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## When Morning Gilds the Skies

*I will extol the LORD at all times; his praise will always be on my lips. Ps. 34:1*

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, my heart a - wak - ing cries:  
 2. When sleep her balm de - nies, my si - lent spir - it sighs:  
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A so - lace here I find:  
 4. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss the love - liest strain is this:

May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - like at work and prayer  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised. When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised. Or fades my earth - ly bliss?  
 May Je - sus Christ be praised. The pow'r's of dark - ness fear,

to Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 with this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 when this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.

5. Let earth's wide circle round  
 in joyful notes resound:  
 May Jesus Christ be praised.  
 Let air and sea and sky,  
 from depth to height, reply:  
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

6. Be this, while life is mine,  
 my canticle divine:  
 May Jesus Christ be praised.  
 Be this th'eternal song,  
 through all the ages on:  
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

# Psalm 27:1-6

1. <sup>1</sup>The Lord's my shin-ing light And my sal-va-tion sure;  
 2. <sup>2</sup>When ad-ver-sa ries came To eat my flesh a-way,  
 3. <sup>4</sup>My one de-sire has been, Still to the Lord I'll pray,  
 4. <sup>5</sup>When trou-bles fill my day, When fears and dan-gers throng,  
 5. <sup>6</sup>My head shall lift-ed be A-bove my e-ne-mies.

Who can fill me with fright Or move my heart se-cure?  
 Those wick-ed tripped in shame, And fell to their dis-may.  
 That all my days with-in The Lord's house I may stay,  
 Se-cure-ly hid I'll stay In His pa-vil-ion strong.  
 With-in His tent with glee I'll of-fer sa-scri-fice.

The Lord's my strong-hold ev-er near; The Lord's my strong-hold  
<sup>3</sup>Though hosts sur-round, I will not quail; Though hosts sur-round, I  
 The Lord's own beau-ty to ad-mire, The Lord's own beau-ty  
 He'll hide me in His tent al-ways; He'll hide me in His  
 With shouts of joy my song I'll bring; With shouts of joy my

ev-er near; Of whom then shall I stand in fear?  
 will not quail; And still I trust, though war as-sail.  
 to ad-mire, And in His tem-ple to in-quire.  
 tent al-ways; And high up-on a rock me-raise.  
 song I'll bring; There prais-es to the Lord I'll sing.

# How Great Thou Art

*Great is the LORD, and most worthy of praise.* Ps. 48:1

Capo 1: B♭(A) E♭(D)

1. O Lord my God, when I in awe - some won - der  
 2. When thro' the woods and for - est glades I wan - der  
 3. And when I think that God, his Son not spar - ing,  
 4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion

B♭/F(A/E) F(E) B♭(A)

con - sid - er all the worlds thy hands have made,  
 and hear the birds sing sweet - ly in the trees,  
 sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,  
 and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!

E♭(D)

I see the stars, I hear the roll - ing thun - der,  
 when I look down from loft - y moun - tain gran - deur,  
 that on the cross, my bur - den glad - ly bear - ing,  
 Then I shall bow in hum - ble ad - o - ra - tion,

B♭/F(A/E) F(E) B♭(A)

thy pow'r thro' - out the u - ni - verse dis - played.  
 and hear the brook and feel the gen - tle breeze;  
 he bled and died to take a - way my sin.  
 and there pro - claim, my God, how great thou art.

HIS POWER

REFRAIN

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!

Chords indicated above the staves:

- Top staff: E♭(D) B♭(A)
- Second staff: F(E) B♭(A)
- Third staff: E♭(D) B♭(A)
- Bottom staff: C<sup>7</sup>(B<sup>7</sup>) F<sup>7</sup>(E<sup>7</sup>) B♭(A) 7

Stuart K. Hine, 1949; alt.

The author's original words for "worlds" and "rolling" in st. 1 are "works" and "mighty."  
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O STORE GUD 11.10.11.10.ref.  
Swedish folk melody  
Arr. by Stuart K. Hine, 1949

## The God of Abraham Praise

*Without faith it is impossible to please God, because anyone who comes to him must believe that he exists and that he rewards those who earnestly seek him. Heb. 11:6*

1. The God of A - braham praise, who reigns en- throned a - bove,  
 2. The God of A - braham praise, at whose su - preme com - mand  
 3. He by him - self hath sworn, I on his oath de - pend;  
 4. The good - ly land I see, with peace and plen - ty blest,

An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days and God of love.  
 from earth I rise, and seek the joys at his right hand.  
 I shall, on ea - gles' wings up - borne, to heav'n as - cend.  
 a land of sa - cred lib - er - ty and end - less rest.

Je - ho - vah! Great I AM! by earth and heav'n con - fessed;  
 I all on earth for - sake, its wis - dom, fame, and pow'r,  
 I shall be - hold his face, I shall his pow'r a - dore,  
 There milk and hon - ey flow, and oil and wine a - bound,

I bow and bless the sa - cred name, for - ev - er blest.  
 and him my on - ly por - tion make, my shield and tow'r.  
 and sing the won - ders of his grace for - ev - er - more.  
 and trees of life for - ev - er grow, with mer - cy crowned.

5. There dwells the Lord our King, the Lord our Righteousness,  
triumphant o'er the world and sin, the Prince of Peace.  
On Zion's sacred height his kingdom he maintains,  
and glorious with his saints in light forever reigns.
  
6. The whole triumphant host gives thanks to God on high;  
“Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! ” they ever cry.  
Hail, Abraham's God and mine! I join the heav'nly lays;  
all might and majesty are thine, and endless praise.

Thomas Olivers, 1770

LEONI 6.6.8.4.D.  
Jewish melody  
Arr. by Meyer Lyon, 1770

## O Praise Ye the Lord

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*Praise the LORD. Sing to the LORD a new song, his praise in the assembly of the saints. Ps. 149:1*

1. O praise ye the Lord and sing a new song,  
 2. With tim - brel and harp and joy - ful ac - claim,  
 3. In glo - ry ex - ult, ye saints of the Lord;  
 4. For this is his word: his saints shall not fail,

a - mid all his saints his prais - es pro - long;  
 with glad - ness and mirth, sing praise to his name;  
 with songs in the night high prais - es ac - cord;  
 but o - ver the earth their pow'r shall pre - vail;

the praise of their Mak - er his peo - ple shall sing,  
 for God in his peo - ple his plea - sure doth seek,  
 go forth in his ser - vice, be strong in his might  
 all king - doms and na - tions shall yield to sway.

and chil - dren of Zi - on re - joice in their King.  
 with robes of sal - va - tion he - cloth - eth the meek.  
 to con - quer all e - vil and stand for the right.  
 To God give the glo - ry and praise for him aye.

## All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night

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*I will lie down and sleep in peace, for you alone, O LORD, make me dwell in safety. Ps. 4:8*

1. All praise to thee, my God, this night, for all the  
 2. For give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, the ills that  
 3. O may my soul on thee re - pose, and with  
 4. When in the night I sleep - less lie, my soul with soul

bless - ings of the light; keep me, O keep me, my -  
 I this day have done; that with the world, me more dis -  
 sleep mine eye - lids close; sleep that may ill dreams dis -  
 heav'n - ly thoughts sup - ply; let no

King of kings, be - neath thine own al - might - y wings.  
 self, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.  
 vig - rous make to serve my God when I a - wake.  
 turb my rest, no pow'r's of dark - ness me mo - lest.

5. O when shall I in endless day  
 forever chase dark sleep away,  
 and hymns with the supernal choir  
 incessant sing, and never tire!
6. 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.