

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 'Behold, I freely give
 the living water; thirsty one,
 stoop down, and drink, and live'.
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 of that life-giving stream;
 my thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 and now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 'I am this dark world's light;
 look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 and all thy day be bright'.
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 in him my star, my sun;
 and in that light of life I'll walk
 till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar 1808-1889
 for a higher setting see 202

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HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS

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Alexander Robert Reinagle 1799-1877

1 How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds in a be - liev - er's ear!

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, and drives a - way his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 and calms the troubled breast;
 'tis manna to the hungry soul,
 and to the weary rest.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
 my Prophet, Priest and King,
 my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 accept the praise I bring.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
 my shield and hiding-place,
 my never-failing treasury, filled
 with boundless stores of grace.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 and cold my warmest thought;
 but when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

John Newton 1725-1807

1 Praise to the Lord, the Al-migh-ty, the King of cre-a-tion;
 O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and sal-va-tion:
 all ye who hear, bro-thers and sis-ters draw near,
 praise him in glad a-dor-a-tion.

- 2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
 shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth:
 hast thou not seen
 how thy entreaties have been
 granted in what he ordaineth?
- 3 Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
 surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend thee:
 ponder anew
 what the Almighty can do,
 if with his love he befriend thee.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, who, when tempests their warfare are waging,
 who, when the elements madly around thee are raging,

biddeth them cease,
turneth their fury to peace,
whirlwinds and waters assuaging.

5 Praise to the Lord, who when darkness of sin is abounding,
who when the godless do triumph, all virtue confounding,
sheddeth his light,
chaseth the horrors of night,
saints with his mercy surrounding.

6 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
All that hath life and breath come now with praises before him!
Let the Amen
sound from his people again:
gladly for aye we adore him.

Joachim Neander 1650-1680
tr. Catherine Winkworth 1829-1878 and others
based on Psalms 103 and 150

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PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN

PRAISE, MY SOUL 8 7 8 7 8 7

John Goss 1800-1880

Unison

1 Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; to his feet thy tri - bute bring;

ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - gi - ven, who like thee his praise should sing?

Praise him, praise him, al - le - lu - ia, praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

1 For the beau-ty of the earth, for the glo-ry of the skies,

for the love which from our birth o-ver and a-round us lies,

Lord of all, to thee we raise this our sac-ri-fice of praise.

- 2 For the beauty of each hour
of the day and of the night,
hill and vale, and tree and flower,
sun and moon and stars of light,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our sacrifice of praise.
- 3 For the joy of human love,
brother, sister, parent, child,
friends on earth, and friends above,
for all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our sacrifice of praise.
- 4 For each perfect gift of thine
to our race so freely given,
graces human and divine,
flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our sacrifice of praise.

THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD melody by Jessie Seymour Irvine 1836-1887
 CRIMOND 8686 harmonized by Hugh John McLean 1930-

The Lord's my shep - herd, I'll not want:

he makes me down to lie

in pas - tures green; he lead - eth me

the qui - et wa - ters by.

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|---|--|
| <p>2 My soul he doth restore again,
 and me to walk doth make
 within the paths of righteousness,
 even for his own name's sake.</p> | <p>4 My table thou hast furnished
 in presence of my foes;
 my head thou dost with oil anoint,
 and my cup overflows.</p> |
| <p>3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
 yet will I fear no ill;
 for thou art with me, and thy rod
 and staff me comfort still.</p> | <p>5 Goodness and mercy all my life
 shall surely follow me,
 and in God's house for evermore
 my dwelling-place shall be.</p> |