

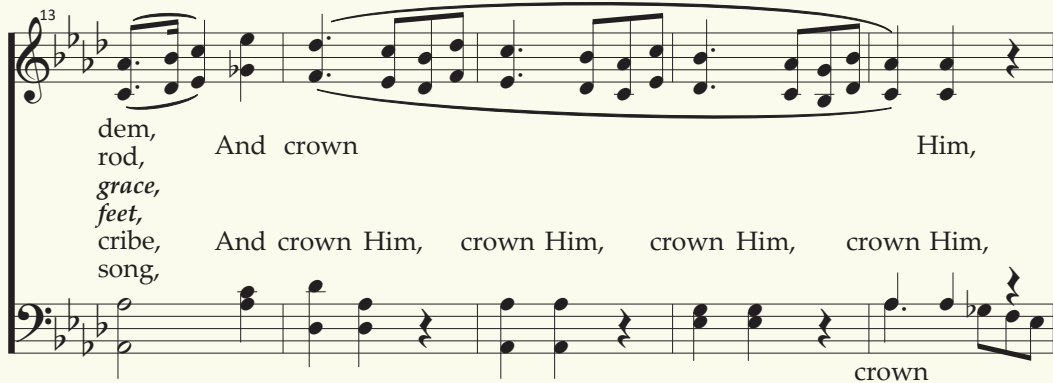
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate
 2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of your God, Who from His al - tar
 3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the
 4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the
 5. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial
 6. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may



fall; Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a -
 call, Who from His al - tar call; Ex - tol the Stem of Jes - se's
 fall, Ye ran - somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His
 gall, The worm - wood and the gall, Go, spread your tro - phies at His
 ball, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as -
 fall! We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing



dem, And crown Him,
 rod, grace,
 feet, feet,
 cribe, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
 song, crown

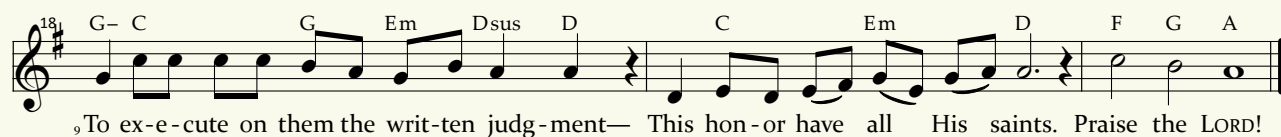
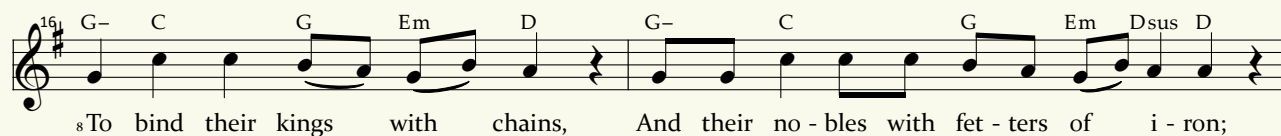
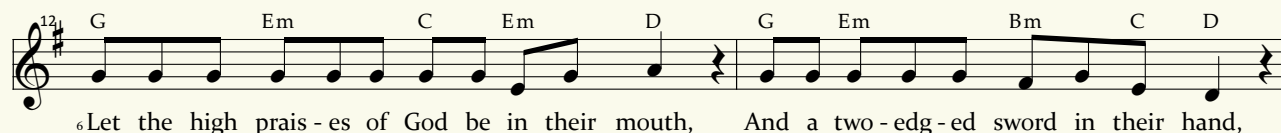
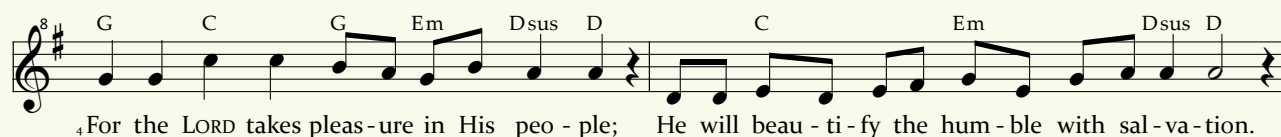
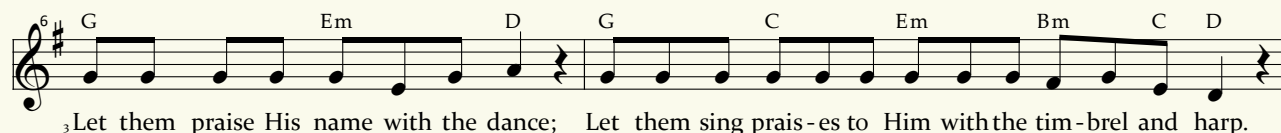
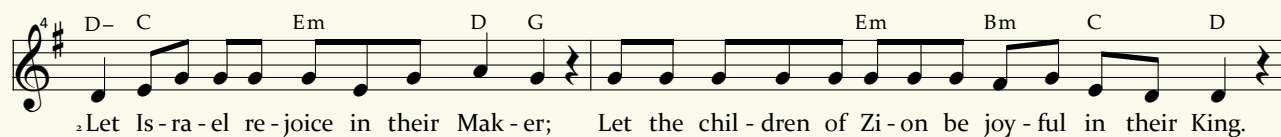
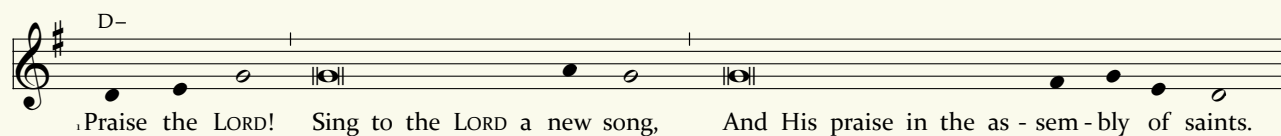


crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

Music: James Ellor (1819-1899)
 Text: st. 1-4, Edward Perronet, 1780; st. 5 & 6, John Rippon, 1787

DIADEM
 8 6. 8 6. w/ repeats

Psalm 149



O Sing a New Song to the Lord

1. O sing a new song to the LORD, For won-ders He has done,
 2. The great sal - va - tion wrought by Him Je - ho - vah has made known,
 3. He mind - ful of His grace and truth To Is - r'el's house has been,

For won - ders He has done; His right hand and His ho - ly arm
 Je - ho - vah has made known. His jus - tice in the na - tions' sight
 To Is - r'el's house has been. The great sal - va - tion of our God

13 SOPRANO
 The vic - tor - y have won, The vic - tor - y have won, The vic - tor -
 He o - pen - ly has shown, He o - pen - ly has shown, He o - pen -
 All ends of earth have seen, All ends of earth have seen, All ends of

ALTO
 The vic - tor - y have won, The vic - tor -
 He o - pen - ly has shown, He o - pen -
 All ends of earth have seen, All ends of

TENOR
 The vic - tor - y have won, The vic - tor -
 He o - pen - ly has shown, He o - pen -
 All ends of earth have seen, All ends of

BASS
 The vic - tor - y have won, The vic - tor - y have won, The vic - tor -
 He o - pen - ly has shown, He o - pen - ly has shown, He o - pen -
 All ends of earth have seen, All ends of earth have seen, All ends of

20
 y have won.
 ly has shown.
 earth have seen.

The Book of Psalms for Singing, 1973
 based on Psalm 98

PS 98.2

DESERT [LYNGHAM] 8 6. 8 6. w/ repeat
 Thomas Jarman, c. 1803

4. O all the earth, sing to the LORD And make a joy - ful sound,
 5. With harp make mu - sic to the LORD; With harp a psalm O sing!
 6. Let seas in all their vast - ness roar, The world, its liv - ing horde,
 7. Be - cause He comes, He sure - ly comes, The judge of earth to be!

27. And make a joy - ful sound. Lift up your voice a - loud to Him;
 With harp a psalm O sing! With horn and trum - pet raise a shout
 The world, its liv - ing horde. Let riv - ers clap, let moun - tains sing,
 The judge of earth to be! With jus - tice He will judge the world,

34. **SOPRANO**
 Sing psalms! Let joy re - sound! Sing psalms! Let joy resound! Sing psalms! Let
 Be - fore the LORD, the King, Be - fore the LORD, the King, Be - fore the
 Their joy be - fore the LORD! Their joy be - fore the LORD! Their joy be -
 All men with eq - ui - ty, All men with eq - ui - ty, All men with

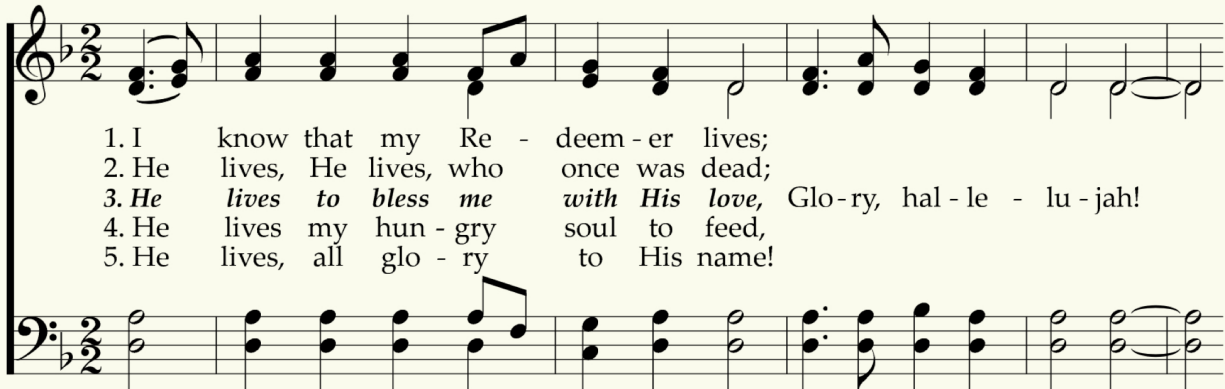
ALTO
 Sing psalms! Let joy re - sound! Sing psalms! Let
 Be - fore the LORD, the King, Be - fore the
 Their joy be - fore the LORD! Their joy be -
 All men with eq - ui - ty, All men with

TENOR
 Sing psalms! Let joy re - sound! Sing psalms! Let
 Be - fore the LORD, the King, Be - fore the
 Their joy be - fore the LORD! Their joy be -
 All men with eq - ui - ty, All men with

BASS
 Sing psalms! Let joy re - sound! Sing psalms! Let
 Be - fore the LORD, the King, Be - fore the
 Their joy be - fore the LORD! Their joy be -
 All men with eq - ui - ty, All men with

41. joy re - sound!
 LORD, the King,
 fore the LORD!
 eq - ui - ty.

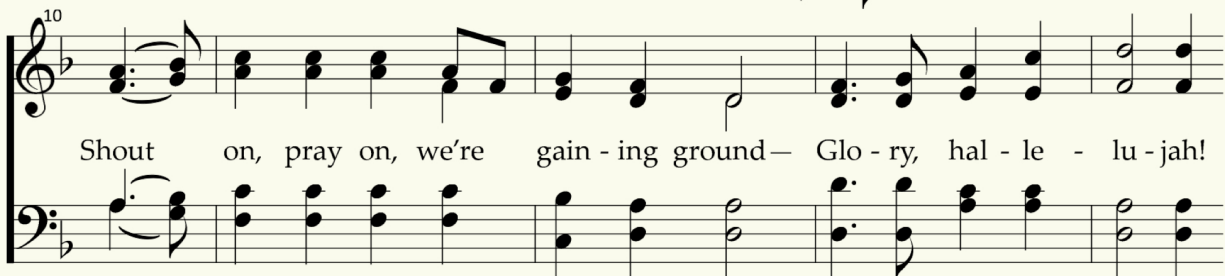
I Know That My Redeemer Lives



1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives;
 2. He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
 3. *He lives to bless me with His love,* Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 4. He lives my hun - gry soul to feed,
 5. He lives, all glo - ry to His name!



What com - fort this as - sur - ance gives!
 He lives, my ev - er - liv - ing Head.
He lives to plead for me a - bove, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 He lives to help in time of need.
 He lives, my Sav - ior still the same.



Shout on, pray on, we're gain - ing ground— Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



The dead's a - live and the lost is found— Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Final Verse:

He lives to crush the fiends of Hell—Glory, hallelujah!
 He lives and doth within me dwell—Glory, hallelujah!

My Soul, Thy Great Creator Praise

BRIDGEWATER (L.M).
Lewis Edson, 1782

Issac Watts, 1707

1. My soul, thy great Cre - a - tor praise; — When clothed in His ce - les - tial rays, —

He in full maj - est - y — ap - pears, And like a robe His glo - ry wears.

maj - est - y ap - pears, And like a robe His glo - ry wears.

robe His glo - ry wears, And like a robe His glo - ry wears.

wears, And like a robe His glo - ry wears.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>2. The heav'ns are for his curtains spread,
The unfathomed deep he makes his bed.
Clouds are his chariot when he flies
On wingèd storms across the skies.</p> | <p>5. But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all is thine.</p> | <p>8. While haughty sinners die accursed,
Their glory buried with their dust,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.</p> |
| <p>3. Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.</p> | <p>6. Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.</p> | |
| <p>4. Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord;
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands
Waiting their portion from thy hands.</p> | <p>7. In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.</p> | |

The Day Is Past and Gone

1. The day is past and gone; The eve - ning shades ap - pear.
 2. We lay our gar - ments by, Up - on our beds to rest;

melody

Oh, may we all re -
 So death will soon dis -

Oh, may we all re - mem - ber well The
 So death will soon dis - robe us all Of

Oh, may we all re - mem - ber well The night of death draws
 So death will soon dis - robe us all Of what we here pos -

Oh, may we all re - mem - ber well The night of death draws near, Oh,
 So death will soon dis - robe us all Of what we here pos - sess, So

mem - ber well The night of death draws near,
 robe us all Of what we here pos - sess, The night of death draws near.
 Of what we here pos - sess.

night of death draws near,
 what we here pos - sess, The night of death draws near.
 Of what we here pos - sess.

near, Oh, may we all re - mem - ber well The night of death draws near.
 sess, So death will soon dis - robe us all Of what we here pos - sess.

may we all re - mem - ber well The night of death draws near.
 death will soon dis - robe us all Of what we here pos - sess.

3. Lord, keep us safe this night;
 Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us while we sleep
 Till morning light appears.

4. And when we early rise
 And view th'unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize
 And after glory run.

5. And when our days are past
 And we from time remove,
 Oh, may we in Thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of Thy love.

Music: Elisha West, 1802
 Text: John Leland, 1792

EVENING HYMN
 6 6. 8 6.

From Heav'n O Praise the LORD

ST. CATHERINE'S (6 6. 6 6. 4 4 4 4. rep.)
Horatio R. Palmer, 1834-1907

The Book of Psalms for Singing, 1973

1. From heav'n O praise the LORD; Ye heights, His glo - ry raise.
LORD;

2. Yea, let them glo - rious make Je - ho - vah's match - less name;
3. From earth O praise the LORD, Ye deeps and all be - low;
4. Let all the peo - ple praise, And kings of ev - 'ry land;
5. Je - ho - vah's name be praised A - bove the earth and sky.

2 All an - gels, praise ac - cord; Let all His host give praise.
For when the word He spake They in - to be - ing came.
Wild winds that do His word, Ye clouds, fire, hail, and snow;
Let all their voic - es raise Who judge and give com - mand.
4 For He His saints has raised And set their power on high.

3 Praise Him on that high, Sun, moon, and star,
6 And from that place Where fixed they be,
9 Ye moun - tains high, Ye ce - dars tall,
12 By young and old, By maid and youth,
Him praise ac - cord, O Is - rael's race,

Sun, moon, and star, Ye heav'n's a - far, And cloud - y sky.
Where fixed they be, By His de - cree They can - not pass.
Ye ce - dars tall, 10 Beasts great and small, And birds that fly.
By maid and youth, 13 His name in truth Should be ex - tolled.
O Is - rael's race, Near to His grace. Praise ye the LORD.

Ye Choirs of New Jerusalem

1. Ye choirs of new Je - ru - sa - lem, Your sweet-est notes em - ploy,
 2. How Ju - dah's Li - on bursts His chains And crushed the ser - pent's head;

melody

The Pas - chal
 And brought with

The Pas - chal vic - to - ry to
 And brought with Him from death's do -

The Pas - chal vic - to - ry to hymn In strains of
 And brought with Him from death's do - mains The long - im -

The Pas - chal vic - to - ry to hymn The Pas - chal vic - to - ry
 And brought with Him from death's domains, And brought with Him from death's
 vic - to - ry to hymn
 Him from death's domains

End of st. 6

hymn
 mains
 ho - ly joy,
 pri - soned dead,

In strains of ho - ly joy.
 The long - im - pri - soned dead.

run. Al - le - lu - ia!

to hymn
 do - mains

3. From Hell's devouring jaws the prey
 Alone our Leader bore;
 His ransomed hosts pursue their way
 Where He hath gone before.

4. Triumphant in His glory now
 His scepter ruleth all,
 Earth, Heav'n, and Hell before Him bow,
 And at His footstool fall.

5. While joyful thus His praise we sing,
 His mercy we implore,
 Within His palace bright to bring
 And keep us evermore.

6. All glory to the Father be,
 All glory to the Son,
 All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
 While endless ages run.