

Medley #1

Holy, Holy, Holy!

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826
Stanzas 1 & 3 (#100)

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!

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.

TUNE: NICAEA 11.12.12.10.
John B. Dykes, 1861

Psalm 63

Verses 1-5

- 1 God, Thee, my God, I'll early seek;
My soul's athirst for Thee.
On dry land, weary, waterless,
My flesh has longed for Thee.
- 2 Thus have I looked for Thee before
Within Thy holy place
That there I might behold Thy
strength
And glory of Thy face.
- 3 Because Thy grace is more than life
My lips Thee praise shall give;
- 4 I in Thy name will lift my hands
And bless Thee while I live.
- 5 My soul with rich, abundant food
Shall be well satisfied;
With shouts of joy upon my lips
My mouth shall praise provide.

TUNE: ST. COLUMBA CM
("How Sweet and Awful Is the Place")
Old Irish hymn melody

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts, 1707, 1709
Stanzas 1, 3, & 4 (#252)

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

TUNE: HAMBURG L.M.
Gregorian chant;
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1824

Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed

Isaac Watts, 1707; Alt. 1961
Stanzas 1, 2, 5 (#254)

Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die!
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I!

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree!
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

TUNE: MARTYRDOM C.M.
Hugh Wilson, ca. 1800
Arr. by Robert A. Smith, 1825

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

William Williams, 1745
Stanzas 1 & 3 (#598)

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'ful hand;
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more,
Feed me till I want no more.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to thee,
I will ever give to thee.

CWM RHONDDA 8.7.8.7.8.7.rep.
John Hughes, 1907

Crown Him with Many Crowns

Matthew Bridges, 1851
Stanzas 1 & 2 (#295)

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

TUNE: DIADEMATA S.M.D.
George J. Elvey, 1868

Psalm 91

Verses 1-8

- 1 Who with God Most High finds
shelter
In th'Almighty's shadow hides.
- 2 To the LORD I'll say, "My Refuge!"
In my God my trust abides.
- 3 From the fowler's snare He'll save
you,
From the deadly pestilence;
- 4 Cover you with outspread pinions,
Make His wings your confidence.

God's own truth, your shield and
buckler;
- 5 You will fear no ill by night,
Nor the shafts in daylight flying,
- 6 Nor disease that shuns the light,
Nor the plague that wastes at
noonday.
- 7 At your side ten thousand fall;
- 8 You will only see this judgment
Which rewards the wicked all.

TUNE: HYFRYDOL 87.87.D
("Jesus! What a Friend for Sinners!")
Rowland H. Pritchard, c. 1830

Abide With Me: Fast Falls the Eventide

Henry F. Lyte, 1847
Stanzas 1 & 4 (#402)

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave,
thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

TUNE: EVENTIDE (MONK) 10.10.10.10.
William H. Monk, 1861