

HYMNS

All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night

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1 All praise to Thee, my God, this night For all the  
2 For - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that  
3 Teach me to live that I may dread The grave as  
4 Oh, may my soul in Thee re - pose, And may sweet



bles - ings of the light. Keep me, O keep me,  
I this day have done, That with the world, my -  
lit - tle as my bed. Teach me to die that  
sleep mine eye - lids close, Sleep that shall me more



King of kings, Be - neath Thine own al - might - y wings.  
self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.  
so I may Rise glo - rious at the awe - full day.  
vig - 'rous make To serve my God when I a - wake!

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

△ 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host:  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

# Here, O My Lord, I See Thee Face to Face

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1 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;  
 2 Here would I feed up - on the bread of God,  
 3 This is the hour of ban - quet and of song;  
 4 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need



Here would I touch and han - dle things un - seen;  
 Here drink with Thee the roy - al wine of heav'n;  
 This is the heav'n - ly ta - ble spread for me;  
 An - oth - er arm but Thine to lean up - on.



Here grasp with firm - er hand the e - ter - nal grace,  
 Here would I lay a - side each earth - ly load,  
 Here let me feast and, feast - ing, still pro - long  
 It is e - nough, my Lord, e - nough in - deed;



And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean.  
 Here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - giv'n.  
 The brief bright hour of fel - low - ship with Thee.  
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy might a - lone.

- 5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;  
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;  
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace:  
 Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.
- 6 Too soon we rise; the vessels disappear;  
 The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;  
 The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here;  
 Nearer than ever; still my shield and sun.
- 7 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,  
 Yet, passing, points to that glad feast above,  
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,  
 The Lamb's great marriage feast of bliss and love.

# Go to Dark Gethsemane

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1 Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, All who feel the  
 2 Fol - low to the judg - ment hall, View the Lord of  
 3 Cal - v'ry's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; There, a - dor - ing  
 4 Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb Where they laid His



tempt - er's pow'r; Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see,  
 life ar - rained; Oh, the worm - wood and the gall!  
 at His feet, Mark that mir - a - cle of time,  
 breath - less clay; All is sol - i - tude and gloom.



Watch with Him one bit - ter hour; Turn not from His  
 Oh, the pangs His soul sus - tained! Shun not suf - f'ring,  
 God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete. "It is fin - ished!"  
 Who has tak - en Him a - way? Christ is ris'n! He



griefs a - way; Learn from Je - sus Christ to pray.  
 shame, or loss; Learn from Him to bear the cross.  
 hear Him cry; Learn from Je - sus Christ to die.  
 meets our eyes. Sav - ior, teach us so to rise.

*Text: James Montgomery, 1771–1854*  
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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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