

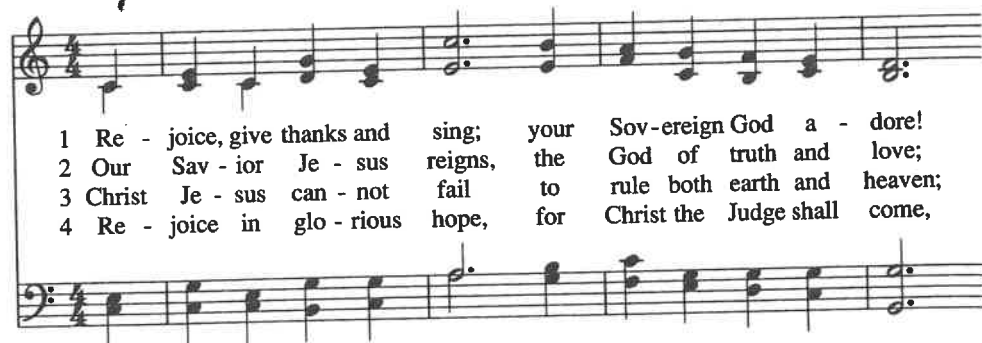
REIGN OF CHRIST

303

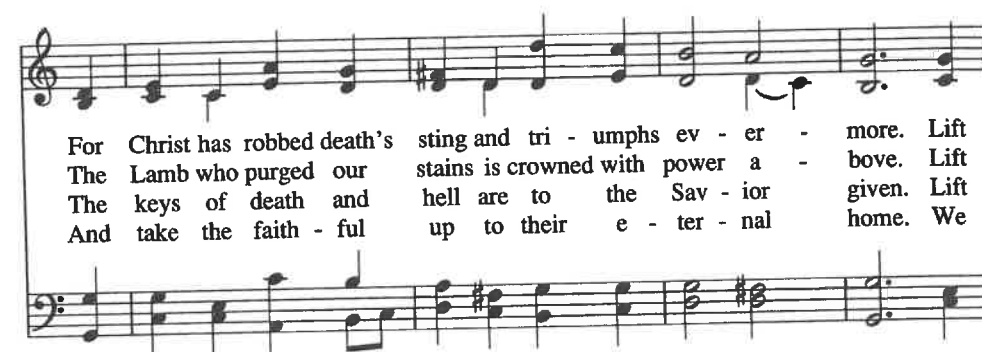
4/1/6/23
6/1/6/24
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Phil. 4:4; Rev. 3:7; 19:6-7

Rejoice, Give Thanks and Sing

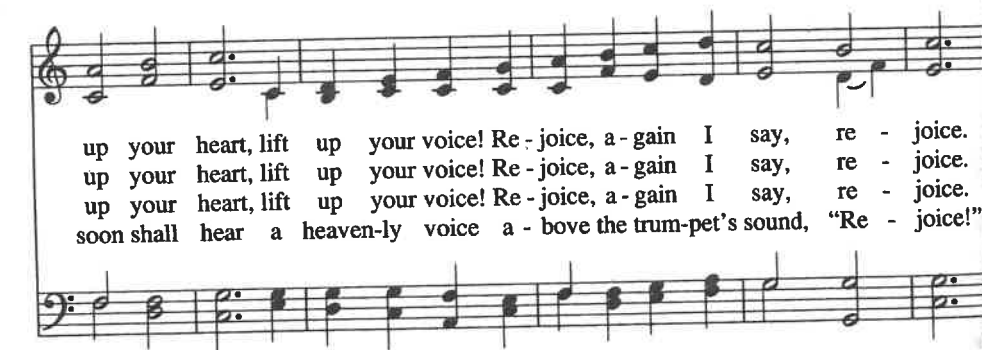
Charles Wesley, 1746; alt.



1 Re - joice, give thanks and sing; your Sov-ereign God a - dore!
 2 Our Sav - ior Je - sus reigns, the God of truth and love;
 3 Christ Je - sus can - not fail to rule both earth and heaven;
 4 Re - joice in glo - rious hope, for Christ the Judge shall come,



For Christ has robbed death's sting and tri - umphs ev - er - more. Lift
 The Lamb who purged our stains is crowned with power a - bove. Lift
 The keys of death and hell are to the Sav - ior given. Lift
 And take the faith - ful up to their e - ter - nal home. We



up your heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.
 up your heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.
 up your heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.
 soon shall hear a heaven-ly voice a - bove the trum-pet's sound, "Re - joice!"

This Ascension text, one of the festival hymns by Charles Wesley, was published originally in John Wesley's Moral and Sacred Poems (1744). Somewhat altered, it appeared in this familiar version in Charles' 1746 collection, Hymns for Our Lord's Resurrection.

Tune: DARWALL'S 148th 6.6.6.6.8.8.
 John Darwall, 1770

418 America, the Beautiful

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord. Ps. 33:12

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, for am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved in lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream that sees be - yond the years

for pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties a - bove the fruit - ed plain!
a thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat a - cross the wil - der - ness!
who more than self their coun - try loved, and mer - cy more than life!
thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, un - dimmed by hu - man tears!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - ery flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,

and crown thy good with broth - er - hood from sea to shin - ing sea!
con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, thy lib - er - ty in law!
till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, and ev - ery gain di - vine!
and crown thy good with broth - er - hood from sea to shin - ing sea!

WORDS: Katharine L. Bates, 1893, 1904
MUSIC: Samuel A. Ward, 1882

MATERNA
C.M.D.

1/4/24
7/24

Precious Lord, Take My Hand 638

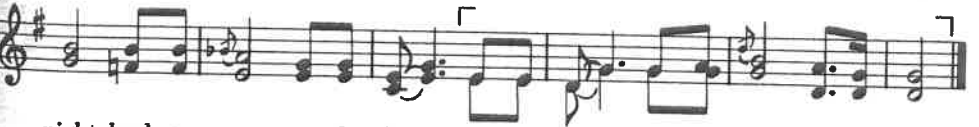
... and lead me in the way everlasting. Ps. 139:24



1. Pre-cious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand, I am
2. When my way grows drear, pre-cious Lord, lin - ger near, when my
3. When the dark - ness ap - pears and the night draws near, and the



tired, I am weak, I am worn; through the storm, through the
life is al - most gone; hear my cry, hear my
day is past and gone, at the riv - er I



night, lead me on to the light: Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.
call, hold my hand lest I fall: Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.
stand, guide my feet, hold my hand: Take my hand, pre-cious Lord, lead me home.



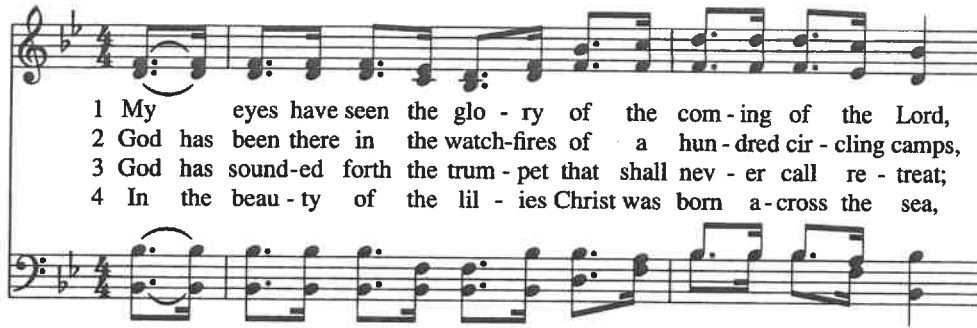
WORDS and MUSIC: Thomas A. Dorsey, 1938

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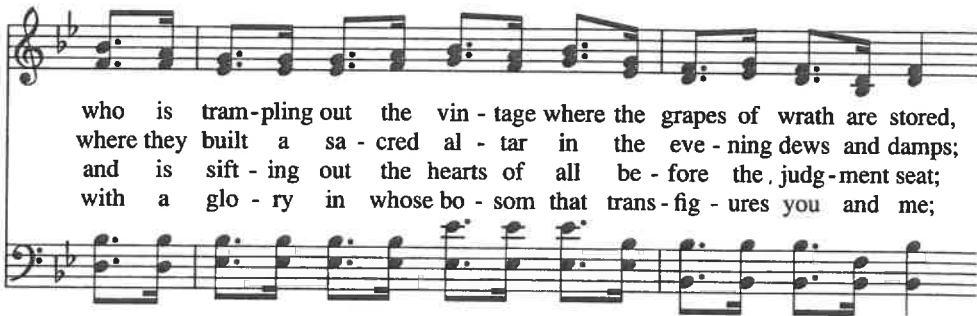
PRECIOUS LORD
6.6.9.6.6.9.

My Eyes Have Seen the Glory

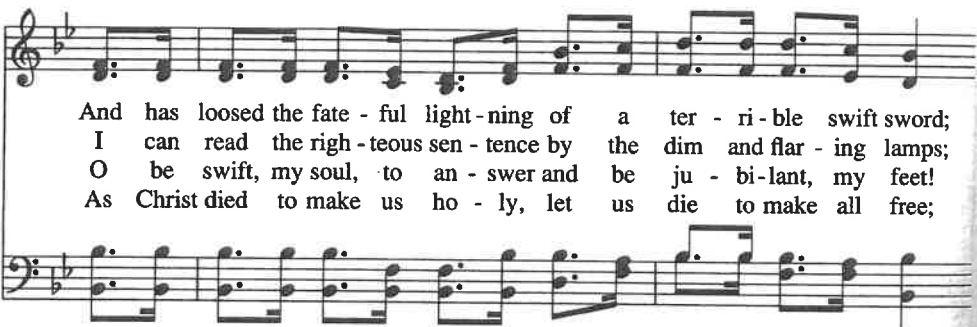
Julia Ward Howe, 1861; alt.



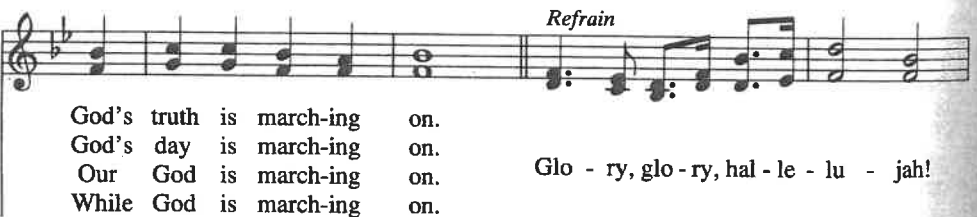
1 My eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord,
 2 God has been there in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps,
 3 God has sound-ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat;
 4 In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea,



who is tram - pling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
 where they built a sa - cred al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps;
 and is sift - ing out the hearts of all be - fore the judg - ment seat;
 with a glo - ry in whose bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me;



And has loosed the fate - ful light - ning of a ter - ri - ble swift sword;
 I can read the righ - teous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps;
 O be swift, my soul, to an - swer and be ju - bi - lant, my feet!
 As Christ died to make us ho - ly, let us die to make all free;



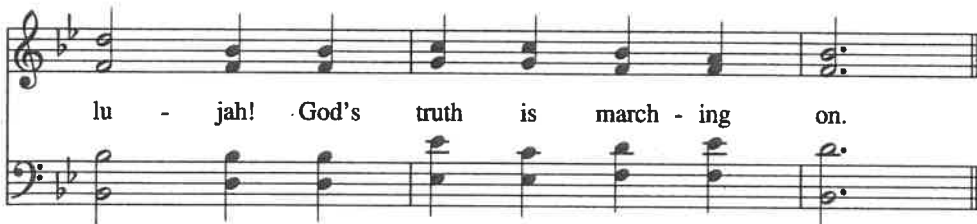
Refrain

God's truth is march - ing on.
 God's day is march - ing on.
 Our God is march - ing on.
 While God is march - ing on.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -



lu - jah! God's truth is march - ing on.