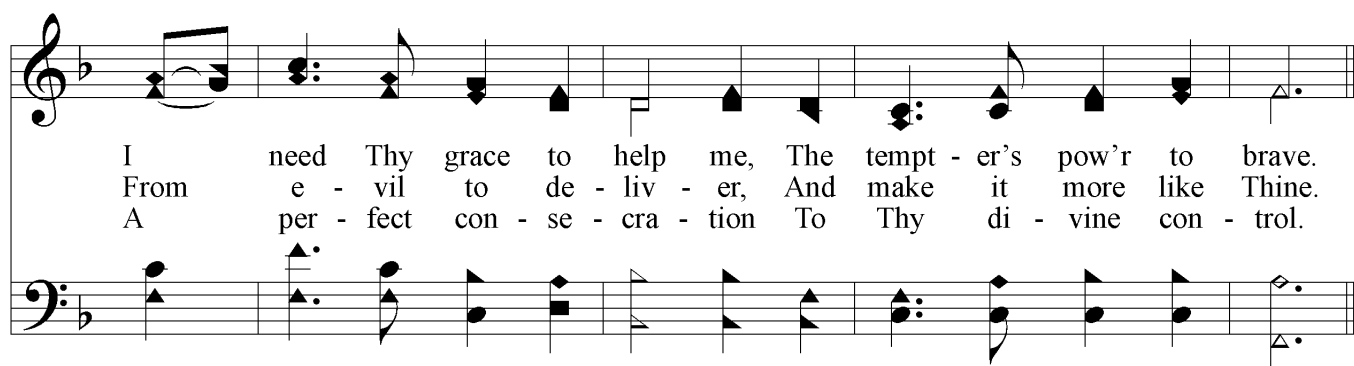
1. I need Thee, O my Sav - ior, When doubts and fears a - rise,
2. I need Thee, O my Sav - ior, With each re - volv - ing hour;
3. I need Thee, O my Sav - ior, At morn, at noon, at night;



When all is dark be - fore me, And earth - ly com - fort dies;
I need the con - stant wit - ness, Of Thy pro - tect - ing pow'r;
I need Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, To guide my steps a - right;



I need Thy arm to hold me, A - bove the storm - y wave;
I need Thee ev - ery mo - ment To cleanse this heart of mine,
O pre - cious, lov - ing Sav - ior, I need, with - in my soul,



I need Thy grace to help me, The tempt - er's pow'r to brave.
From e - vil to de - liv - er, And make it more like Thine.
A per - fect con - se - cra - tion To Thy di - vine con - trol.

My Shepherd Is The Lord Most High

1. My Shep - herd is the Lord Most High, And all my
 2. He in His mer - cy doth re - store My soul when
 3. Yea tho' I walk thru death's dark vale, E'en there no
 4. For me a ta - ble Thou hast spread, Pre - pared be -

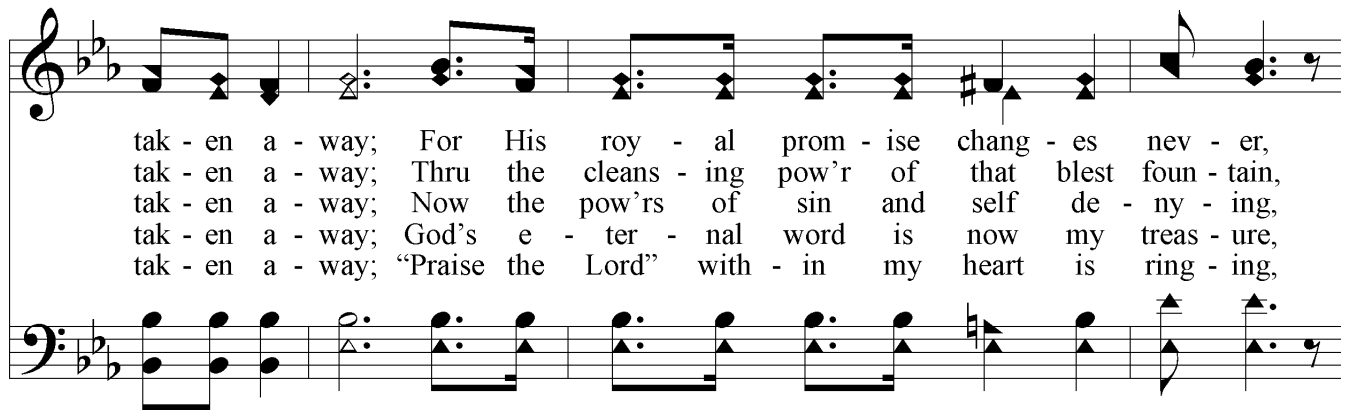
wants shall be sup - plied: In pas - tures green He
 sink - ing in dis - tress; For His name's sake He
 e - vil will I fear, Be - cause Thy pres - ence
 fore the face of foes; With oil Thou dost a -

makes me lie, And leads by streams which gen - tly glide.
 ev - er - more Leads me in paths of right - eous - ness.
 shall not fail, Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.
 noint my head; My cup is filled and o - ver - flows.

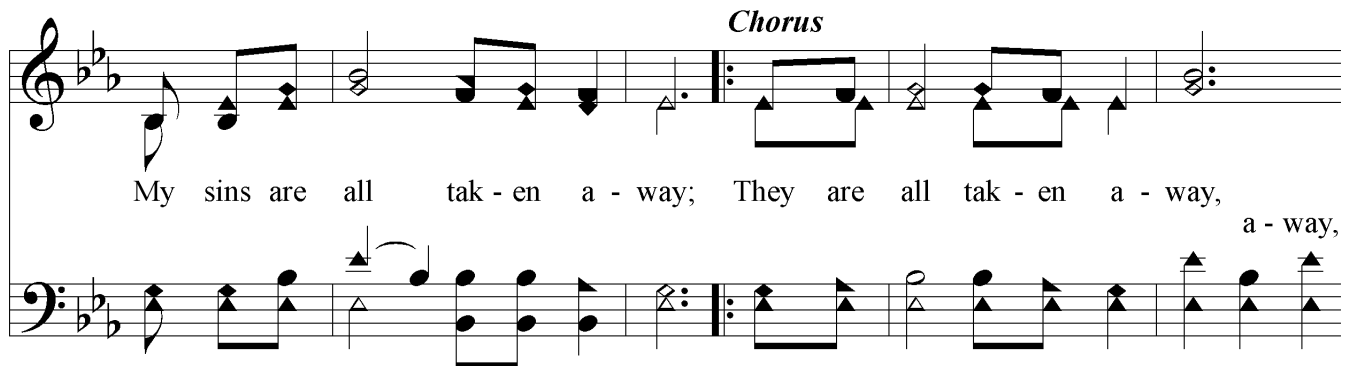
My Sins Are All Taken Away



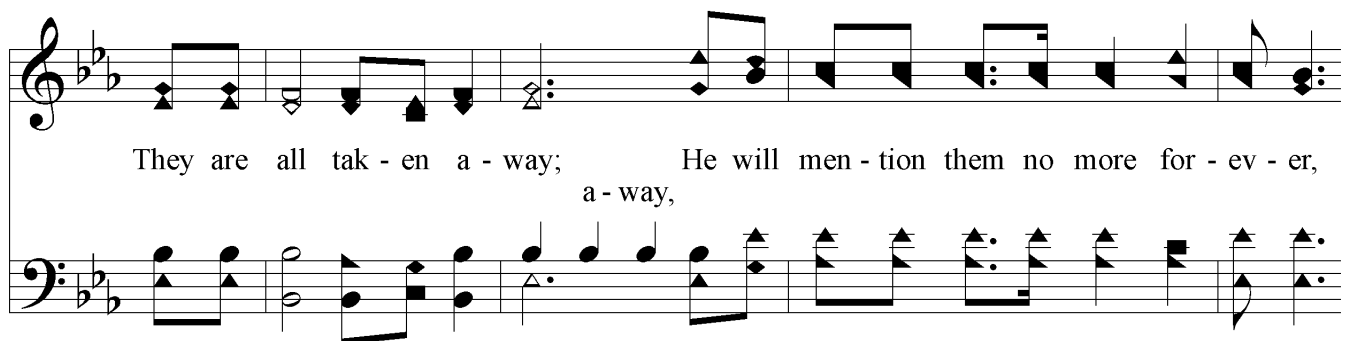
1. He will men - tion them no more for - ev - er, My sins are all
2. Since I came by faith to Cal - v'ry's foun - tain, My sins are all
3. On the bot - tom of the sea they're ly - ing, My sins are all
4. Once the "car - nal mind" was all my pleas - ure, My sins are all
5. Doubt can nev - er stay where faith is sing - ing, My sins are all



tak - en a - way; For His roy - al prom - ise chang - es nev - er,
tak - en a - way; Thru the cleans - ing pow'r of that blest foun - tain,
tak - en a - way; Now the pow'rs of sin and self de - ny - ing,
tak - en a - way; God's e - ter - nal word is now my treas - ure,
tak - en a - way; "Praise the Lord" with - in my heart is ring - ing,



Chorus
My sins are all tak - en a - way; They are all tak - en a - way,
a - way,



They are all tak - en a - way; He will men - tion them no more for - ev - er,
a - way,

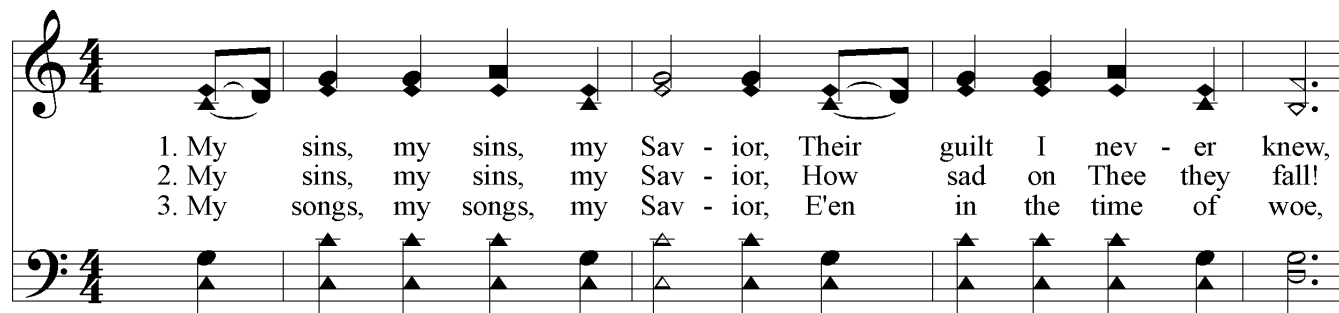
My Sins Are All Taken Away

1. Praise the Lord! sing it to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah!

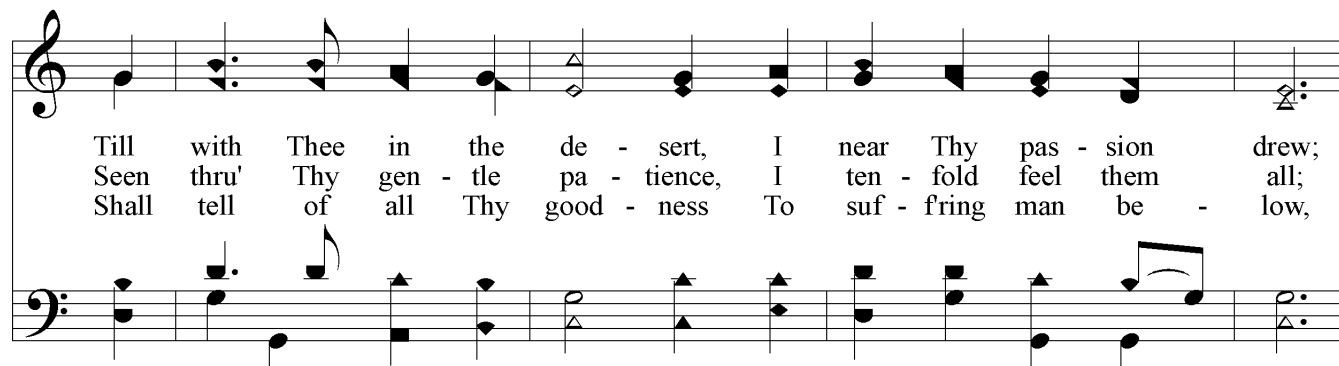
2. My sins are all tak - en a - way.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The first line contains two measures of music, followed by a repeat sign. The second line contains two measures of music, followed by a repeat sign. The lyrics are written below the staff, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first two measures and the second line of lyrics corresponding to the second two measures. The lyrics are: "Praise the Lord! sing it to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah!" and "My sins are all tak - en a - way." The music is simple and easy to sing, with a clear melody and a steady rhythm.

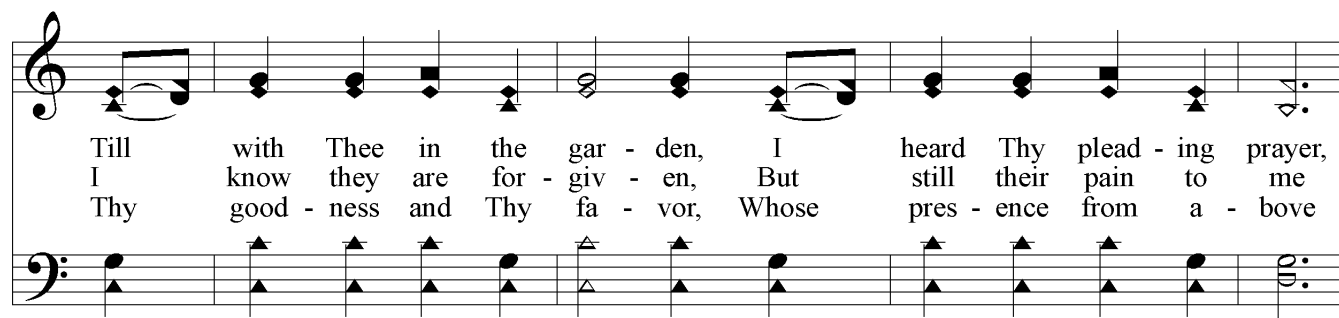
My Sins, My Sins, My Savior



1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - ior, Their guilt I nev - er knew,
2. My sins, my sins, my Sav - ior, How sad on Thee they fall!
3. My songs, my songs, my Sav - ior, E'en in the time of woe,



Till with Thee in the de - sert, I near Thy pas - sion drew;
Seen thru' Thy gen - tle pa - tience, I ten - fold feel them all;
Shall tell of all Thy good - ness To suf - fring man be - low,



Till with Thee in the gar - den, I heard Thy plead - ing prayer,
I know they are for - giv - en, But still their pain to me
Thy good - ness and Thy fa - vor, Whose pres - ence from a - bove



And saw Thy blood - sweat fall - ing That told Thy sor - row there.
Is all the grief and an - guish They laid, my Lord, on Thee.
Re - joice those hearts, my Sav - ior, That live in Thee and love.

My Soul, Be on Thy Guard

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time. The melody is in the soprano part, and the bass part provides a harmonic foundation. The lyrics are arranged in four stanzas, each corresponding to a different vocal part. The first stanza is for the Soprano, the second for the Alto, the third for the Tenor, and the fourth for the Bass. The music is written on a grand staff with a treble clef for the soprano and a bass clef for the bass. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes a variety of musical notations, including eighth notes, quarter notes, and half notes, as well as rests and accidentals. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding vocal parts, with some words in italics for emphasis.

My Soul Complete

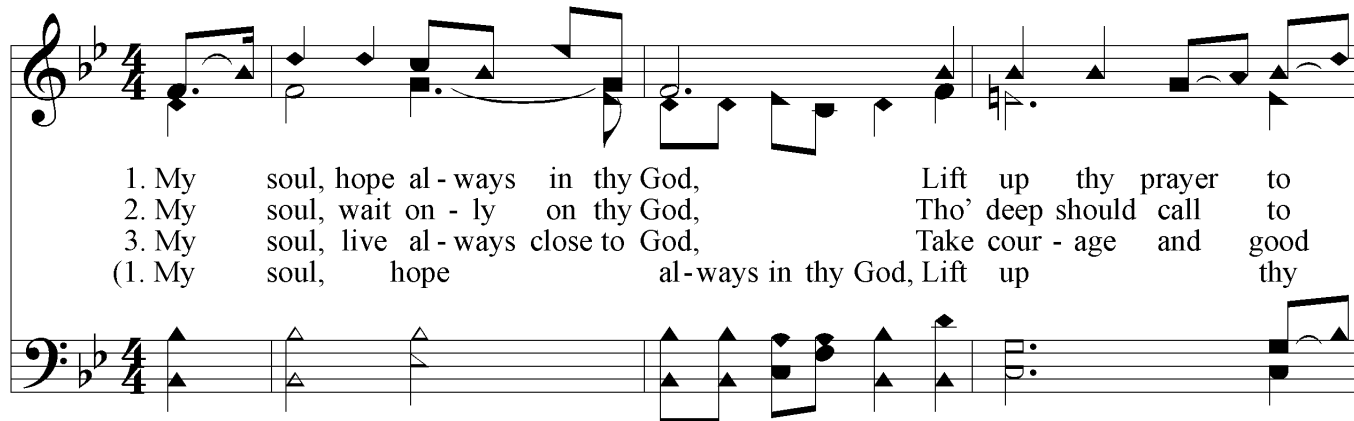
1. My soul com - plete in Je - sus stands! It fears no
 2. My soul at rest in Je - sus lives; Ac - cepts the
 3. My soul its ev - 'ry foe de - fies, And cries— 'Tis
 4. A song of praise my soul shall sing, To our e -

more than law's de - mands; The smile of God is
 peace His par - don gives; Re - ceives the grace His
 God that jus - ti - fies! Who charg - es God's e -
 ter - nal, glo - rious King! Shall wor - ship hum - bly

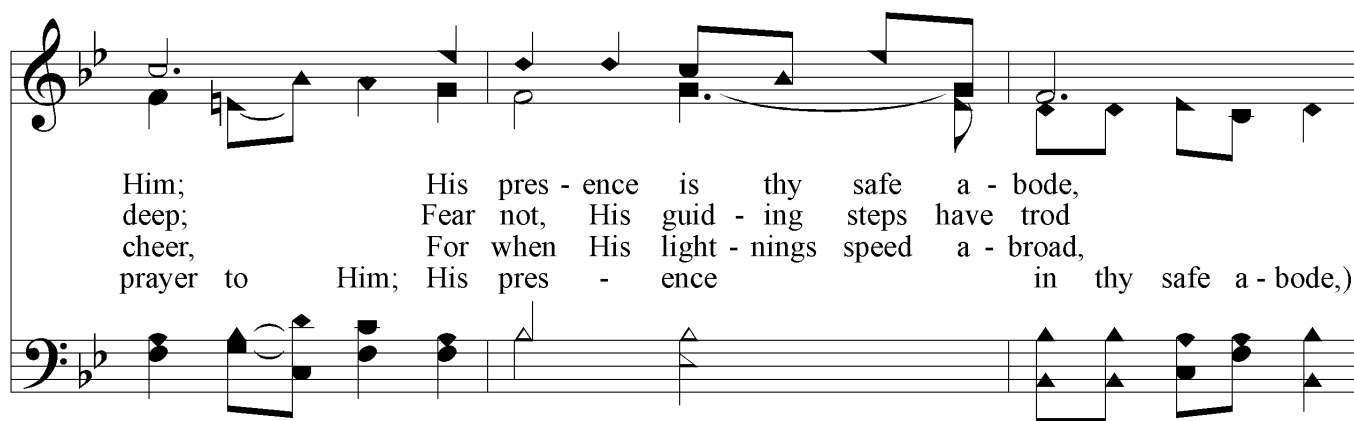
sweet with - in, Where all be - fore was guilt and sin.
 death se - cured, And pleads the an - guish He en - dured.
 lect with sin? Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?
 at His feet, In whom a - lone it stands com - plete.

My Soul, Hope Always In Thy God

HOPE IN GOD

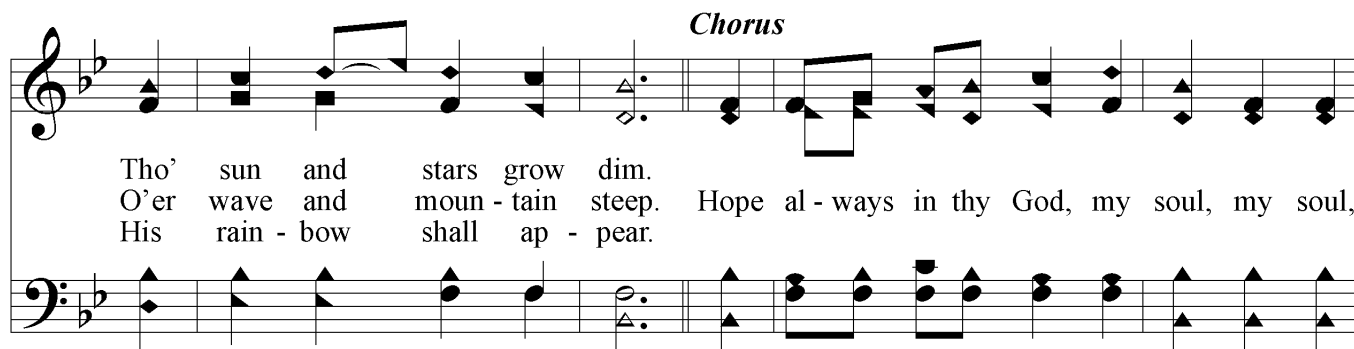


1. My soul, hope al - ways in thy God, Lift up thy prayer to
 2. My soul, wait on - ly on thy God, Tho' deep should call to
 3. My soul, live al - ways close to God, Take cour - age and good
 (1. My soul, hope al - ways in thy God, Lift up thy



Him; His pres - ence is thy safe a - bode,
 deep; Fear not, His guid - ing steps have trod
 cheer, For when His light - nings speed a - broad,
 prayer to Him; His pres - ence in thy safe a - bode,)

Chorus



Tho' sun and stars grow dim.
 O'er wave and moun - tain steep. Hope al - ways in thy God, my soul, my soul,
 His rain - bow shall ap - pear.



Tho' tem - pests rise and surg - es roll; For thou hast an an - chor sure,
 surg - es roll;

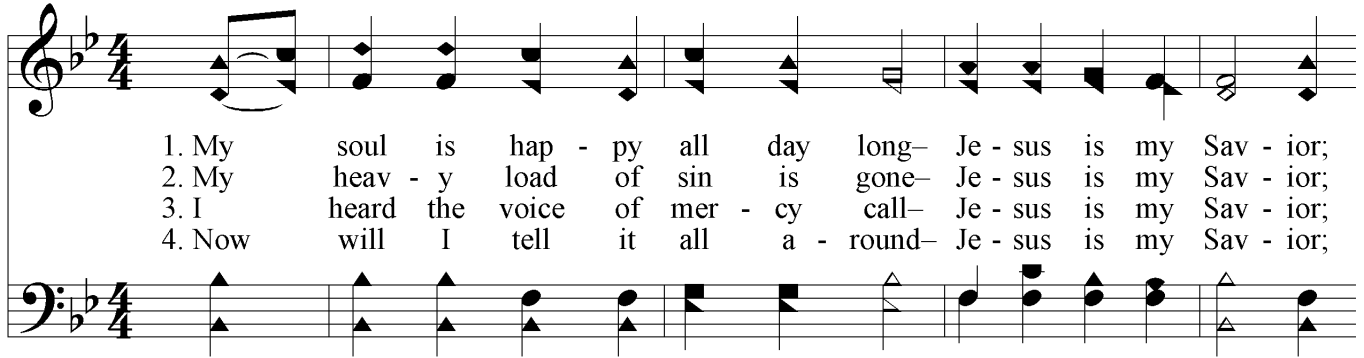
My Soul, Hope Always In Thy God

The image displays a musical score for the hymn "My Soul, Hope Always In Thy God". It features two staves: a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment using chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

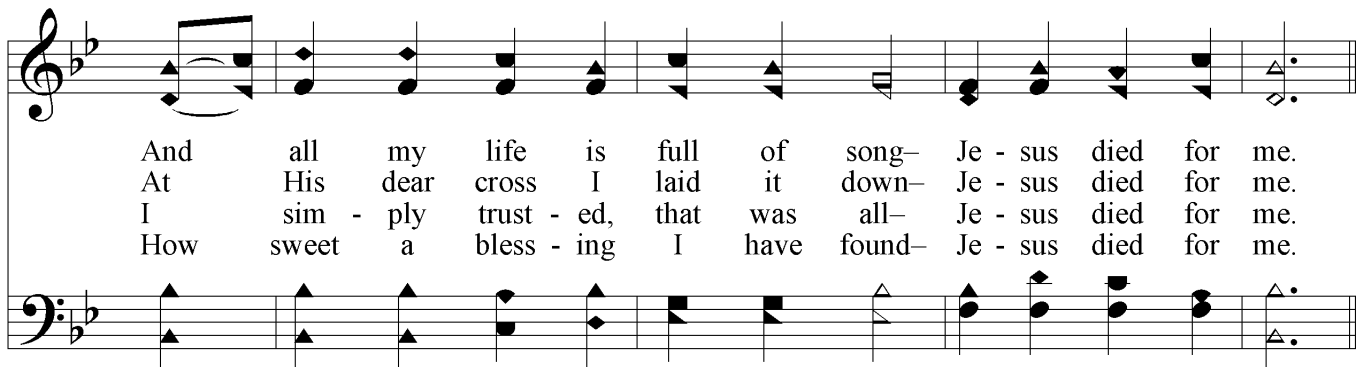
In the Lord thou art se - cure; Hope ev - er in the Lord, my soul.

My Soul Is Happy All Day Long

JESUS IS MY SAVIOR

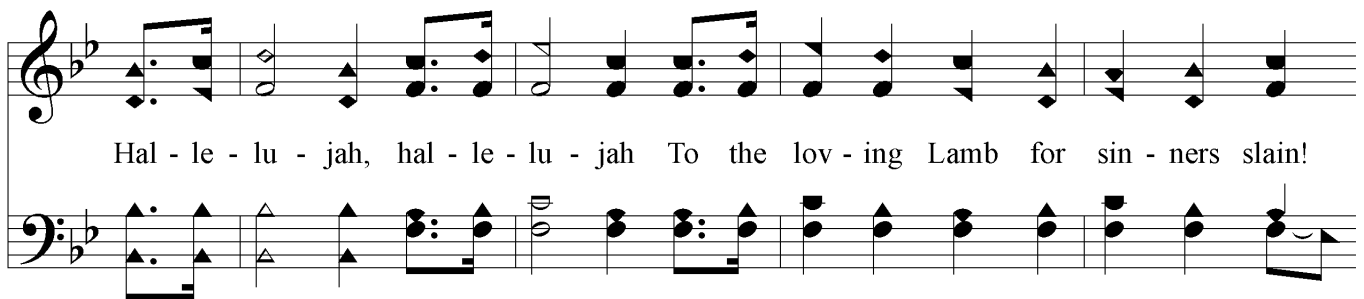


1. My soul is hap - py all day long— Je - sus is my Sav - ior;
2. My heav - y load of sin is gone— Je - sus is my Sav - ior;
3. I heard the voice of mer - cy call— Je - sus is my Sav - ior;
4. Now will I tell it all a - round— Je - sus is my Sav - ior;



And all my life is full of song— Je - sus died for me.
At His dear cross I laid it down— Je - sus died for me.
I sim - ply trust - ed, that was all— Je - sus died for me.
How sweet a bless - ing I have found— Je - sus died for me.

Chorus



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah To the lov - ing Lamb for sin - ners slain!

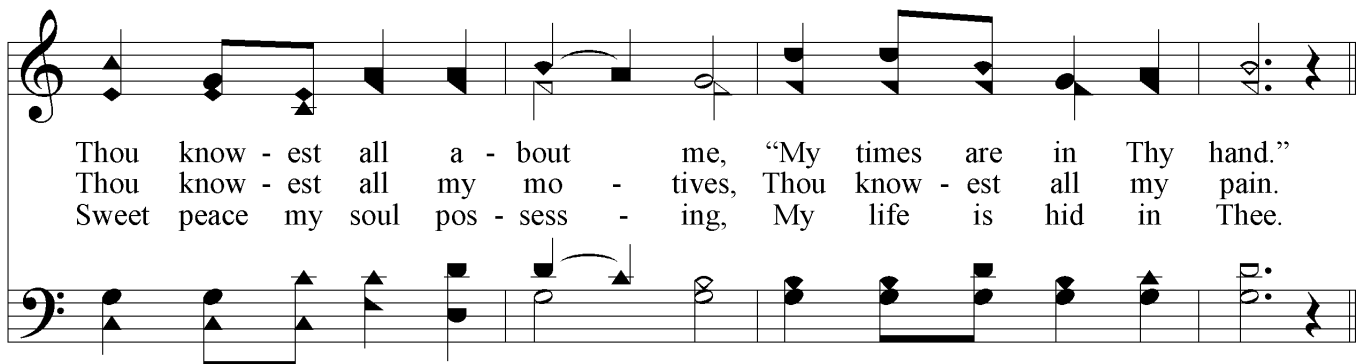


Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah To the Lamb who lives a - gain!

“My Times Are In My Hands”

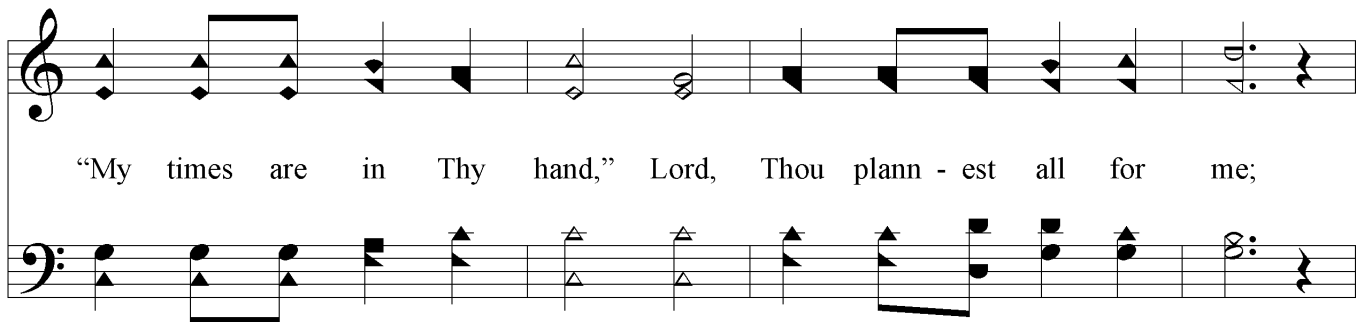


1. Thou know - est all a - bout me, I need not un - der - stand;
2. I do not need to tell Thee, I nev - er need ex - plain;
3. O place of per - fect bless - ing! O hand once pierced for me!

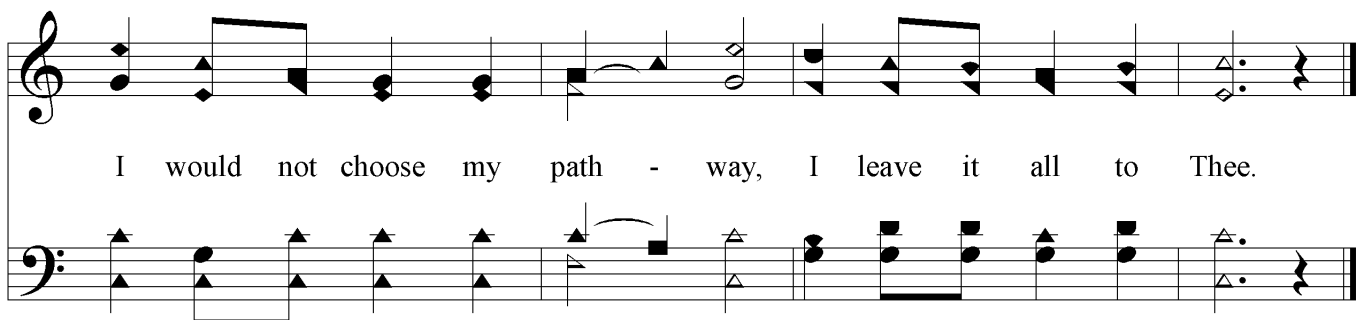


Thou know - est all a - bout me, “My times are in Thy hand.”
Thou know - est all my mo - tives, Thou know - est in all my pain.
Sweet peace my soul pos - sess - ing, My life is hid in Thee.

Chorus



“My times are in Thy hand,” Lord, Thou plann - est all for me;



I would not choose my path - way, I leave it all to Thee.