

20 Hymns 2021

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All Praise To Thee, My God, This Night

EVENING

Words: Thomas Ken, circa 1674.

Music: 'Tallis' Canon' Thomas Tallis, circa 1567. Setting: "A Hymnal" (Episcopal), 1916.
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♩ = 100

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings of the light!
 2. For - - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done,
 3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed.
 4. O may my soul on Thee re - pose, And with sweet sleep mine eye - lids close,
 5. When in the night I sleep - less lie, My soul with heav'n - ly thoughts sup - ply;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - - neath Thine own al - - migh - ty wings.
 That with the world, my - - self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
 Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glo - rious at the judg - ment day.
 Sleep that may me more vig - 'rous make To serve my God when I a - wake.
 Let no ill dreams dis - - turb my rest, No pow'rs of dark - ness me mo - lest.

6. O when shall I, in endless day,
 For ever chase dark sleep away,
 And hymns divine with angels sing,
 All praise to thee, eternal King?

7. Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

All Things Bright and Beautiful

v2

Refrain



All things bright and beau - - ti - - ful, All crea tures great and - - small,



All things wise and won - - der - - ful: The Lord God made them - - all.

Verses



Each lit tle flow r that - - op - - ens, Each lit - - tle bird - - that sings, He
The pur ple - head ed - - moun tains, The riv - - er run - - ning by, The
The cold wind in the - - win - - ter, The plea - sant sum - - mer sun, The



made their glow ing - - col - - ors, He - - made their ti ny - - wings.
sun set and the - - morn - - ing That - - bright ens up the - - sky.
ripe fruits in the - - gar - - den, He - - made them eve ry - - one.

Amazing Grace

CROSS AND COMFORT

Words: John Newton, 1779. last verse author unknown, before 1829.
 Music: 'New Britain' James P. Carrell and David L. Clayton, 1831. Setting: Edwin Othello Excell, 1900.
 copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2006 Revision.

♩ = 100

1. A - - maz - - ing grace! How sweet the sound That
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And
 3. Through ma - - ny dan - - gers, toils and snares, I
 4. The Lord has pro - - mised good to me, His
 5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And

saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but
 grace my fears re - - lieved; How pre - - cious did that
 have al - - rea - - dy come; 'Tis grace hath brought me
 Word my hope se - - cures; He will my Shield and
 mor - - tal life shall cease, I shall pos - - sess, with -

now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
 grace ap - - pear The hour I first be - - lieved.
 safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 Por - - tion be, As long as life en - - dures.
 in 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,
 Shall 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.

For All The Saints

COMMUNION OF SAINTS

Words: William W. How, 1864.

Music: 'Sine Nomine' Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906. Setting: "The English Hymnal", 1906.
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$\text{♩} = 130$

1. For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
2. Thou wast their Rock, their For - tress and their Might;
3. For the A - - post - - - les' glo - rious com - pa - - ny,
9. The gol - den eve - - - ning bright - ens in the west;
10. But lo! there breaks a yet more glor - ious day; The

Who Thee by faith be - - - fore the world con - - fessed, Thy
Thou, Lord, their Cap - - - tain in the well fought fight;
Who bear - ing forth the Cross o'er land and sea,
Soon, soon to faith - - - ful war - riors comes their rest;
saints tri - - um - - phant rise in bright ar - - - ray; The

Name, O Je - - - sus, be for - ev - - er blessed.
Thou, in the dark - - - ness dread, their one true Light.
Shook all the might - - - ty world, we sing to Thee:
Sweet is the calm of par - a - - dise the blessed.
King of glo - - - ry pass - es on His way.

Al - - - le - - - lu - - - ia, Al - - - le - - - lu - - - ia!

God, Whose Almighty Word

Words: John Marriott, 1813.

Music: 'Italian Hymn' Felice de Gardini, 1769. Setting: "The Methodist Sunday School Hymnal", 1911.
copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

♩ = 120

1. God, whose al - - might - - y word Cha - os and dark - - ness heard
 2. Lord, who once came to bring, On your re - - deem - - ing wing,
 3. Spir - it of truth and love, Life giv - ing, ho - - ly dove,
 4. Ho - - ly and bless - - ed three, Glo - ri - ous Tri - - ni - - ty,

And took their flight: Hear us, we hum - ble pray, And where the
 Heal - ing and sight, Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the
 Speed forth your flight; Move on the wa - ter's face, Bear - ing the
 Wis - dom, love, might! Bound - less as o - cean's tide, Rol - ling in

Gos - pel day Sheds not its glor - ious ray, Let there be light!
 in - - ly blind: Oh, now to hu - - man - kind Let there be light!
 lamp of grace, And in earth's dark - est place Let there be light!
 full - - est pride, Through the earth, far and wide, Let there be light!

Holy, Holy, Holy!

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord, the all-powerful God, who was and is and is coming! – Revelation 4:8 CEV

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!

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 - ness Thy glo - ry may not see,
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!
 cher - u - bin 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!
 which 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!

Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

PRAISE

*Words: Walter Chalmers Smith, 1876.**Music: 'St. Denio' or 'Joanna' or 'Palestrina'**traditional Welsh found in "Caniadau y Cyssegr" by John Roberts, 1839.**Setting: "Caniadau y Cyssegr a'r Teulu", 1878, alt.**copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.*

♩ = 120

1. Im - - mor - tal, in - - vis - - i - - ble, God on - - ly wise,
 2. Un - - rest - ing, un - - hast - ing, and si - - lent as light,
 3. To all, life Thou giv - - est, to both great and small;
 4. Great Fath - er of glo - - ry, pure Fath - er of light,
 5. All laud we would ren - der; O help us to see

In light in - - ac - - ces - - si - - ble hid from our eyes,
 Nor want - ing, nor wast - ing, Thou rul - - est in might;
 In all life Thou liv - - est, the true life of all;
 Thine an - - gels a - - dore Thee, all veil - - ing their sight;
 'Tis on - - ly the splen - dor of light hid - - eth Thee,

Most bless - èd, most glor - ious, the An - cient of Days,
 Thy just - ice, like moun - tains, high soar - ing a - - bove
 We blos - som and flour - ish as leaves on the tree,
 But of Thy rich gra - - ces this grace, Lord, im - - part
 And so let Thy glo - - ry, al - - might - y, im - - part,

Al - - might - y, vic - - tor - ious, Thy great Name we praise.
 Thy clouds, which are foun - tains of good - ness and love.
 And with - er and per - ish but naught chang - eth Thee.
 Take the veil from our face, the vile from our heart.
 Through Christ in His stor - y, Thy Christ to the heart.

IN THE GARDEN

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Words and Music by
C. AUSTIN MILES

Slowly

I come to the gar - den a - lone _____ while the dew is still on the
speaks and the sound of His voice _____ is so sweet the birds stop their
stay in the gar - den with Him, _____ though the night a - round me be

ros - es. And the voice I hear fall - ing on my ear, the Son of God dis -
sing - ing. And the mel - o - dy that He gave to me with - in my heart is
fall - ing. But He bids me go; thru the voice of woe, His voice to me is

clos - es. } And He walks with me and He talks with me, and He
ring - ing. }
call - ing. }

tells me I am His own. _____ And the joy we share as we

tar - ry there, none oth - er has ev - er _____ known. _____ { He
I'd known.

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

Words: Henry J. van Dyke, 1907.

Music: 'Ode to Joy' Ludwig van Beethoven; Adapted by Edward Hodges, 1824.

Setting: "The Methodist Hymnal", 1905.

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♩ = 115

1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - - dore Thee, God of glor - y, Lord of love;
 2. All Thy works with joy sur - round Thee, earth and heaven re - - flect Thy rays,
 3. Thou art giv - ing and for - - giv - ing, ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blessed,
 4. Mor - tals, join the ha - ppy chor - us, which the morn - ing stars be - gan;

Hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore Thee, o - pening to the sun a - bove.
 Stars and an - gels sing a - round Thee, cen - ter of un - - bro - ken praise.
 Well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean depth of hap - py rest!
 Fa - ther love is reign - ing o'er us, bro - ther love binds man to man.

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; drive the dark of doubt a - way;
 Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, flow - ery mea - dow, flash - - ing sea,
 Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our Bro - ther, all who live in love are Thine;
 E - ver sing - ing, march we on - ward, vic - tors in the midst of strife,

Giv - er of im - - mor - tal glad - ness, fill us with the light of day!
 Sing - ing bird and flow - ing foun - tain call us to re - - joice in Thee.
 Teach us how to love each o - ther, lift us to the joy div - ine.
 Joy - ful mu - sic leads us Sun - ward in the tri - umph song of life.

Let All Things Now Living



1 Let all things now liv - ing A song of thanks-giv - ing To
2 His law he en - forc - es, The stars in their cours - es And



God the cre - a - tor tri - um-phantly raise, Who fashioned and
sun in its or - bit o - be - dient - ly shine; The hills and the



made us, Pro - tect - ed and stayed us, Who still guides us
moun-tains, The riv - ers and foun - tains, The deeps of the



on to the end of our days. God's ban - ners are o'er us, His
o - cean pro-claim him di - vine. We too should be voic - ing Our



light goes be - fore us, A pil - lar of fire shin - ing forth in the
love and re - joic - ing; With glad ad - o - ra - tion a song let us



night, Till shad - ows have van - ished And dark ness is
raise Till all things now liv - ing U - nite in thanks -



ban-ished, As for - ward we trav - el from light in - to light.
giv - ing: "To God in the high - est, ho - san - na and praise!"

Maoz Tsur
(Rock of Ages - Jewish)
Moôs zur



Rock of A ges God A bove hear we pray our - - grate - ful song
 Rock of A ges let our song praise thy sav ing - - pow - - er
 Kind - ling now the can - dles bright, greet with joy each - - glow - ing flame



Not our pow er but thy love and Thy spir it - - make us strong
 Thou a midst the rag ing foes wast our shel' tring - - tow - - er
 De - di - cate your life to right; faith and free - dom - - to pro - claim



Foes have cruel - ly fought us, but they word has ev - - er - - taught
 Fu - rious they as - - sailed us, but Thine arm a - - vailed - - us
 That men may be hear - - ing; lo the time is near - - ing



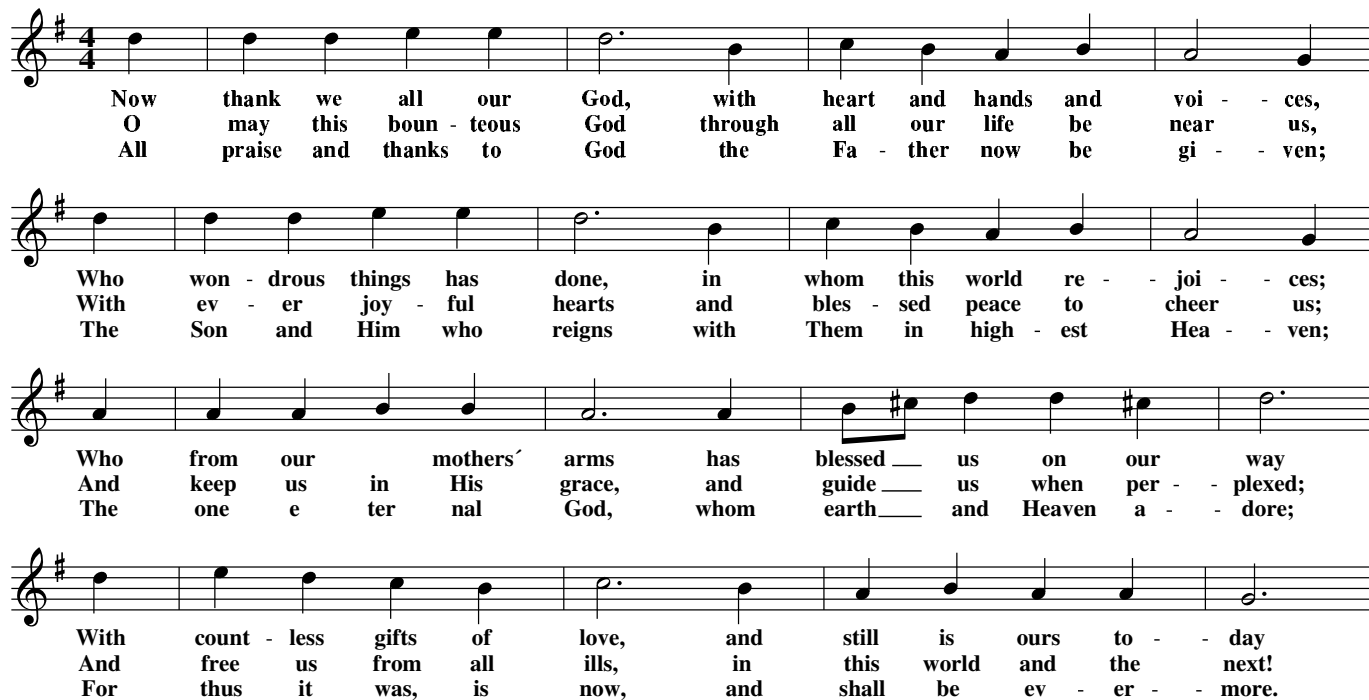
How to live, thanks we give cour - age Thou has - - brought - - us
 and Thy word, broke their sword When our own strength - - failed - - us
 Which will see all men free ty - rants dis - a - - pear - - ing



How to live, thanks we give cour age Thou has - - brought - - us
 and Thy word, broke their sword When our own strength - - failed - - us
 Which will see all men free ty - rants dis - a - - pear - - ing

Now Thank We All Our God
NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT

Europa, Mitteleuropa, Deutschland



Now thank we all our God, with heart and hands and voices,
O may this boun - teous God through all our life be near us,
All praise and thanks to God the Fa - ther now be gi - ven;

Who won - drous things has done, in whom this world re - - joi - - ces;
With ev - er joy - ful hearts and bles - sed peace to cheer us;
The Son and Him who reigns with Them in high - est Hea - - ven;

Who from our mothers' arms has blessed us on our way
And keep us in His grace, and guide us when per - - plexed;
The one e ter nal God, whom earth and Heaven a - - dore;

With count - less gifts of love, and still is ours to - - day
And free us from all ills, in this world and the next!
For thus it was, is now, and shall be ev - er - - more.

1

Now thank we all our God, with heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things has done, in whom this world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms has blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love, and still is ours today.

2

O may this bounteous God through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts and blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace, and guide us when perplexed;
And free us from all ills, in this world and the next!

3

All praise and thanks to God the Father now be given;
The Son and Him who reigns with Them in highest Heaven;
The one eternal God, whom earth and Heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now, and shall be evermore.

Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Text: Thomas Ken, 1637-1711
Tune: *Genevan Psalter*, 1551 Edition;
attr. Louis Bourgeois, 1510-1561



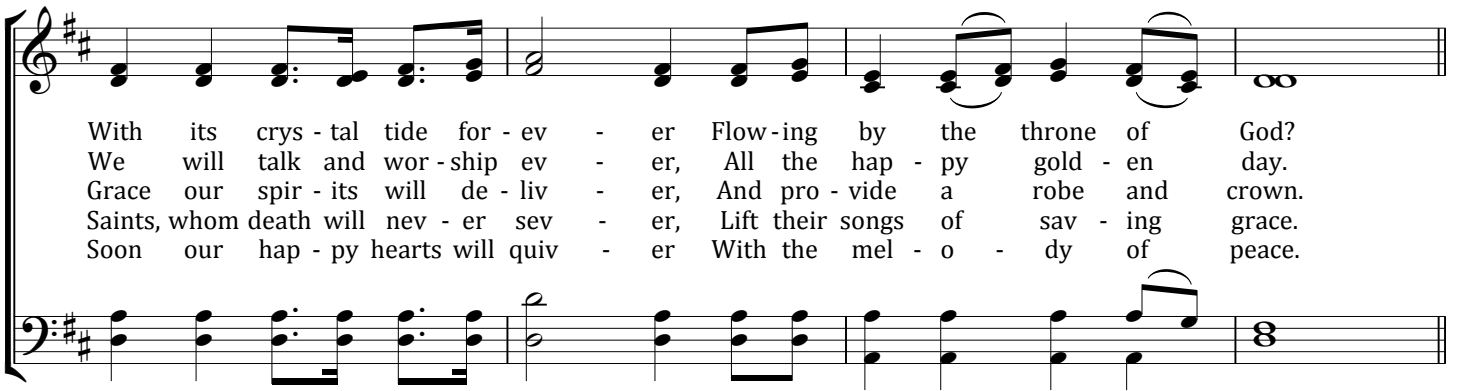
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www.hymnary.org/text/praise_god_from_whom_all_blessings_ke

Shall We Gather at the River?

*He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.
In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life. Rev. 22:1-2*



1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we eve - ry bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Sav - ior's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;



With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?
We will talk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Saints, whom death will nev - er sev - er, Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

Refrain



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er;



Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way To pre -
 songs of the blest, And our spi - rits shall sor - row no more, Not a
 tri - bute of praise For the glo - ri - ous gift or His love, And the

pare us a dwel - ling place there. In the sweet by and
 sigh for the bles - sing of rest. In the sweet
 bles - sings that hal - low our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by, by and by;

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 In the sweet by and by,

Text: Sanford F. Bennett, 1836-18989
 Tune: Joseph P. Webster, 1819-1875



99 99 Refrain
 SWEET BY AND BY
www.hymnary.org/text/theres_a_land_that_is_fairer_than_day

The Lord's My Shepherd

Words: Psalm 23 from the Scottish Psalter, 1650 alt. by James Leith Macbeth Bain, 1915.
 Music and Setting: 'Marosa' or 'Brother James' Air' James Leith Macbeth Bain, 1915, alt.
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♩ = 70

1. The Lord's my shep - herd I'll not want, He makes me down to lie
 2. My soul He doth re - - store a - gain, And me to walk doth make.
 3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill,
 4. My ta - ble Thou hast fur - nished well In pre - sence of my foes;
 5. Good - ness and mer - cy all my days Will sure - ly fol - low me:

In pas - tures green He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - - ters by.
 With - - in the paths of bless - ed - ness, E'en for His Own Name's sake;
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com - fort still;
 My head Thou dost with oil a - noint, And my cup o - - ver - - flows;
 And in my Fa - ther's heart al - ways My dwell - ing place shall be;

He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, The qui - et wa - ters by,
 His Own Name's sake, His Own Name's sake, E'en for His Own Name's sake;
 I'll fear no ill, I'll fear no ill, Yet will I fear no ill,
 It o - - ver - flows, It o - - ver - flows, And my cup o - - ver - - flows;
 My dwell - ing place, My dwell - ing place, My dwell - ing place shall be,

In pas - tures green He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
 With - - in the paths of bless - ed - ness, E'en for His Own Name's sake.
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com - fort still.
 My head Thou dost with oil a - noint, And my cup o - - ver - - flows.
 And in my Fa - ther's heart al - ways My dwell - ing place shall be.

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

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Words and Music by
REV. GEORGE BENNARD

Expressively

On a hill far a - way stood an old rug - ged cross, the em - blem of
old rug - ged cross, so de - spised by the world, has a won - drous at -
old rug - ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, a won drous
old rug - ged cross I will ev - er be true, its shame and re -

suf - f'ring and shame. _____ And I love that old cross where the
trac - tion for me. _____ For the dear Lamb of God left His
beau - ty I see. _____ For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus
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. _____
glo - ry a - bove to _____ bear it to dark Cal - va - ry. _____ } So I'll
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. _____

cher - ish the old rug - ged cross, _____ till my tro - phies at last I lay

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

change it some - day for a crown. _____ } O that
In the crown. _____
To the

46. This Is My Father's World

v4
Baptist Hymnal

This - is my Fa - ther's world; And - to my lis - tening
This - is my Fa - ther's world; The - birds their car - ols

6 7 4 2 6 6 4 4

ears; All na - ture sings, and - round me rings The mu - sic of the - spheres.
raise; The morn - ing light, the - lil - y white, De - clare - their mak - er's - praise.

7 2 6 7 6 7 7

This is my Fa - ther's world; I - - rest me in the
This is my Fa - ther's world; He - - shines in all that's

6 4 6 4+ 2

thought Of - - rocks and trees, of - -
fair; In - the rust ling grass I - -

7 2 6 7

-skies and seas, His hand - - the won - ders - - wrought.
-hear him pass, He speaks - - to me eve - ry - - where

6 7 7

The Unclouded Day

J.K. Alwood / J.F. Kinsey

v2

G C G

Oh, they tell me of a home far be - - yond the skies Oh, they
Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone Oh, they
Oh, they tell me of the King in his beau - ty there. And they

D7

tell me of a home far a - - way - - - Oh, they
tell me of that that land far a - - way
tell me that mine eyes shall be - - hold. - - - Where He

G C G

tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise
Where the tree of life in e - - ter - - nal bloom
sits - - - on the throne that is whiter than snow

D7 G

Oh, they tell me of an un - - cloud - ed day
Sheds its fra - grance through the un - - cloud - ed day
in the ci - - ty that is made of - - - gold

Oh, the land of - - - cloud - - less day
Oh, the land of - - - cloud - - less day
Oh, that land mine - - - eyes shall see

D7

Oh, the land of the un - - cloud - - ed sky
Oh, the land of an un - - cloud - - ed sky
Oh, the land of an un - - cloud - - ed sky

G C

- - - Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds
- - - Oh, they tell me of my friends by the tree of
- - - Oh, they tell me of the King on his snow white

G D7 G

rise Oh, they tell me of an un - - cloud - ed day
life. In the land of the un - cloud - - ed - - - day
throne In the land of the un - cloud - - ed - - - day

We Gather Together

Words: Anonymous circa 1597. Translated Theodore Baker, 1894.
 Music: 'Kremser' Traditional Dutch circa 1597. Setting: Eduard Kremser, 1877.
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♩ = 100

1. We ga - - ther to - - ge - - ther to ask the Lord's bless - ing;
 2. Be - - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing,
 3. We all do ex - - tol Thee, Thou Lea - - der tri - - um - phant,

He cha - - stens and ha - - stens His will to make known.
 Or - - dain - - ing, main - - tain - - ing His king - - dom di - - vine;
 And pray that Thou still our De - - fen - - der will be.

The wi - - cked op - - pres - sing now cease from dis - - tres - sing.
 So from the be - - gin - ning the fight we were win - ning;
 Let Thy con - gre - - ga - - tion es - - cape trib - u - - la - - tion;

Sing prai - - ses to His Name; He for - - gets not His own.
 Thou, Lord, were at our side, all glo - - ry be Thine!
 Thy Name be ev - er praised! O Lord, make us free!