

Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound 280

AMAZING GRACE CM

Stanzas 1-4, John Newton, 1779

Stanza 5, *A Collection of Sacred Ballads*, 1790*Virginia Harmony*, 1831

Arr. Edwin O. Excell, 1900

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
 3. Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
 4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.

5. 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.

Choctaw
 Shilombish holitopa ma!
 Ishmminti pulla cha
 Hatak ilbusha pia ha
 Is pi yukpalashke

Kiowa
 Daw k'ee da ha dawtsahy he tsow'haw
 Daw k'ee da ha dawtsahy hee.
 Bay dawtsahy taw, gaw aym ow thah t'aw,
 Daw k'ee da ha dawtsahy h'ee.

Cherokee
 Ooh nay thla nah, hee oo way gee'.
 E gah gwoo yah hay ee.
 Naw gwoo joe sah, we you low say,
 E gah gwoo yah ho nah.

Creek
 Po ya fek cha he thlat ah tet
 Ah non ah cha pa kas
 Cha fee kee o funnan la kus
 Um e ha ta la yus.

Navaho
 Nizhónígo jooba' diits' a'
 Yisdáshítinígí,
 Lah yóóíiyá, k'ad shénáhoosdzin,
 Doo eesh'íí da ní't'éé.

Text: Phonetic transcription Cherokee, Kiowa, Creek, and Choctaw: Oklahoma Indian Missionary Conference;
 Navaho: phonetic transcription by Albert Trosie.

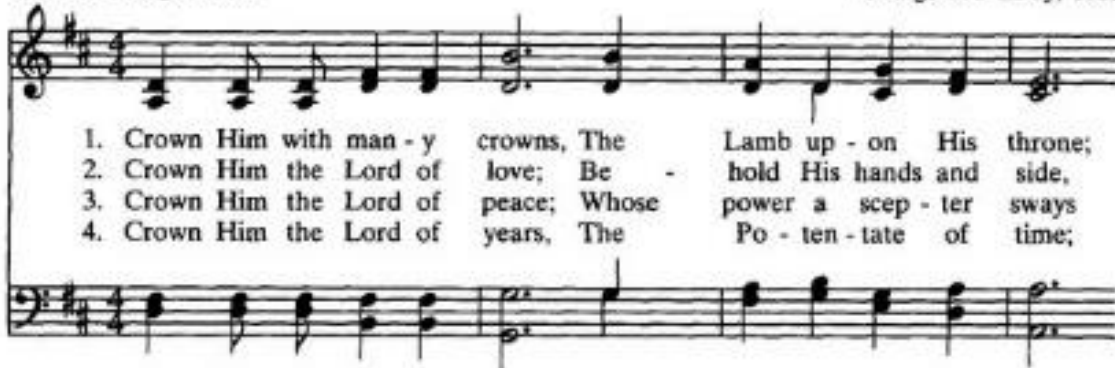
Crown Him with Many Crowns

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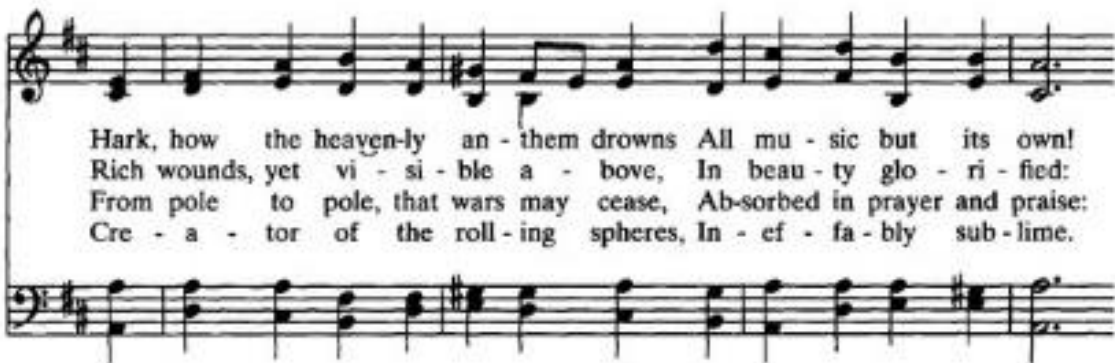
DIADEMATA SMD

Matthew Bridges, 1851

George John Elvey, 1868



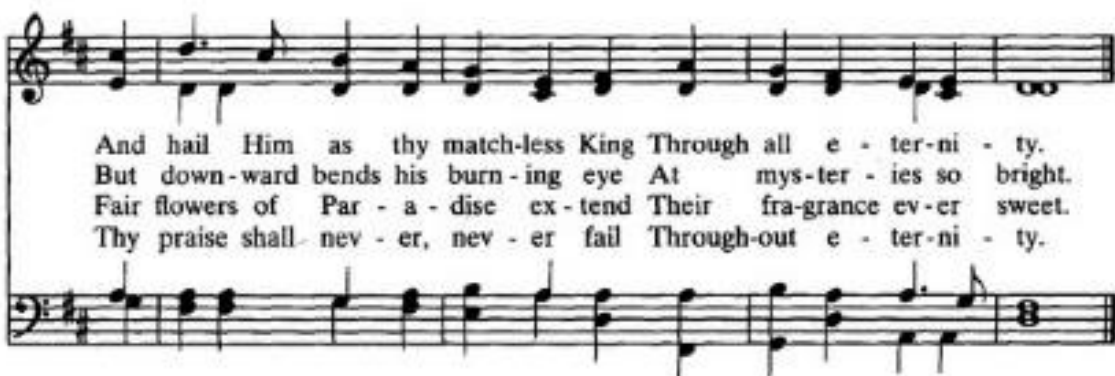
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side,
 3. Crown Him the Lord of peace; Whose power a scep - ter sways
 4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po - ten - tate of time;



Hark, how the heav - en - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
 Rich wounds, yet vi - si - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease, Ab - sorbed in prayer and praise:
 Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime.



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
 No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
 His reign shall know no end; And round His pierc - ed feet
 All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me;



And hail Him as thy match - less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 But down - ward bends his burn - ing eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
 Fair flowers of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
 Thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail Through - out e - ter - ni - ty.

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Great Is Thy Faithfulness

FAITHFULNESS 11.10.11.10 with refrain

Thomas Obediah Chisholm, 1923

William Marion Runyan, 1923

1. *Great is Thy faith - ful - ness, O God my Fa - ther,
 2. Sum - mer and win - ter, and spring-time and har - vest,
 3. Par - don for sin and a peace that en - dur - eth,

There is no shad - ow of turn - ing with Thee;
 Sun, moon, and stars in their cours - es a - bove
 Thine own dear pres - ence to cheer and to guide;

Thou chang - est not, Thy com - pas - sions they fail not;
 Join with all na - ture in man - i - fold wit - ness
 Strength for to - day and bright hope for to - mor - row,

As Thou hast been Thou for - ev - er wilt be.
 To Thy great faith - ful - ness, mer - cy, and love.
 Bless - ings all mine, with ten thou - sand be - side!

*Or "Great is Thy faithfulness, O God, Creator."

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This Is My Father's World

1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my lis-t'ning
 2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car - ols
 3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for -

4 ears, All na - ture sings, and round me rings The
 raise; The morn - ing light, the lil - y white De -
 get That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God

7 mu - sic of the spheres. This is my Father's world, I
 clare their Mak-er's praise. This is my Father's world, He
 is the Rul-er yet. This is my Father's world, The

This Is My Father's World

11

rest me in the thought Of rocks and trees, of
shines in all that's fair; In the rust - ling grass I
bat - tle is not done; Je - sus who died shall be

14

skies and seas; His hand the won - ders wrought.
hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev - 'ry - where.
sat - is - fied, And earth and heav'n be one.

(segue)

Morning Has Broken

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BUNESSAN 5.5.5.4 D

Eleanor Farjeon, 1931

Gaelic melody
Arr. Dale Grotenhuis, 1985

C Am Dm G Dm G C

1. Morn-ing has bro - ken Like the first morn - ing, Black-bird has
 2. Sweet the rain's new fall Sun - lit from heav - en, Like the first
 3. Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing Born of the

Em Am Em F G C Am F C

spo - ken Like the first bird. Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the
 dew - fall On the first grass. Praise for the sweet - ness Of the wet
 one - light E - den saw play! Praise with e - la - tion. Praise ev - ery

Am G C G Am Dm G7 C

morn - ing! Praise for them, spring - ing Fresh from the Word!
 gar - den, Sprung in com - plete - ness Where God's feet pass.
 morn - ing, God's re - cre - a - tion Of the new day!

Precious Lord, Take My Hand

Thomas Andrew Dorsey, 1932

George Nelson Allen, 1844

$\text{♩} = 107$



1. Pre - cious Lord, take my hand, Lead me on, let me stand, I am tired, I am
2. When my way grows dre - ar, Pre - cious Lord, lin - ger near, When my life i - s
3. When the dark - ness ap - pears And the night dra - ws near, And the day i - s



weak, I am worn; Through the storm, through the night, Lead me on to the light:
al - m - ost gone, Hear my cry, hear my call, Hold my hand lest I fall:
past a - nd gone, At the ri - ver I stand, Guide my feet, hold my hand:

Refrain



Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.