

*Descant*

4 Our glad ho - san - nas, Prince of Peace, thy wel - come

1 Hark! the glad sound! the Sa - vior comes, the Sa - vior  
 2 He comes, the pris - oners to re - lease in Sa - tan's  
 3 He comes, the bro - ken heart to bind, the bleed - ing  
 4 Our glad ho - san - nas, Prince of Peace, thy wel - come

shall pro - claim; and heaven's e - ter - nal

prom - ised long; let ev - ery heart pre -  
 bond - age held; the gates of brass be -  
 soul to cure; and with the trea - sures  
 shall pro - claim; and heaven's e - ter - nal

arch - es ring with thy be - lov - ed Name.

pare a throne, and ev - ery voice a song.  
 fore him burst, the i - ron fet - ters yield.  
 of his grace to en - rich the hum - ble poor.  
 arch - es ring with thy be - lov - ed Name.

Words: Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)

Music: *Richmond*, melody Thomas Haweis (1734-1820); adapt. Samuel Webbe (1740-1816);  
 harm. *Hymns Ancient and Modern, Revised*, 1950; desc. Craig Sellar Lang (1891-1971)

1 O day of God, draw nigh in beau - ty and in power, come  
 2 Bring to our trou - bled minds, un - cer - tain and a - fraid, the  
 3 Bring jus - tice to our land, that all may dwell se - cure, and  
 4 Bring to our world of strife thy sov - ereign word of peace, that  
 5 O day of God, draw nigh as at cre - a - tion's birth, let

1 with thy time - less judg - ment now to match our pres - ent hour.  
 2 qui - et of a stead - fast faith, calm of a call o - beyed.  
 3 fine - ly build for days to come foun - da - tions that en - dure.  
 4 war may haunt the earth no more and des - o - la - tion cease.  
 5 there be light a - gain, and set thy judg - ments in the earth.

Words: Robert Balmie Young Scott (b. 1899)

Music: *St. Michael*, Louis Bourgeois (1510?-1561?); harm. William Henry Monk (1823-1889)

SM

# My Lord, What a Morning

13

## Harmony

My Lord, what a morn-ing, My Lord, what a morn - ing, O

## Fine

my Lord, what a morn - ing, When the stars be-gin to fall.

## Unison

1. You'll hear the trum - pet sound,  
2. You'll hear the sin - ner mourn, To wake the  
3. You'll hear the Chris - tian shout,

na - tions un - der - ground, Look-ing to my God's right

## D.C.

hand, When the stars be - gin to fall.

Words: Traditional  
Music: Negro Spiritual

*Unison or harmony*

1 Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; to his feet thy tri - bute bring;  
 2 Praise him for his grace and fa - vor to his peo - ple in dis - tress;  
 3 Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; well our fee - ble frame he knows;  
 4 An - gels, help us to a - dore him; ye be - hold him face to face;

ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, ev - er - more his prais - es sing;  
 praise him still the same as ev - er, slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
 in his hand he gen - tly bears us, res - cues us from all our foes.  
 sun and moon, bow down be - fore him, dwell - ers all in time and space.

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.  
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.  
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.

Words: Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), alt.  
 Music: *Lauda anima*, John Goss (1800-1880)

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*Descant for use with unison singing*

4 An - gels, help us to a - dore him; ye be - hold him face to face;  
 sun and moon, bow down be - fore him, dwell - ers all in time and space.

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise \_\_\_ with us the God of grace.

Music: *Lauda anima*, desc. Craig Sellar Lang (1891-1971)