

Medley #3

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

Joachim Neander, 1680
Stanzas 1 & 2 (#53)

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King
of creation!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health
and salvation!
All ye who hear, now to His temple draw
near,
Join me in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so
wondrously reigneth,
Shelters Thee under His wings, yea, so
gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen how thy desires e'er
have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

TUNE: LOBE DEN HERREN 14.14.4.7.8
Stralsund Gesangbuch, 1665;
Arr. in Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1668

Psalm 84

Book of Psalms, 1871
Verses 1, 2, 10, 11

- 1 O LORD of hosts, how lovely
The place where thou dost dwell,
Thy tabernacles holy
In pleasantness excel.
- 2 My soul is longing, fainting,
Jehovah's courts to see;
My heart and flesh are crying,
O living God, for Thee.

- 10 One day excels a thousand,
If spent Thy courts within;
I'll choose a threshold rather
Than dwell in tents of sin.
- 11 Our sun and shield Jehovah,
Will grace and glory give;
No good will He deny them
That uprightly do live.

TUNE: LLANGLOFFAN 76.76D

Rejoice, the Lord is King

Charles Wesley, 1746; alt.
Stanzas 1 & 2 (#310)

Rejoice, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore.

Refrain: Lift up your heart, lift up your
voice! Rejoice, again I say,
rejoice!

Jesus the Savior reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.

Refrain

TUNE: DARWALL 6.6.6.6.8.8.
John Darwall, 1770

Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776
Stanzas 1-3 (#499)

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

TUNE: TOPLADY 7.7.7.7.7.7.
Thomas Hastings, 1830

It Is Well with My Soul

Horatio G. Spafford, 1873
Stanzas 1 & 3 (#691)

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.

My sin—O 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!

TUNE: VILLE DU HAVRE 11.8.11.9.ref.
Philip P. Bliss, 1876

Psalm 23

Based on *Scottish Psalter*, 1650

- 1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
2 He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
- 3 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk in death's dark
vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 5 A table Thou has furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 6 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

TUNE: CRIMOND CM
Jessie Seymour Irvine, 1871

O the Deep, Deep Love of Jesus

Samuel Trevor Francis, 1834-1925
Stanzas 1 & 2 (#535)

O the deep, deep love of Jesus!
Vast, unmeasured,
Boundless, free;
Rolling as a mighty
ocean
In its fullness over me.
Underneath me, all around me,
Is the current of thy love;
Leading onward, leading homeward,
To thy glorious rest above.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus!
Spread his praise from shore to shore;
How he loveth, ever loveth,
Changeth never, nevermore;
How he watches o'er his loved ones,
Died to call them all his own;
How for them he intercedeth,
Watcheth o'er them from the throne.

TUNE: EBENEZER (or TON-Y-BOTEL) 8.7.8.7.D
Thomas John Williams, 1890

Sun of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear

John Keble, 1820
(#404)

Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heav'n above.

TUNE: HURSLEY L.M.
Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, ca 1774; alt.