



Great Hymns of  
the Faith •  
Sheet Music & Lyrics

10 Hymns  
4 voice parts: SATB

[MusicinOurHomeschool.com/GreatHymns](https://MusicinOurHomeschool.com/GreatHymns)

# Amazing Grace

John Newton, pub.1779

"New Britain"; Unknown, pub.1829

Voice

1. A  
2. 'Twas  
3. Through  
4. When

maz - ing grace! How sweet the sound That saved a wretch like  
grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears re -  
man - y dan - gers toils and snares, I have al - read - y  
we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright shin - ing as the

7

11

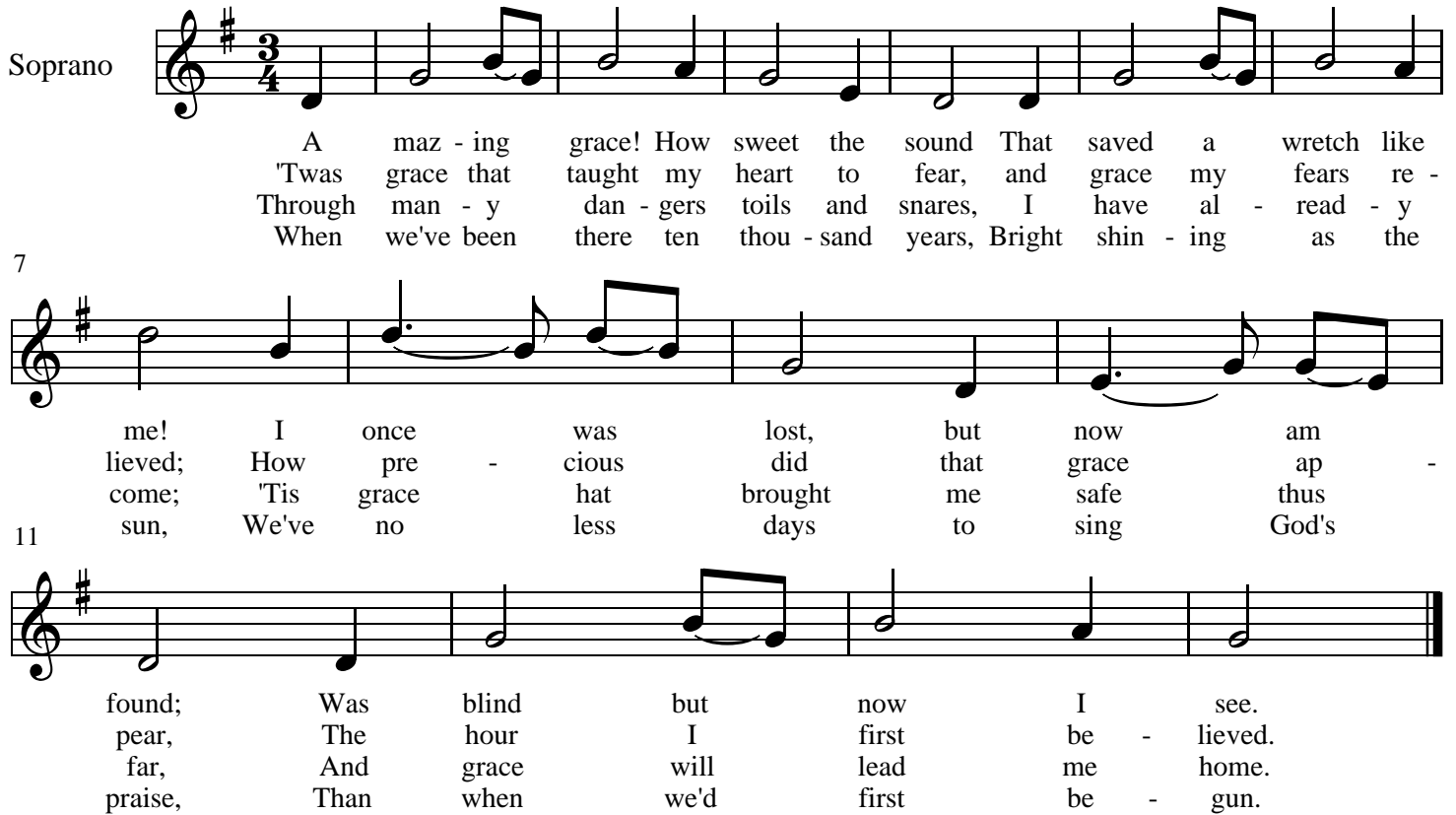
found; Was blind but now I see.  
pear The And hour I will be - lieved.  
far, The And grace when we'd me - home.  
praise, Than when we'd be - gun.

# Amazing Grace

John Newton, pub.1779

“New Britain”; Unknown, pub.1829

Soprano



A maz - ing grace! How sweet the sound That saved a wretch like  
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears re -  
Through man - y dan - gers toils and snares, I have al - read - y  
When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright shin - ing as the

7

me! I once - was lost, but now am ap -  
lieved; How pre - cious did that grace ap -  
come; 'Tis grace hat brought me safe thus  
11 sun, We've no less days to sing God's

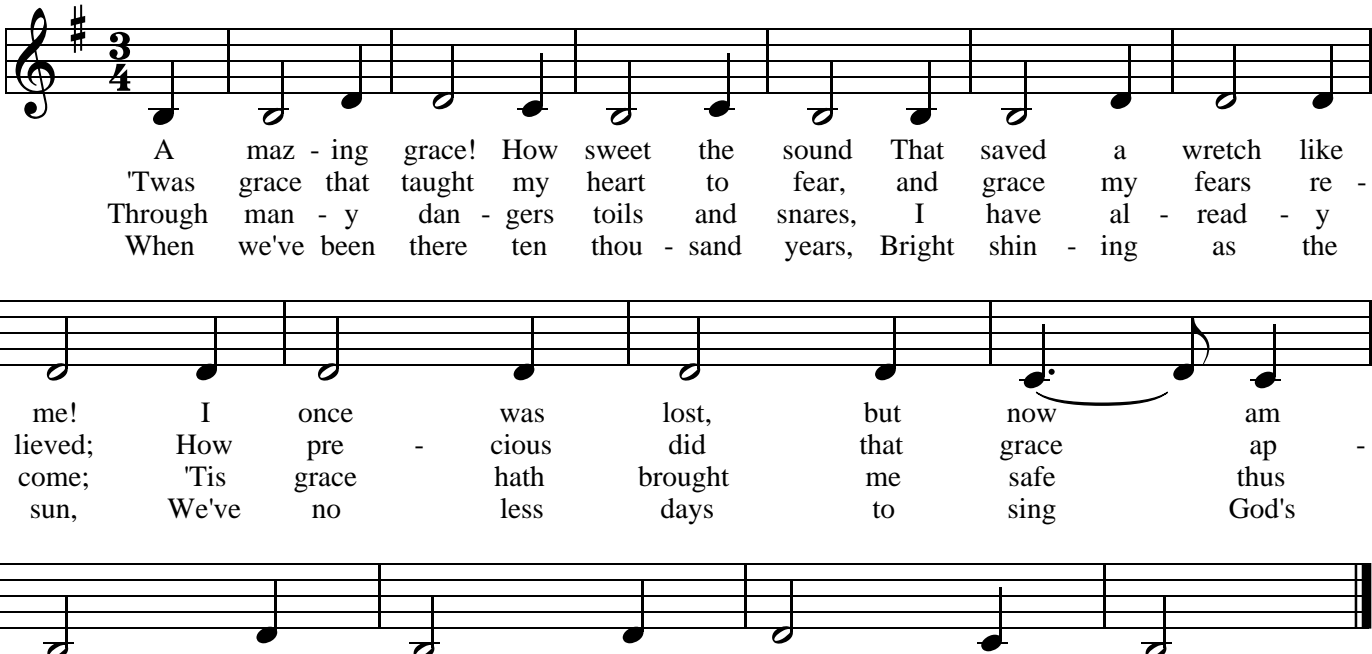
found; Was blind but now I see.  
pear, The hour I first be - lieved.  
far, And grace will lead me home.  
praise, Than when we'd first be - gun.

# Amazing Grace

John Newton, pub.1779

“New Britain”; Unknown, pub.1829

Alto



The musical score is written for an Alto voice part in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff contains the first seven measures of the song. The second staff contains measures 8 through 11. The third staff contains the final three measures of the song. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with line numbers 7 and 11 indicating the start of new lines of text.

7

11

A maz - ing grace! How sweet the sound That saved a wretch like  
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears re -  
Through man - y dan - gers toils and snares, I have al - read - y  
When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright shin - ing as the

me! I once was lost, but now am  
lieved; How pre - cious did that grace ap -  
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far, And grace will lead me home.  
praise, Than when we'd first be - gun.



# Amazing Grace

John Newton, pub.1779

“New Britain”; Unknown, pub.1829

Tenor



A maz - ing grace! How sweet the sound That saved a wretch like  
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears re -  
Through man - y dan - gers toils and snares, I have al - read - y  
7 When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright shin - ing as the



me! I once was lost, but now am  
lieved; How pre - cious did that grace ap -  
come; 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus  
11 sun, We've no less days to sing God's



found; Was blind but now I see.  
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far, And grace will lead me home.  
praise, Than when we'd first be - gun.

# Amazing Grace

John Newton, pub.1779

“New Britain”; Unknown, pub.1829

Bass

A maz - ing grace! How sweet the sound That saved a wretch like  
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears re -  
Through man - y dan - gers toils and snares, I have al - read - y  
7 When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Brigh shin - ing as the  
me! I once was lost, but now am  
lieved; How pre - cious did that grace ap -  
come; 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus  
11 sun, We've no less days to sing God's  
found; Was blind but now I see.  
pear The hour I first be - lieved.  
far, And grace will lead me home.  
praise, Than when we'd first be - gun.

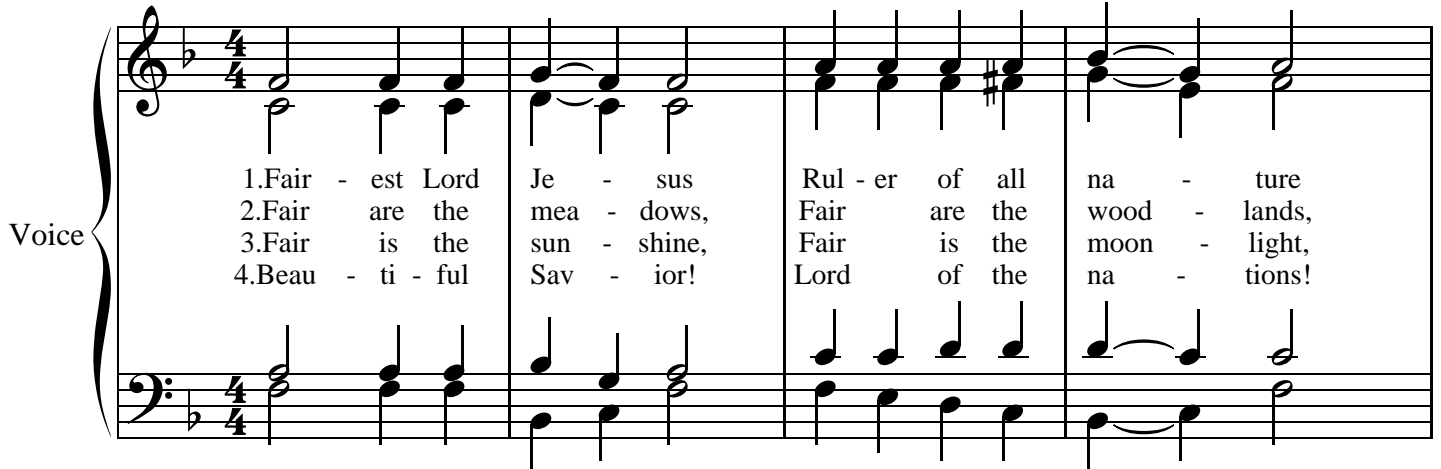
# Fairest Lord Jesus

CRUSADER'S HYMN

Munster Gesangbuch, 1677;  
tr. 1850, 1873

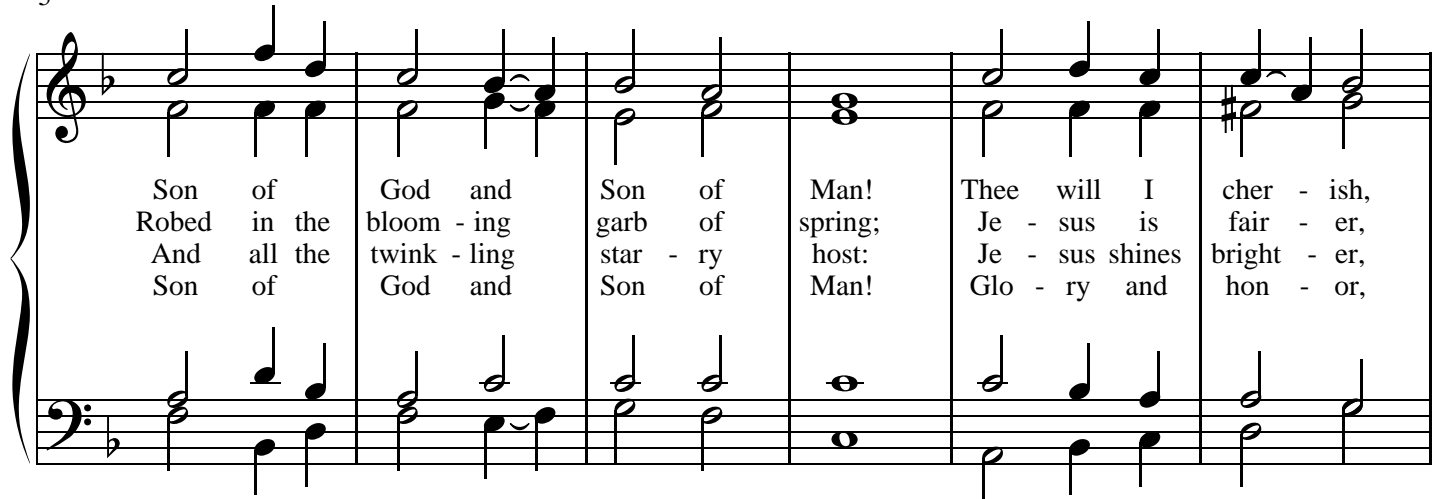
Silesian folk-song in Schlesischen  
Volkslieder, Leipzig, 1842

Voice



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

5



Son of God and Son of Man! Thee will I cher - ish,  
Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,  
And all the twink - ling 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, ad - o - ra - tion, Now and for - ev - er more be thine.

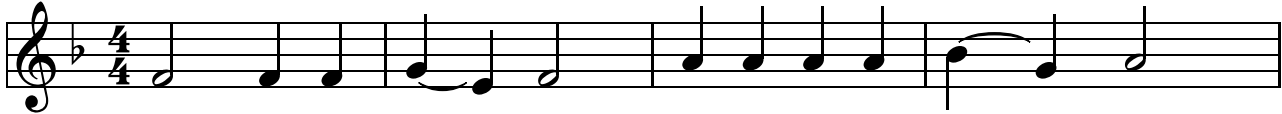
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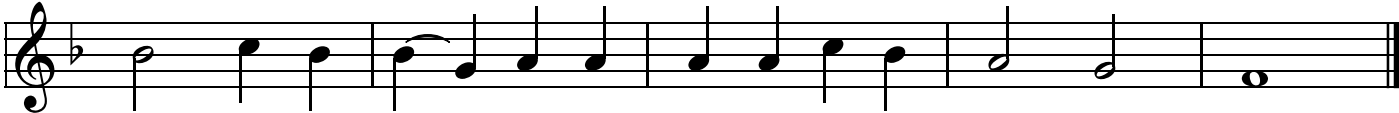
Soprano



1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus Rul - er of all na - ture  
2. Fair are the mea - dows, Fair are the wood - lands,  
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair is the moon - light,  
5 4. Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior! Lord of the na - tions!



11 Son of God and Son of Man! Thee will I cher - ish,  
Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring: Je - sus is fair - er,  
And all the twink - ling star - ry host: Je - sus shines bright - er,  
Son of God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and hon - er,



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, ad - o - ra - tion, Now and for - ev - er more be thine.

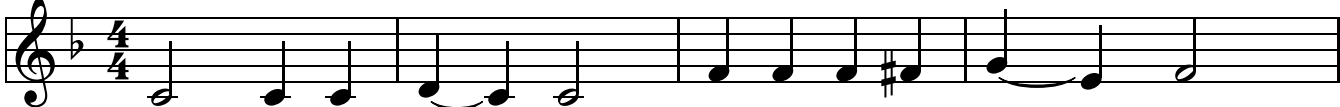
# Fairest Lord Jesus

CRUSADER'S HYMN


Munster Gesangbuch, 1677;  
tr. 1850, 1873

Silesian folk-song in Schlesischen  
Volkslieder, Leipzig, 1842


Alto



1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus Rul - er of al na - ture  
2. Fair are the mea - dows, Fair are the wood - lands,  
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair is the moon - light,  
5 4. Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior! Lord of the na - tions!



Son of God and Son of Man! Thee will I cher - ish,  
Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring: Je - sus is fai - er,  
And all the twink - ling star - ry host: Je - sus shines bright - er,  
11 Son of God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and hon - er,



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.  
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Praise, ad - o - ra - tion, Now and for - ev - er more be thine.

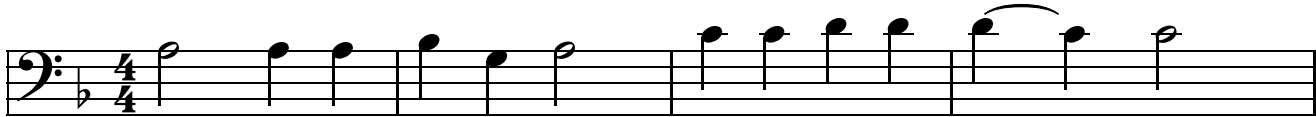
# Fairest Lord Jesus

CRUSADER'S HYMN

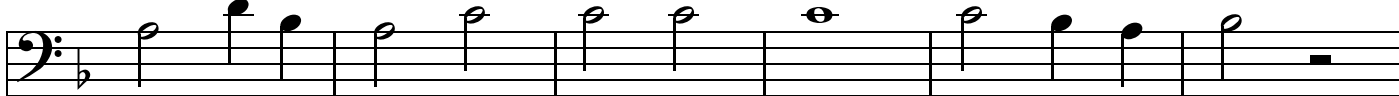
Munster Gesangbuch, 1677;  
tr. 1850, 1873

Silesian folk-song in Schlesischen  
Volkslieder, Leipzig, 1842


Tenor



1.Fair - est Lord Je - sus Rul - er of all na - ture  
2.Fair are the mea - dows, Fair are the wood - lands,  
3.Fair is the sun - shine, Fair is the moon - light,  
5 4.Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior! Lord of the na - tions!



11 Son of God and Son of Man! Thee will I cher - ish,  
Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring: Je - sus is fai - er,  
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Son of God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and hon - er,



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, ad - o - ra - tion, Now and for - ev - er more be thine.




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Silesian folk-song in Schlesischen  
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Bass



1.Fair - est Lord Je - sus Rul - er of all na - ture  
2.Fair are the mea - dows, Fair are the wood - lands,  
3.Fair is the sun - shine, Fair is the moon - light,  
5 4.Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior! Lord of the na - tions!



Son of God and Son of Man! Thee will I cher - ish,  
Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring: Je - sus is bright - er,  
And all the twink - ling star - ry host: Je - sus shines bright - er,  
11 Son of God and Son of Man! Thee will I hon - er,



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, ad - o - ra - tion, Now and for - ev - er more be thine.

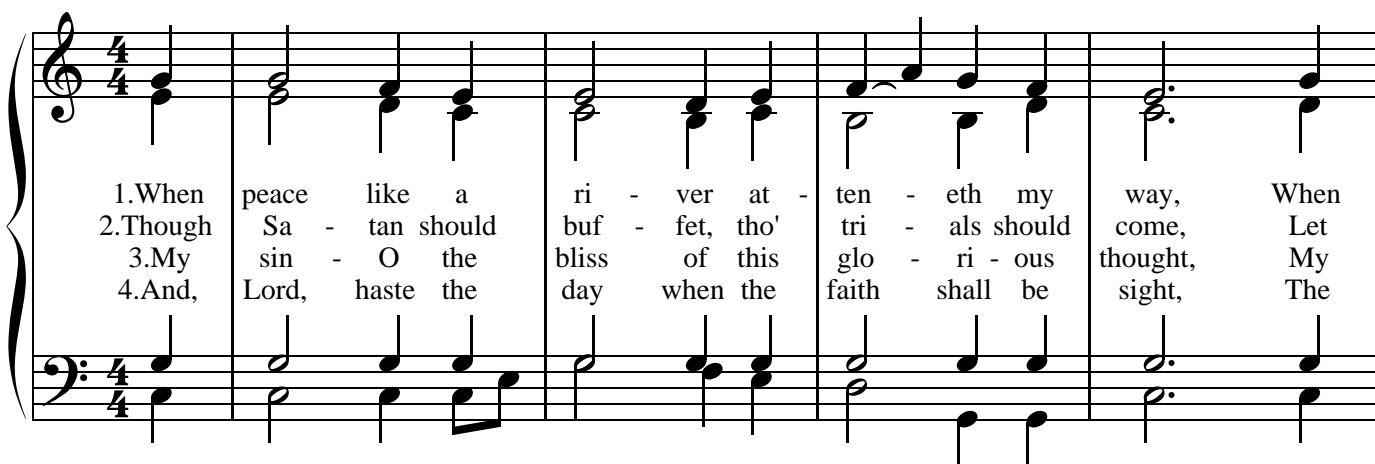
# It Is Well with My Soul

VILLE DU HAVRE

Horatio G. Spafford, 1873

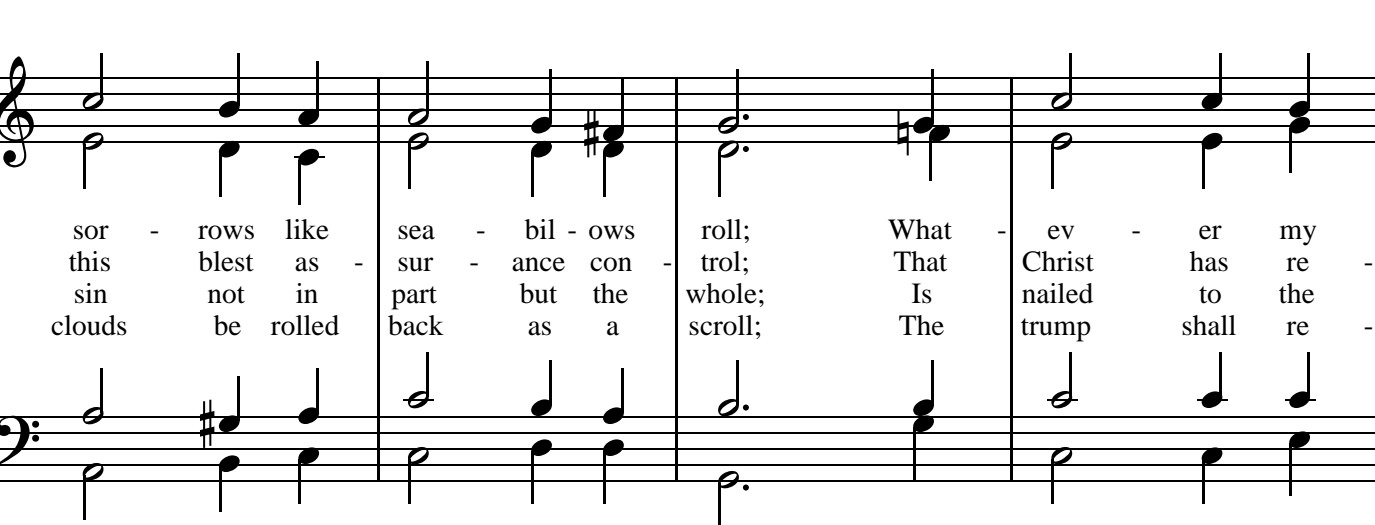
Philip P. Bliss, 1876

Voice



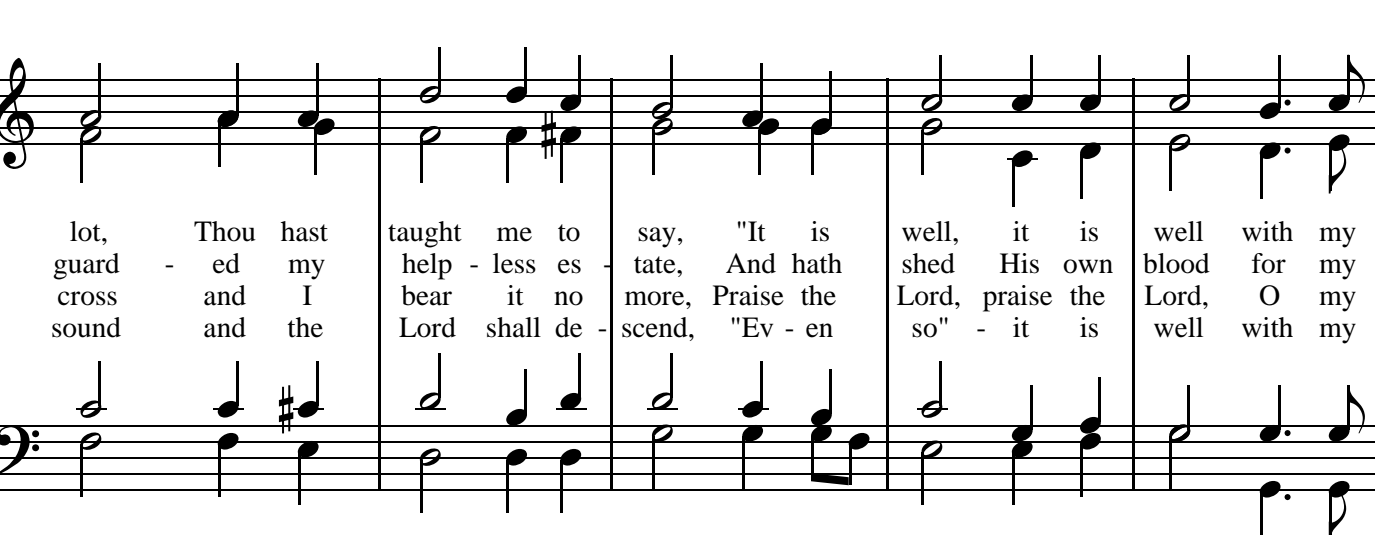
1. When peace like a ri - ver at - ten - eth my way, When  
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let  
3. My sin - O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought, My  
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The

5



sor - rows like sea - bil - ows roll; What - ev - er my  
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol; That Christ has re -  
sin not in part but the whole; Is nailed to the  
clouds be rolled back as a scroll; The trump shall re -

9



lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my  
guard - ed my help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my  
cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my  
sound and the Lord shall de - scend, "Ev - en so" - it is well with my

soul." soul. soul! soul.

It is well ——— It is well With my soul ——— with my

— soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.


# It Is Well with My Soul

VILLE DU HAVRE

Horatio G. Spafford, 1873

Philip P. Bliss, 1876

Soprano



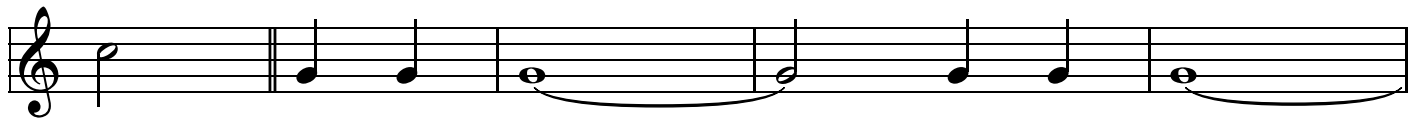
1. When peace like a ri - ver at - ten - eth my way, When  
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tri - als should come, Let  
3. My sin - O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought, My  
5 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The



sor - rows like sea - bil - ows roll: What - ev - er my  
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol; That Christ has re -  
sin not in part but the whole; Is nailed to the  
9 clouds be rolled back as a scroll; The trump shall re -



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guard - ed my help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my  
cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my  
14 sound and the Lord shall de - scend, "Ev - en so" - it is well with my



soul." It is well \_\_\_\_\_ With my soul \_\_\_\_\_  
soul.  
19 soul!  
soul.



— It is well, it is well with my soul.

# It Is Well with My Soul

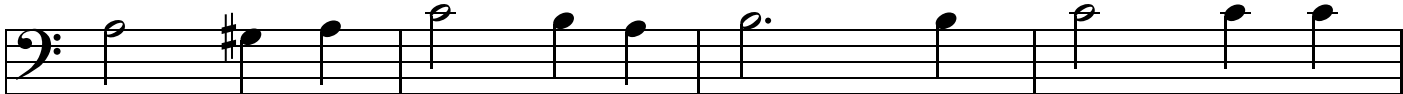
VILLE DU HAVRE

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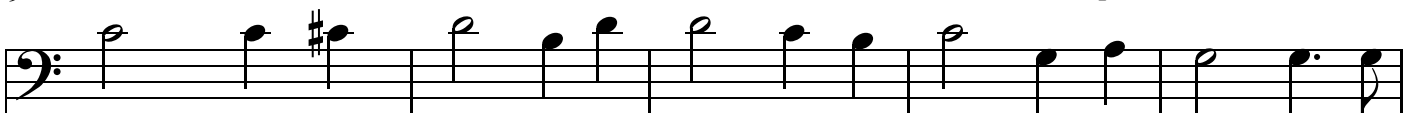
Philip P. Bliss, 1876

Tenor 

1. When peace like a river at - ten - eth my way, When  
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let  
3. My sin - O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought, My  
5 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the gaith shall be sight, The



sor - rows like sea - bil - ows roll; What - ev - er my  
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol; That Christ has re -  
sin not in part but the whole; Is nailed to the  
9 clouds be rolled back as a scroll; The trump shall re -



lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my  
guard - ed my help - less es - tate, And hat shed His own blood for my  
cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my  
14 sound and the Lord shall de - scend, "Ev - en so" - it is well with my



soul." It is well with my  
soul.  
soul!  
19 soul.



soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

# It Is Well with My Soul

VILLE DU HAVRE

Horatio G. Spafford, 1873

Philip P. Bliss, 1876

Alto

1. When peace like a ri - ver at - ten - eth my way, When  
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let  
3. My sin - O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought, My  
5 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The  
sor - rows like sea - bil - ows roll; What - ev - er my  
This blest as - sur - ance con - trol; That Christ has re -  
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cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my  
14 sound and the Lord shall de - scend, "Ev - en so" - it is well with my  
soul." It is well with my  
soul.  
soul!  
19 soul.  
soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

# It Is Well with My Soul

VILLE DU HAVRE

Horatio G. Spafford, 1873

Philip P. Bliss, 1876



1. When peace like a ri - ver at - ten - eth my way, When  
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let  
3. My sin - O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought, My  
5 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The



9 sor - rows like sea - bil - ows roll; What - ev - er my  
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol; That Christ has re -  
sin not in part but the whole: Is nailed to the  
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14 lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my  
guard - ed my help - less es - tate, And hat shed His own blood for my  
cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my  
sound and the Lord shall de - cend, "Ev - en so" - it is well with my



19 soul." It is well with my  
soul.  
soul!  
soul.



soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.



# A Mighty Fortress

EIN' FESTE BURG

Martin Luther, 1529

Martin Luther, 1529

Voice

1. A might - y For - tress is our God, A Bul - wark nev - er  
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be  
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un -  
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them a -

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time. It features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line has four staves of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style.

4

fail - ing: Our Help - er he a - mind the flood Of mor - tal ills pre -  
los - ing: Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own  
do us, We will not fear for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph  
bid - eth, The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through him who with us

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics continue across four staves. The musical notation remains consistent with the first system, including the 4/4 time signature and the one-sharp key signature.

vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe. Doth seek to work us woe; His  
choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus it is he, Lord  
through us. The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His  
sid - eth: Let good and kin - dred go, This mor - tal like al - so; The

13

craft and pow'r are great; And armed with cru - el  
Sab - a - oth his Name, From age to age the  
rage we can en - dure, For Lo! His doom is  
bod - y they may kill, God's truth a - bid - eth

16

hate, On earth is not his e - - - qual.  
same, And he must win the bat - - - tle.  
sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
still, His king - dom is for - ev - - - er.

# A Mighty Fortress

EIN' FESTE BURG

Martin Luther, 1529

Martin Luther, 1529

Soprano

1.A might - y For - tress is our God, A Bul - wark nev - er  
2.Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be  
3.And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un -  
4 4.That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them a -  
fail - ing: Our Help - er he a - mind the flood Of mor - tal ills pre -  
los - ing: Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own  
do us, We will not fear for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph  
8 bid - eth, The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through him who with us  
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13 sid - eth; Let good and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The  
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Sab - a - oth his Name, From age to age the  
rage we can en - dure, For Lo! His doom is  
16 bod - y they may kill, God's truth a - bid - eth  
hate, On earth is not his e - - - qual.  
same, And he must win the bat - - - tle.  
sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
still, His king - dom is for - ev - - - er.

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# A Mighty Fortress

EIN' FESTE BURG

Martin Luther, 1529

Martin Luther, 1529

Alto

1. A might - y For - tress is our God, A Bul - wark nev - er  
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be  
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un -  
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them a -

4

fail - ing: Our Help - er he a - mind the flood Of mor - tal ills pre -  
los - ing: Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own -  
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craft and pow'r are great; And armed with cru - el  
Sab - a - oth his Name, From age to age the  
rage we can en - dure, For Lo! His doom is  
16 bod - y they may kill, God's truth a - bid - eth

hate, On earth is not his e - - - qual.  
same, And he must win the bat - - - tle.  
sure, One lit - tle word shall fell - - - him.  
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# A Mighty Fortress

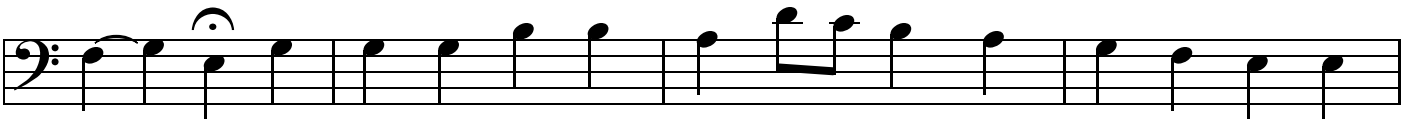
EIN' FESTE BURG

Martin Luther, 1529

Martin Luther, 1529



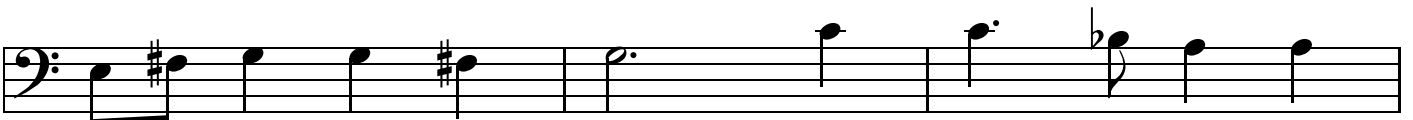
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2. Did we in our own strenght con - fide, Our striv - ing would be  
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un -  
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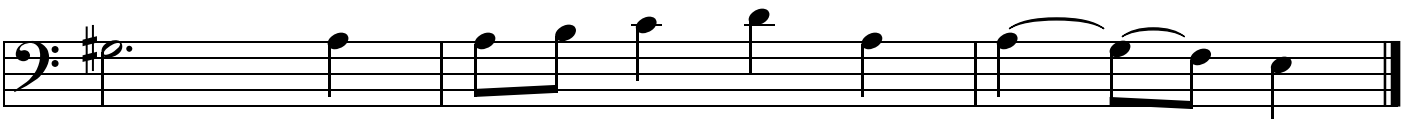
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los - ing: Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own  
do us, We will not fear for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph  
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vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His  
choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus it is he, Lord  
through us. The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His  
13 sid - eth; Let good and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The



craft and pow'r are great; And armed with cru - el  
Sab - a - oth his Name, From age to age the  
rage we can en - dure, For lo! His doom is  
16 bod - y they may kill, God's truth a - bid - eth



hate, On earth is not his e - - - qual.  
same, And he must win the bat - - - tle.  
sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
still, His king - dom is for - ev - - - er.

# A Mighty Fortress

EIN' FESTE BURG

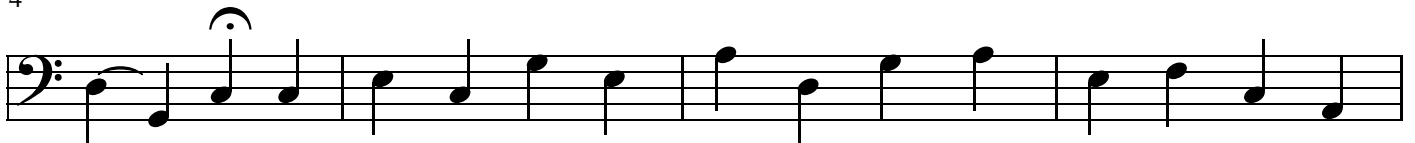
Martin Luther, 1529

Martin Luther, 1529



1.A might - y For - tress is our God, A Bul - wark nev - er  
2.Did we in our own strenght con - fide, Our striv - ing would be  
3.And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un -  
4.That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them a -

4



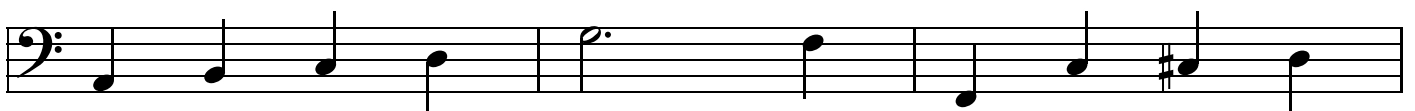
fail - ing: Our Help - er he a - mind the flood Of mor - tal ills pre -  
los - ing: Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own  
do us, We will not fear for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph  
bid - eth, The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through him who with us

8



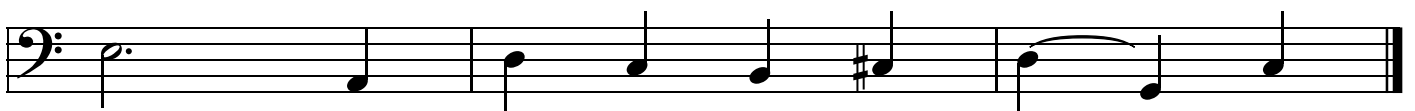
vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His  
choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus it is he, Lord  
through us. The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His  
sid - eth; Let good and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The

13



craft and pow'r are great; And armed with cru - el  
Sab - a - oth his Name, From age to age the  
rage we can en - dure, For lo! His doom is  
16 bod - y they may kill, God's truth a - bide - eth

16



hate, On earth is not his e - - qual.  
same, And he must win the bat - - tle.  
sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
still, His king - dom is for - ev - - er.

# Blessed Assurance

Frances J. Crosby, 1873

"Assurance"; Phoebe P. Knapp, 1873

Voice

1. Bless-ed as sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di -  
2. Per - fect sub mis - sion, per - fect de light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now burst on my  
3. Per - fect sub mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap - py and

4

vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His  
sight; An - gels, de - scend - ing bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of  
blest; Watch - ing and wait - ing look - ing a - bove, Filled with His

7

Spi - rit, washed, in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my  
mer - cy, whis - pers of love. love. love.  
good - ness, lost in his love.



Musical score for measures 12-14. The score is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are: "Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my".

Musical score for measures 15-17. The score is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are: "song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long." The piece concludes with a double bar line.

# Blessed Assurance

Frances J. Crosby, 1873

“Assurance”; Phoebe P. Knapp, 1873

Soprano

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-  
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now burst on my  
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am hap-py and

4

vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spi-rit, washed in His  
sight; An-gels, de-scend-ing bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of  
8 blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His good-ness, lost in his

blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day  
love.  
13 love.

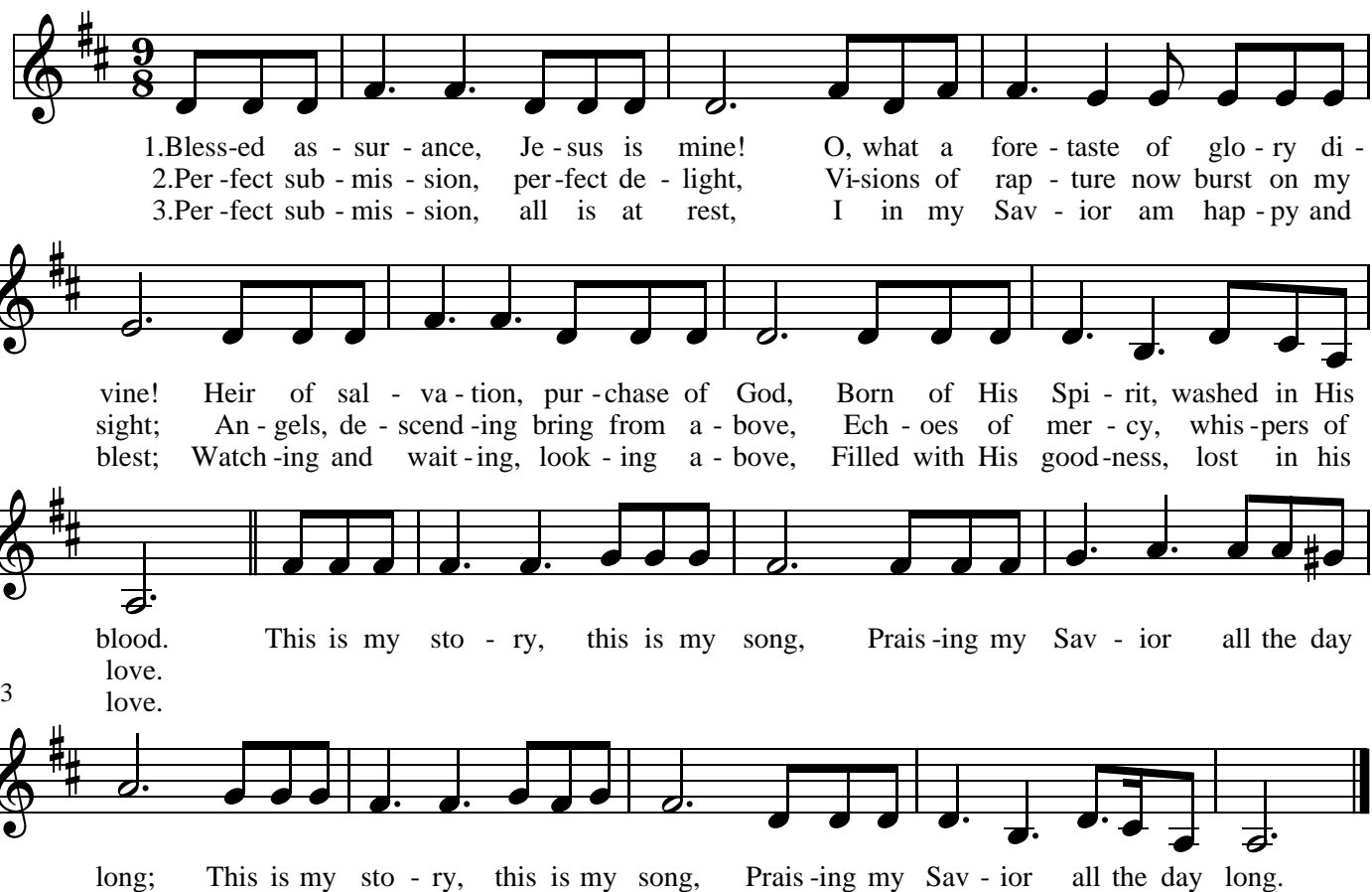
long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

# Blessed Assurance

Frances J. Crosby, 1873

“Assurance”; Phoebe P. Knapp, 1873

Alto



4

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di -  
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now burst on my  
3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap - py and

8

vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His Spi - rit, washed in His  
sight; An - gels, de - scend - ing bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of  
blest; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His good - ness, lost in his

13

blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day  
love.  
love.

long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

# Blessed Assurance

Frances J. Crosby, 1873

“Assurance”; Phoebe P. Knapp, 1873

Tenor



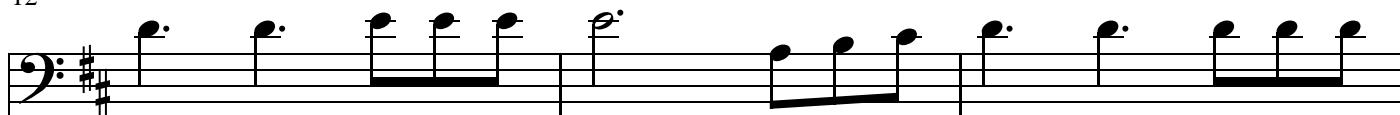
1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di -  
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now burst on my  
4 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap - py and



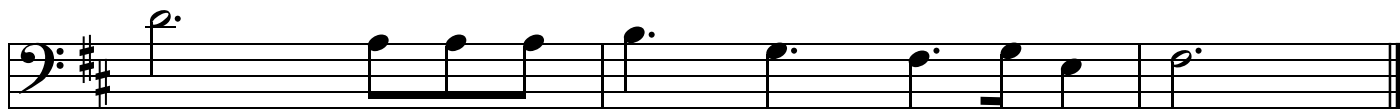
vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His  
7 sight; An - gels, de - scend - ing bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of  
blest; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His



12 Spi - rit, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my  
mer - cy, whis - pers of love.  
good - ness, lost in his love.



15 Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my



song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

# Blessed Assurance

Frances J. Crosby, 1873

“Assurance”; Phoebe P. Knapp, 1873

Bass

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di -  
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now burst on my  
3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap - py and

4 h

vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His  
7 sight; An - gels, de - scend - ing bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of  
blest; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His

12 Spi - rit, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my  
mer - cy, whis - pers of love.  
good - ness, lost in his love.

15 Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my

song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

# Be Thou My Vision

attr. to Dallan Forgaill; tr. by Mary E. Byrne,  
pub.1905; arr. by Eleanor H. Hull, 1912.

“Slane”; Irish melody; har

Voice

1. Be Thou my Vi - sion, O Lord of my heart; Naught be all  
2. Be Thou my Wis - dom, and Thou my true word; I ev - er  
3. Be Thou my bat - tle Shield, Sword for the fight; Be Thou my  
4. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise; Thou mine in -  
5. High King of Heav - en, my vic - to - ry won; May I reach

6

else to me, save that Thou art, Thou my best  
with Thee and Thou with me, Lord; Thou my great  
dig - ni - ty, Thou my De - light; Thou my soul's  
her - i - tance, now and al - ways; Thou and Thou  
Heav - en's joy O bright Heav'n's Sun! Heart of mine

Thought, by day or by night,  
 Fa - - - ther, I Thy by son,  
 Shel - - - ter, Thou my high Tow'r  
 on - - - ly, first in my heart,  
 own heart what ev - er be - fall,

Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.  
 Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with Thee one.  
 Raise Thou me heav'n - ward O Pow'r of my pow'r.  
 High King of Heav - en, My Treas - ure Thou art.  
 Still be my Vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.



# Be Thou My Vision

attr. to Dallan Forgaill; tr. by Mary E. Byrne,  
pub.1905; arr. by Eleanor H. Hull, 1912.

“Slane”; Irish melody; har

Soprano 

1.Be Thou my Vi-sion, O Lord of my heart; Naught be all  
 2.Be Thou my Wis-dom, and Thou my true word; I ev - er  
 3.Be Thou my bat - tle Shield, Sword for the fight; Be Thou my  
 4.Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise; Thou mine in -  
 5.Hig King of Heav-en, my vic - to - ry won; My I reach

6 

else to me save that Thou art, Thou my best Thought, by  
 with Thee and Thou with me, Lord; Thou my great Fa - ther,  
 dig - ni - ty, Thou my De - light; Thou my soul's Shel - ter,  
 her - i - tance, now and al - ways; Thou an Thou on - ly,  
 11 Heav-en's joy, O bright Heav'n's Sun! Heart of mine own heart what -



day or by night, Wak - ing or sleep - ing Thy pres-ence my light.  
 I Thy true son, Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with Thee one.  
 Thou my high Tow'r Raise Thou me heav'n - ward O Pow'r of my pow'r.  
 first in my heart, High King of Heav - en, My Treas-ure Thou art.  
 ev - er be fall, Still be my Vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

# Be Thou My Vision

attr. to Dallan Forgaill; tr. by Mary E. Byrne,  
pub.1905; arr. by Eleanor H. Hull, 1912.

“Slane”; Irish melody; har

Alto

6

1.Be Thou my Vi - sion, O Lord of my heart; Naught be all  
 2.Be Thou my Wis - dom, and Thou my true word; I ev - er  
 3.Be Thou my bat - tle Shield, Sword for the fight; Be Thou my  
 4.Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise; Thou mine in -  
 5.High King of Heav - en, my vic - to - ry won; May I reach

11

else to me, save that Thou art, Thou my best Thought, by  
 with Thee and Thou with me, Lord; Thou my great Fa - ther,  
 dig - ni - ty, Thou my De - light; Thou my soul's Shel - ter,  
 her - i - tance, now and al - ways; Thou and Thou on - ly,  
 Heav - en's joy O bright Heav'n's Sun! Heart of mine own heart what -

day or by night, Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.  
 I Thy true son, Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with Thee one.  
 Thou my high Tow'r Raise Thou me heav'n - ward O Pow'r of my pow'r.  
 first in my heart, High King of Heav - en, My Treas - ure Thou art.  
 ev - er be - fall, Still be my Vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

# Be Thou My Vision

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pub.1905; arr. by Eleanor H. Hull, 1912.

“Slane”; Irish melody; har

Tenor 

1.Be Thou my Vi - sion, O Lord of my heart: Naught be all  
 2.Be Thou my Wis - dom, and Thou my true word; I ev - er  
 3.Be Thou my bat - tle Shield, Sword for the fight; Be Thou my  
 4.Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise; Thou mine in -  
 5.High King of Heav - en, my vic - to - ry won; May I reach

6 

else to me, save that Thou art, Thou my best Thought, by  
 with The and Thou with me, Lord; Thou my great Fa - ther,  
 dig - ni - ty, Thou my De - light; Thou my soul's Shel - ter,  
 her - i - tance, now and al - ways; Thou and Thou on - ly,  
 11 Heav - en's joy O bright heav'n's Sun! Heart of mine own heart what -



day or by night, Wak - ing or  
 I Thy true son, Thou in me  
 Thou my high Tow'r Raise Thou me  
 14 first in my heart, High King of  
 ev - er be - fall, Still be my



sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.  
 dwell - ing, and I with Thee one.  
 heav'n - ward O Pow'r of my pow'r.  
 Heav - en, My Treas - ure Thou art.  
 Vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

# Be Thou My Vision

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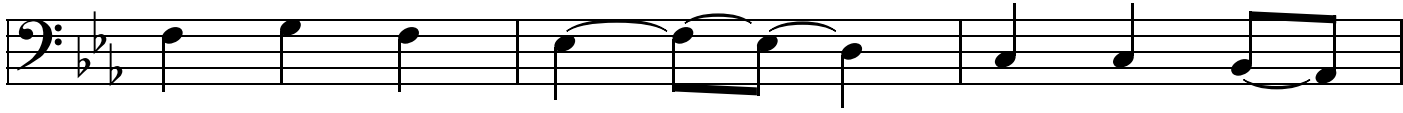
“Slane”; Irish melody; har

Bass 

1.Be Thou my Vi - sion, O Lord of my heart; Naught be all  
 2.Be Thou my Wis - dom, and Thou my true word; I ev - er  
 3.Be Thou my bat - tle Shield, Sword for the fight; Be Thou my  
 4.Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise; Thou mine in -  
 5.High King of Heav - en, my vic - to - ry won; May I reach



6  
 else to me save that Thou art, Thou my best Thought, by  
 with The and Thou with me, Lord; Thou my great Fa - ther,  
 dig - ni - ty, Thou my De - light; Thou my soul's Shel - ter,  
 her - i - tance, now and al - ways; Thou and Thou on - ly,  
 11 Heav - en's joy, O bright heav'n's Sun! Heart of mine own heart what -



14  
 day or by night, Wak - ing or  
 I Thy true son, Thou in me  
 Thou my high Tow'r Raise Thou me  
 first in my heart, High King of  
 ev - er be - fall, Still by my



sleep - ing Thy pres - ence my light.  
 dwell - ing, and I with The one.  
 heav'n - ward O Pow'r of my pow'r.  
 Heav - en, My Treas - ure Thou art.  
 Vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

# The Old Rugged Cross

CROSS AND COMFORT

George Bennard, 1913

George Bennard, 1913

Voice

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug - ged cross, The  
2. O that old rug - ged cross, so des - pised by the world, Has a  
3. In that old rug - ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A  
4. To that old rug - ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its

3

em - blem of suff'r - ing and shame; And I love that old cross, where the  
won - drous a - trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His  
won - drous beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus  
shame and re - proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my

6

dear - est and best For a world of lost sin - ners was slain. So I'll  
glo - ry a - bove To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.  
suf - fered and died To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.  
home far a - way, Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.

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cher - ish that old rug - ged cross, Till my tro - phies at last I lay

down; I will cling to the old rug - ged cross old rug - ged cross, And ex -

change it some day for a crown.

# The Old Rugged Cross

CROSS AND COMFORT

George Bennard, 1913

George Bennard, 1913

Soprano



1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug - ged cross, The  
2. O that old rug - ged cross, so des - pised by the world, Has a  
3. In that old rug - ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A  
4. To that old rug - ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its



em - blem of suff'r - ing and shame; And I love that old cross, where the  
won - drous a - ttrac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His  
won - drous beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus  
6 shame and re - proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my



dear - est and best For a world of lost sin - ners was slain. So I'll  
glo - ry a - bove To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.  
suf - fered and died To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.  
9 home far a - way, Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.



cher - ish that old rug - ged cross, Till my tro - phies at last I lay down; I will  
13



cling to the old rug - ged cross And ex - change it some day for a crown.

# The Old Rugged Cross

CROSS AND COMFORT

George Bennard, 1913

George Bennard, 1913

Alto

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug - ged cross, The  
2. O that old rug - ged cross, so des - pised by the world, Has a  
3. In that old rug - ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A  
4. To that old rug - ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its

em - blem of suffr - ing and shame; And I love that old cross, where the  
won - drous a - ttrac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His  
won - drous beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus  
6 shame and re - proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my

dear - est and best For a world of lost sin - ners was slain. So I'll  
glo - ry a - bove To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.  
suf - fered and died To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.  
9 home far a - way, Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.

cher - ish that old rug - ged cross, Till my tro - phies at last I lay  
12 old rug - ged cross,

down; I will cling to the old rug - ged cross And ex -  
15 old rug - ged cross,

change it some day for a crown.

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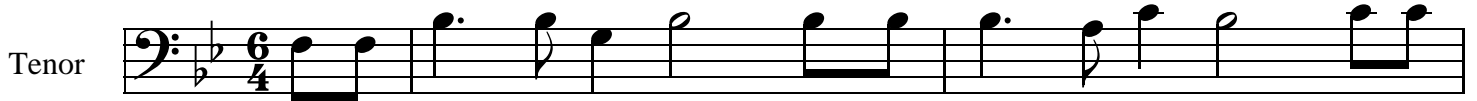


# The Old Rugged Cross

CROSS AND COMFORT

George Bennard, 1913

George Bennard, 1913



1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug - ged cross, The  
2. O that old rug - ged cross, so des - pised by the world, Has a  
3. In that old rug - ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A  
4. To that old rug - ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its



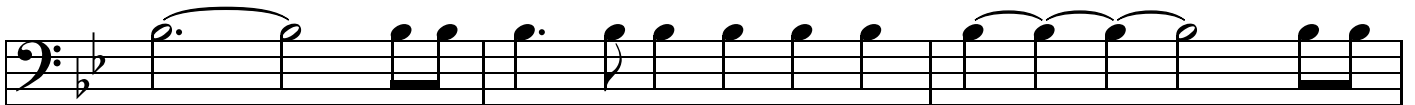
em - blem of suff'r - ing and shame; And I love that old cross, where the  
won - drous a - ttrac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His  
won - drous beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus  
6 shame and re - proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my



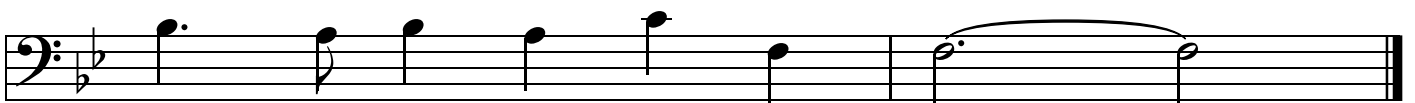
dear - est and best For a world of lost sin - ners was slain. So I'll  
glo - ry a - bove To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.  
suf - fered and died To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.  
9 home far a - way, Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.



cher - ish that old rug - ged cross, Till my tro - phies at last I lay  
12 old rug - ged cross,



down; I will cling to the old rug - ged cross And ex -  
15 old rug - ged cross,



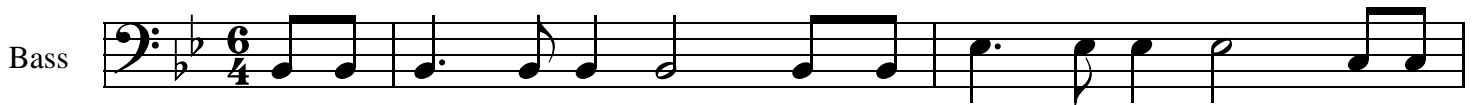
change it some day for a crown.

# The Old Rugged Cross

CROSS AND COMFORT

George Bennard, 1913

George Bennard, 1913



1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug - ged cross, The  
2. O that old rug - ged cross, so des - pised by the world, Has a  
3. In that old rug - ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A  
4. To that old rug - ged cross, I will ev - er be true, Its



em - blem of suff'r - ing and shame; And I love that old cross, where the  
won - drous a - trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His  
won - drous beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus  
6 shame and re - proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my



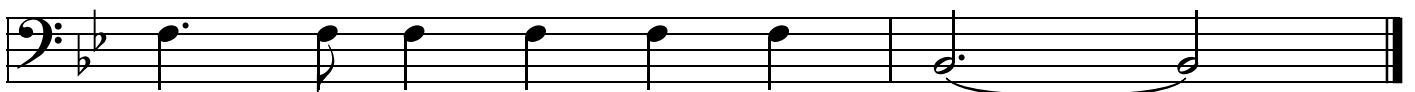
9 dear - est and best For a world of lost sin - ners was slain. So I'll  
glo - ry a - bove To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.  
suf - fered and died To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.  
home far a - way, Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share.



12 cher - ish that old rug - ged cross, Till my tro - phies at last I lay  
old rug - ged cross,



15 down; I will cling to the old rug - ged cross And ex -  
old rug - ged cross,



change it some day for a crown.

# Holy, Holy, Holy!

NICAEA

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826

John B. Dykes, 1861

$\text{♩} = 120$

Voice

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!  
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore thee,  
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Though the dark - ness hide thee,  
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!

5

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee.  
cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
though the eye of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see,  
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea,

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Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly ser - a - phim Mer - ci - ful and might - y!  
 cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,  
 on - ly thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side thee  
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!

God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 per - fect in pow'r in love, and pur - i - ty.  
 God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

# Holy, Holy, Holy!

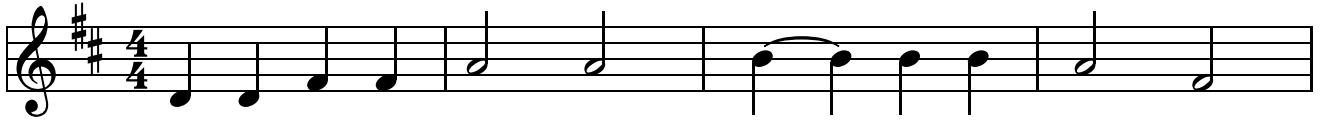
NICAEA

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826

John B. Dykes, 1861

$\text{♩} = 120$

Soprano



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!  
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore thee,  
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Though the dark - ness hide thee,  
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!

5



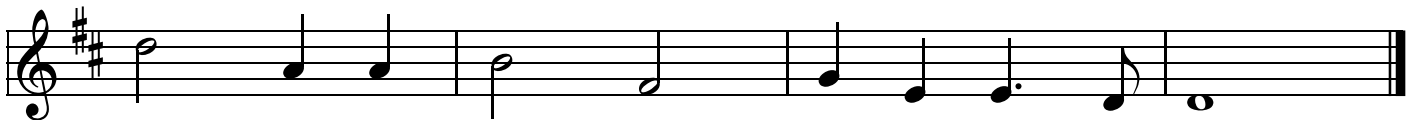
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee. Ho - ly, ho - ly,  
cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; cher - u - bim and  
though the eye of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see, on - ly thou art  
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea, Ho - ly, ho - ly,

10



ho - - ly Mer - ci - ful and might - y!  
ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,  
ho - - ly; there is none be - side thee  
13 ho - - ly Mer - ci - ful and might - y!

13



God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shall be.  
per - fect in pow'r in love, and pur - i - ty.  
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

# Holy, Holy, Holy!

NICAEA

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826

John B. Dykes, 1861

♩=120

Alto

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!  
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore thee,  
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Though the dark - ness hide thee,  
5 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!

10 Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee. Ho - ly, ho - ly,  
cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; cher - u - bim and  
though the eye of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see, on - ly thou art  
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea, Ho - ly, ho - ly,

13 ho - - ly Mer - ci - ful and might - y!  
ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,  
ho - - ly; there is none be - side thee  
ho - - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!

God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
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God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

# Holy, Holy, Holy!

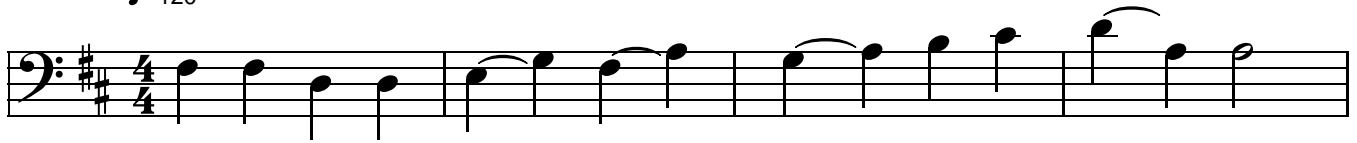
NICAEA

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826

John B. Dykes, 1861

♩=120

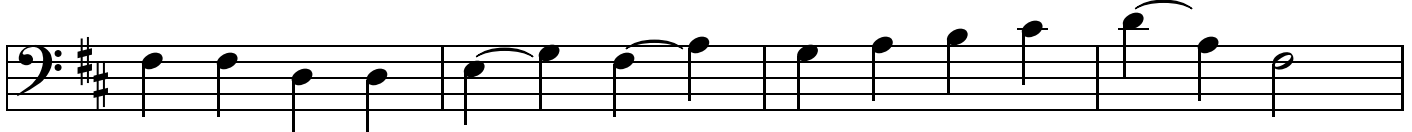
Tenor



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!  
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore thee,  
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Though the dark - ness hide thee,  
5 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!



9 Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee.  
cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
though the eye of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see,  
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea,



13 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Mer - ci - ful and might - y!  
cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,  
on - ly thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side thee  
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Mer - ci - ful and might - y!



God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shall be.  
per - fect in pow'r in love, and pur - i - ty.  
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

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NICAEA

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826

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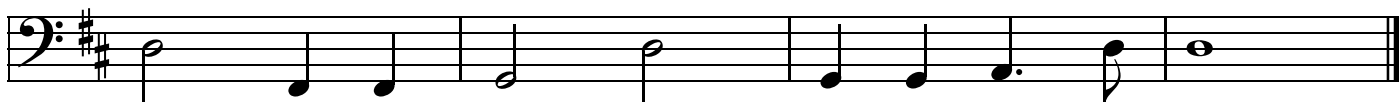
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God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shall be.  
per - fect in pow'r in love, and pu - i - ty.  
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.



# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

NETTLETON

Robert Robinson, 1758

Traditional American melody

John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second 1813

Voice

1. Come, thou fount of ev - ry bless - ing tune my heart to sing thy  
2. Here I raise my Eb - en e - zer; hith - er by thy help I'm  
3. O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to

4

grace; streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est  
come; and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at  
be; let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to

8

praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing toungues a -  
home. Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, wan - d'ring from the fold of  
thee. Prone to wan - der Lord I feel it - prone to leave the God I

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bove; praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love.  
God: he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
love: here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

NETTLETON

Robert Robinson, 1758

Traditional American melody

John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second 1813

Soprano



1. Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing tune my heart to sing thy  
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; hith - er by thy help I'm  
3. O to grace how great a deb - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to

4

grace; streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est  
come; and I hope, by thy good plea - sure safe - ly to ar - rive at  
8 be; let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to

12

praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a -  
home. Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, wan - d'ring from the fold of  
thee. Prone to wan - der Lord I feel it - prone to leave the God I

bove; praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it mount of God's un - chang - ing love.  
God; he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
love: here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

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# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

NETTLETON

Robert Robinson, 1758

Traditional American melody

John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second 1813

Alto

1. Come, thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing tune my heart to sing thy grace; streams of  
5 2. Here I raise my Eb-en - e - zer; hith - er by thy help I'm come; and I  
3. O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be; let that  
mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me  
9 hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus  
grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee. Prone to  
some me - lo-dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove; praise the  
13 sought me when a strang - er, wan-d'ring from the fold of God: he, to  
wan - der Lord I feel it - prone to leave the God I love: here's my  
mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love.  
res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

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# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

NETTLETON

Robert Robinson, 1758

Traditional American melody

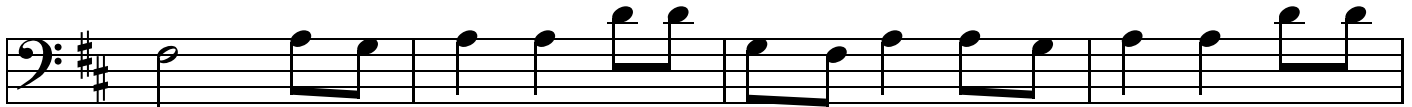
John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second 1813



4  
1. Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing tune my heart to sing thy  
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; hith - er by thy help I'm  
3. O to grace how great a deb - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to



8  
grace; streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est  
come; and I hope, by thy good plea - sure safe - ly to ar - rive at  
be; let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to



12  
praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a -  
home. Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, wan - d'ring from the fold of  
thee. Prone to wan - der Lord I feel it - prone to leave the God I



bove; praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it mount of God's un - chang - ing love.  
God; he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
love: here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

NETTLETON

Robert Robinson, 1758

Traditional American melody

John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second 1813

Bass

1. Come, thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing tune my heart to sing thy grace; streams of  
2. Here I raise my Eb-en - e - zer; hith - er by thy help I'm come; and I  
3. O to grace how great a deb - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be; let that

5

mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me  
hope, by thy good plea - sure safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus  
9 grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee. Prone to

13

wome me - lo-dious son - net sung by flam - ing toun- ges a - bove; praise the  
sought me when a strang - er, wan - d'ring from the fold of God; he, to  
wan - der Lord I feel it - prone to leave the God I love; here's my

mount! I'm fixed up - on it mount of God's un - chang - ing love.  
res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

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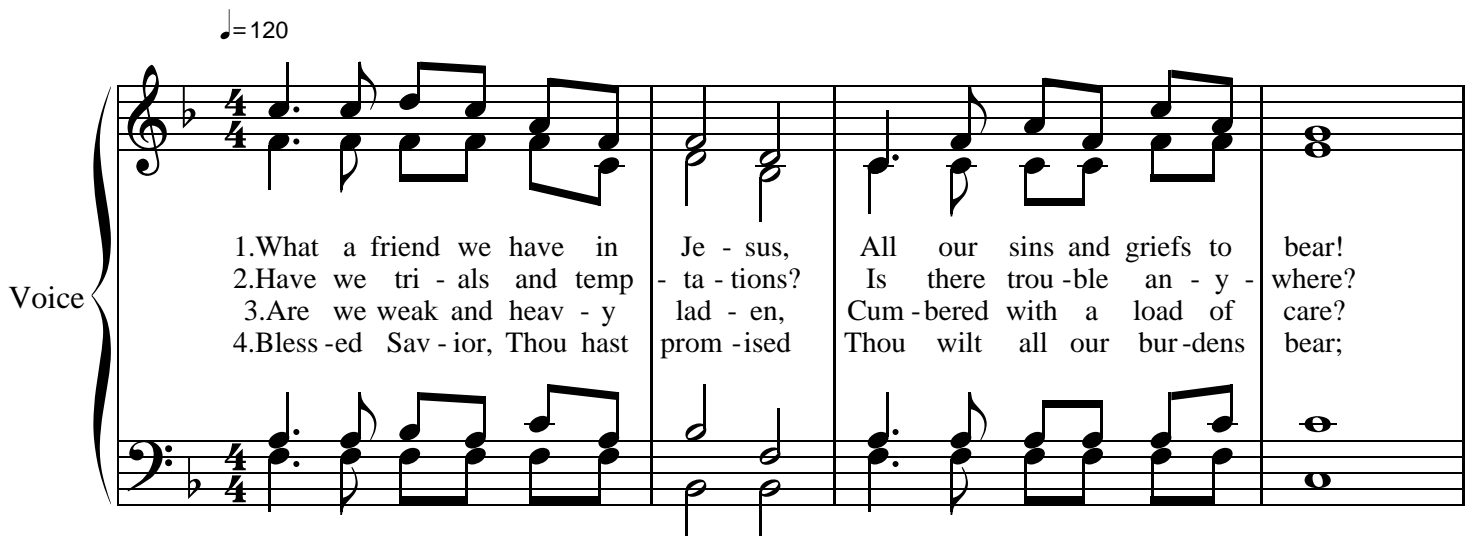
# What a Friend We Have in Jesus

Joseph M. Scriven, 1855

“Erie”; Charles C. Converse, 1868

$\text{♩} = 120$

Voice



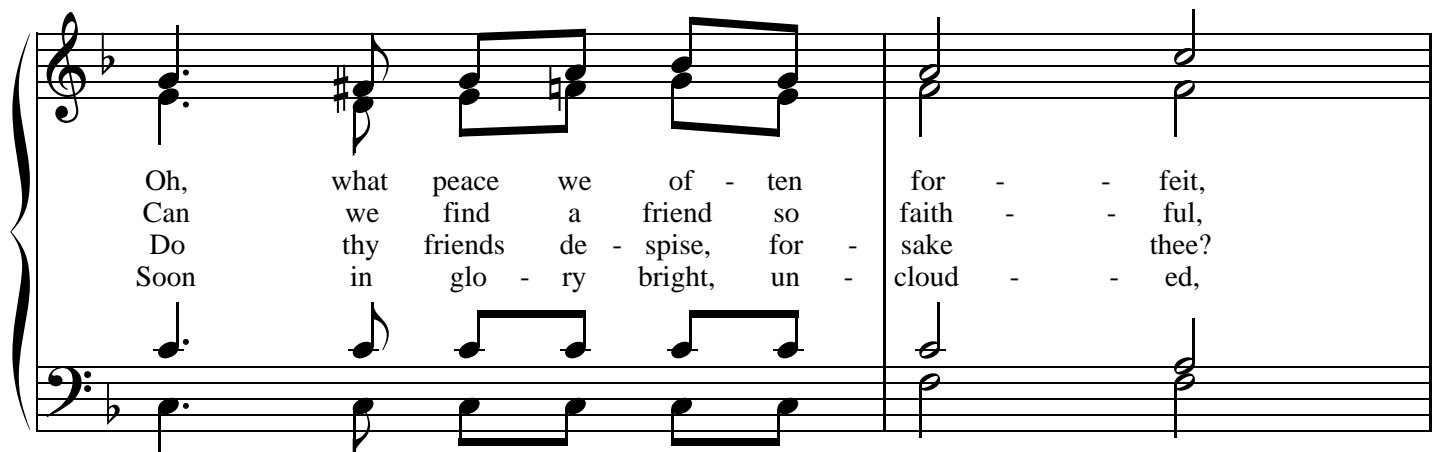
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?  
3. Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, Cum - bered with a load of care?  
4. Bless - ed Sav - ior, Thou hast prom - ised Thou wilt all our bur - dens bear;

5



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Eve - ry - thing to God in prayer!  
We should ne - ver be dis - cour - aged Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
May we ev - er, Lord be bring - ing All to Thee in earn - est prayer.

9



Oh, what peace we of - ten for - - feit,  
Can we find a friend so faith - - ful,  
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee?  
Soon in glo - ry bright, un - cloud - - ed,

Oh, what need-less pain we bear, All be-cause we do not  
 Who will all our sor-rows share? Je-sus knows our eve-ry  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer! In His arms He'll take and  
 There will be no need for prayer! Rap-ture, praise, and end-less

car-ry Eve-ry thing to God in prayer!  
 weak-ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 sheild thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.  
 wor-ship Will be our sweet por-tion there.



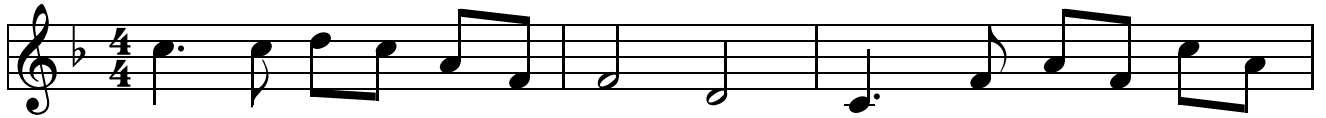
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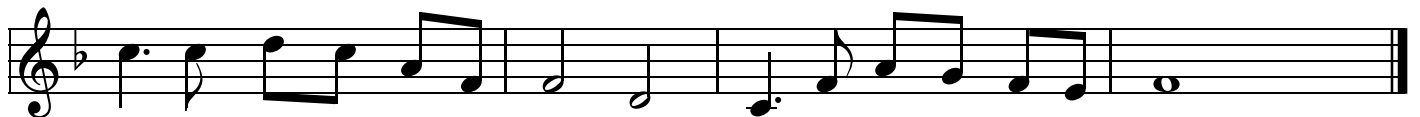
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to  
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y -  
3. Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, Cum - bered with a load of  
4. Bless - ed Sav - ior, Thou hast prom - ised Thou wilt all our bur - dens



bear; May we ev - er, Lord be brin - ing All to Thee in earn - est  
where? We should ne - ver be dis - cour - aged Take it to the Lord in  
care? Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge Take it to th Lord in  
8 bear; May we ev - er, Lord be bring - ing All to Thee in earn - est



prayer! Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,  
prayer. Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
prayer. Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
13 prayer. Soon in glo - ry bright, un - cloud - ed, There will be no need for prayer



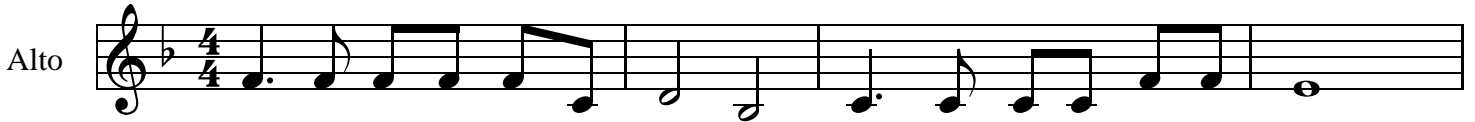
All be - cause we do not car - ry Eve - ry thing to God in prayer!  
Je - sus knows our eve - ry weak - ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.  
Rap - ture, praise and end - less wor - ship Will be our sweet por - tion there.

# What a Friend We Have in Jesus

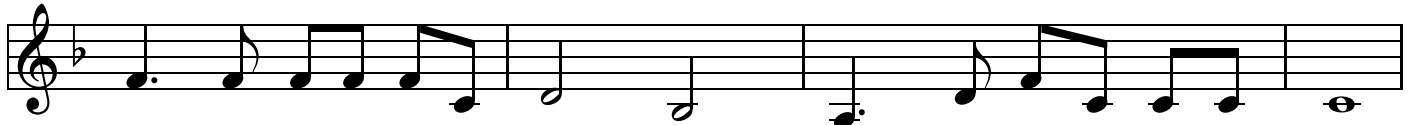
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$\text{♩} = 120$



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?  
3. Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, Cum - bered with a load of care?  
5 4. Bless - ed Sav - ior, Thou hast prom - ised Thou wilt all our bur - dens bear;



9 What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Eve - ry - thing to God in prayer!  
We should ne - ver be dis - cour - aged Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
May we ev - er, Lord be bring - ing All to Thee in earn - est prayer.



13 Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,  
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
Soon in glo - ry bright, un - cloud - ed, There will be no need for prayer



All be - cause we do not car - ry Eve - ry thing to God in prayer!  
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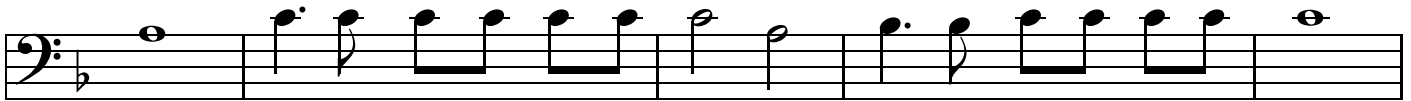
Tenor



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to  
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y -  
3. Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, Cum - bered with a load of  
4 4. Bless - ed Sav - ior, Thou hast prom - ised Thou wilt all our bur - dens



bear; May we ev - er, Lord be brin - ing All to Thee in earn - est  
where? We should ne - ver be dis - cour - aged Take it to the Lord in  
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8 bear; May we ev - er, Lord be bring - ing All to Thee in earn - est



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All be - cause we do not car - ry Eve - ry thing to God in prayer!  
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May we ev - er, Lord be brin - ing All to Thee in earn - est prayer!  
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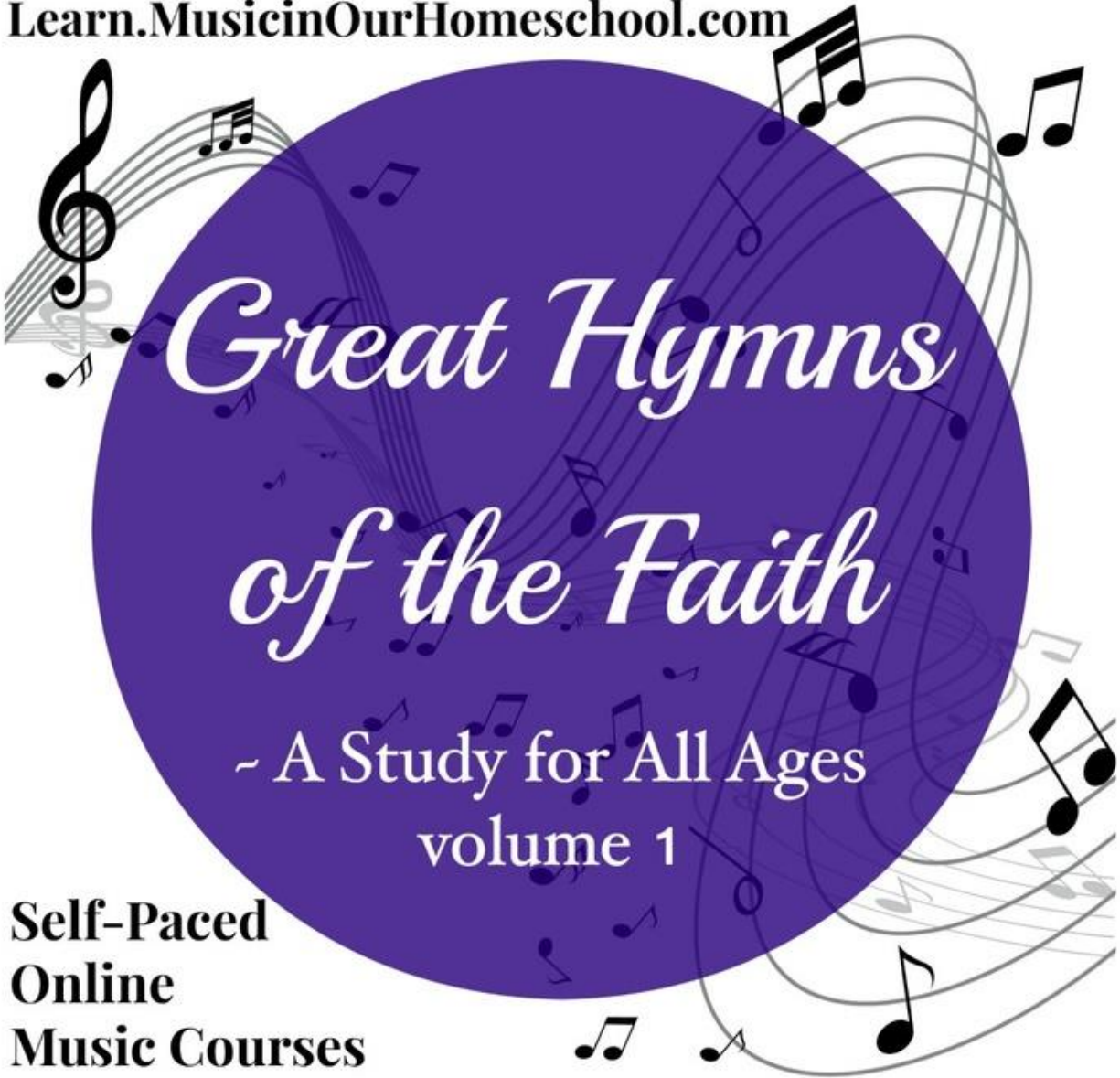
Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,  
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13 Soon in glo - ry bright, un - cloud - ed, There will be no need for prayer



All be - cause we do not car - ry Eve - ry thing to God in prayer!  
Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak - ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.  
Rap - ture, praise and end - less wor - ship Will be our sweet por - tion there.

# Hymn Lyrics

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**Self-Paced  
Online  
Music Courses**

By Gena Mayo

(All hymn texts are public domain.)

## Amazing Grace

1. Amazing grace! How sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to  
fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed.
3. Through many dangers, toils and  
snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus  
far,  
And grace will lead me home.
4. The Lord has promised good to me,  
His Word my hope secures;  
He will my Shield and Portion be,  
As long as life endures.
5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall  
fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.
6. The earth shall soon dissolve like  
snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

7. When we've been there ten thousand  
years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's  
praise  
Than when we'd first begun.

- **Lyricist:** John Newton  
**Lyrics Date:** 1779, *last verse author  
unknown, before 1829.*
- **Composer:** James P. Carrell and David L.  
Clayton  
**Music Date:** 1831  
**Arranger:** Edwin Othello Excell  
**Arrangement Date:** 1900  
**Hymn Tune:** NEW BRITAIN

## Fairest Lord Jesus

1. Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature,  
Son of God and Son of Man,  
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,  
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.
2. Fair are the meadows, fair are the  
woodlands,  
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;  
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,  
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
3. Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the  
moonlight,  
And all the twinkling starry host;  
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines  
purer  
Than all the angels heav'n can boast.
4. Beautiful Savior! Lord of all the  
nations!  
Son of God and Son of Man!  
Glory and honor, praise, adoration,  
Now and forevermore be Thine.

- **Lyricist:** Anonymous  
**Lyrics Date:** 1677  
**Translator:** Joseph A. Seiss  
**Translation Date:** 1873
- **Composer:** Anonymous  
**Music Date:** 1842  
**Arranger:** Richard S. Willis  
**Arrangement Date:** 1850  
**Hymn Tune:** CRUSADERS' HYMN

## It is Well With My Soul

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,  
When sorrows like sea billows roll;  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.
  - *Refrain:*  
It is well with my soul,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.
2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!—  
My sin, not in part but the whole,  
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
4. And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;  
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,  
Even so, it is well with my soul.

- 
- **Lyricist:** Horatio G. Spafford
- **Lyrics Date:** 1873
- **Theme:** Comfort, Assurance
- **Composer:** Philip P. Bliss
- **Music Date:** 1876
- **Tune Title:** VILLE DU HAVRE



## A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1. A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing;  
Our helper He, amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing:  
For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe;  
His craft and pow'r are great, and, armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal.
2. Did we in our own strength confide,  
our striving would be losing,  
Were not the right Man on our side,  
the Man of God's own choosing:  
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He;  
Lord Sabaoth, His Name, from age to age the same,  
And He must win the battle.
3. And though this world, with devils filled,  
should threaten to undo us,  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to triumph through us;  
The Prince of Darkness grim, we tremble not for him;  
His rage we can endure, for lo, his doom is sure,  
One little word shall fell him.

4. That word above all earthly pow'rs, no thanks to them, abideth;  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours through Him Who with us sideth;  
Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also;  
The body they may kill: God's truth abideth still,  
His kingdom is forever.

- **Lyricist:** Martin Luther  
**Lyrics Date:** 1529  
**Translator:** Frederick H. Hedge (1853)
- **Composer:** Martin Luther  
**Music Date:** 1529  
**Tune Name:** EIN' FESTE BURG

## Blessed Assurance

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
Born of His Spirit, washed in His  
blood.
  - *Refrain:*  
This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Savior all the day long;  
This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Savior all the day long.
2. Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture now burst on my  
sight;  
Angels, descending, bring from above  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.
3. Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
I in my Savior am happy and blest,  
Watching and waiting, looking above,  
Filled with His goodness, lost in His  
love.

- **Lyricist:** Fanny Crosby

**Lyrics Date:** 1873

- **Composer:** Phoebe P. Knapp

**Music Date:** 1873

**Hymn Tune:** BLESSED ASSURANCE

## Be Thou My Vision

1. Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;  
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art;  
Thou my best Thought, by day or by night,  
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.
2. Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou my true Word;  
I ever with Thee and Thou with me,  
Lord;  
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son;  
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.
3. Be Thou my battle Shield, Sword for the fight;  
Be Thou my Dignity, Thou my Delight;  
Thou my soul's Shelter, Thou my high Tow'r:  
Raise Thou me heav'nward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.
4. Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,  
Thou mine Inheritance, now and always:  
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,  
High King of Heaven, my Treasure Thou art.
5. High King of Heaven, my victory won,  
May I reach Heaven's joys, O bright Heav'n's Sun!

Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

- **Lyrics:** Ancient Irish Poem  
**Lyrics Date:** 8th Century  
**Translator:** Mary E. Bryne  
**Translation Date:** 1905  
**Versified by:** Eleanor H. Hull  
**Versified Date:** 1905
- **Music:** Ancient Irish Melody  
**Music Date:** First published in 1909  
**Arranger:** David Evans  
**Arrangement Date:** 1927  
**Tune Name:** SLANE

## The Old Rugged Cross

1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,  
The emblem of suffering and shame;  
And I love that old cross where the  
Dearest and Best  
For a world of lost sinners was slain.
  - *Refrain:*  
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
Till my trophies at last I lay down;  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
And exchange it someday for a  
crown.
2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised  
by the world,  
Has a wondrous attraction for me;  
For the dear Lamb of God left His  
glory above  
To bear it to dark Calvary.
3. In that old rugged cross, stained with  
blood so divine,  
A wondrous beauty I see,  
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus  
suffered and died,  
To pardon and sanctify me.
4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be  
true;  
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;  
Then He'll call me someday to my  
home far away,  
Where His glory forever I'll share.

- **Lyricist:** George Bennard  
**Lyrics Date:** 1913
- **Composer:** George Bennard  
**Music Date:** 11913  
**Hymn Tune:** OLD RUGGED CROSS

## Holy Holy Holy

1. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall  
rise to Thee;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!
2. Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore  
Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns  
around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down  
before Thee,  
Who was, and is, and evermore shall  
be.
3. Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness  
hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy  
glory may not see;  
Only Thou art holy; there is none  
beside Thee,  
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.
4. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name,  
in earth, and sky, and sea;  
Holy, holy, holy; merciful and mighty!  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

- **Lyrics:** Reginald Heber  
**Lyrics Date:** 1826
- **Music: John B. Bykes**  
**Music Date:** 1861  
**Tune Name:** NICAEA

## **Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing**

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love.
2. Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.
3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it for thy courts above.

- **Lyricist:** Robert Robinson  
**Lyrics Date:** 1758
- **Music:** Traditional American Melody,  
**Source:** John Wyeth-Repository of Sacred Music  
**Music Date:** 1813  
**Tune Title:** NETTLETON

## What a Friend We Have in Jesus

Rapture, praise, and endless worship  
Will be our sweet portion there.

1. What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!
2. Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
3. Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Savior, still our refuge—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.
4. Blessed Savior, Thou hast promised  
Thou wilt all our burdens bear;  
May we ever, Lord, be bringing  
All to Thee in earnest prayer.  
Soon in glory bright, unclouded,  
There will be no need for prayer—

- **Lyricist:** Joseph M. Scriven  
**Lyrics Date:** 1855
- **Composer:** Charles C. Converse  
**Music Date:** 1868  
**Hymn Tune:** ERIE