

Favorite Hymns
of Praise

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I will sing unto the Lord
As long as I live:
I will sing praise to my God
While I have my being.

—*Psalm 104:33*

Favorite Hymns of Praise

When Morning Gilds the Skies

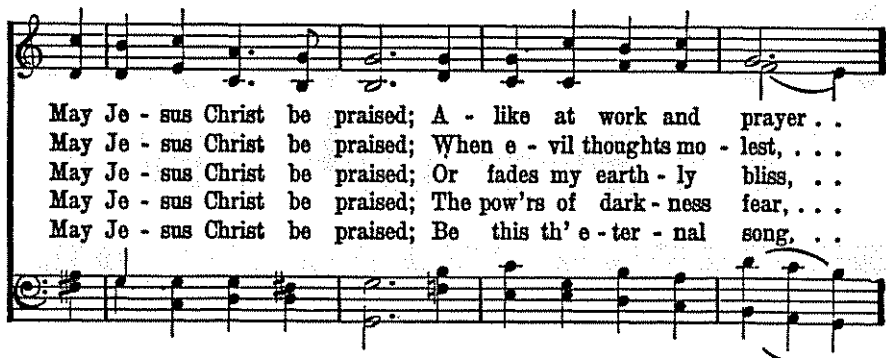
1

FROM THE GERMAN
TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL

JOSEPH BARNBY



1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries:
 2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs:
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find:
 4. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this:
 5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,



May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer . .
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts mo - lest, . . .
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss, . .
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'rs of dark - ness fear, . . .
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th' e - ter - nal song, . .



To Je - sus I re - pair: . . May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 With this I shield my breast: . . May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 My com - fort still is this: . . May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 When this sweet chant they hear: . . May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Thro' all the a - ges on: . . . May Je - sus Christ be praised.

Holy, Holy, Holy

REGINALD HEBER

JOHN B. DYKES

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy work shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
 gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
 sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!
 fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which-wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
 there is none be-side Thee Per-fect in powr, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!

Breathe on Me, Breath of God

EDWIN HATCH

ROBERT JACKSON

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new, That I may
 2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure, Un - til with
 3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine, Un - til this
 4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev - er die, But live with

Breathe on Me, Breath of God

love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.
Thee I will one will, To do and to en - dure.
earthly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.
Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

Come, Thou Almighty King

4

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

FELICE DE GIARDINI

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be

Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more. His sov - reign maj - es - ty, May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

Fairest Lord Jesus

FROM THE GERMAN, 17TH CENTURY
4TH VERSE TR. JOSEPH A. SEISS

SILESIAN FOLK SONG
ARR. BY RICHARD S. WILLIS

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Ru - ler of all na - ture!
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light,
4. Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior! Lord of all the na - tions!

O Thou of God and man the Son! Thee will I cher - ish,
Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
And all the twin - kling star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,
Son of God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and hon - or,

Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown!
Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing!
Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast!
Praise, a - dor - a - tion, Now and for - ev - er - more be Thine! A - MEN.

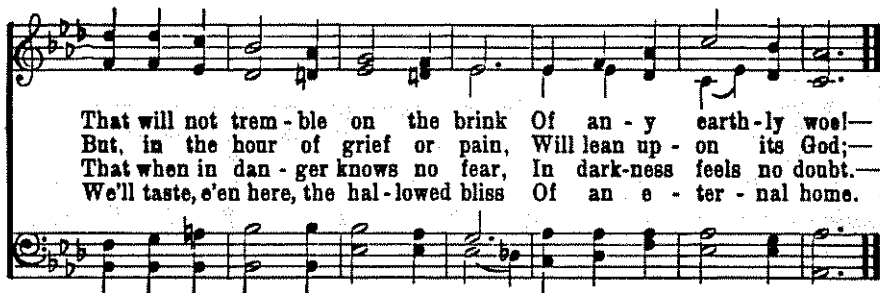
O, for a Faith That Will Not Shrink

WILLIAM H. BATHURST

JOHN B. DYKES

1. O, for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev - ery foe,
2. That will not mur - mur nor com - plain Be - neath the chas - tening rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tem - pests rage with - out;
4. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, what - e'er may come,

O, for a Faith That Will Not Shrink



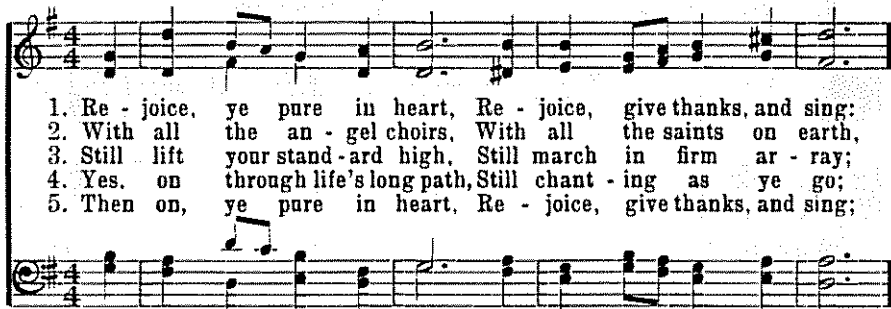
That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe!—
But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God;—
That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark - ness feels no doubt.—
We'll taste, e'en here, the hal - lowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart

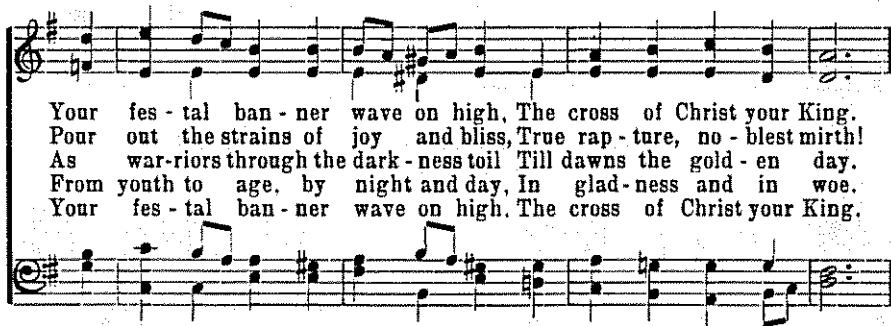
7

EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE

ARTHUR M. MESSITER

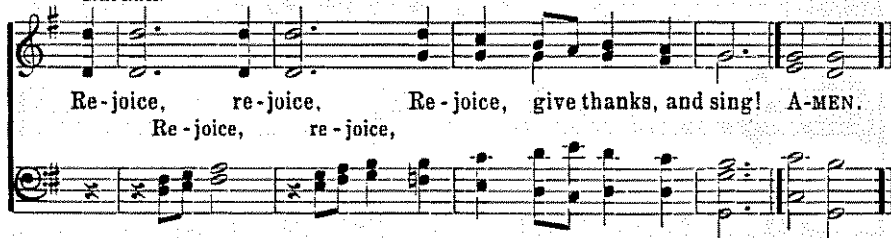


1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing;
2. With all the an - gel choirs, With all the saints on earth,
3. Still lift your stand - ard high, Still march in firm ar - ray;
4. Yes, on through life's long path, Still chant - ing as ye go;
5. Then on, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing;



Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss, True rap - ture, no - blest mirth!
As war - riors through the dark - ness toil Till dawns the gold - en day.
From youth to age, by night and day, In glad - ness and in woe.
Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.

REFRAIN



Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing! A - MEN.
Re - joice, re - joice,

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

(CORONATION)

EDWARD PERRONET
ALT. BY JOHN RIPPON

OLIVER HOLDEN

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

9 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

(MILES LANE)

EDWARD PERRONET

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

EDWARD PERRONET
ALT. BY JOHN RIPPON

(DIADEM)

JAMES ELLOR

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev-'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown Him, Crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown Him, Crown Him,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown
crown Him, crown Him;
all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all
crown Him;
Him; And crown Him Lord of all

Still, Still with Thee

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLODY

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird
 2. A-lone with Thee, a-mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn
 3. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum-ber, Its clos-ing
 4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-ing When the soul

wak-eth, and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, love-lier than the
 hush of na-ture new-ly born; A-lone with Thee in breath-less ad-o-
 eyes look up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re- pose be-neath Thy wings o'er-
 wak-eth, and life's shad-ows flee; Oh, in that hour, fair-er than day-light

day-light, Dawns the sweet con-scious-ness. I am with Thee.
 ra-tion, In the calm dew and fresh-ness of the morn-
 shad-ing. But sweet-er still to wake and find Thee there.
 dawning, Shall rise the gle-rious thought—I am with Thee. A-MEN.

12 All People That on Earth Do Dwell

FROM PSALM 100
ASC. TO WILLIAM KETHE"GENEVAN PSALTER"
LOUIS BOURGEOIS

1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him
 2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make; We
 3. O-en-ter then His gates with praise, Ap-proach with joy His courts un-to: Praise
 4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure; His

All People That on Earth Do Dwell

serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be - fore Him and re-joice.
are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
laud and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure. A-MEN.

O Worship the King

13

FROM PSALM 104
ROBERT GRANT

ADAPTED FROM J. MICHAEL HAYDN

1. O wor-ship the King, all - glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we

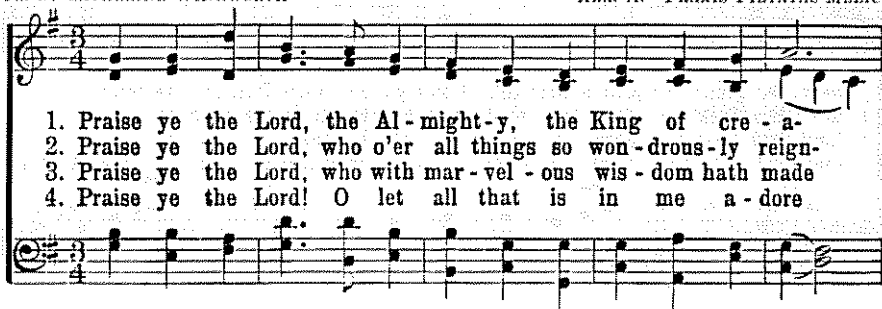
sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend - er, the An-cient of
light, whose can-o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how firm to the

days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise,
form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm,
plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend. A - MEN.

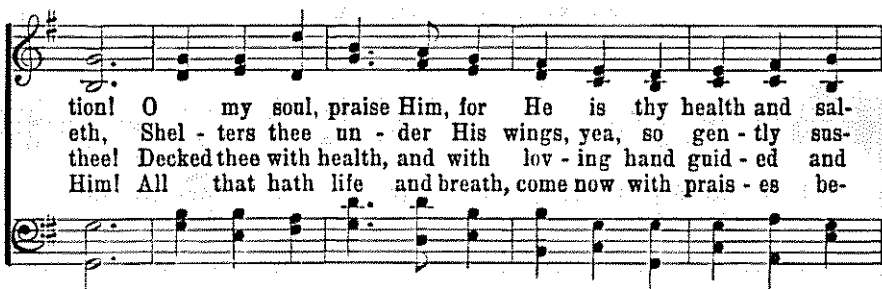
Praise Ye the Lord, the Almighty

JOACHIM NEANDER
TR. BY CATHERINE WINKWORTH

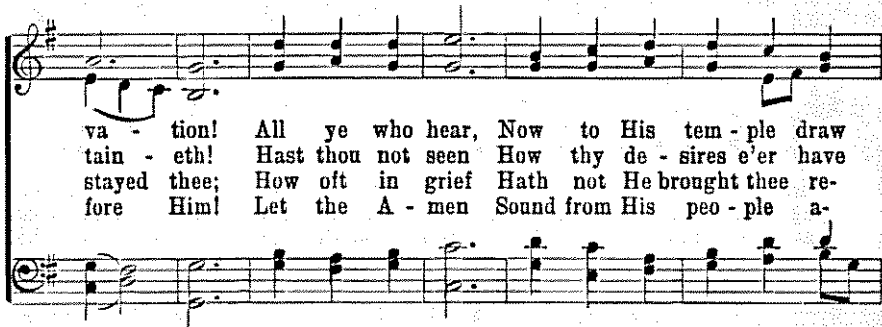
"STRALSUND GESANGBUCH"
ARR. IN "PRAXIS PIETATAS MELICA"



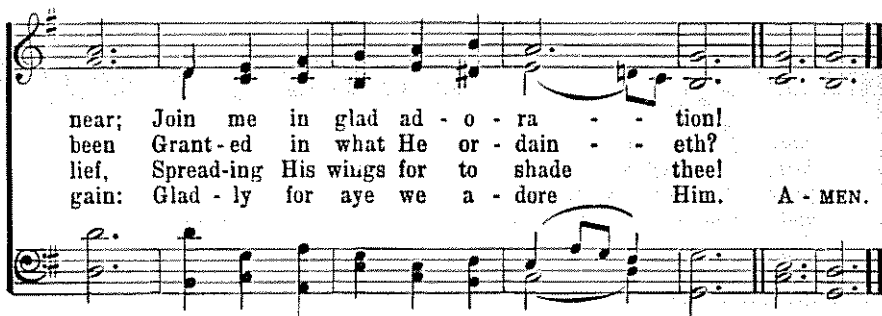
1. Praise ye the Lord, the Al-might-y, the King of cre-a-
2. Praise ye the Lord, who o'er all things so won-drous-ly reign-
3. Praise ye the Lord, who with mar-vel-ous wis-dom hath made
4. Praise ye the Lord! O let all that is in me a-dore



tion! O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal-
eth, Shel-ters thee un-der His wings, yea, so gen-tly sus-
thee! Decked thee with health, and with lov-ing hand guid-ed and
Him! All that hath life and breath, come now with prais-es be-



va-tion! All ye who hear, Now to His tem-ple draw
tain-eth! Hast thou not seen How thy de-sires e'er have
stayed thee; How oft in grief Hath not He brought thee re-
fore Him! Let the A-men Sound from His peo-ple a-



near; Join me in glad ad-o-ra-tion!
been Grant-ed in what He or-dain-eth?
lief, Spread-ing His wings for to shade thee!
gain: Glad-ly for aye we a-dore Him. A-MEN.

O Thou God of My Salvation

15

THOMAS OLIVERS

DANIEL B. TOWNER

1. O Thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re - deem - er from all sin;
 2. Though un - seen, I love the Sav - ior, He hath brought sal - va - tion near;
 3. While the an - gel choirs are cry - ing, "Glo - ry to the great I Am,"
 4. An - gels now are hov - ring round us, Un - per - ceived a - mong the throng;

Moved by Thy di - vine com - pas - sion, Who hast died my heart to win;
 Man - i - fests His pard - ning fa - vor; And when Je - sus doth ap - pear,
 I with them will still be vy - ing—Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
 Won - d'ring at the love that crowned us, Glad to sing the ho - ly song;

I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee, Where shall I Thy praise be - gin?
 Soul and bod - y, soul and bod - y, Shall His glo - rious im - age bear;
 Oh, how pre - cious, oh, how pre - cious Is the sound of Je - sus' name!
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah. Love and praise to Christ be - long!

I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee, Where shall I Thy praise be - gin?
 Soul and bod - y, soul and bod - y, Shall His glo - rious im - age bear.
 Oh, how pre - cious, oh, how pre - cious Is the sound of Je - sus' name!
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Love and praise to Christ be - long! A - MEN.

Blessed Be the Name

W. H. CLARK
REFRAIN, RALPH E. HUDSON

RALPH E. HUDSON
ARR. BY WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove In maj - es - ty su - preme,
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Coun - sel - or, The might - y Prince of Peace,

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem!
At God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel - hosts a - dore.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's king - doms Con - quer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.

CHORUS

Bless - ed be the name, bless - ed be the name, Bless - ed be the name of the Lord;

Bless - ed be the name, bless - ed be the name, Bless - ed be the name of the Lord.

Come, Thou Fount

17

ROBERT ROBINSON

JOHN WYETH



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm con-strained to bel



Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee:

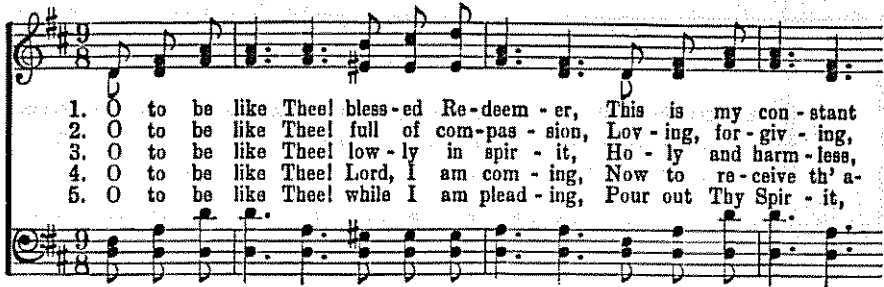


Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

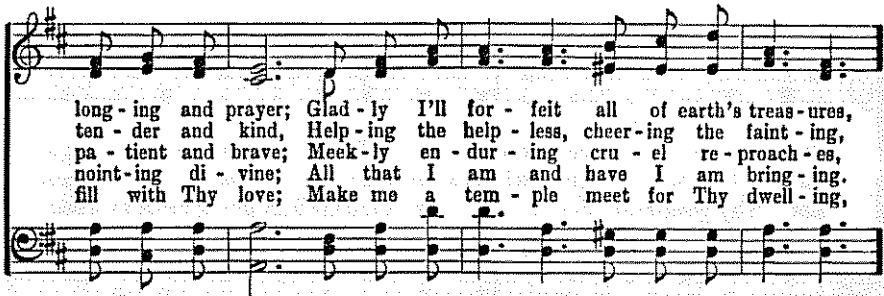


Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.



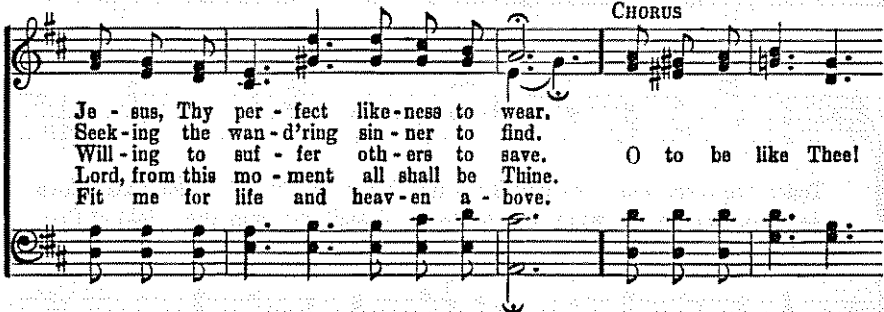


1. O to be like Thee! bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant
 2. O to be like Thee! full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,
 3. O to be like Thee! low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,
 4. O to be like Thee! Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re-ceive th' a-
 5. O to be like Thee! while I am plead-ing, Pour out Thy Spir-it,

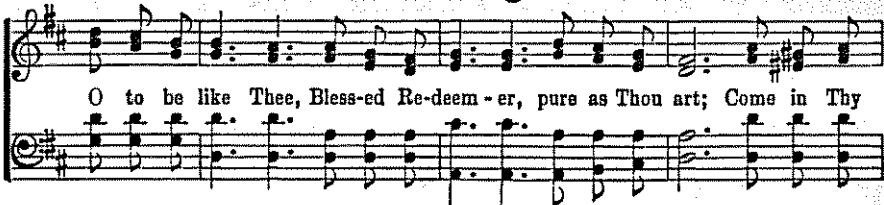


long-ing and prayer; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treas-ures,
 ten-der and kind, Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,
 pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,
 noint-ing di-vine; All that I am and have I am bring-ing,
 fill with Thy love; Make me a tem-ple meet for Thy dwell-ing,

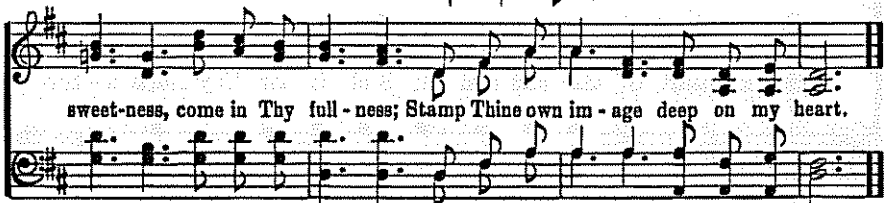
CHORUS



Je-sus, Thy per-fect like-ness to wear.
 Seek-ing the wan-d'ring sin-ner to find.
 Will-ing to suf-fer oth-ers to save. O to be like Thee!
 Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be Thine.
 Fit me for life and heav-en a-bove.



O to be like Thee, Bless-ed Re-deem-er, pure as Thou art; Come in Thy



sweet-ness, come in Thy full-ness; Stamp Thine own im-aga deep on my heart.

Praise Him! Praise Him!

19

FANNY J. CROSBY

CHESTER G. ALLEN

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O Earth, His
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'ly por-tals

won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;
 suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reigneth for-ev - er and ev - er;

Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will
 Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru - ci - fied. Sound His Praises! Je-sus who
 Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christis com-ing! o-ver the

REFRAIN

guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
 bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong: Praise Him! praise Him!
 world vic-tor-ious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:

tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

O Could I Speak

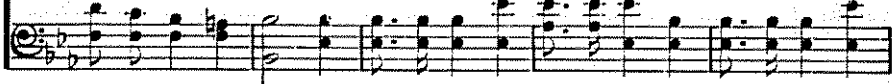
SAMUEL MEDLEY

WOLFGANG A. MOZART
ARR. BY LOWELL MASON

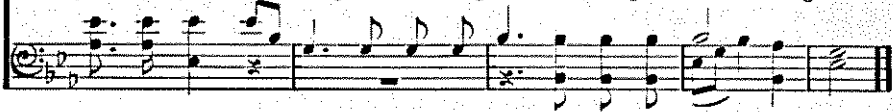
1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth Which
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears, Ex-
4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home, And



in my Sav-ior shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-briel
sin, and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all-per-fect,
alt-ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev-er-
I shall see His face; Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend. A blest e-ter-ni-



while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
heav'n-ly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
last-ing days Make all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo-ries known.
ty I'll spend, Tri-um-ph'ant in His grace, Tri-um-ph'ant in His grace.



21

I Am Coming to the Cross

WILLIAM McDONALD

WILLIAM G. FISCHER



1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e-vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee,—Friends and time and earth-ly store;
4. In the prom-is-es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap-plied;
5. Je-sus comes! He fills my soul! Per-fect-ed in Him I am;



CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee. Bless-ed Lamb of Cal-va-ry;