

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty 2

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God almighty, who was, and is, and is to come. Rev. 4:8

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore thee,
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the dark - ness hide thee,
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee.
 cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 though the eye of sin - ful flesh thy glo - ry may not see,
 All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!
 cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,
 on - ly thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side thee,
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!

God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 per - fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

WITNESS

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God, Speak to Me, That I May Speak

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872; alt.

1 God, speak to me, that I may speak in
2 O lead me, God, that I may lead some
3 O fill me with your full - ness, God, your
4 O use me, God, use ev - en me just

liv - ing ech - oes of your tone; as you have sought, so
wan - der - ers a - long life's way; O feed me so that
ov - er - flow - ing love to know; In glow - ing word and
as you will, and when, and where, un - til your bless - ed

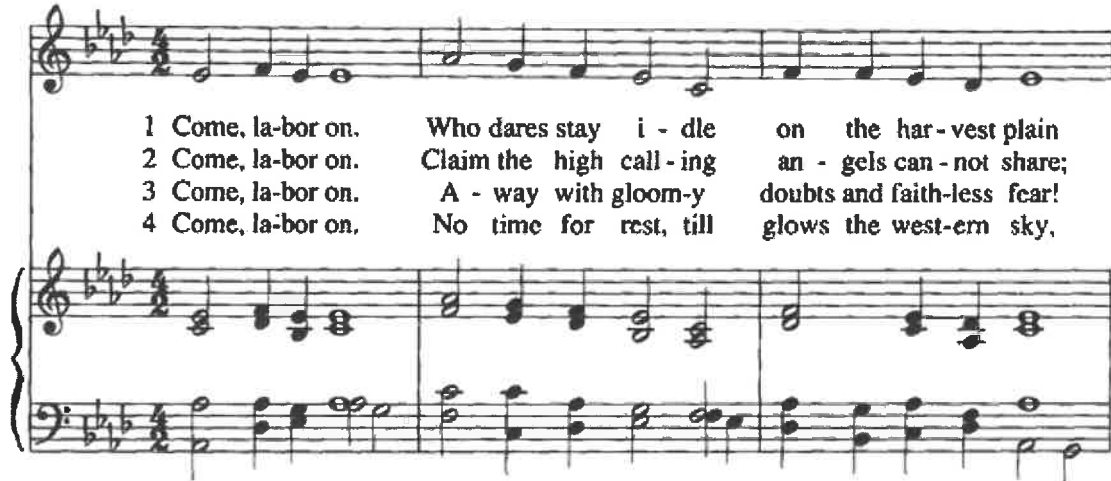
let me seek your err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.
I may feed your hun - gry ones with - out de - lay.
kin - dling thought, your love to tell, your praise to show.
face I see, your rest, your joy, your glo - ry share.

Daughter of the English hymnwriter William H. Havergal, Frances Ridley Havergal was a gifted poet and student of several languages, including Hebrew and Greek. She also composed several hymn tunes. Canonbury was adapted from one of Robert Schumann's piano pieces.

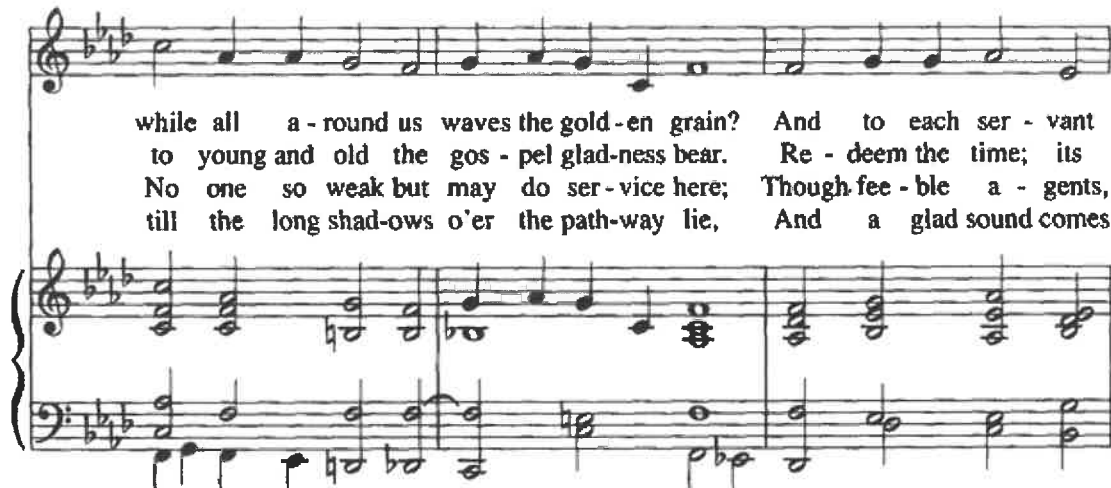
Tune: CANONBURY L.M.
Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1872

Come, Labor On

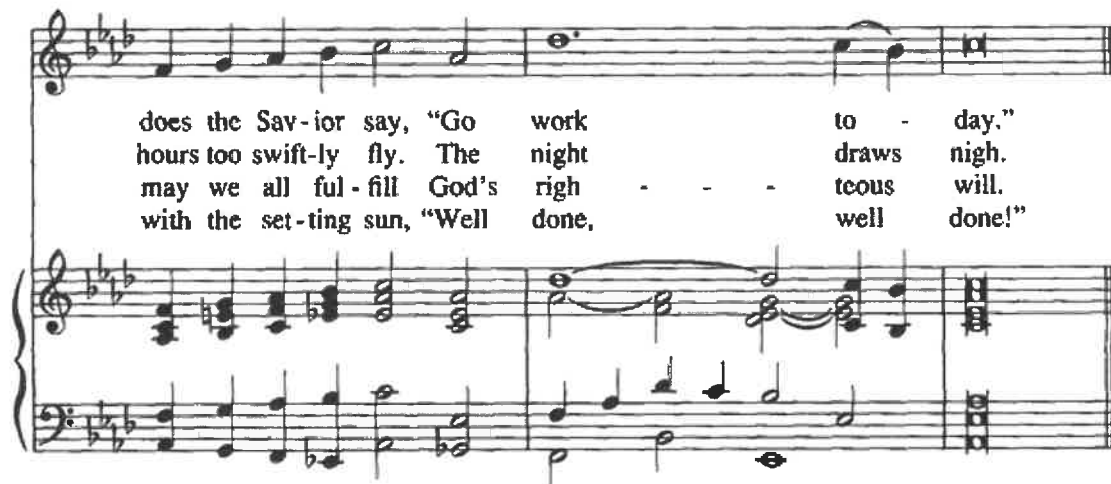
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*Jane Laurie Borthwick, 1859, rev. 1863; alt.**Matt. 9:37-38; 20:1-7*


1 Come, la-bor on. Who dares stay i - dle on the har-vest plain
 2 Come, la-bor on. Claim the high call-ing an - gels can - not share;
 3 Come, la-bor on. A - way with gloom-y doubts and faith-less fear!
 4 Come, la-bor on. No time for rest, till glows the west-ern sky,



while all a - round us waves the gold-en grain? And to each ser - vant
 to young and old the gos - pel glad-ness bear. Re - deem the time; its
 No one so weak but may do ser - vice here; Though fee - ble a - gents,
 till the long shad-ows o'er the path-way lie, And a glad sound comes



does the Sav-ior say, "Go work to - day."
 hours too swift-ly fly. The night draws nigh.
 may we all ful - fill God's righ - - - teous will.
 with the set-ting sun, "Well done, well done!"

Jane Laurie Borthwick, along with her sister, Sarah, was a member of the Scottish Free Church and translated many German hymns. English-born Thomas Tertius Noble was organist-choirmaster at St. Thomas' Church, New York City.
For choir. Five voices

Tune: ORA LABORA 4.10.10.4.
 Thomas Tertius Noble, 1918