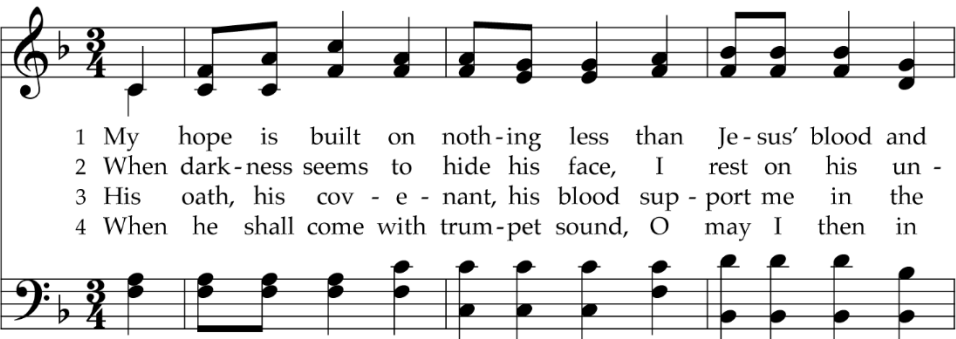
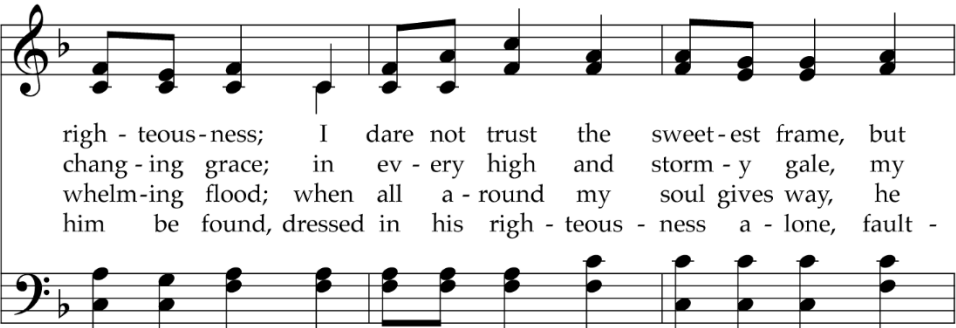


My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less 353

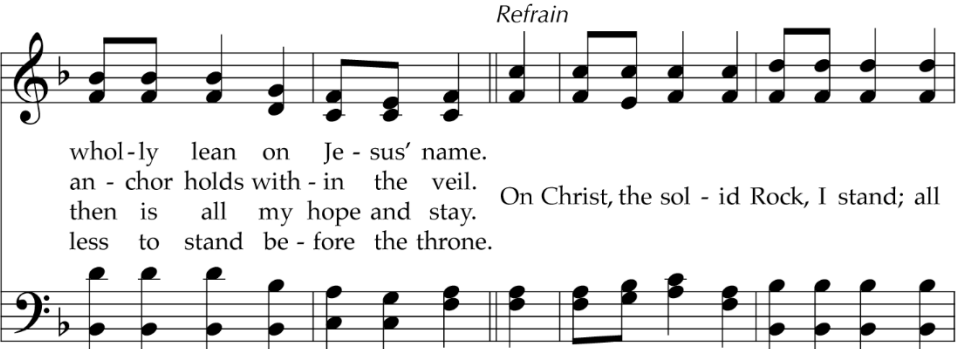


1 My hope is built on noth-ing less than Je-sus' blood and
 2 When dark-ness seems to hide his face, I rest on his un -
 3 His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood sup - port me in the
 4 When he shall come with trum-pet sound, O may I then in



righ - teous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, but
 chang - ing grace; in ev - ery high and storm - y gale, my
 whelm-ing flood; when all a - round my soul gives way, he
 him be found, dressed in his righ - teous - ness a - lone, fault -

Refrain



whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; all
 then is all my hope and stay.
 less to stand be - fore the throne.



oth-er ground is sink-ing sand; all oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

This hymn develops the imagery of Jesus' remark (Matthew 7:24-27/Luke 6:47-49) that those who believe in him and act on that belief are like someone who builds a house on a rock. The text is set to a tune created for it by a prolific 19th-century American composer and editor.

Be Thou My Vision

Capo 1: (D) E^b (G) A^b (D/F#) E^b/G (A7) B^b7 (D) E^b

1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true Word;
 3 Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise;
 4 High King of Heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

(A) B^b (D) E^b (G) A^b (A) B^b

naught be all else to me, save that thou art;
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;
 thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways;
 may I reach heav - en's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!

(G) A^b (D) E^b (F#m7) Gm7 (G) A^b (A) B^b

thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 thou my soul's shel - ter, and thou my high tower;
 thou and thou on - ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

(Bm) Cm (D/F#) E^b/G (G) A^b (D) E^b

wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 raise thou me heaven - ward, O Power of my power.
 High King of Heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

These stanzas are selected from a 20th-century English poetic version of an Irish monastic prayer dating to the 10th century or before. They are set to an Irish folk melody that has proved popular and easily sung despite its lack of repetition and its wide range.

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Jesus Loves Me!

1 Je - sus loves me! This I know, for the Bi - ble tells me so.
2 Je - sus loves me! This I know, as he loved so long a - go,

Lit - tle ones to him be-long. They are weak, but he is strong.
tak - ing chil-dren on his knee, say - ing, "Let them come to me."

Refrain

Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me!

Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so.

Few songs of faith have supported people from cradle to grave like this one. The great theologian Karl Barth said that its opening two lines were a summary of all that he had learned. The composer formed the refrain from those lines when creating this universally used tune.

I Love to Tell the Story

1 I love to tell the sto - ry of un - seen things a - bove,
 2 I love to tell the sto - ry; 'tis pleas - ant to re - peat
 3 I love to tell the sto - ry, for those who know it best

of Je - sus and his glo - ry, of Je - sus and his love.
 what seems, each time I tell it, more won - der - ful - ly sweet!
 seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing to hear it, like the rest.

I love to tell the sto - ry, be - cause I know 'tis true;
 I love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er heard
 And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

it sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else could do.
 the mes - sage of sal - va - tion from God's own ho - ly Word.
 'twill be the old, old sto - ry that I have loved so long.

This text is drawn from the second part of a fifty-stanza poem on the life of Christ written in 1866, during the author's recovery from a serious illness. The tune named for her first appeared three years later, and the composer was responsible for the creation of the refrain.

THE WORD

Refrain

I love to tell the sto - ry; 'twill be my theme in glo - ry

The first line of the refrain is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in the key of D major (one sharp). The melody in the treble clef consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

to tell the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus and his love.

The second line of the refrain continues the melody and accompaniment from the first line. It concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

384 Soon and Very Soon

1 Soon and ver - y soon we are going to see the King.
2 No more cry - ing there: we are going to see the King.
3 No more dy - ing there: we are going to see the King.
4 Soon and ver - y soon we are going to see the King.

Soon and ver - y soon we are going to see the King.
No more cry - ing there: we are going to see the King.
No more dy - ing there: we are going to see the King.
Soon and ver - y soon we are going to see the King.

Soon and ver - y soon we are going to see the King.
No more cry - ing there: we are going to see the King.
No more dy - ing there: we are going to see the King.
Soon and ver - y soon we are going to see the King.

Hal-le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, we're going to see the King!

This spirited African American gospel hymn draws on John's vision of the new heaven and the new earth in Revelation 21:3-4, with its wonderful promise that God will wipe away the tears from all eyes, that death will be no longer, and that there will be no more mourning or pain.