

JESUS CHRIST: ASCENSION AND REIGN

263 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

Descant

4 O that with yon - der sa - cred throng we at his feet may fall!

1 All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2 Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, ye ran - somed from the fall,
 3 Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe on this ter - res - trial ball
 4 O that with yon - der sa - cred throng we at his feet may fall!

We'll join the song, and crown him Lord of all!

bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, and crown him Lord of all!
 hail him who saves you by his grace, and crown him Lord of all!
 to him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, and crown him Lord of all!
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, and crown him Lord of all!

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This 18th-century text celebrating the sovereignty of Christ has been through several expansions and contractions before reaching its present form. It is set here to the oldest American hymn tune in continuous use since first published in 1793, which was written for it.

FORGIVENESS

435 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

1 There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, like the wide - ness
 2 For the love of God is broad - er than the mea - sures

of the sea. There's a kind - ness in God's jus - tice,
 of the mind. And the heart of the E - ter - nal

which is more than lib - er - ty. There is no place where earth's
 is most won - der - ful - ly kind. If our love were but more

sor - rows are more felt than up in heaven. There is no place
 faith - ful, we would glad - ly trust God's Word, and our lives re -

where earth's fail - ings have such kind - ly judg - ment given.
 flect thanks - giv - ing for the good - ness of our Lord.

These stanzas, excerpted from quite a few more, offer a reminder that the model for our dealings with others should be God's generosity rather than limited human tolerance. The text is effectively set to a broad and sturdy Dutch folk melody, probably from the 17th century.

Go, My Children, with My Blessing 547

1 "Go, my chil-dren, with my bless-ing, nev-er a-lone.
 2 "Go, my chil-dren, sins for-giv-en, at peace and pure.
 3 "Go, my chil-dren, fed and nour-ished, clos-er to me.

Wak-ing, sleep-ing, I am with you, you are my own.
 Here you learned how much I love you, what I can cure.
 Grow in love and love by serv-ing, joy-ful and free.

In my love's bap-tis-mal riv-er I have made you mine for-
 Here you heard my dear Son's sto-ry; here you touched him, saw his
 Here my Spir-it's pow-er filled you; here my ten-der com-fort

ev-er. Go, my chil-dren, with my bless-ing, you are my own."
 glo-ry. Go, my chil-dren, sins for-giv-en, at peace and pure."
 stilled you. Go, my chil-dren, fed and nour-ished, joy-ful and free."

Because this Welsh melody usually sets evening texts, the author was asked to create one for use in daytime. His recasting of the Aaronic blessing in Numbers 6:22-27 imagines that passage as a benediction that might be spoken by God at the conclusion of a worship service.

840 When Peace like a River

It Is Well with My Soul

1 When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, when
 2 Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, let
 3 He lives: O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought. My
 4 Lord, has - ten the day when our faith shall be sight, the

sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll, what - ev - er my lot, thou hast
 this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, that Christ hath re - gard - ed my
 sin, not in part, but the whole, is nailed to the cross and I
 clouds be rolled back as a scroll, the trum - pet shall sound and the

taught me to say, it is well, it is well with my soul.
 help - less es - tate, and hath shed his own blood for my soul.
 bear it no more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 Lord shall de - scend; e - ven so it is well with my soul.

Refrain

It is well with my soul;
 It is well with my soul;

This text is a remarkable expression of faith born of grief. The author, an active Presbyterian layman who had just lost four daughters in a tragic shipwreck, wrote it while sailing to Paris to meet his wife, who had survived. The tune was named for the ship that sank.