

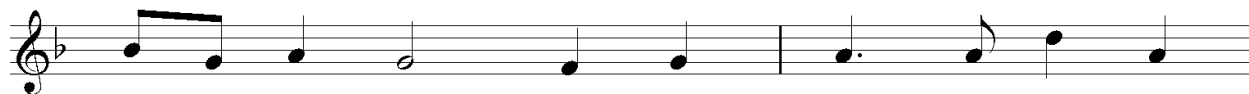
HYMNS FROM GRACE

EPISODE II

HYMN 665



1 All my hope on God is found - ed; he doth still my
2 Mor - tal pride and earth - ly glo - ry, sword and crown be -
3 God's great good - ness e'er en - dur - eth, deep his wis - dom
*4 Dai - ly doth the al - might - y Giv - er boun - teous gifts on
5 Still from earth to God e - ter - nal sac - ri - fice of



1 trust re - new, me through change and chance he
2 tray our trust; though with care and toil we
3 pass - ing thought: splen - dor, light, and life at -
4 us be - stow; his de - sire our soul de -
5 praise be done, high a - bove all prais - es



1 guid - eth, on - ly good and on - ly true. God un -
2 build them, tower and tem - ple fall to dust. But God's
3 tend him, beau - ty spring - eth out of nought. Ev - e -
4 ligh - teth, plea - sure leads us where we go. Love doth
5 prais - ing for the gift of Christ, his Son. Christ doth



1 known, he a - lone calls my heart to be his own.
2 power, hour by hour, is my tem - ple and my tower.
3 rmore from his store new-born worlds rise and a - dore.
4 stand at his hand; joy doth wait on his com - mand.
5 call one and all: ye who fol - low shall not fall.

Words: Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930), alt.; after Joachim Neander (1650-1680)

Music: Michael, Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

HYMN 60 (FROM LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING II)

1. O Lord my God, when I in awe - some won - der Con - sid - er
 2. When through the woods and for - est glades I wan - der And hear the
 3. And when I think that God, his Son not spar - ing, Sent him to
 4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion And take me

1. all the worlds* thy hands have made, I see the stars I hear the roll - ing*
 2. birds sing sweet - ly in the trees, When I look down from loft - y moun - tain
 3. die, I scarce can take it in, That on the cross, my bur - den glad - ly
 4. home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in hum - ble ad - o -

1. thun - der, Thy pow'r through - out the u - ni - verse dis - played.
 2. gran - deur, And hear the brook and feel the gen - tle breeze.
 3. bear - ing, He bled and died to take a - way my sin.
 4. ra - tion, And there pro - claim, my God how great thou art.

Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior, God, to Thee: How great Thou

art, — how great Thou art! — Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior, God, to
Thee: — How great Thou art, — how great Thou art!

Words: *Stuart K. Hine (1899-1989)*
 Music: *Swedish Folk Melody; arr. Stuart K. Hine*

HYMN 690

1 Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, pil - grim through this
 2 O - pen now the crys - tal foun-tain, whence the heal - ing
 3 When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, bid my anx - ious
 bar - ren land; I am weak, but thou art might - y;
 stream doth flow; let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar
 fears sub - side; death of death, and hell's de - struc - tion,

hold me with thy power - ful hand; bread of hea - ven,
 lead me all my jour - ney through; strong de - liv - erer,
 land me safe on Ca - naan's side; songs of prais - es,

bread of hea - ven, feed me now and ev - er -
 strong de - liv - erer, be thou still my strength and
 songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to

more, feed me now and ev - er - more.
 shield, be thou still my strength and shield.
 thee, I will ev - er give to thee.

*Words: William Williams (1717-1791); tr. Peter Williams (1722-1796), alt.
 Music: Cwm Rhondda, John Hughes (1873-1932)*

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