

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

Latin: 12th century (Bernard of Clairvaux?)

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849, alt.

ST. AGNES C.M.

John B. Dykes, 1866



1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee, With sweet-ness fills my breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem-ory find
3. O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show;
5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou, As thou our prize wilt be;



But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.
 A sweet-er sound than thy blest name, O Sav-ior of man - kind.
 To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!
 The love of Je - sus, what it is None but his loved ones know.
 Je - sus, be thou our glo - ry now, And through e - ter - ni - ty.



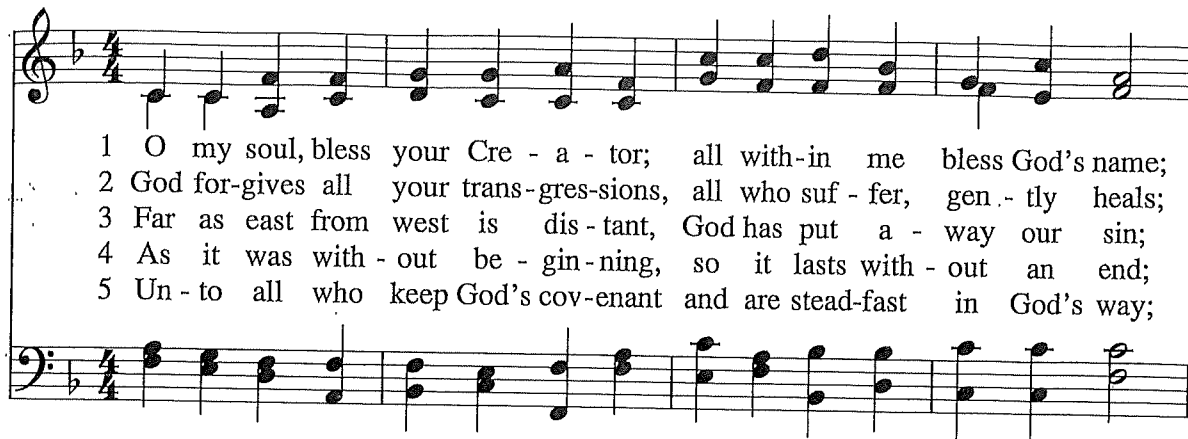
O My Soul, Bless Your Creator

13

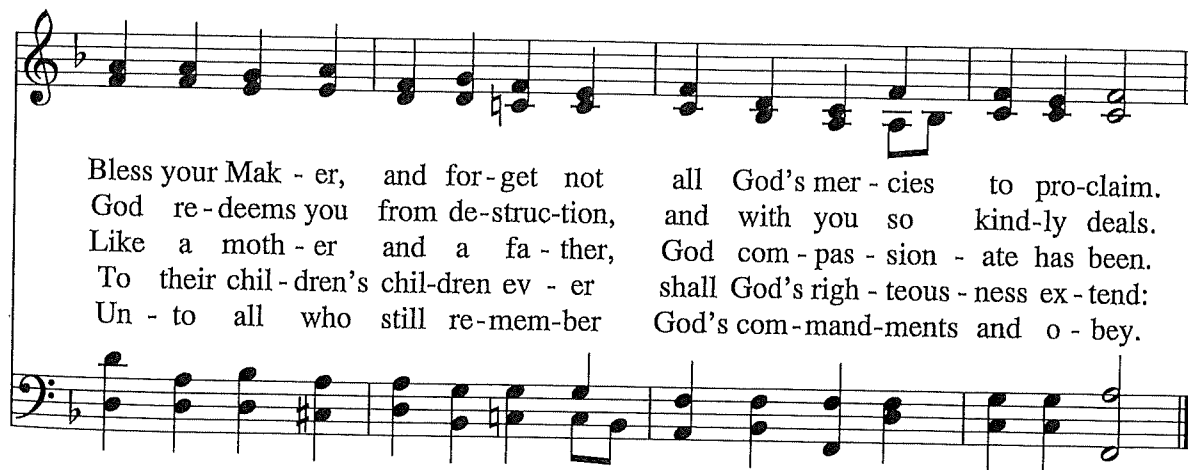
Anon.

United Presbyterian Book of Psalms, 1871; alt.

Ps. 103



1 O my soul, bless your Cre - a - tor; all with-in me bless God's name;
2 God for-gives all your trans-gres-sions, all who suf - fer, gen - tly heals;
3 Far as east from west is dis - tant, God has put a - way our sin;
4 As it was with - out be - gin - ning, so it lasts with - out an end;
5 Un - to all who keep God's cov - enant and are stead-fast in God's way;



Bless your Mak - er, and for-get not all God's mer - cies to pro-claim.
God re-deems you from de-struc-tion, and with you so kind-ly deals.
Like a moth - er and a fa - ther, God com - pas - sion - ate has been.
To their chil-dren's chil-dren ev - er shall God's righ - teous - ness ex - tend:
Un - to all who still re-mem-ber God's com-mand-ments and o - bey.

Psalm 103, a beautiful psalm of thanksgiving for God's forgiveness and steadfast love, is summed up in the lines of this hymn. The author of the paraphrase is unknown.

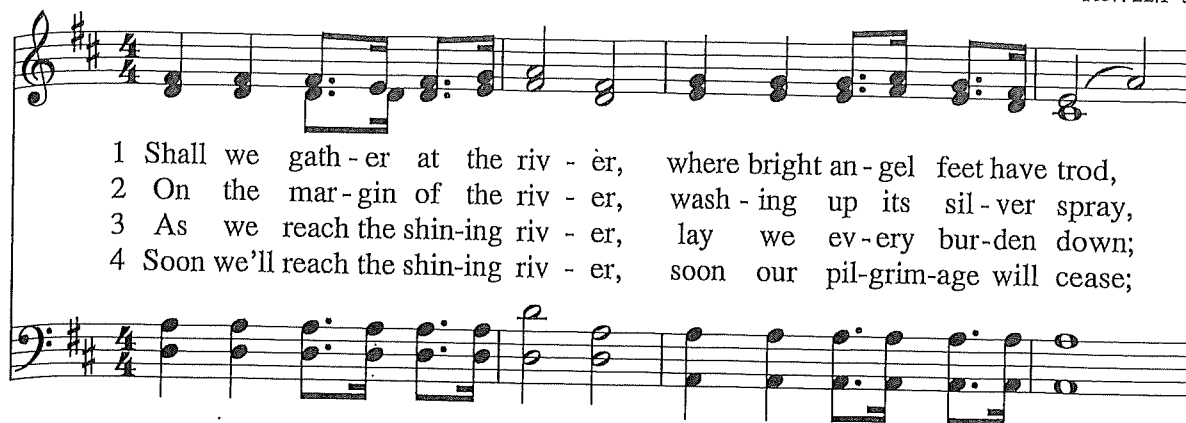
Tune: STUTTGART 8.7.8.7.
Attrib. to Christian F. Witt
Psalmodia Sacra, Gotha, 1715

Shall We Gather at the River

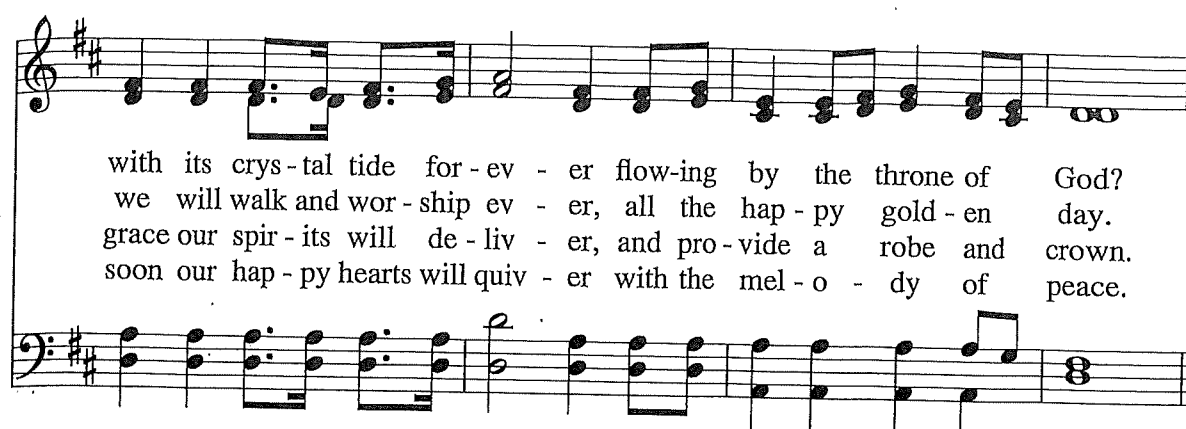
597

Robert Lowry, 1864; alt.

Rev. 22:1-5

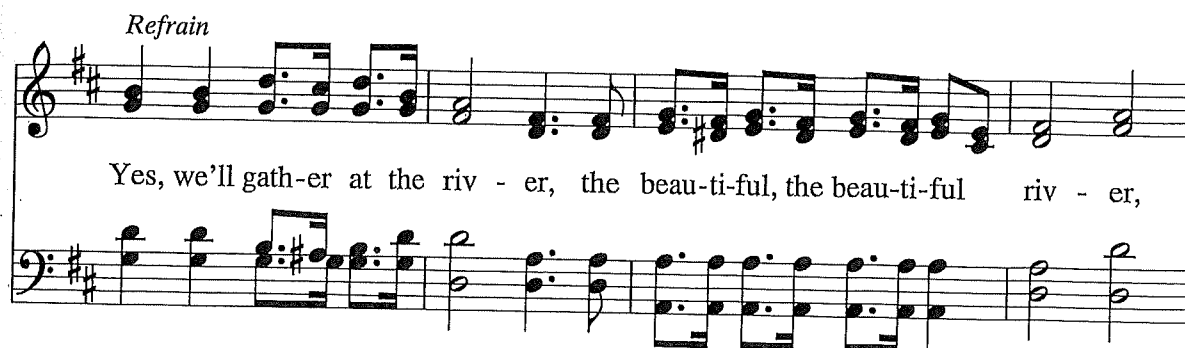


1 Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, where bright an - gel feet have trod,
 2 On the mar - gin of the riv - er, wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
 3 As we reach the shin - ing riv - er, lay we ev - ery bur - den down;
 4 Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, soon our pil - grim - age will cease;

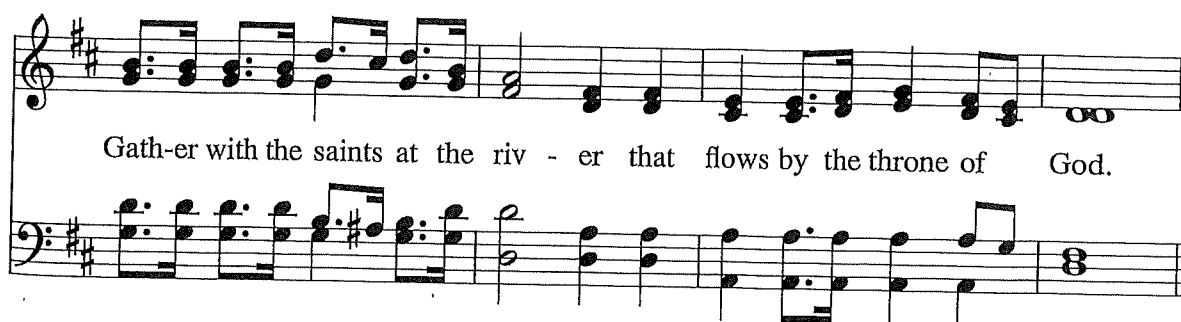


with its crys - tal tide for - ev - er flow - ing by the throne of God?
 we will walk and wor - ship ev - er, all the hap - py gold - en day.
 grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, and pro - vide a robe and crown.
 soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er with the mel - o - dy of peace.

Refrain



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, the beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,



Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er that flows by the throne of God.

Written during a time when an epidemic was claiming many lives in New York, Robert Lowry's hymn raised the question "Shall we meet again?" Lowry was pastor at Hanson Place Baptist Church in Brooklyn from 1861 to 1869, and collaborated on numerous hymn collections with William H. Doane.

Tune: HANSON PLACE 8.7.8.7. with refrain
 Robert Lowry, 1864

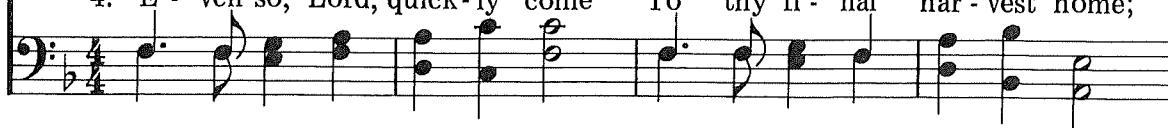
*Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Matt. 13:29-30
Henry Alford, 1844

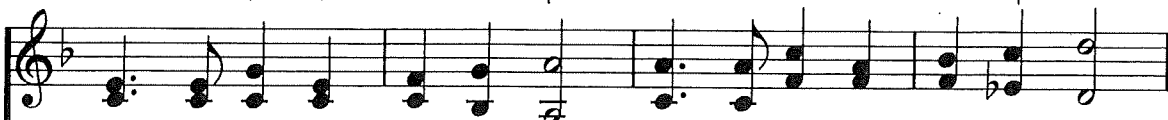
ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR 7.7.7.7.D.
George J. Elvey, 1858



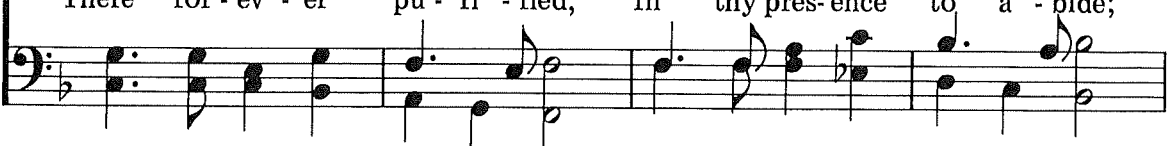
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home;
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to his praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take his har - vest home;
4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come To thy fi - nal har - vest home;




All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
From his field shall in that day All of - fens - es purge a - way,
Gath - er thou thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;

God our mak - er doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;
Give his an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
There for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In thy pres - ence to a - bide;




Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home.
Grant, O har - vest Lord, that we Whole - some grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In his gar - ner ev - er - more.
Come, with all thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious har - vest home.

