Hymns

Abide With Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see,  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free.  
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea.  
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,  
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour.  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.
Abide With Me

EVENTIDE

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who like thy - self my guide and stay can
tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - tor -
point me to the skies: Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows

flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
see? O thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
be? Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.
y? I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.
flee: In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.
Don’t Forget the Sabbath

Don’t forget the Sabbath,
The Lord our God hath blest,
Of all the week the brightest,
Of all the week the best;
It brings repose from labor,
It tells of joy divine,
Its beams of light descending,
With heav’nly beauty shine.

Refrain:

Welcome, welcome, ever welcome,
Blessèd Sabbath day,
Welcome, welcome, ever welcome,
Blessèd Sabbath day.

Keep the Sabbath holy,
And worship Him today,
Who said to His disciples,
“I am the living Way”;
And if we meekly follow
Our Savior here below,
He’ll give us of the fountain
Whose streams eternal flow.

Refrain

Day of sacred pleasure!
Its golden hours we’ll spend
In thankful hymns to Jesus,
The children’s dearest Friend;
O gentle, loving, Savor,
How good and kind Thou art,
How precious is Thy promiseTo dwell in every heart!

Refrain
Don't Forget The Sabbath

Don't forget the Sabbath, the holy, And its Lord our God hath blessed day, Who said to His devoted hymns to all the week the brightest, Of the am the living best; It brings rest from Jesus, The children's dearest Friend.

Do not follow Our Savour, How and kind Thou, How beams of light descend, With Thy precious is Thy promise To

...
O Day of Rest and Gladness

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright,
On thee the high and lowly
Before th' eternal throne
Sing, "Holy, holy, holy,"
To the great Three in One.

On thee at the Creation
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depth of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A threefold light was given.

Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Nebo's mountain,
We view our Promised Land;
A day of sweet reflection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

Today on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.
O Day of Rest and Gladness

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

OLD GERMAN MELODY

ARR. BY LOWELL MASON

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
2. On thee, at the creation, The light first had its birth;
3. Today on weary nations The heav'n-ly man-na falls;
4. New graces ever gaining From this our day of rest,

O balm of care and sadness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
On thee, for our salva-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth.
To ho-ly con-voca-tions The sil-ver trump-et calls,
We reach the rest re-main-ing To spir-its of the blest.

On thee, the high and low-ly, Bend-ing be-fore the throne, Sing,
On thee our Lord vic-to-rious The Spir-it sent from Heav'n; And
Where gos-pel light is glow-ing With pure and ra-di-ant beams, And
To Ho-ly Ghost be prais-es, To Fa-ther and to Son; The

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the great Three in One.
thus on thee most glo-rious A tri-ple light was given.
liv-ing wa-ter flow-ing With soul-re-fresh-ing streams.
Church her voice up-ra-is-es To Thee, blest Three in One. A-men.
Sabbath Day of Rest

Holy Sabbath day of rest,
By our Master richly blest,
God created and divine,
Set aside for holy time.

Refrain:

Yes, the holy Sabbath rest,
By our God divinely blest,
It to us a sign shall be
Throughout all eternity

Seek not pleasures of this earth,
With its folly, noise and mirth,
There are better things in store,
Over on the other shore

Refrain

As the Sabbath draweth on,
Friday eve at set of sun,
Christian household then should meet,
Sing and pray at Jesus feet,

Refrain

Asking Him for saving grace,
Also vict'ry in the race,
And to help us by His pow'r,
To keep holy every hour

Refrain
Holy Sabbath day of rest
By our Master richly blest,
God created and divine,
Set aside for holy time.

Refrain

Yes, the holy Sabbath rest,
By our God divinely blest,
It to us a sign shall be
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To keep holy every hour

Refrain

L. E. C. Joers

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Sweet Hour of Prayer

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father’s throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter’s snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Savior shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His Word and trust His grace,
I’ll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah’s lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight.
This robe of flesh I’ll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing through the air,
“Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!”
Sweet Hour of Prayer

Music: William B. Bradley
Text attr. to William W. Watford
arr. Andrew Howrylak

1. Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care And bids me at my Father's throne. Make all my wants and wishes known. In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often soul to bless. And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word, and found relief. And oft escaped the tempter's share By thy return; sweet trust his grace, I'll cast on him my ev'ry care. And wait for thee, sweet

2. Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pec- tion bear To him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting world. And bids me at my Father's throne. Make all my wants and wishes known. In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often soul to bless. And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word, and found relief. And oft escaped the tempter's share By thy return; sweet trust his grace, I'll cast on him my ev'ry care. And wait for thee, sweet

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Take Time to be Holy

Take time to be holy, speak oft with thy Lord;
Abide in Him always, and feed on His Word.
Make friends of God’s children; help those who are weak,
Forgetting in nothing His blessing to seek.

Take time to be holy, the world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret, with Jesus alone.
By looking to Jesus, like Him thou shalt be;
Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.

Take time to be holy, let Him be thy Guide;
And run not before Him, whatever betide.
In joy or in sorrow, still follow the Lord,
And, looking to Jesus, still trust in His Word.

Take time to be holy, be calm in thy soul,
Each thought and each motive beneath His control.
Thus led by His Spirit to fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted for service above.
Take Time To Be Holy

Arr. Jay Williams

1. Take time to be holy, speak oft with thy Lord; Abide in Him much time in

2. Take time to be holy, the world rushes on; Spend not be

3. Take time to be holy, let Him be thy Guide; And run not be

Always and feed on His Word. Make friends of God's children, help
secret with Jesus alone. By looking to Jesus, love
fore him, whatever be tide. In joy or sorrow, still
fore him, whatever be tide. In joy or sorrow, still

Those who are weak, forgetting in nothing His blessings to seek.
Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy conduct, His likeness shall see.
follow the Lord, And, looking to Jesus, still trust in His Word,

Those who are weak, forgetting in nothing His blessings to seek.
Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy conduct, His likeness shall see.
follow the Lord, And, looking to Jesus, still trust in His Word,

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Those who are weak, forgetting in nothing His blessings to seek.
Him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy conduct, His likeness shall see.
follow the Lord, And, looking to Jesus, still trust in His Word,
The Day is Past and Over

The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight
And save me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee
And ask Thee that offenseless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight
And guard me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light
And guard me through the coming night.

Lord, that in death I sleep not,
And lest my Foe should say
"I have prevailed against him,"
Lighten mine eyes, I pray.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight
And guard me through the coming night.

Be Thou my Soul's Preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, oh, hear my call
And guard and save me from them all.
The day is past and o'er.


The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee that offencless
The hours of dark may be:

mf The joys of day are over;
The day is past and o'er; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

p O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

mf The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:

p O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

p Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
f "He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

mf Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:

p Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all. Amen.
It Is Well With My Soul

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
   when sorrows like sea billows roll;
   whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
   It is well, it is well with my soul.

Refrain:
   It is well with my soul,
   it is well, it is well with my soul.

2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
   let this blest assurance control,
   that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
   and hath shed his own blood for my soul.
   (Refrain)

3. My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
   My sin, not in part but the whole,
   is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
   praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
   (Refrain)

4. And, Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
   the clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
   the trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
   even so, it is well with my soul.
   (Refrain)
It Is Well with My Soul

1. When peace, like a river attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-bills roll; Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."

2. Though Satan should buffet, th' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control, That Christ has regarded my helpless state, And hast shed His own blood for my soul. It is well, it is well with my soul.

3. My sin - O the bliss of this glorious thought, My sin not in part but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! It is well, it is well with my soul.

4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall sound and the Lord shall descend, "Even so" - It is well with my soul. It is well, it is well with my soul.
Just Be Still

by Bill Mooney-McCoy

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Come and Find the Quiet Center

1 Come and find the quiet center
in the crowded life we lead,
find the room for hope to enter,
find the frame where we are freed:
clear the chaos and the clutter,
clear our eyes, that we can see
all the things that really matter,
be at peace, and simply be.

2 Silence is a friend who claims us,
cools the heat and slows the pace,
God it is who speaks and names us,
knows our being, touches base,
making space within our thinking,
lifting shades to show the sun,
raising courage when we're shrinking,
finding scope for faith begun.

3 In the Spirit let us travel,
open to each other's pain,
let our loves and fears unravel,
celebrate the space we gain:
there's a place for deepest dreaming,
there's a time for heart to care,
in the Spirit's lively scheming
there is always room to spare!
1. Come and find the quiet center in the crowded life we lead,
find the room for hope to enter, find the frame where we are freed:
Clear the chaos and the clutter, clear our eyes that we can see all the things that really matter, be at peace, and simply be.

2. Silence is a friend who claims us, cools the heat and slows the pace, God it is who speaks and names us, knows our being, touches base, making space within our brate the space we gain: There’s a place for deepest courage when we’re shrinking, finding scope for faith begun.

3. In the Spirit let us travel, open to each other’s pain, let our loves and fears unravel, celestial thinking, lifting shades to show the sun, raising dreaming, there’s a time for heart to care, in the things that really matter, be at peace, and simply be.

WORDS: Shirley Erena Murray
MUSIC:  Attr. to B. F. White

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