

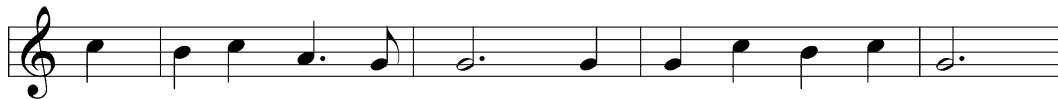
HYMNS

When Morning Gilds the Skies

807



1 When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart, a - wak - ing, cries,
2 When mirth for mu - sic longs, This is my song of songs:
3 No love-lier an - ti - phon In all high heav'n is known
4 Ye na - tions of man - kind, In this your con - cord find:
5 Sing, suns and stars of space, Sing, ye that see His face,



"May Je - sus Christ be praised!" When eve - ning shad - ows fall,
"May Je - sus Christ be praised!" God's ho - ly house of prayer
Than "Je - sus Christ be praised!" There to the e - ter - nal Word
"May Je - sus Christ be praised!" Let all the earth a - round
Sing, "Je - sus Christ be praised!" God's whole cre - a - tion o'er,



This rings my cur - few call: "May Je - sus Christ be praised!"
Hath none that can com - pare With "Je - sus Christ be praised!"
The e - ter - nal psalm is heard: "May Je - sus Christ be praised!"
Ring joy - ous with the sound: "May Je - sus Christ be praised!"
Both now and ev - er - more Shall Je - sus Christ be praised!

*Text: Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1828, Würzburg;
tr. Robert S. Bridges, 1844–1930, alt.
Tune: Joseph Barnby, 1838–96
Text and Tune: Public domain*

Rise, Shine, You People

825



1 Rise, shine, you peo - ple! Christ the Lord has en - tered
2 See how He sends the pow'rs of e - vil reel - ing;
3 Come, cel - e - brate, your ban - ners high un - furl - ing,
4 Tell how the Fa - ther sent His Son to save us.



Our hu - man sto - ry; God in Him is cen - tered.
He brings us free - dom, light and life and heal - ing.
Your songs and prayers a - gainst the dark-ness hurl - ing.
Tell of the Son, who life and free-dom gave us.



He comes to us, by death and sin sur -
All men and wom - en, who by guilt are
To all the world go out and tell the
Tell how the Spir - it calls from ev - 'ry



round - ed, With grace un - bound - ed.
driv - en, Now are for - giv - en.
sto - ry Of Je - sus' glo - ry.
na - tion His new cre - a - tion.

Text: Ronald A. Klug, 1939, alt.

Tune: Dale Wood, 1934-2003

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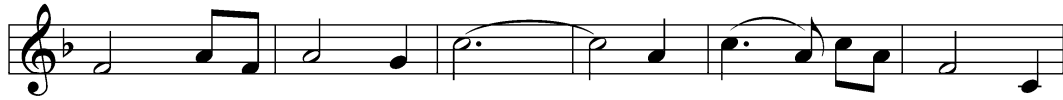
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Amazing Grace

744



1 A - maz - ing grace— how sweet the sound— That
 2 The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His
 3 Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares I
 4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail And
 5 When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright



saved a wretch like me! I once was lost but
 Word my hope se - cures; He will my shield and
 have al - read - y come; His grace has brought me
 mor - tal life shall cease, A - maz - ing grace shall
 shin - ing as the sun, We've no less days to



now am found, Was blind but now I see!
 por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
 safe thus far, His grace will lead me home.
 then pre - vail In heav - en's joy and peace.
 sing God's praise Than when we'd first be - gun.

*Text (sts. 1–4): John Newton, 1725–1807, alt.;
 (st. 5): A Collection of Sacred Ballads, 1790, Richmond
 Tune: Columbian Harmony, 1829, Cincinnati
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

“Away from Us!” the Demon Cried

541



1 “A - way from us!” the de - mon cried
2 But Je - sus spoke with God’s own pow’r;
3 O ris - en Christ, God’s liv - ing Word,
4 Drive out the doubt that crip - ples faith;
5 Then help us, Lord, to greet each day



When Christ, the Lord, drew near. “Our dark, dis - or - dered
“Come forth!” was His com - mand; For e - vil can - not
To us, we pray, draw near. Come, speak the truth that
Ex - pel our pride and greed That we, from pow’rs that
With hearts and wills made new And, when You call us



world is lost When You, the Light, ap - pear!”
bear the Light Nor sin the Truth with - stand.
cleans - es sin With love that con - quers fear.
threat - en us, May, by Your grace, be freed.
forth to serve, To rise and fol - low You.

Text: Herman G. Stuempfle, Jr., 1923–2007

Tune: African American spiritual;

adapt. Harry T. Burleigh, 1866–1949

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Tune: Public domain

Just as I Am, without One Plea

570



1 Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy
 2 Just as I am and wait - ing not To rid my
 3 Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With man - y a
 4 Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind; Sight, rich - es,



blood was shed for me And that Thou bidd'st me come to
 soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
 con - flict, man - y a doubt, Fight - ings and fears with - in, with -
 heal - ing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in Thee to



Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 6 Just as I am; Thy love unknown
 Has broken ev'ry barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

*Text: Charlotte Elliott, 1789–1871
 Tune: William B. Bradbury, 1816–68
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Your Hand, O Lord, in Days of Old

846

1 Your hand, O Lord, in days of old
 2 Your touch then, Lord, brought life and health,
 3 O be our great de - liv - 'rer still,

Was strong to heal and save; It tri - umphed o - ver
 Gave speech and strength and sight; And youth re - newed and
 The Lord of life and death; Re - store and quick - en,

ills and death, O'er dark - ness and the grave.
 fren - zy calmed Re - vealed You, Lord of light.
 soothe and bless, With Your life - giv - ing breath.

To You they came, the blind, the mute,
 And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
 To hands that work and eyes that see

The pal - sied and the lame, The lep - ers in their
 Al - might - y as be - fore, In crowd - ed street, by
 Give wis - dom's heal - ing pow'r That whole and sick and

mis - er - y, The sick with fe - vered frame.
 beds of pain, As by Gen - nes - 'ret's shore.
 weak and strong May praise You ev - er - more.

Text: Edward H. Plumptre, 1821–91, alt.

Tune: English;

adapt. and harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872–1958, alt.

Text and Tune: Public domain

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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