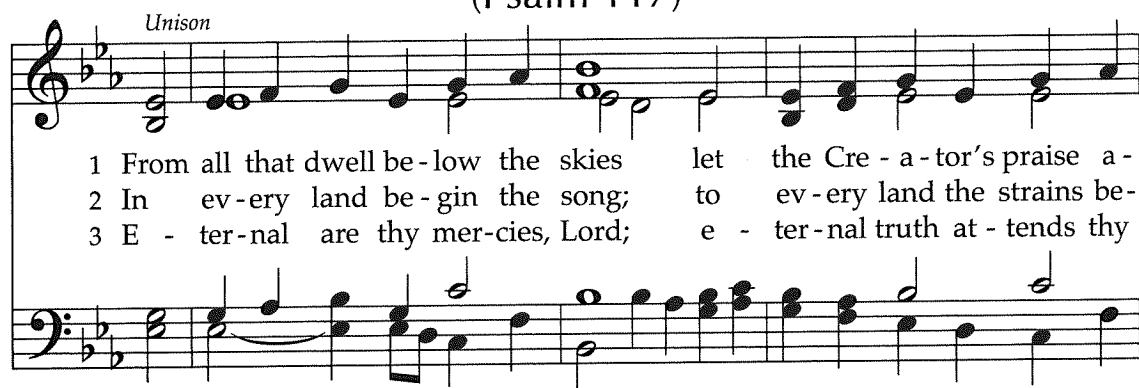


327 From All That Dwell Below the Skies

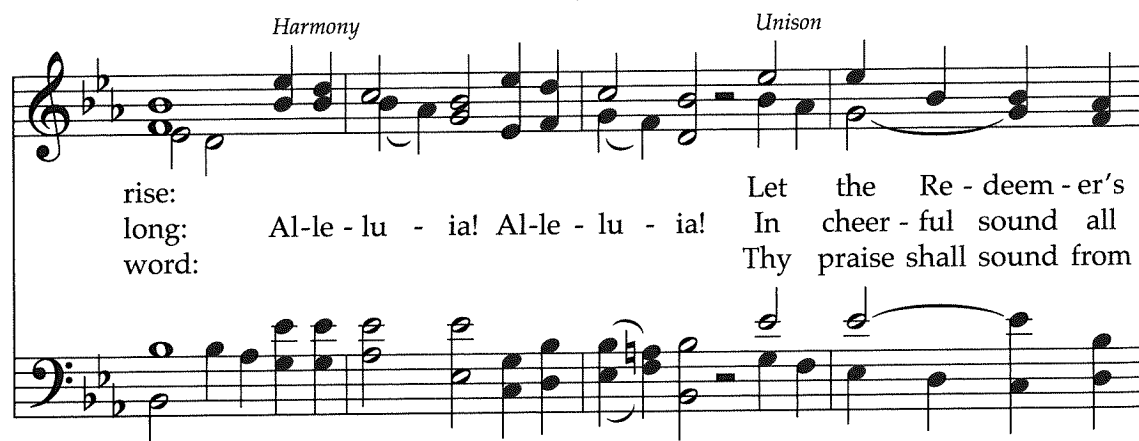
(Psalm 117)

Unison



1 From all that dwell be-low the skies let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-
 2 In ev-ery land be-gin the song; to ev-ery land the strains be-
 3 E-ter-nal are thy mer-cies, Lord; e-ter-nal truth at-tends thy

Harmony *Unison*

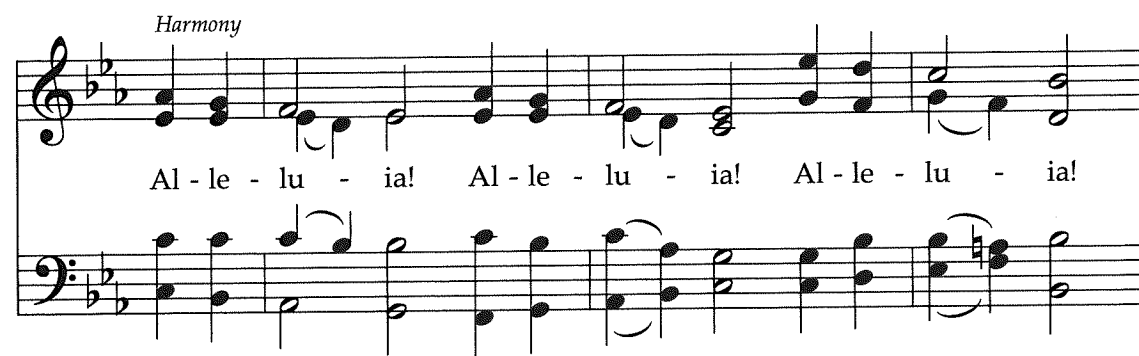


rise: Let the Re-deem-er's
 long: Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! In cheer-ful sound all
 word: Thy praise shall sound from



name be sung through ev-ery land, in ev-ery tongue.
 voic-es raise and fill the world with joy-ful praise.
 shore to shore, till suns shall rise and set no more.

Harmony



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

Because Psalm 117 contains only two verses, Watts's paraphrase had only two stanzas. Most later hymnals have created or borrowed additional stanzas, like the one included here, to enlarge the hymn. Perhaps the best solution is found by adding Alleluias, as this tune invites.

Unison

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

Praise God, All You Nations 328

Da n'ase
(Psalm 117)

Praise God, all you na - tions. Peo - ple of God, sing praise!
Da n'a - se! Da n'a - se! Da On - ya - me a - se!

Praise God, all you na - tions. Peo - ple of God, sing praise:
Da n'a - se! Da n'a - se! Da On - ya - me a - se!

God's love is great and en - dures for - ev - er.
Ef - ia - se o - ye n'a n'a - do - e do - e so.

Praise God, all you na - tions. Peo - ple of God, sing praise!
Da n'a - se! Da n'a - se! Da On - ya - me a - se!

This paraphrase of Psalm 117 comes from Ghana and was originally created in the Twi language. Paradoxically, this shortest of all psalms is universal in scope, which makes it especially appropriate to sing in the words and music of people from another part of the world.

O Lord My God

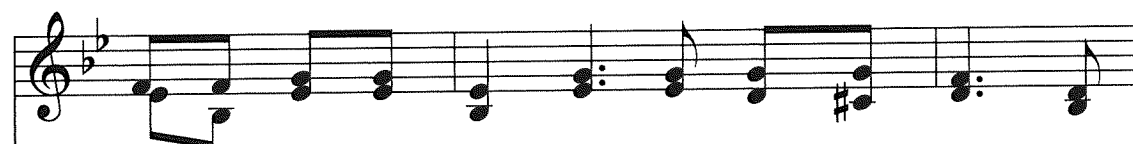
How Great Thou Art



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



all the *worlds thy hands have made, I see the stars, I
 birds sing sweet-ly in the trees, when I look down from
 die, I scarce can take it in, that on the cross, my
 home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then *I shall bow in



hear the *roll-ing thun-der, thy power through-out the
 loft-y moun-tain gran-deur and hear the brook and
 bur-den glad-ly bear-ing, he bled and died to
 hum-ble ad-o-ra-tion, and there pro-claim, "My



**Author's original words are "works," "mighty," and "shall I bow."*

This tuneful retelling of the salvation story began in Swedish and was translated into German and then into Russian before reaching its English form. Despite such linguistic and musical revisions, it continues to be a meaningful source of comfort to many people.

Refrain



u - ni - verse dis - played:
 feel the gen - tle breeze: Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God, to
 take a - way my sin:
 God, how great thou art!"

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!

KOREAN

- 1 주 하나님 지으신 모든 세계
 내 마음 속에 그리어 볼 때
 하늘의 별 울려 퍼지는 뇌성
 주님의 권능 우주에 찾네
- 후렴 주님의 높고 위대하심을
 내 영혼이 찬양하네
 주님의 높고 위대하심을
 내 영혼이 찬양하네
- 2 숲속이나 험한산 골짜기에서
 지저귀는 저 새소리들과
 고요하게 흐르는 시냇물은
 주님의 숨씨 노래하도다 후렴
- 3 주 하나님 독생자 아낌없이
 우리를 위해 보내주셨네
 십자가에 피흘려 죽으신 주
 내 모든 죄를 대속하셨네 후렴
- 4 내 주 예수 세상에 다시 올 때
 저 천국으로 날 인도하리
 나 겸손히 엎드려 경배하며
 영원히 주를 찬양하리라 후렴

SPANISH

- 1 Señor, mi Dios, al contemplar los cielos,
 el firmamento y las estrellas mil,
 al oír tu voz en los potentes truenos
 y ver brillar al sol en su cenit,
- Estrillo Mi corazón se llena de emoción.
 ¡Cuán grande es Él! ¡Cuán grande es Él!
 Mi corazón se llena de emoción.
 ¡Cuán grande es Él! ¡Cuán grande es Él!
- 2 Al recorrer los montes y los valles
 y ver las bellas flores al pasar,
 al escuchar el canto de las aves
 y el murmurar del claro manantial, Estrillo
- 3 Cuando recuerdo de tu amor divino
 que desde el cielo al Salvador envió,
 al buen Jesús, que por salvarme vino
 y en una cruz por mí sufrió y murió, Estrillo
- 4 al dulce hogar, al cielo de esplendor;
 te adoraré, cantando la grandeza
 de tu poder y tu infinito amor. Estrillo

Change My Heart, O God 695

Cámbiame, Señor 항상 진실케

Refrain / Estribillo / 후렴

Change my heart, O God; make it ev - er true.
Cám - bia - me, Se - ñor, con tu gran po - der.
 항 상 진 실 케 내 맘 바 꾸 사

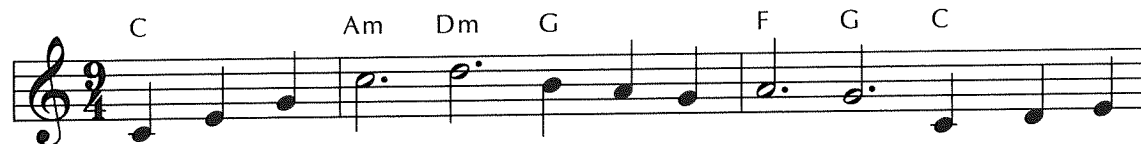
Change my heart, O God; may I be like you.
Haz - me co - mo tú, tu yo quie - ro ser.
 주 님 의 모 습 닻 게 하 소 서

You are the Pot - ter; I am the clay.
Tú el al - fa - re - ro, yo el ba - rro soy.
 주 는 토 기 장 이 나 는 진 흙

Mold me and make me; this is what I pray.
Só - lo a tu i - ma - gen, quie - ro siem - pre ser.
 날 빛 으 소 서 기 도 하 오 니

The central image of the potter and the clay in this text comes from Isaiah 64:8 (and there is a similar reference in Jeremiah 18:1-6), while the petition for a changed heart is similar to Psalm 51:10. Such readiness to do God's will is a significant feature of the spiritual life.

Baptized in Water



1 Bap-tized in wa - ter, sealed by the Spir - it, cleansed by the
 2 Bap-tized in wa - ter, sealed by the Spir - it, dead in the
 3 Bap-tized in wa - ter, sealed by the Spir - it, marked with the



blood of Christ our King; heirs of sal - va - tion, trust - ing the
 tomb with Christ our King; one with his ris - ing, freed and for -
 sign of Christ our King; born of the Spir - it, we are God's



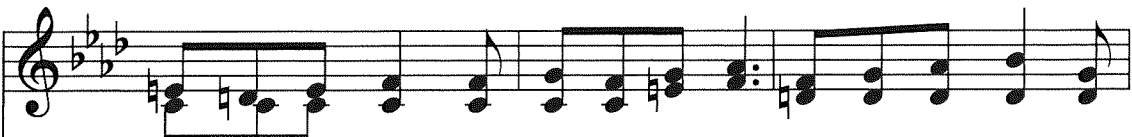
prom - ise, faith - ful - ly now God's prais - es we sing.
 giv - en, thank - ful - ly now God's prais - es we sing.
 chil - dren; joy - ful - ly now God's prais - es we sing.

Each stanza of this compact and carefully constructed text about baptism begins with allusions to John 3:5 and Ephesians 1:13. The interplay of constant and changing lines accentuates each added image. It is set here to a Gaelic tune first transcribed in the 19th century.

Open My Eyes, That I May See 451



1 O-pen my eyes, that I may see glimps-es of truth thou hast for me.
 2 O-pen my ears, that I may hear voic-es of truth thou send-est clear.
 3 O-pen my mouth, and let me bear glad-ly the warm truth ev-ery-where.



Place in my hands the won-der-ful key that shall un-clasp and
 And while the wave notes fall on my ear, ev-ery-thing false will
 O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare love with thy chil-dren



set me free. Si-lent-ly now I wait for thee, read-y, my God, thy
 dis-ap-pear. Si-lent-ly now I wait for thee, read-y, my God, thy
 thus to share. Si-lent-ly now I wait for thee, read-y, my God, thy



will to see. O-pen my eyes; il-lu-mine me, Spir-it di-vine!
 will to see. O-pen my ears; il-lu-mine me, Spir-it di-vine!
 will to see. O-pen my heart; il-lu-mine me, Spir-it di-vine!

The first woman to publish a collection of her own anthems, this author/composer has created in this hymn a sung prayer for illumination. It not only asks God to help us understand Scripture but also prays for the strength and courage to make God's love known to others.

39

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

1 *Great is thy faith - ful - ness, O God my Fa - ther;
 2 Sum - mer and win - ter, and spring - time and har - vest,
 3 Par - don for sin and a peace that en - dur - eth,

there is no shad - ow of turn - ing with thee.
 sun, moon, and stars in their cours - es a - bove
 thine own dear pres - ence to cheer and to guide,

Thou chang - est not; thy com - pas - sions they fail not.
 join with all na - ture in man - i - fold wit - ness
 strength for to - day and bright hope for to - mor - row:

As thou hast been thou for - ev - er wilt be.
 to thy great faith - ful - ness, mer - cy, and love.
 bless - ings all mine, with ten thou - sand be - side!

*Or "Great is thy faithfulness, O God, Creator."

Written as a meditation on Lamentations 3:22-23, this text is one of the few hymns among the 1200 poems by this Methodist writer and pastor that has gained much currency. The tune that appears here was composed especially for these words, and the pairing has proved enduring.

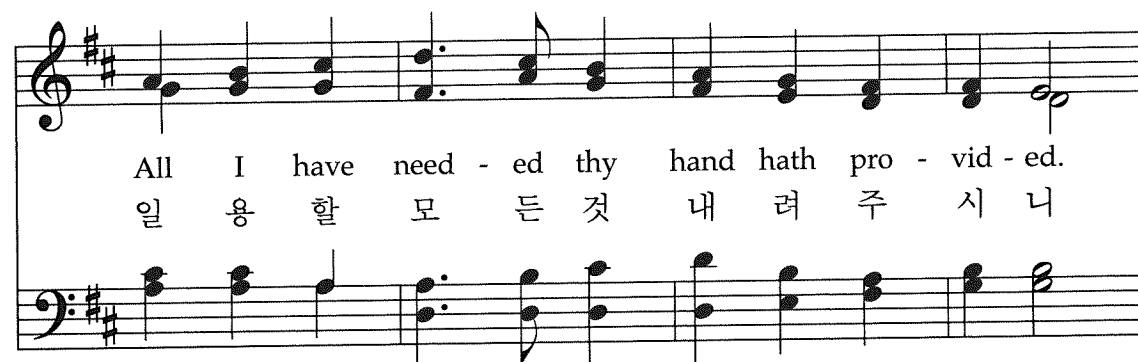
Refrain



Great is thy faith - ful - ness! Great is thy faith - ful - ness!
오 신 실 하 신 주 오 신 실 하 신 주



Morn - ing by morn - ing, new mer - cies I see.
날 마 다 자 비 를 베푸 시 며



All I have need - ed thy hand hath pro - vid - ed.
일 용 할 모 든 것 내 려 주 시 니



Great is thy faith - ful - ness, Lord un - to me!
오 신 실 하 신 주 나 의 구 주

Jesus Loves Me!

1 Je - sus loves me! This I know, for the Bi - ble tells me so.
2 Je - sus loves me! This I know, as he loved so long a - go,

Lit - tle ones to him be-long. They are weak, but he is strong.
tak - ing chil-dren on his knee, say - ing, "Let them come to me."

Refrain

Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me!

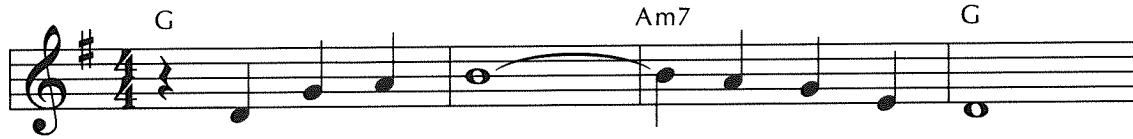
Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so.

Few songs of faith have supported people from cradle to grave like this one. The great theologian Karl Barth said that its opening two lines were a summary of all that he had learned. The composer formed the refrain from those lines when creating this universally used tune.

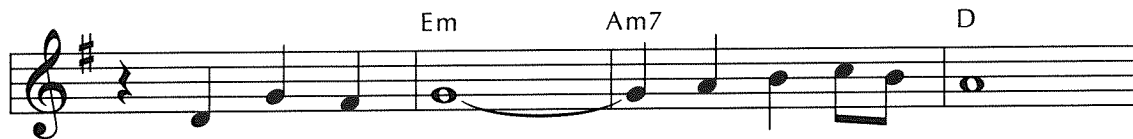
Though I May Speak

693

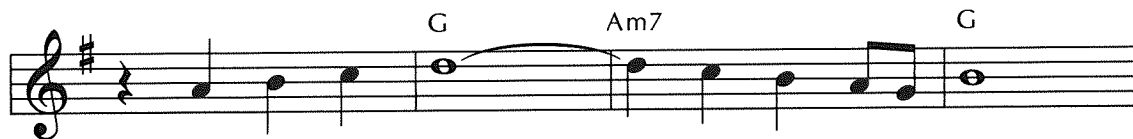
The Gift of Love



1 Though I may speak with brav - est fire,
 2 Though I may give all I pos - sess,
 3 Come, Spir - it, come, our hearts con - trol;



and have the gift to all in - spire,
 and striv - ing so my love pro - fess,
 our spir - its long to be made whole.



and have not love, my words are vain,
 but not be given by love with - in,
 Let in - ward love guide ev - ery deed;



as sound - ing brass, and hope - less gain.
 the prof - it soon turns strange - ly thin.
 by this we wor - ship, and are freed.

As paraphrases of 1 Corinthians 13:1, 3 the first two stanzas here are in the first person singular, yet they lead into a plural prayer for the gift of such love, for it thrives in community. These words are especially poignant with this adaptation of an English folk melody.

I Love to Tell the Story

1 I love to tell the sto - ry of un - seen things a - bove,
 2 I love to tell the sto - ry; 'tis pleas - ant to re - peat
 3 I love to tell the sto - ry, for those who know it best

of Je - sus and his glo - ry, of Je - sus and his love.
 what seems, each time I tell it, more won - der - ful - ly sweet!
 seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing to hear it, like the rest.

I love to tell the sto - ry, be - cause I know 'tis true;
 I love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er heard
 And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

it sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else could do.
 the mes - sage of sal - va - tion from God's own ho - ly Word.
 'twill be the old, old sto - ry that I have loved so long.

This text is drawn from the second part of a fifty-stanza poem on the life of Christ written in 1866, during the author's recovery from a serious illness. The tune named for her first appeared three years later, and the composer was responsible for the creation of the refrain.

Refrain

I love to tell the sto - ry; 'twill be my theme in glo - ry

to tell the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus and his love.

The Church's One Foundation 321

1 The chur-ch's one foun-da - tion is Je - sus Christ her Lord.
 2 E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, yet one o'er all the earth,
 3 Though with a scorn - ful won - der this world sees her op-pressed,
 4 Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, and tu - mult of her war,
 5 Yet she on earth has un - ion with God, the Three in One,

She is his new cre - a - tion by wa - ter and the word.
 her char - ter of sal - va - tion: one Lord, one faith, one birth.
 by schis - ms rent a - sun - der, by her - e - sies dis-tressed,
 she waits the con - sum - ma - tion of peace for - ev - er - more:
 and mys - tic sweet com - mu - nion with those whose rest is won:

From heaven he came and sought her to be his ho - ly bride.
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, par - takes one ho - ly food,
 yet saints their watch are keep - ing; their cry goes up: "How long?"
 till with the vi - sion glo - rious her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,

With his own blood he bought her, and for her life he died.
 and to one hope she press - es, with ev - ery grace en - dued.
 And soon the night of weep - ing shall be the morn of song.
 and the great church vic - to - rious shall be the church at rest.
 like them, the meek and low - ly, may live e - ter - nal - ly.

This hymn was one of twelve written by an English curate to affirm the articles of the Apostles' Creed with biblical allusions such as 1 Corinthians 3:11 here. Though not created for this text, the tune was joined to it in 1868, and the two have been inseparable ever since.

834 Precious Lord, Take My Hand

1 Pre - cious Lord, take my hand; lead me on, help me
 2 When my way grows drear, pre - cious Lord, lin - ger

stand; I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.
 near; when my life is al - most gone,

Through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the
 hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand lest I

light; take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.
 fall; take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.

This black gospel song, like much hymnody, sprang out of the author's deep personal loss (the death of his wife and newborn son), yet it has brought solace to many. He thought his fingers were playing new music, but they unlocked a deep memory of a tune almost a century old.

647

Give Thanks

Give thanks with a grate-ful heart; give thanks to the Ho-ly One;

give thanks be-cause we're giv-en Je-sus Christ, the Son. Give

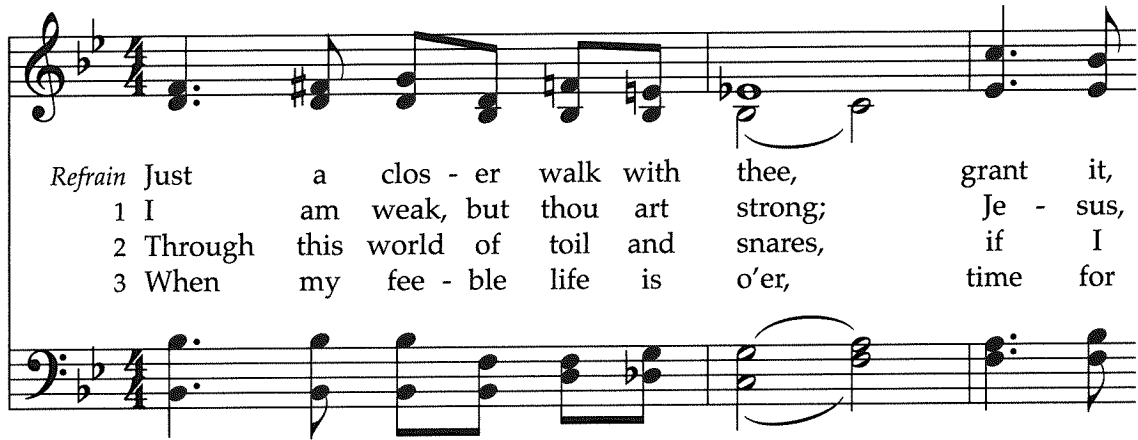
Son. And now let the weak say, "We are strong"; let the

poor say, "We are rich be-cause of what the Lord has done for

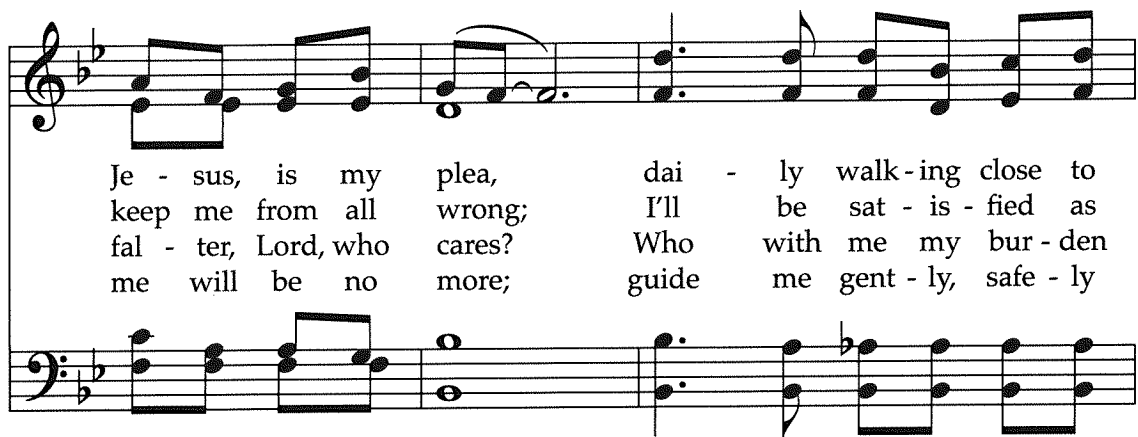
us!" And us!" Give thanks. Give thanks.

Drawing on language from 2 Corinthians 6:10 and 12:10 as well as Psalm 126:3, this short and repetitive song can be easily memorized. The simple vocabulary makes it suitable for multigenerational use, reminding all ages how gratitude for God's goodness changes our perspective.

Just a Closer Walk with Thee 835



Refrain Just a clos - er walk with thee, grant it,
 1 I am weak, but thou art strong; Je - sus,
 2 Through this world of toil and snares, if I
 3 When my fee - ble life is o'er, time for



Je - sus, is my plea, dai - ly walk - ing close to
 keep me from all wrong; I'll be sat - is - fied as
 fal - ter, Lord, who cares? Who with me my bur - den
 me will be no more; guide me gent - ly, safe - ly



thee: let it be, dear Lord, let it be.
 long as I walk, let me walk close to thee. *Ref.*
 shares? None but thee, dear Lord, none but thee. *Ref.*
 o'er to thy shore, dear Lord, to thy shore. *Ref.*

The chromatic musical style of this anonymous short hymn suggests that it probably dates from the early 20th century. It also seems to owe much of its popularity to radio broadcasts and recordings as well as to evangelistic meetings and singing conventions of that era.

Lift High the Cross

826

Refrain

Descant

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro - claim

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro - claim

till all the world a - dore his sa - cred name. *Fine*

till all the world a - dore his sa - cred name.

1 Come, Chris - tians, fol - low where our Sav - ior trod,
2 All new - born ser - vants of the Cru - ci - fied
3 O Lord, once lift - ed on the glo - rious tree,
4 So shall our song of tri - umph ev - er be:

the Lamb vic - to - rious, Christ, the Son of God.
bear on their brow the seal of Christ who died.
your death has brought us life e - ter - nal - ly.
praise to the Cru - ci - fied for vic - to - ry.

This majestic hymn celebrates the paradox that for Christians a means of painful death has been transformed into a symbol of renewed life; a sign of defeat has become an emblem of victory. With the cross traced on our foreheads at Baptism we are marked as Christ's own forever.

TEXT: George William Kitchin, 1887; rev. Michael Robert Newbolt, 1916, alt.

MUSIC: Sydney Hugo Nicholson, 1916; desc. Richard Proulx, 1985

Text and Music © 1974 Hope Publishing Company

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CRUCIFER
10.10 with refrain