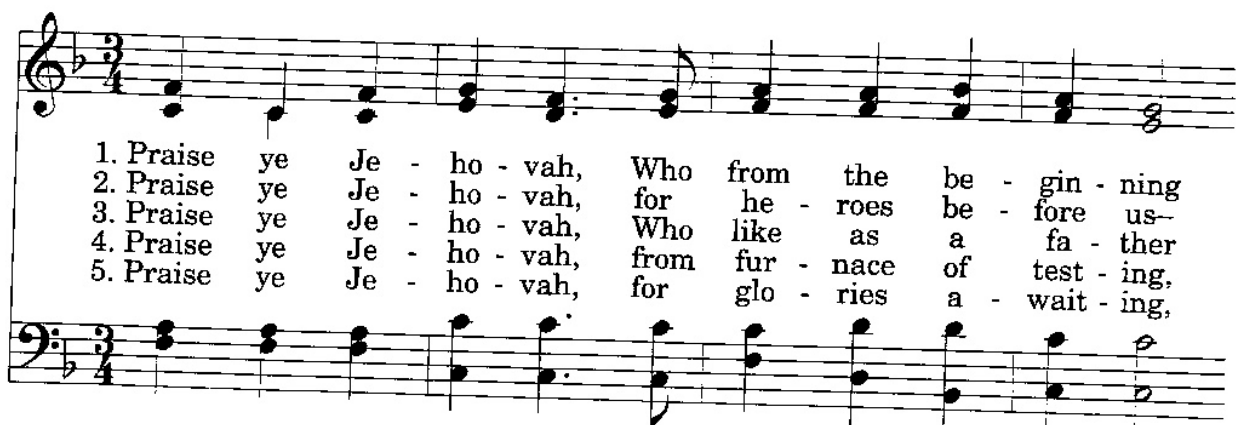


Praise Ye Jehovah

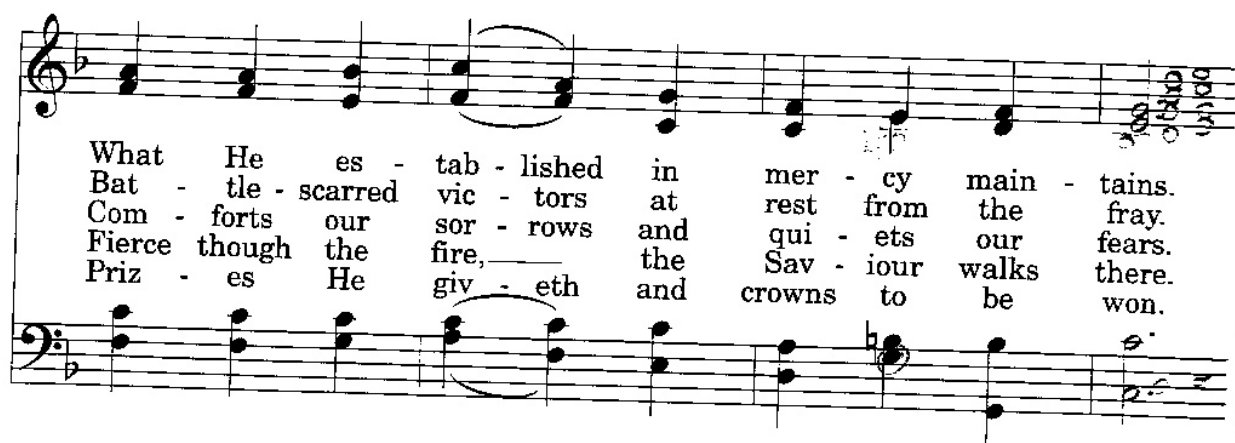
Bob Jones, Jr., 1911-1997

ANNIVERSARY HYMN • 11.10.11.10.

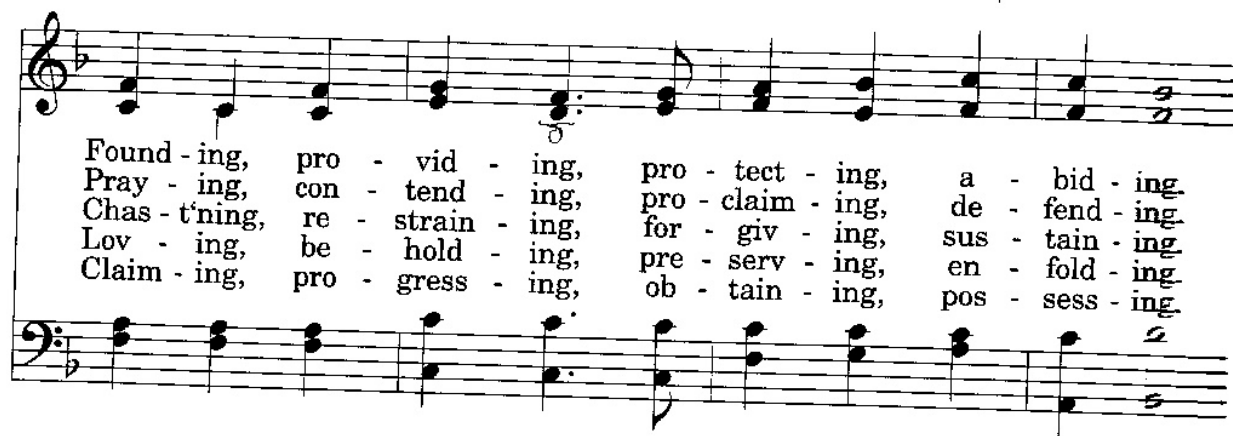
Dwight Gustafson, b. 1930



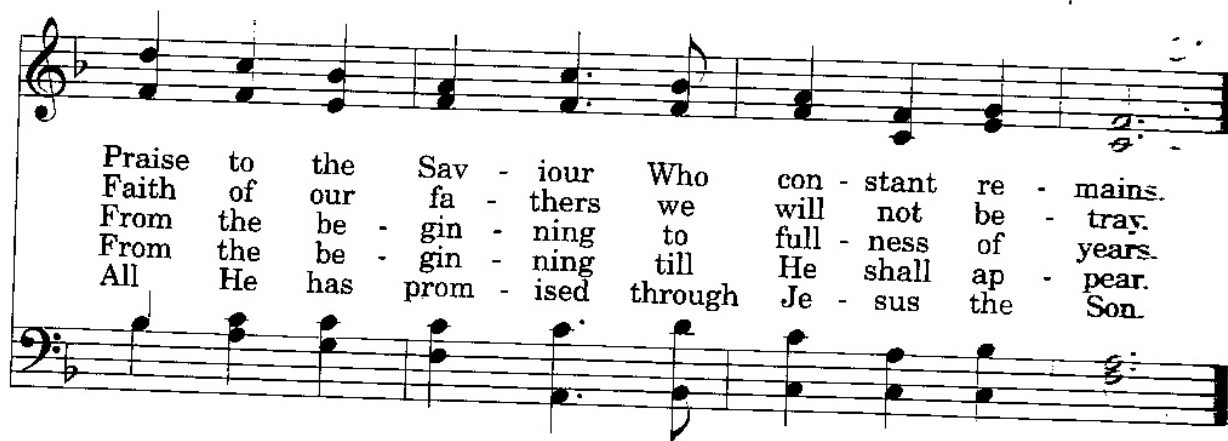
1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, Who from the be - gin - ning
 2. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, for he - roes be - fore us -
 3. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, Who like as a fa - ther
 4. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, from fur - nace of test - ing,
 5. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, for glo - ries a - wait - ing,



What He es - tab - lished in mer - cy main - tains.
 Bat - tle - scarred vic - tors at rest from the fray.
 Com - forts our sor - rows and qui - ets our fears.
 Fierce though the fire, the Sav - iour walks there.
 Priz - es He giv - eth and crowns to be won.



Found - ing, pro - vid - ing, pro - tect - ing, a - bid - ing
 Pray - ing, con - tend - ing, pro - claim - ing, de - fend - ing
 Chas - t'ning, re - strain - ing, for - giv - ing, sus - tain - ing
 Lov - ing, be - hold - ing, pre - serv - ing, en - fold - ing
 Claim - ing, pro - gress - ing, ob - tain - ing, pos - sess - ing



Praise to the Sav - iour Who con - stant re - mains.
 Faith of our fa - thers we will not be - tray.
 From the be - gin - ning to full - ness of years.
 From the be - gin - ning till He shall ap - pear.
 All He has prom - ised through Je - sus the Son.

Come, We That Love the Lord

223

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

ST. THOMAS • S.M.

Aaron Williams, 1731-1776

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
 But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
 Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 We're march - ing thro' Em - man - uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

224

Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817

S.M.

Sing to ST. THOMAS, No. 223.

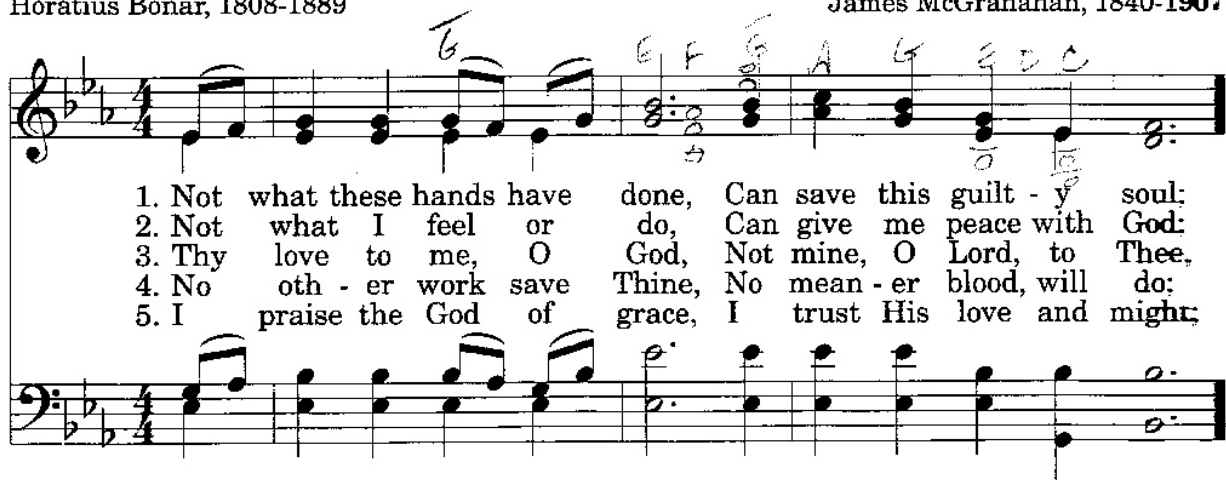
1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of Thine abode,
 The Church our blest Redeemer saved
 With His own precious blood.
2. I love Thy Church, O God!
 Her walls before Thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
 And graven on Thy hand.
3. For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;
4. Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heav'nly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
5. Sure as Thy trust shall last,
 To Zion shall be giv'n
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heav'n.

347 Not What These Hands Have Done

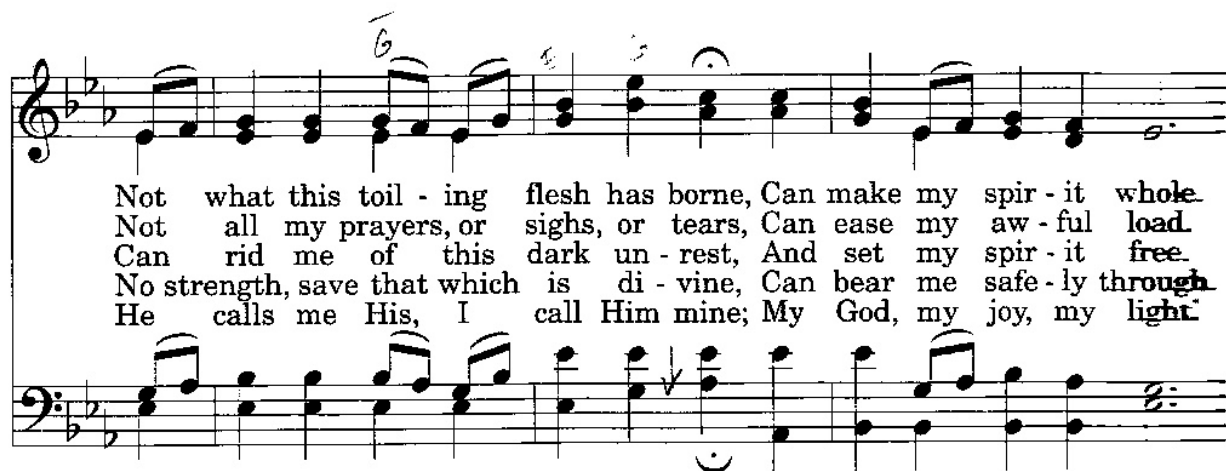
BONAR • S.M.Ref.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-1889

James McGranahan, 1840-1907



1. Not what these hands have done, Can save this guilt - y soul;
 2. Not what I feel or do, Can give me peace with God;
 3. Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to Thee;
 4. No oth - er work save Thine, No mean - er blood, will do;
 5. I praise the God of grace, I trust His love and might;



Not what this toil - ing flesh has borne, Can make my spir - it whole.
 Not all my prayers, or sighs, or tears, Can ease my aw - ful load.
 Can rid me of this dark un - rest, And set my spir - it free.
 No strength, save that which is di - vine, Can bear me safe - ly through.
 He calls me His, I call Him mine; My God, my joy, my light.

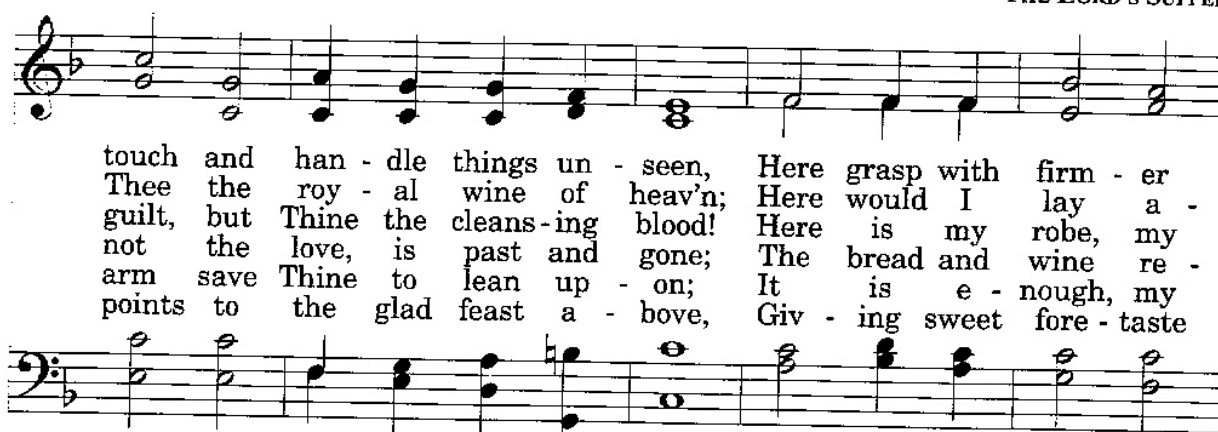
REFRAIN



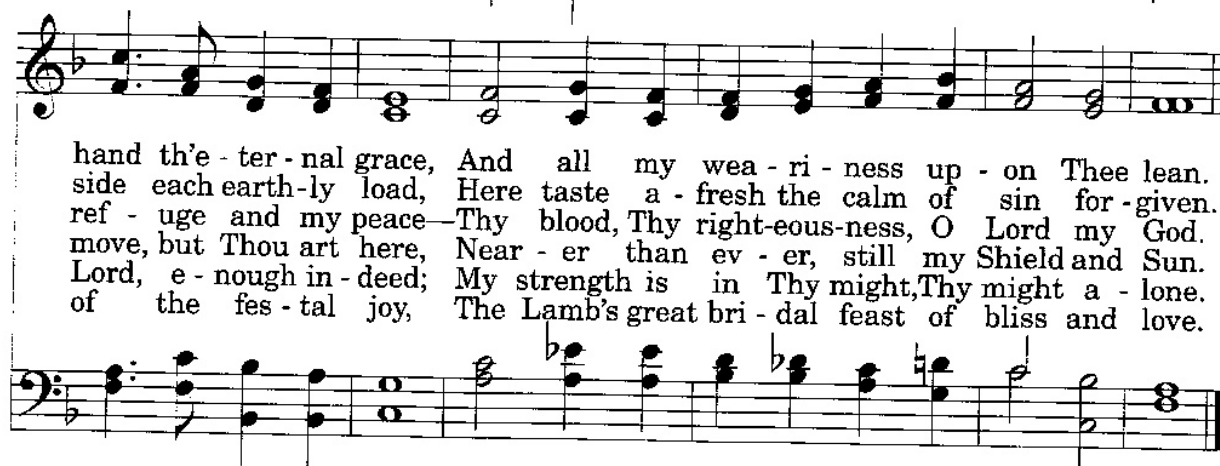
Thy work a - lone, my Sav - iour, Can ease this weight of sin;



Thy blood a - lone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace with - in.



touch and han - dle things un - seen, Here grasp with firm - er
Thee the roy - al wine of heav'n; Here would I lay a -
guilt, but Thine the cleans-ing blood! Here is my robe, my
not the love, is past and gone; The bread and wine re -
arm save Thine to lean up - on; It is e - nough, my
points to the glad feast a - bove, Giv - ing sweet fore - taste

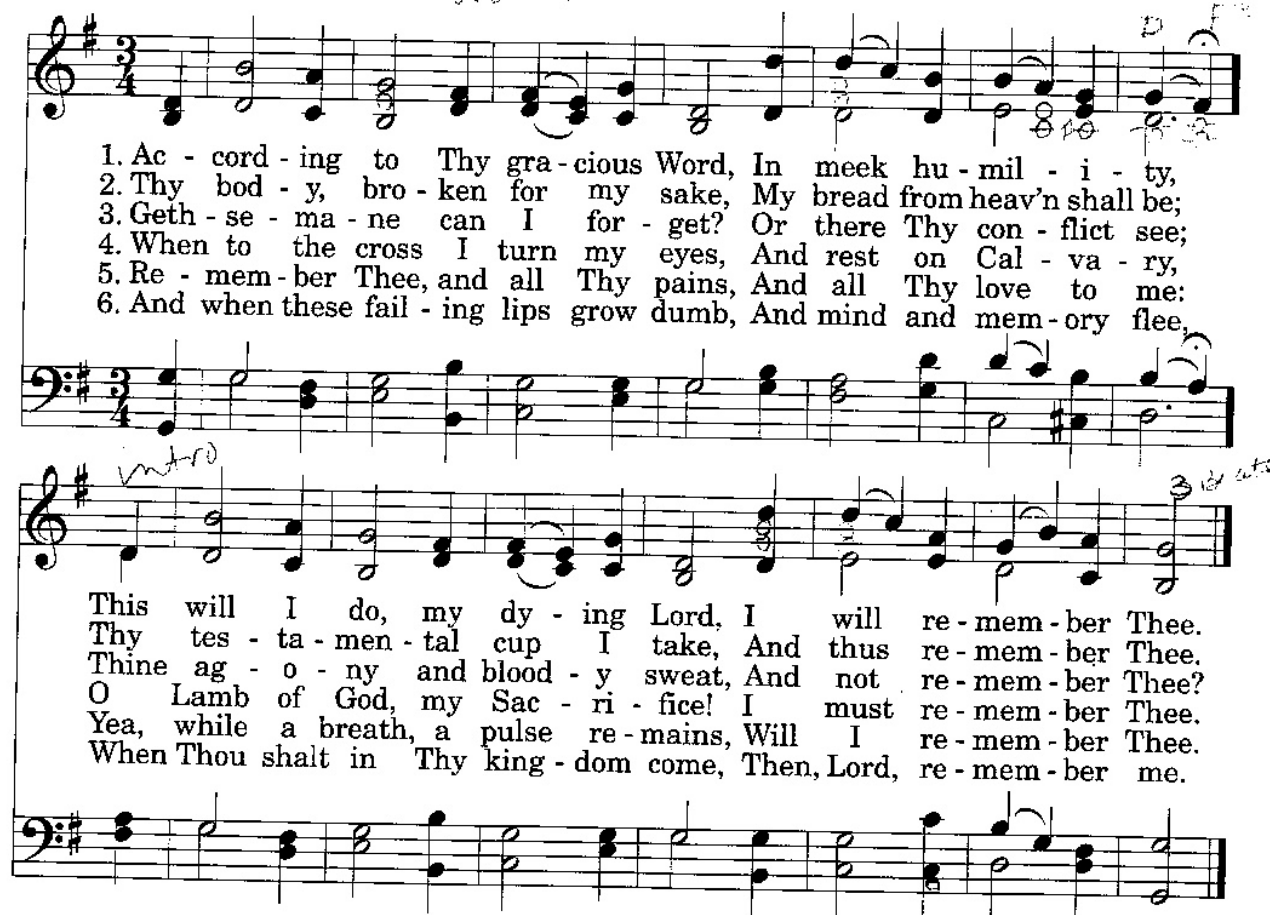


hand th'e - ter - nal grace, And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean.
side each earth - ly load, Here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - given.
ref - uge and my peace - Thy blood, Thy right - eous - ness, O Lord my God.
move, but Thou art here, Near - er than ev - er, still my Shield and Sun.
Lord, e - nough in - deed; My strength is in Thy might, Thy might a - lone.
of the fes - tal joy, The Lamb's great bri - dal feast of bliss and love.

According to Thy Gracious Word 232

BELMONT • C.M.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

William Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1812


1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious Word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
2. Thy bod - y, bro - ken for my sake, My bread from heav'n shall be;
3. Geth - se - ma - ne can I for - get? Or there Thy con - flict see;
4. When to the cross I turn my eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry,
5. Re - mem - ber Thee, and all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me;
6. And when these fail - ing lips grow dumb, And mind and mem - ory flee,

intro
This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee.
Thy tes - ta - men - tal cup I take, And thus re - mem - ber Thee.
Thine ag - o - ny and blood - y sweat, And not re - mem - ber Thee?
O Lamb of God, my Sac - ri - fice! I must re - mem - ber Thee.
Yea, while a breath, a pulse re - mains, Will I re - mem - ber Thee.
When Thou shalt in Thy king - dom come, Then, Lord, re - mem - ber me.