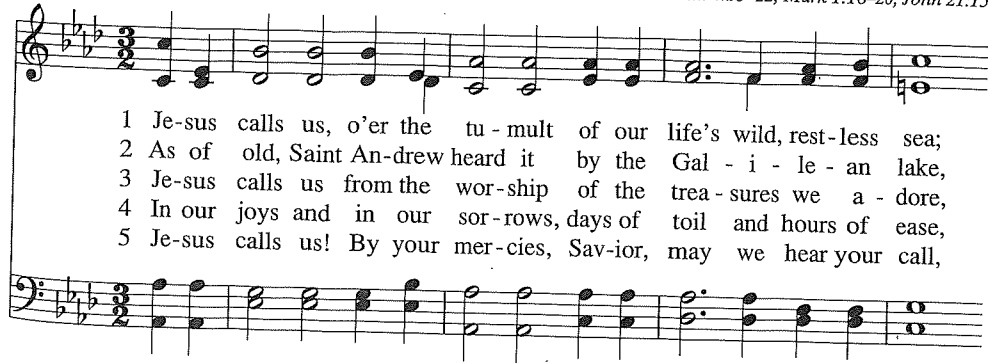


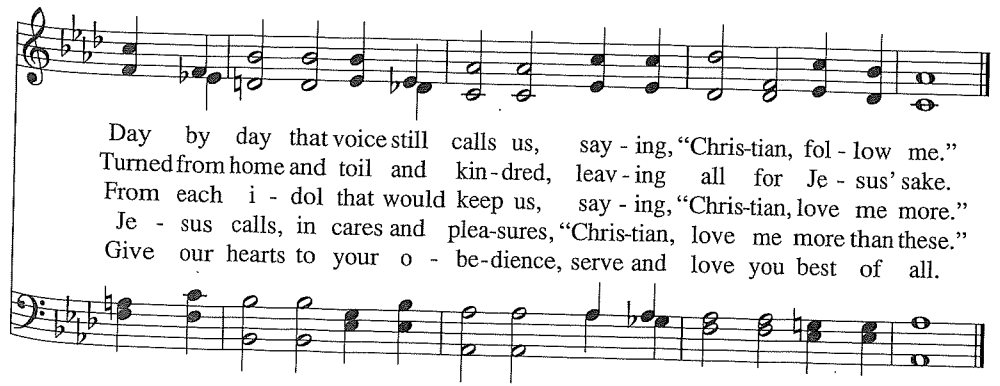
Jesus Calls Us, o'er the Tumult

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852; alt.

Matt. 4:18-22; Mark 1:16-20; John 21:15



1 Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
2 As of old, Saint An-drew heard it by the Gal - i - le - an lake,
3 Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship of the trea - sures we a - dore,
4 In our joys and in our sor - rows, days of toil and hours of ease,
5 Je-sus calls us! By your mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear your call,



Day by day that voice still calls us, say - ing, "Chris-tian, fol - low me."
Turned from home and toil and kin - dred, leav - ing all for Je - sus' sake.
From each i - dol that would keep us, say - ing, "Chris-tian, love me more."
Je - sus calls, in cares and plea-sures, "Chris-tian, love me more than these."
Give our hearts to your o - be-dience, serve and love you best of all.

Cecil Alexander, who in Ireland wrote sacred verse to teach children the meaning of the catechism and liturgy, designated this poem for St. Andrew's Day. Many years later Galilee was composed for this text by an English organist, William Jude.

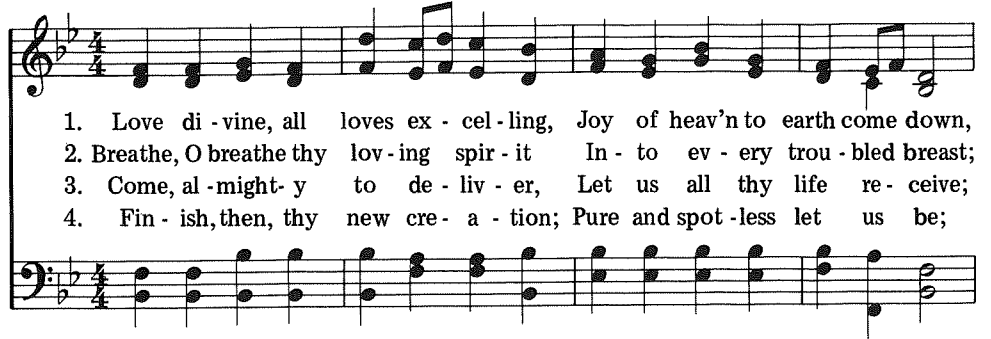
Tune: GALILEE 8.7.8.7.
William H. Jude, 1887
Alternate setting: ST. ANDREW

Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

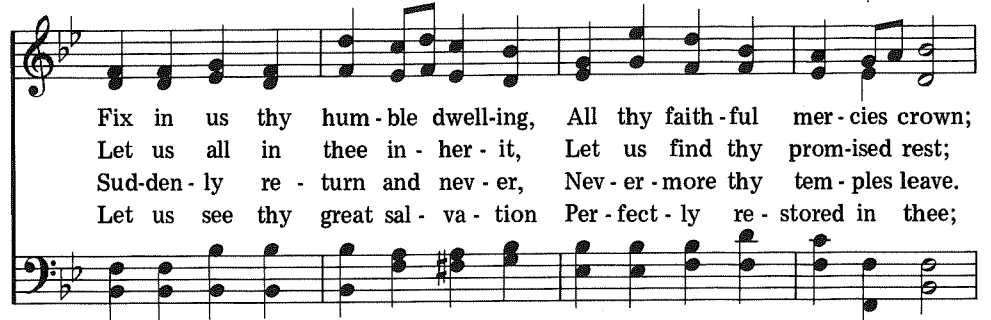
Second Tune

BEECHER 8.7.8.7.D.
John Zundel, 1870

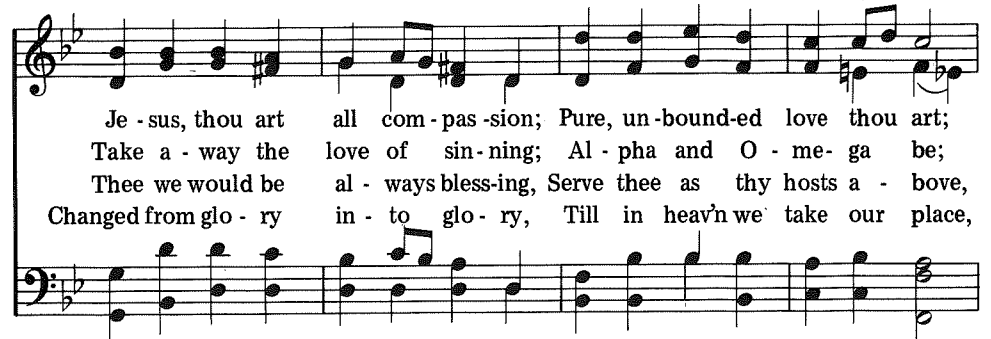
Charles Wesley, 1747, alt.



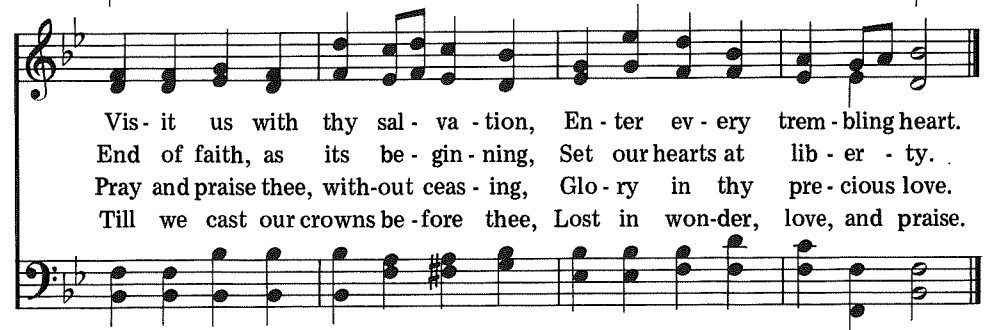
1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down,
2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov - ing spir - it In - to ev - ery trou - bled breast;
3. Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish, then, thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;



Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown;
Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find thy prom - ised rest;
Sud - den - ly re - turn and nev - er, Nev - er - more thy tem - ples leave.
Let us see thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in thee;



Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion; Pure, un - bound - ed love thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve thee as thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray and praise thee, with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in thy pre - cious love.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

Abide with Me

Henry F. Lyte, 1847; alt.

Luke 24:29; 1 Cor. 15:55

1 A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3 I need your pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour;
 4 I fear no foe, with you at hand to bless;
 5 Hold now your cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

The shad - ows deep - en, Lord, with me a - bide;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 I need your grace to foil the tempt - er's power.
 Ills have no weight and tears no bit - ter - ness;
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Give me your love my guide and stay to be.
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, your vic - to - ry?
 Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 O Christ who chang - es not, a - bide with me.
 Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still if you a - bide with me.
 In life, in death, O Christ, a - bide with me.

Following the final sermon of his career, Henry F. Lyte handed a copy of this recently written hymn to a relative. He died two months later. The tune by W. H. Monk has contributed greatly to the popularity of the hymn.

Tune: EVENTIDE 10.10.10.10.
 William H. Monk, 1861

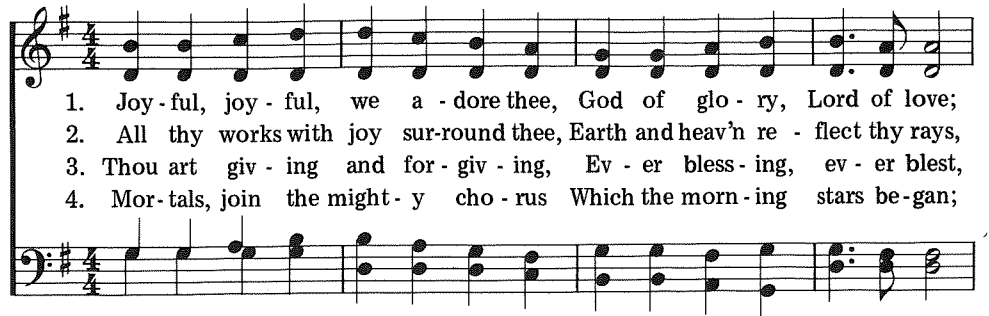
*Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

HYMN TO JOY 8.7.8.7.D.

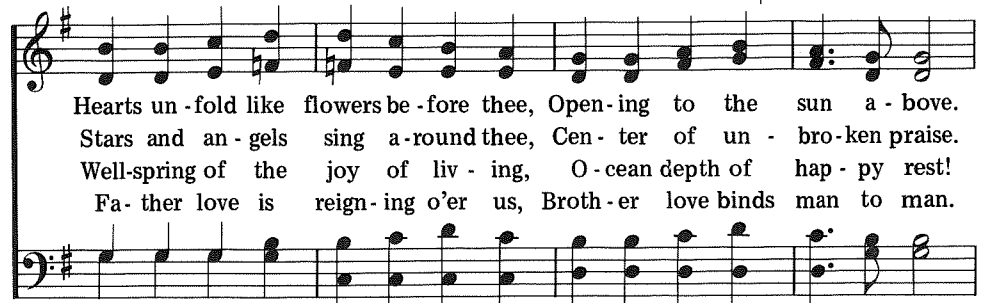
Arr. from Ludwig van Beethoven, 1824

Edward Hodges, 1846

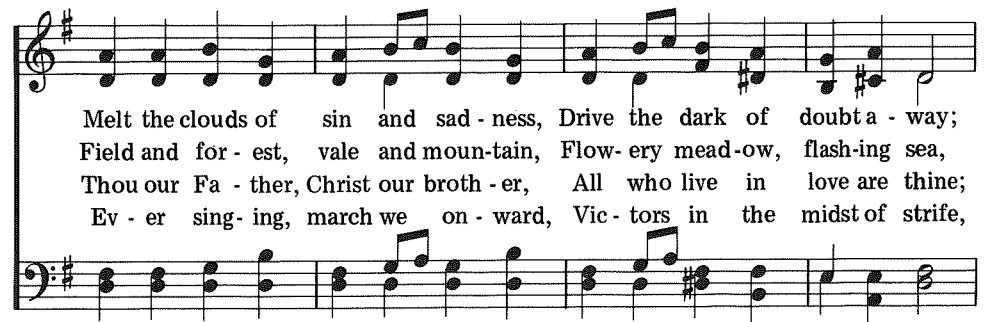
Henry van Dyke, 1907



1. Joy-ful, joy-ful, we a-dore thee, God of glo-ry, Lord of love;
 2. All thy works with joy sur-round thee, Earth and heav'n re-lect thy rays,
 3. Thou art giv-ing and for-giv-ing, Ev-er bless-ing, ev-er blest,
 4. Mor-tals, join the might-y cho-rus Which the morn-ing stars be-gan;



Hearts un-fold like flowers be-fore thee, Open-ing 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, Broth-er 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 mead-ow, flash-ing sea,
 Thou our Fa-ther, Christ our broth-er, All who live in love are thine;
 Ev-er 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.
 Chant-ing bird and flow-ing foun-tain, Call us to re-joice in thee.
 Teach us how to love eachoth-er, Lift us to the joy di-vine.
 Joy-ful mu-sic leads us sun-ward In the tri-umph song of life.