

39 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

ST. PETER • C.M.

John Newton, 1725-1807

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1799-1877

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
 2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast.
 3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My Shield and Hid - ing - place.
 4. Je - sus! my Shep - herd, Sav - iour, Friend, My Proph - et, Priest, and King.
 5. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm - est thought.
 6. Till then I would Thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath.

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
 My nev - er - fail - ing Treas - ry filled With bound - less stores of grace.
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
 But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ough -
 And may the mu - sic of Thy Name Re - fresh my soul in death.

40 Stand Up, and Bless the Lord

CARLISLE • S.M.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

Charles Lockhart, 1745-1815

1. Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice: Stand
 2. Tho' high a - bove all praise, A - bove all bless - ing high, Who
 3. O for the liv - ing flame From His own al - tar brought, To
 4. God is our strength and song, And His sal - va - tion ours; Then
 5. Stand up and bless the Lord, The Lord your God a - dore; Stand

up and bless the Lord your God With heart and soul and voice.
 would not fear His ho - ly Name, And laud and mag - ni - fy?
 touch our lips, our minds in - spire, And wing to heav'n our thought.
 be His love in Christ pro - claimed With all our ran - somed pow'rs.
 up and bless His glo - rious Name Hence - forth for ev - er - more.

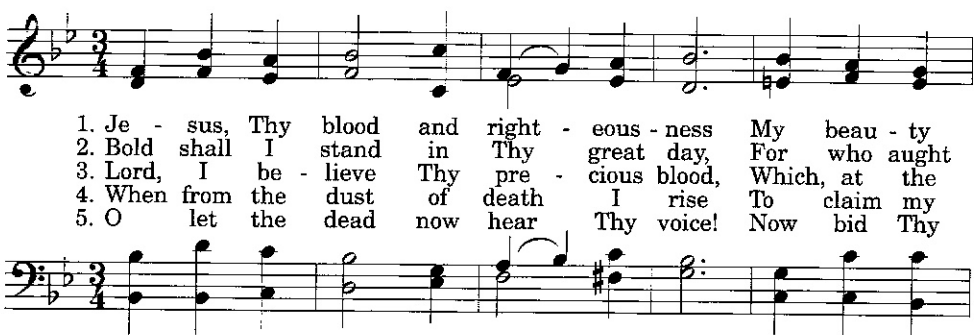


Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness 400

GERMANY • L.M.

Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf, 1700-1760

Trans. John Wesley, 1703-1791

William Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815

44 Ye Servants of God, Your Master Proclaim

HANOVER • 10.10.11.11.

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

William Croft, 1678-1727

1. Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a
 2. God rul-eth on high, al-might-y to save; And still He is
 3. "Sal - va - tion to God, who sits on the throne," Let all cry a -
 4. Then let us a - dore, and give Him His right, All glo - ry and

broad His won - der - ful name: The name all - vic - to - rious of
 nigh - His pres - ence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion His
 loud, and hon - or the Son; The prais - es of Je - sus the
 pow'r, all wis - dom and might; All hon - or and bless - ing, with

Je - sus ex - tol; His King - dom is glo - rious, He rules o - ver all.
 tri-umph shall sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus our King.
 an - gels pro - claim, Fall down on their fac - es, and wor - ship the Lamb.
 an - gels a - bove, And thanks nev - er ceas - ing, and in - fi - nite love.

45 Though Troubles Assail

10.10.11.11.

John Newton, 1725-1807

Sing to either HANOVER, No. 44 or LYONS, No. 46.

1. Though troubles assail
 And dangers affright;
 Though friends should all fail,
 And foes all unite—
 Yet one thing secures us,
 Whatever betide:
 The Scripture assures us
 "The Lord will provide."
2. The birds, without barn
 Or storehouse, are fed;
 From them let us learn
 To trust for our bread;

His saints what is fitting
 Shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written
 "The Lord will provide."

3. No strength of our own
 Or goodness we claim;
 Yet since we have known
 The Saviour's great Name,
 In this, our strong tower,
 For safety we hide—
 Almighty His power:
 "The Lord will provide."

Be Thou My Vision

462

Ancient Irish Hymn

SLANE • 10.10.10.10.

Trans. Mary E. Byrne, 1880-1931

Versified by Eleanor H. Hull, 1860-1935

Traditional Irish Melody

Just as and all E. L. C.

1. Be Thou my Vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2. Be Thou my Wis - dom, and Thou my true Word;
 3. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise;
 4. High King of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art;
 I ev - er with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
 Thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways;
 May I reach heav - en's joys, O bright heav'n's Sun!

Thou my best thought, — by day or by night,
 Thou my great Fa - ther, and I Thy true son,
 Thou and Thou on - ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.
 Thou in me dwell - ing, I with Thee one.
 High King of heav - en, my treas - ure Thou art.
 Still be my Vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.