

Come, Christians, Join to Sing

1. Come, Chris-tians, join to sing: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
 2. Come lift your hearts on high: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
 3. Praise yet our Christ a - gain: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!

Loud praise to Christ we bring: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
 Let prais - es fill the sky: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
 Life shall not end the strain: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!

Let all with heart and voice, with hymns of thanks re - joice;
 Christ is our Guide and Friend on whom we can de - pend;
 On heav - en's bliss - ful shore Christ's good - ness we'll a - dore,

praise we with grate - ful choice: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
 his love shall nev - er end: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
 sing - ing for - ev - er - more: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!

WORDS: Christian Henry Bateman, 1843, alt.

MUSIC: Traditional Spanish melody; harm. David Evans, *Revised Church Hymnary*, 1927

MADRID

66.66D

Originally a hymn titled 'Join now in praise, and sing' by William E. Hickson, this text was rewritten by Bateman, an English Congregational minister.

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Little Brown Church in the Vale

William Savage Pitts, 1857

William Savage Pitts

$\text{♩} = 100$



1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er spot in the
2. Ho - w sweet on a cle - ar, Sab - bath morn - ing, To list to the clear ring - ing
3. The - re, close by the chu - rch in the val - ley, Lies one that I lo - ved so
4. The - re, close by the si - de of that loved one, To trees where the wild flow - ers
5. From the church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, When day fades a - way in - to



dale; No place is so dear to my child - hood, As the lit - tle brown church in the
bell; Its to - nes so sweet - ly are call - ing, O - h, come to the church in the
well; She sleeps, sweet - ly sleeps, 'neath the wil - low, D - is - turb not her rest in the
bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chan - ted I shall rest by her side in the
night, I would fain from this spot of my child - hood Wing my way to the man - sions of



Refrain



vale.
vale.
vale.
tomb.
light. O come, come, come, come Come to the church in the wild - wood, Oh,



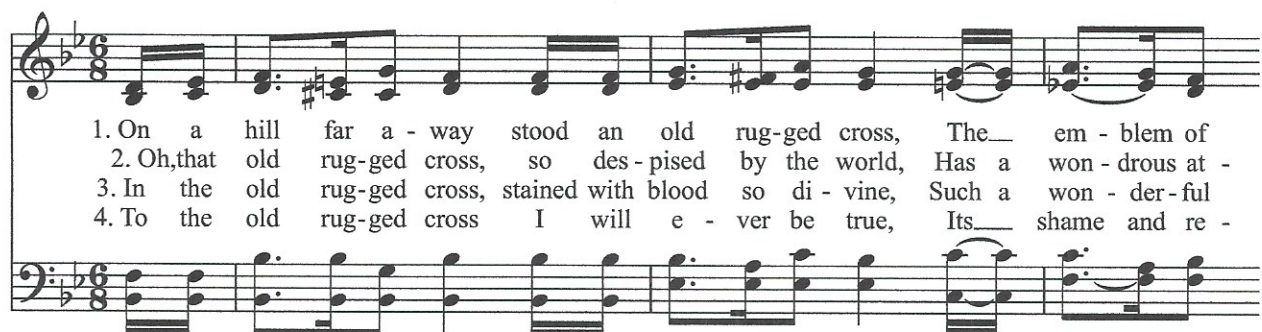
come to the church in the dale, No spot is so dear to my child - hood, As the



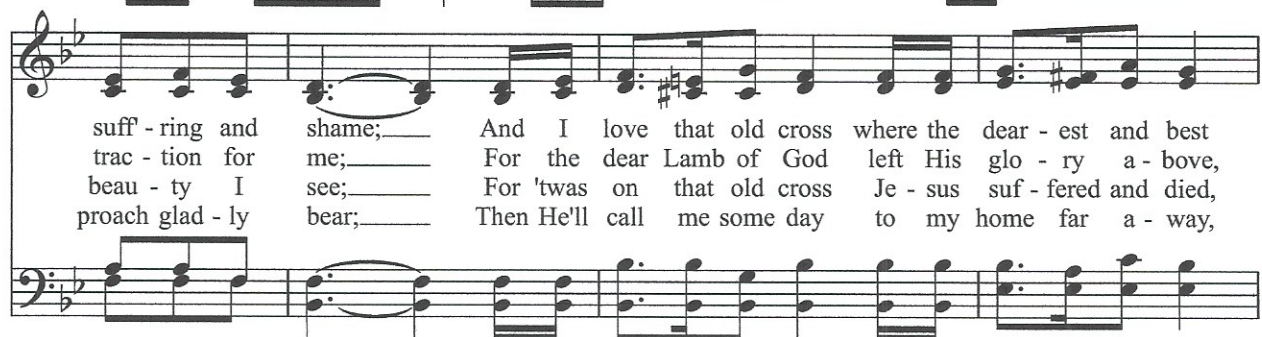
lit - tle brown church in the vale.



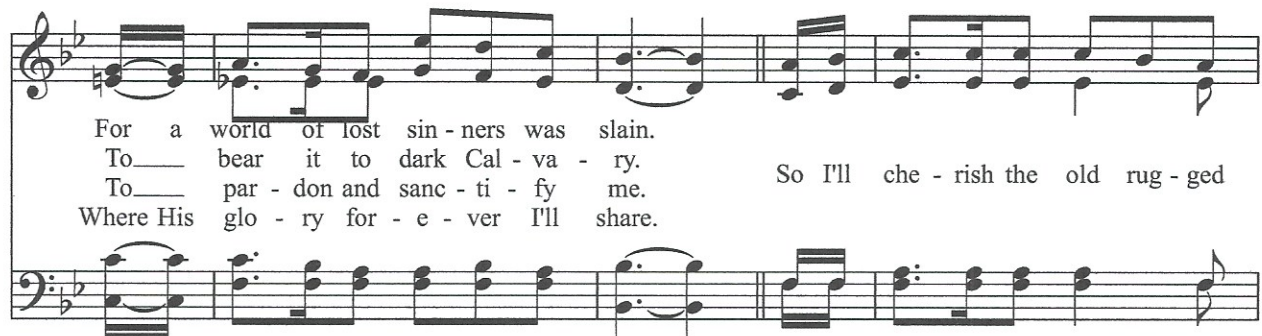
The Old Rugged Cross



1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em - blem of
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so des - pised by the world, Has a won - drous at -
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, Such a won - der - ful
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will e - ver be true, Its shame and re -



suff - ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear - est and best
 trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
 beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf - fered and died,
 proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,



For a world of lost sin - ners was slain.
 To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry. So I'll che - rish the old rug - ged
 To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
 Where His glo - ry for - e - ver I'll share.



cross, Till my tro - phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the



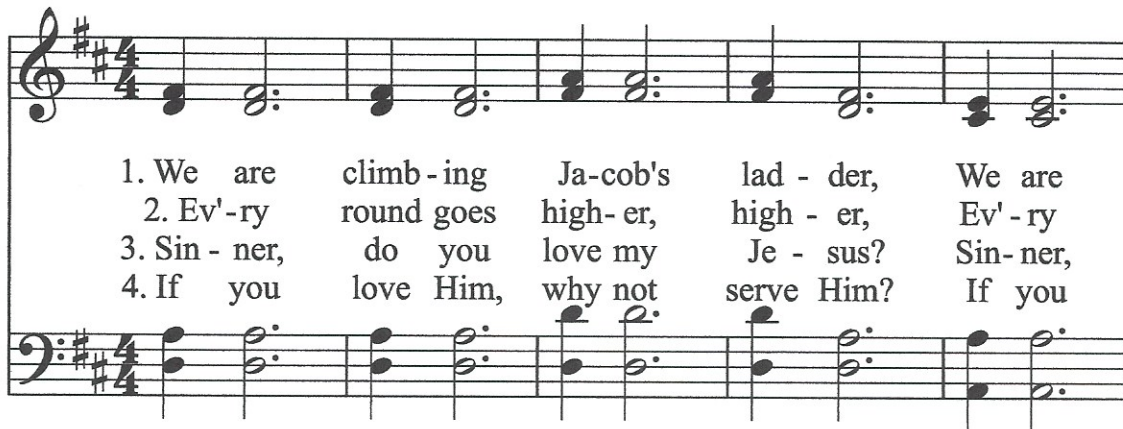
old rug - ged cross, And ex - change it some day for a crown.

Text: George Bennard, 1873-1960
 Tune: George Bennard, 1873-1960

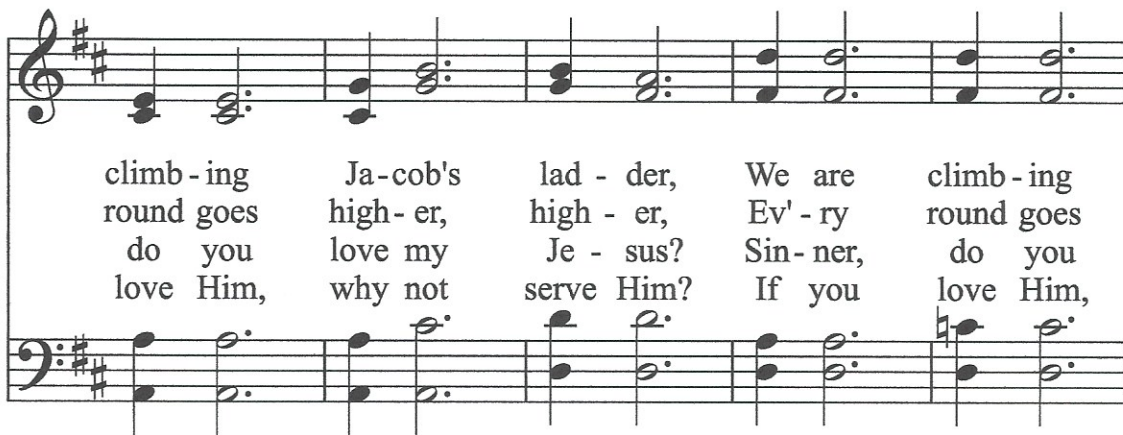


Irregular
 OLD RUGGED CROSS
www.hymnary.org/text/on_a_hill_far_away_stood_an_old_rugged

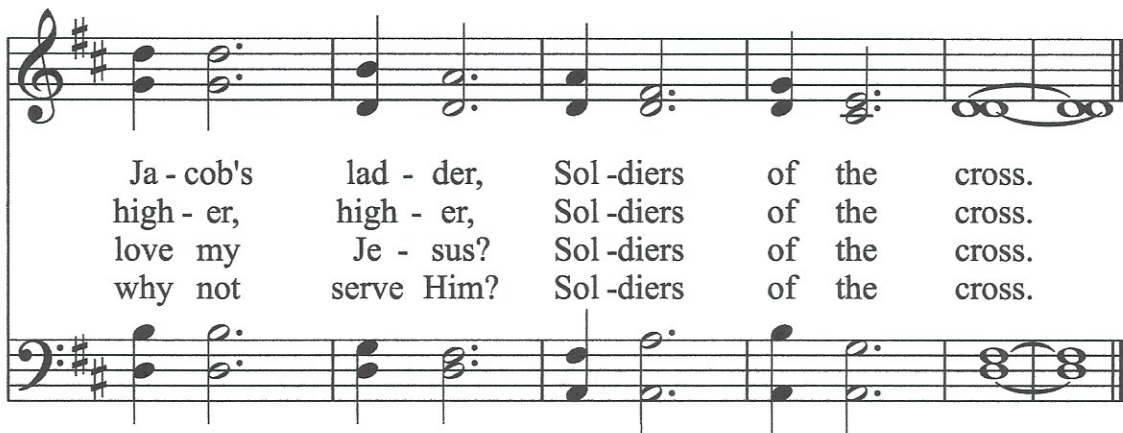
We Are Climbing Jacob's Ladder



1. We are climb - ing Ja - cob's lad - der, We are
2. Ev' - ry round goes high - er, high - er, Ev' - ry
3. Sin - ner, do you love my Je - sus? Sin - ner,
4. If you love Him, why not serve Him? If you

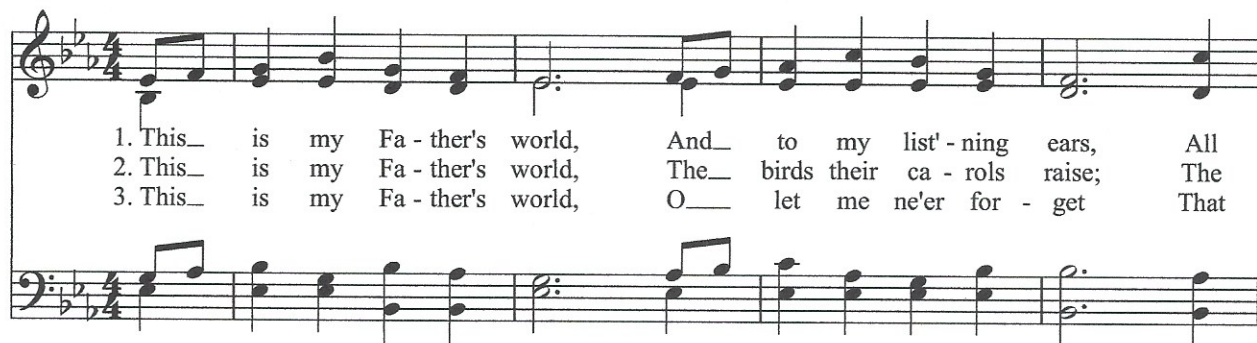


climb - ing Ja - cob's lad - der, We are climb - ing
round goes high - er, high - er, Ev' - ry round goes
do you love my Je - sus? Sin - ner, do you
love Him, why not serve Him? If you love Him,

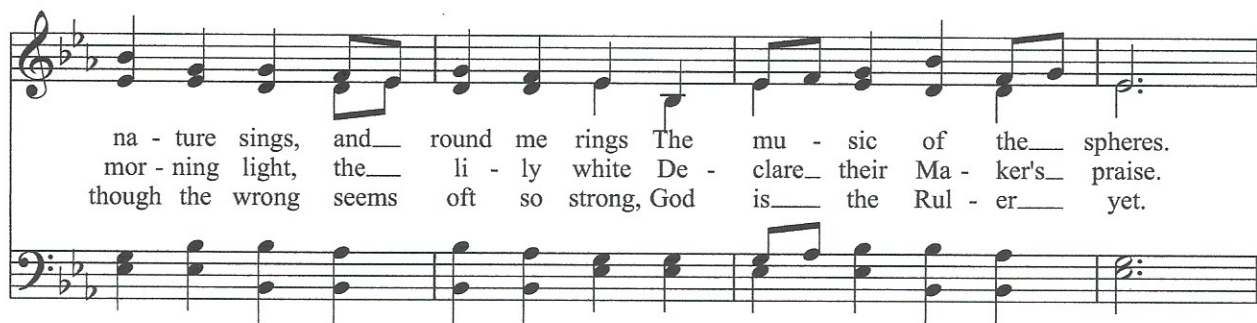


Ja - cob's lad - der, Sol - diers of the cross.
high - er, high - er, Sol - diers of the cross.
love my Je - sus? Sol - diers of the cross.
why not serve Him? Sol - diers of the cross.

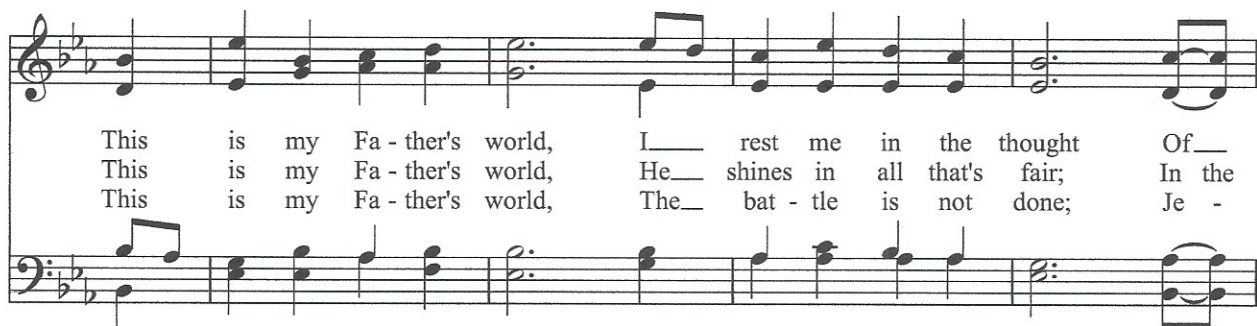
This Is My Father's World



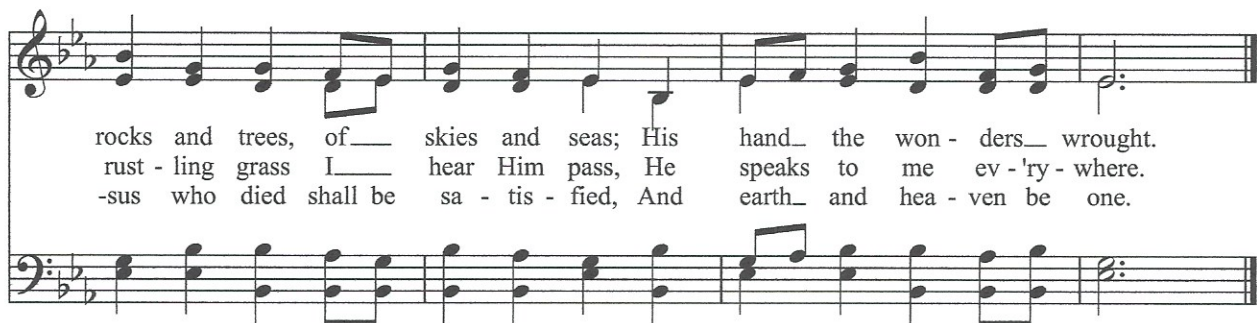
1. This is my Fa - ther's world, And to my list - ning ears, All
 2. This is my Fa - ther's world, The birds their ca - rols raise; The
 3. This is my Fa - ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get That



na - ture sings, and round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres.
 mor - ning light, the li - ly white De - clare their Ma - ker's praise.
 though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul - er yet.



This is my Fa - ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of
 This is my Fa - ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the
 This is my Fa - ther's world, The bat - tle is not done; Je -



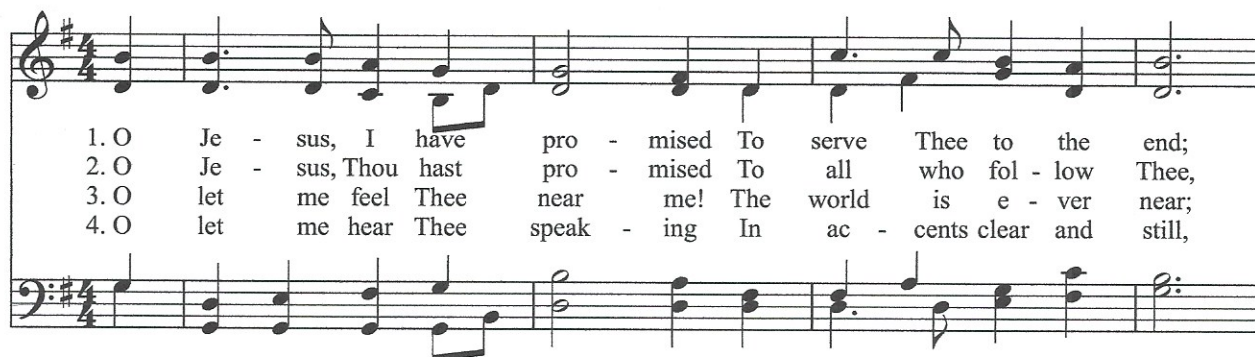
rocks and trees, of skies and seas; His hand the won - ders wrought.
 rust - ling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev - 'ry - where.
 -sus who died shall be sa - tis - fied, And earth and hea - ven be one.

Text: Maltbie D. Babcock, 1858-1901
 Tune: Franklin L. Sheppard, 1852-1932

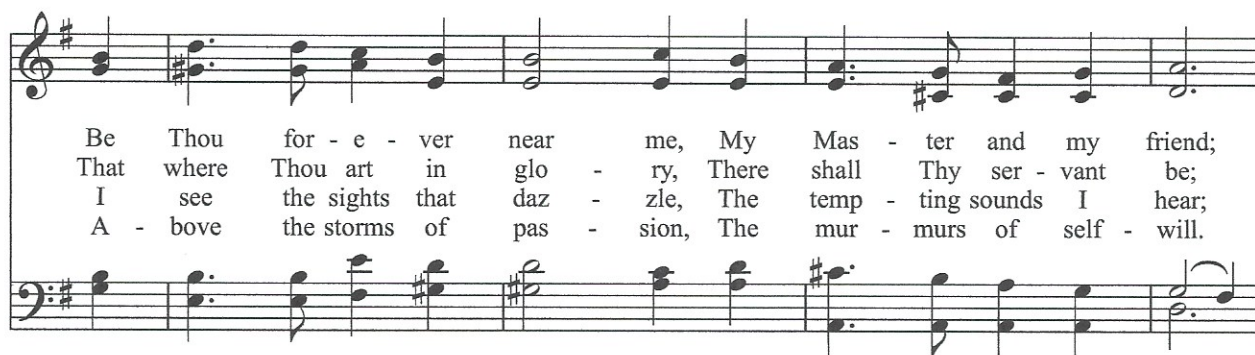


66 86D
 TERRA PATRIS
www.hymnary.org/text/this_is_my_fathers_world_and_to_my

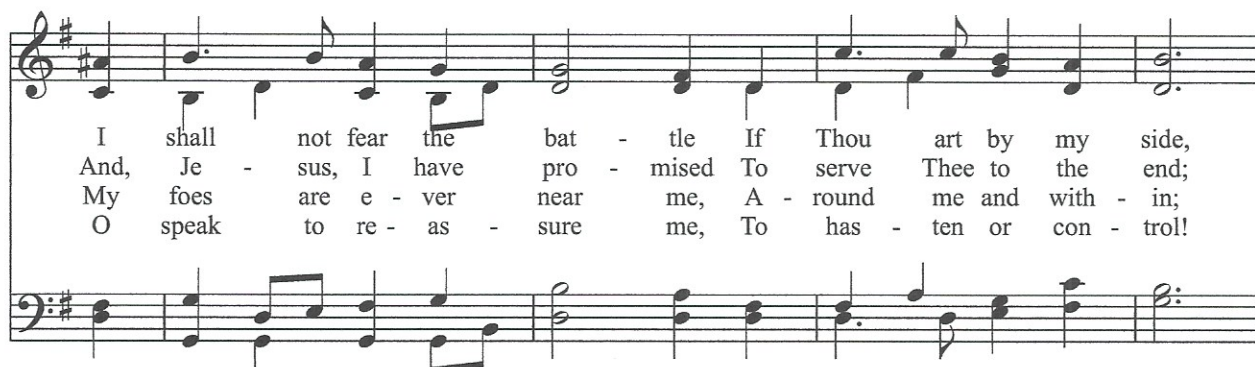
O Jesus, I Have Promised




1. O Je - sus, I have pro - mised To serve Thee to the end;
 2. O Je - sus, Thou hast pro - mised To all who fol - low Thee,
 3. O let me feel Thee near me! The world is e - ver near;
 4. O let me hear Thee speak - ing In ac - cents clear and still,



Be Thou for - e - ver near me, My Mas - ter and my friend;
 That where Thou art in glo - ry, There shall Thy ser - vant be;
 I see the sights that daz - zle, The temp - ting sounds I hear;
 A - bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur - murs of self - will.



I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
 And, Je - sus, I have pro - mised To serve Thee to the end;
 My foes are e - ver near me, A - round me and with - in;
 O speak to re - as - sure me, To has - ten or con - trol!



Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my guide.
 O give me graace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my friend!
 But, Je - sus, draw Thou nea - rer and shield my soul from sin.
 O speak, and make me lis - ten, Thou guar - dian of my soul!

Text: John E. Bode, 1816-1874
 Tune: Arthur H. Mann, 1850-1929



76 76D
 ANGEL'S STORY
www.hymnary.org/text/o_jesus_i_have_promised

Sent Forth By God's Blessing



Sent forth by God's blessing, our true faith con - fessing, the



5 peo - ple of God from this dwell-ing take leave. The



9 ser - vice is end - ed, O now be ex - tend - ed the



13 fruits of our wor - ship in all who be - lieve. The



17 seed of the teaching, re - cep - tive hearts reach - ing, shall



21 blos - som in ac - tion for God and for all. God's



25 grace did in - vite us, and love shall u - nite us to



29 work for God's realm and to an - swer the call.