

Medley #4

Psalm 42

Verses 1, 2, 3, 5

Based on *Scottish Psalter*, 1650

- 1 As in its thirst a fainting hart
To water brooks doth flee,
So pants my longing soul, O God,
That I may come to Thee.
- 2 My soul for God, the living God,
Is thirsting; shall I near
Before the face of God approach
And in His sight appear?
- 3 My tears have unto me been food
Both in the night and day,
While unto me continually,
"Where is your God?" they say.
- 5 O why, my soul, art thou bowed
down?
Why so discouraged be?
Hope now in God! I'll praise Him still!
My help, my God is He!

TUNE: ST. AGNES CM
("Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee")
John B. Dykes, 1866

O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

Charles Wesley, 1739; alt.
Alt. 1961
Stanzas 1, 4, 6 (#164)

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

Hear him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

TUNE: AZMON C.M.
Carl G. Gläser, 1784-1829;
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839

Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

Fanny J. Crosby, 1869
Stanzas 1, 4 (#264)

Jesus, keep me near the cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream—
Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand
Just beyond the river.
In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

TUNE: NEAR THE CROSS 7.6.7.6 ref
William H. Doane, 1869
(#264)

More Love to Thee, O Christ

Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, 1869
Stanzas 1, 2 (#649)

More love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek;
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee,
More love to Thee!

TUNE: MORE LOVE TO THEE
6.4.6.4.6.6.4.4.
William H. Doane, 1868

Who is on the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal, 1877
Stanzas 1, 4 (#588)

Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers, other lives to
bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side, Savior,
We are Thine.

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army none can
overthrow:
Round His standard ranging,
Vict'ry is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side, Savior,
We are Thine.

TUNE: RACHIE 6.5.6.5.6.5.D.
Caradog Roberts, 1878-1935

Psalm 100

Based on William Kethe
and *Scottish Psalter*, 1564
Verses 1, 2, 4

- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
- 2 Him serve with mirth; His praise forth
tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 4 O enter then His gates with praise;
Within His courts your thanks
proclaim;
With grateful hearts your voices raise
To bless and magnify His name.

TUNE: OLD 100th LM (100A)

Be Still My Soul

Katharina von Schlegel, 1752;
Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1855; alt. 1990, mod.
Stanzas 1, 4 (#689)

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on your side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
Leave to your God to order and provide;
In ev'ry change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: your best, your heav'nly
Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful
end.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hast'ning on
When we shall be forever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief, and fear are
gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys
restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears
are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet at
last.

TUNE: FINLANDIA 10.10.10.10.10.10
Jean Sibelius, 1899; arr.

All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night

Thomas Ken, 1695, 1709
Stanzas 1, 3 (#401)

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

TUNE: TALLIS' CANON L.M.
Thomas Tallis, ca. 1567