

Unto the Hills I Lift Mine Eyes

Ps. 121
The Psalter, 1912

DUNFERMLINE C.M.
Scottish Psalter, 1615

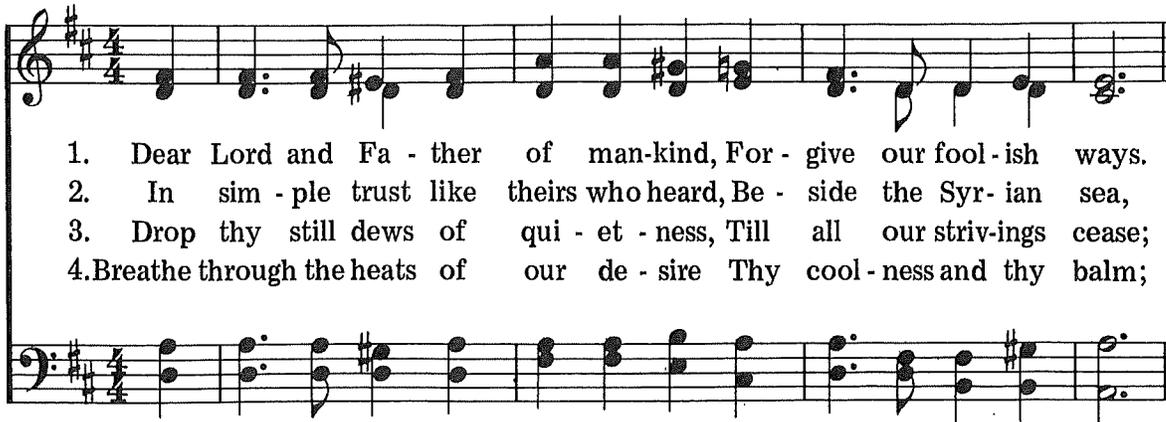
1. Un - to the hills I lift mine eyes; O
 2. He will not let thy foot be moved, Thy
 3. Thy faith - ful keep - er is the Lord, Thy
 4. From e - vil he will keep thee safe, For

whence shall come my aid? My help is from the
 guard - ian nev - er sleeps; With watch - ful and un -
 shel - ter and thy shade; 'Neath sun or moon, by
 thee he will pro - vide; Thy go - ing out, thy

Lord a - lone, Who heav'n and earth has made.
 slum - bering care His own he safe - ly keeps.
 day or night, Thou shalt not be a - fraid.
 com - ing in, For - ev - er he will guide.

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

Second Tune

*John Greenleaf Whittier, 1872*REST 8.6.8.8.6.
Frederick C. Maker, 1887


1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man-kind, For - give our fool-ish ways.
2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the Syr-ian sea,
3. Drop thy still dews of qui - et - ness, Till all our striv-ings cease;
4. Breathe through the heats of our de - sire Thy cool-ness and thy balm;



Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind; In pur - er lives thy
The gra - cious call - ing of the Lord, Let us, like them, with -
Take from our souls the strain and stress, And let our or - dered
Let sense be dumb, let flesh re - tire: Speak through the earth-quake,



ser - vice find, In deep - er rev - erence, praise.
out a word, Rise up and fol - low thee.
lives con - fess The beau - ty of thy peace.
wind, and fire, O still, small voice of calm.

1 As we gath - er at your ta - ble, as we lis - ten to your word,
 2 Turn our wor - ship in - to wit - ness in the sac - ra - ment of life;
 3 Gra - cious Spir - it, help us sum - mon oth - er guests to share that feast

help us know, O God, your pres - ence; let our hearts and minds be stirred.
 send us forth to love and serve you, bring - ing peace where there is strife.
 where tri - um - phant Love will wel - come those who had ' been last and least.

Nour - ish us with sa - cred sto - ry till we claim it as our own;
 Give us, Christ, your great com - pas - sion to for - give as you for - gave;
 There no more will en - vy bind us nor will pride our peace de - stroy,

teach us through this ho - ly ban - quet how to make Love's vic - tory known.
 may we still be - hold your im - age in the world you died to save.
 as we join with saints and an - gels to re - peat the sound - ing joy.

In this hymn, commissioned by an Episcopal parish in Virginia for the celebration of its tricentennial, Carl P. Daw, Jr., utilized a familiar phrase from Isaac Watts' "Joy to the World," which was the motto for the celebration: "Repeat the sounding joy."

Tune: BEACH SPRING 8.7.8.7.D.
 The Sacred Harp, 1844
 Harm. The New Century Hymnal, 1992

Amazing Grace! How Sweet the Sound

AMAZING GRACE C.M.

American Folk Hymn

Arr. by Edwin O. Excell, 1900

John Newton, 1779

1. A - maz - ing grace! How sweet the sound That
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And
 3. Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares I
 4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His

saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but
 grace my fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did that
 have al - read - y come; 'Tis grace has brought me
 word my hope se - cures; He will my shield and

now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
 safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 por - tion be As long as life en - dures.