

## 687 Our God, Our Help in Ages Past

(Psalm 90)

1 Our God, our help in a - ges past, our  
 2 Be - neath the shad - ow of thy throne thy  
 3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, or  
 4 A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight are

hope for years to come, our shel - ter from the  
 saints have dwelt se - cure; suf - fi - cient is thine  
 earth re - ceived its frame, from ev - er - last - ing  
 like an eve - ning gone, short as the watch that

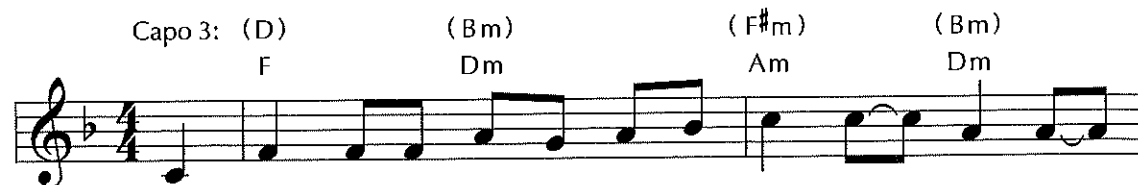
storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:  
 arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.  
 thou art God, to end - less years the same.  
 ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.

5 Time, like an ever rolling stream,  
 bears all our years away;  
 they fly forgotten, as a dream  
 dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,  
 our hope for years to come,  
 be thou our guard while life shall last,  
 and our eternal home.

Many people sing this hymn unaware that it paraphrases Psalm 90, partly because this text speaks so immediately to the human condition. Since the middle of the 19th century, it has usually been joined to this tune named for the London parish where the composer was organist.

## 157 I Danced in the Morning



1 I danced in the morn-ing when the world was be-gun, and I  
 2 I danced for the scribe and the Phar - i - see, but  
 3 I danced on the Sab-bath and I cured the lame. The  
 4 I danced on a Fri - day when the sky turned black. It's  
 5 They cut me down and I leapt up high. †



danced in the moon and the stars and the sun, and I  
 they would not dance and they would not foll - ow me. I  
 ho - ly peo - ple said it was a shame. They  
 hard to dance with the dev - il on your back. They  
 I am the life that will nev - er, nev - er die. I'll



came down from heav - en and I danced on the earth. At  
 danced for the fish - er - men, for James and John. They  
 whipped and they stripped and they hung me high, and  
 bur - ied my bod - y and they thought I'd gone, but  
 live in you if you'll live in me, †



Beth - le - hem I had my birth.  
 came with me and the dance went on.  
 left me there on a cross to die.  
 I am the dance and I still go on.  
 I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

This 20th-century ballad-like retelling of the life of Christ, though written for this Shaker tune, has many similarities with the pre-Reformation carol "Tomorrow shall be my dancing day." Such narrative carols were common both at Christmas and as part of medieval mystery plays.

Refrain

(F#m) (Bm) (F#m) (Bm) (D) (Bm)  
Am Dm Am Dm F Dm

Dance, then, wher-ev - er you may be; I am the Lord of the

(Em) (A) (D) (Bm) (D) (A7) (D)  
Gm C F Dm F C7 F

Dance, said he, and I'll lead you all, wher-ev - er you may be,

(Em) (A7) (D) (G) (D)  
Gm C7 F Bb F

and I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.

## Born in the Night, Mary's Child 158

G 3 Em Am Cm G Em Am D7

1 Born in the night, Mar-y's Child, a long way from your home;  
2 Clear shin-ing light, Mar-y's Child, your face lights up our way;  
3 Truth of our life, Mar-y's Child, you tell us God is good;  
4 Hope of the world, Mar-y's Child, you're com-ing soon to reign;

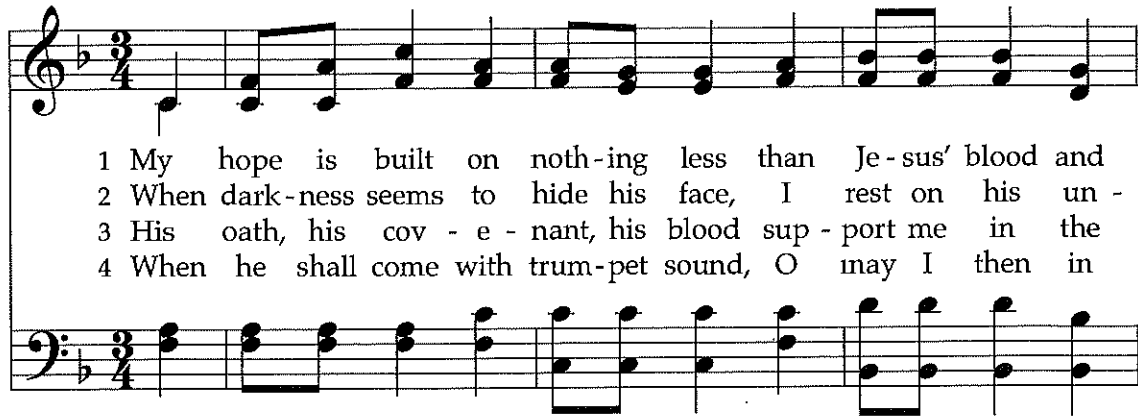
G 3 Em C Em Am 3 D7 G

com - ing in need, Mar - y's Child, born in a bor - rowed room.  
Light of the world, Mar - y's Child, dawn on our dark - ened day.  
yes, it is true, Mar - y's Child, shown on your cross of wood.  
King of the earth, Mar - y's Child, walk in our streets a - gain.

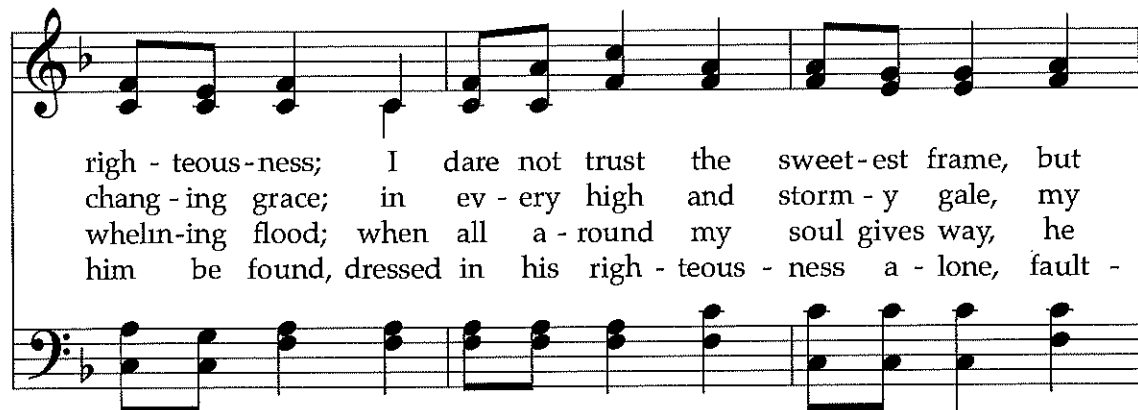
*Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.*

Carried by a blues-like tune, this text of clustered phrases centers on the core words "Mary's Child," initially linking images that suggest a Nativity hymn, but by the third stanza widening to the full arc of the Incarnation: birth, life, death, resurrection, ascension, return.

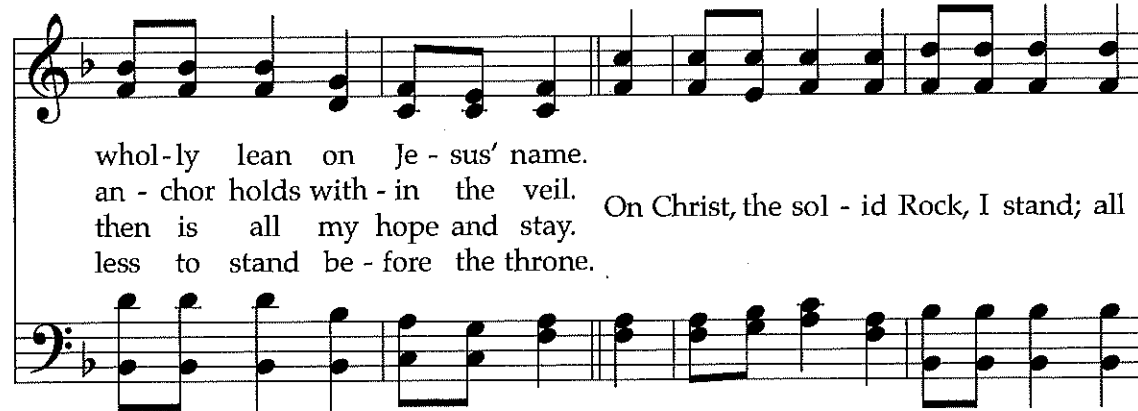
## My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less 353



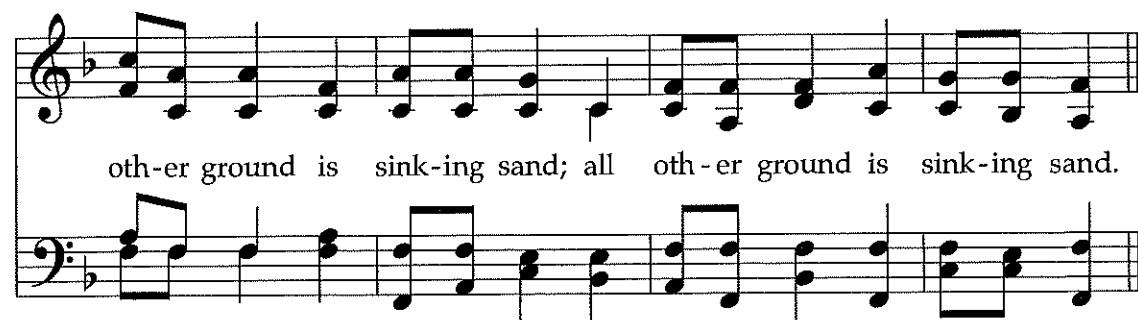
1 My hope is built on noth-ing less than Je-sus' blood and  
 2 When dark-ness seems to hide his face, I rest on his un-  
 3 His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood sup - port me in the  
 4 When he shall come with trum-pet sound, O may I then in



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.

## 488 I Was There to Hear Your Born-ing Cry



1 "I was there to hear your born-ing cry; I'll be there when

2 "When you heard the won-der of the Word, I was there to

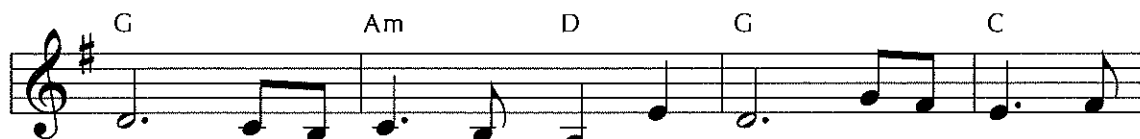
3 "In the mid-dle a-ges of your life, not too old, no



you are old. I re-joiced the day you were bap-tized to  
cheer you on. You were raised to praise the liv-ing Lord to  
lon-ger young, I'll be there to guide you through the night, com-



see your life un-fold. I was there when you were but a  
whom you now be-long. If you find some-one to share your  
plete what I've be-gun. When the eve-ning gent-ly clos-es



child with a faith to suit you well; in a blaze of  
time and you join your hearts as one, I'll be there to  
in and you shut your wea-ry eyes, I'll be there as



light you wan-dered off to find where de-mons dwell."  
make your vers-es rhyme from dusk till ris-ing sun."  
I have al-ways been with just one more sur-prise."



4 "I was there to hear your born-ing cry; I'll be there when you are old.



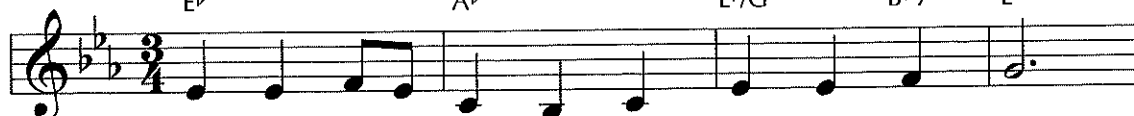
I re-joiced the day you were bap-tized to see your life un-fold."

Originally created to accompany a video series on baptism, this hymn speaks in the imagined conversational voice of God, assuring the person being baptized of God's presence throughout the changing stages of life. It offers a reminder that baptism is a once-in-a-lifetime event.

## 450


## Be Thou My Vision

Capo 1: (D) E<sup>b</sup> (G) A<sup>b</sup> (D/F#) E<sup>b</sup>/G (A7) B<sup>b</sup>7 (D) E<sup>b</sup>




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<sup>b</sup> (D) E<sup>b</sup> (G) A<sup>b</sup> (A) B<sup>b</sup>




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<sup>b</sup> (D) E<sup>b</sup> (F#m7) Gm7 (G) A<sup>b</sup> (A) B<sup>b</sup>



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<sup>b</sup>/G (G) A<sup>b</sup> (D) E<sup>b</sup>



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.

## 465 What a Friend We Have in Jesus

죄짐맡은 우리구주



1 What a friend we have in Je - sus, all our sins and griefs to bear!  
 2 Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble an - y-where?  
 3 Are we weak and heav-y lad - en, cum-bere'd with a load of care?



What a priv-i-lege to car - ry ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!  
 We should nev - er be dis-cour-aged; take it to the Lord in prayer!  
 Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge; take it to the Lord in prayer!



O what peace we of - ten for - feit; O what need-less pain we bear,  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful who will all our sor-rows share?  
 Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer!



all be - cause we do not car - ry ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!  
 Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak-ness; take it to the Lord in prayer!  
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee; thou wilt find a so-lace there.



This text was written by an Irish-born immigrant to Canada to comfort his mother in Ireland when she was going through a time of special sorrow. The role of prayer as a source of strength and consolation is underscored by its repeated use as a rhyme word in all three stanzas.

# 8 Eternal Father, Strong to Save

1 E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, whose arm has bound the  
 2 O Sav - ior, whose al - might - y word the winds and waves sub -  
 3 O Ho - ly Spir - it, who did brood up - on the cha - os  
 4 O Trin - i - ty of love and power, all trav - elers guard in

rest - less wave, who bade the might - y o - cean deep its  
 mis - sive heard, who walked up - on the foam - ing deep, and  
 wild and rude, and bade its an - gry tu - mult cease, and  
 dan - ger's hour; from rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, pro -

own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: O hear us when we  
 calm a - mid its rage did sleep: O hear us when we  
 gave, for fierce con - fu - sion, peace: O hear us when we  
 tect them where - so - e'er they go; thus ev - er - more shall

cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.  
 cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.  
 cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.  
 rise to thee glad praise from air and land and sea.


The year after this text was written for a student sailing to America, it was included in the most influential British hymnal of the 19th century. The tune especially composed for it preserves the ancient Roman name of the island where Paul was shipwrecked, now called Malta.




821

# My Life Flows On

## How Can I Keep from Singing?




1 My life flows on in end-less song, a-bove earth's lam-en - ta - tion.  
 2 Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I hear that mu - sic ring - ing.  
 3 What though my joys and com-forts die? I know my Sav - ior liv - eth.  
 4 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a foun-tain ev - er spring-ing!




I hear the clear, though far-off hymn that hails a new cre - a - tion.  
 It finds an ech - o in my soul. How can I keep from sing-ing?  
 What though the dark-ness gath-er round? Songs in the night he giv - eth.  
 All things are mine since I am his! How can I keep from sing-ing?

### Refrain



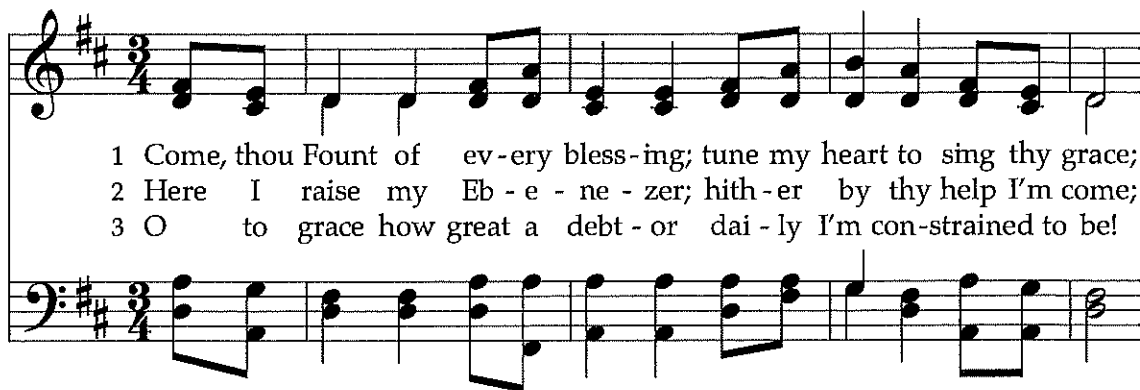
No storm can shake my in-most calm while to that Rock I'm cling-ing.



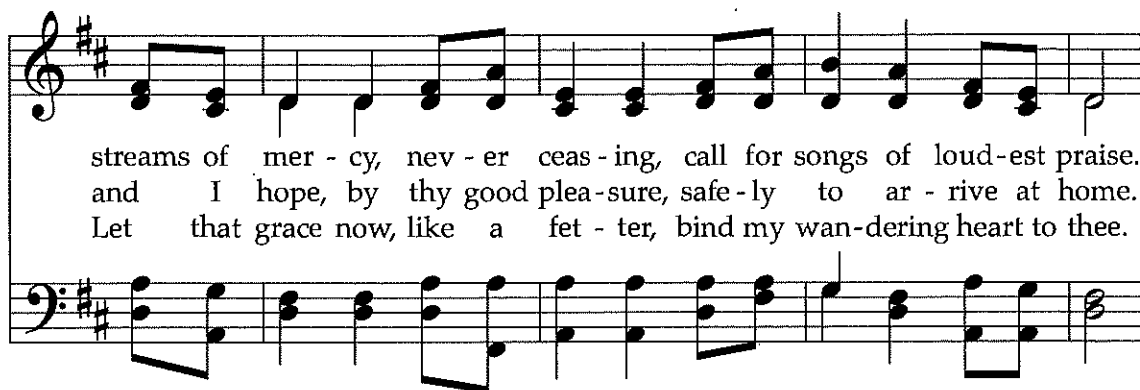
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, how can I keep from sing-ing?

In the *New York Observer* of August 7, 1868, this text was titled "Always Rejoicing," and was attributed to "Pauline T." This may well be where the Baptist pastor and musician to whom it is usually credited encountered the words that he later published with his tune.

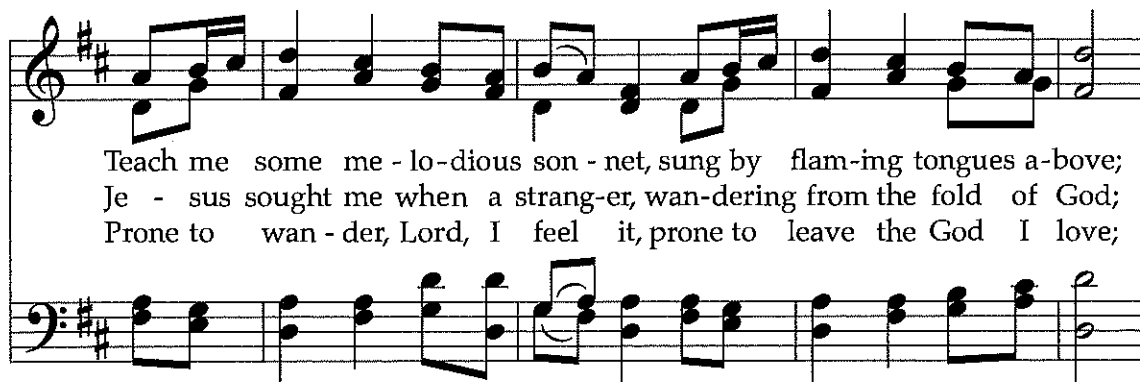
## Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 475



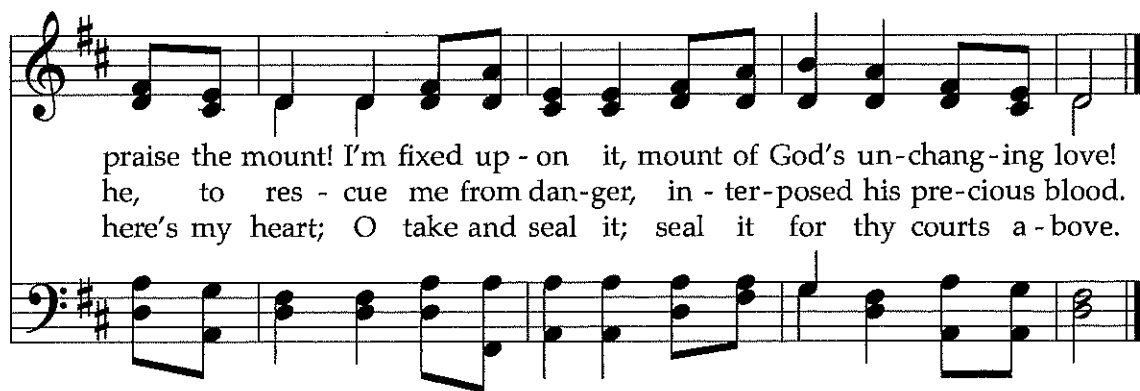
1 Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
 2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; hith-er by thy help I'm come;  
 3 O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!



streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud-est praise.  
 and I hope, by thy good plea-sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
 Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan-dering heart to thee.



Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;  
 Je - sus sought me when a strang-er, wan-dering from the fold of God;  
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;



praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un-chang-ing love!  
 he, to res - cue me from dan-ger, in - ter-posed his pre-cious blood.  
 here's my heart; O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.

Written for Pentecost by a British Baptist pastor, this text is full of biblical terms like "Ebenezer" (1 Samuel 7:12), Hebrew for "a stone of help" set up to give thanks for God's assistance. The tune name honors hymnal compiler Asahel Nettleton, who probably did not compose it.

## 834 Precious Lord, Take My Hand

1 Pre - cious Lord, take my hand; lead me on, help me  
 2 When my way grows drear, pre - cious Lord, lin - ger

stand; I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.  
 near; when my life is al - most gone,

Through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the  
 hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand lest I

light; take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.  
 fall; take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.

This black gospel song, like much hymnody, sprang out of the author's deep personal loss (the death of his wife and newborn son), yet it has brought solace to many. He thought his fingers were playing new music, but they unlocked a deep memory of a tune almost a century old.

630

## Fairest Lord Jesus

1 Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all  
 2 Fair are the mead - ows, fair - er still the  
 3 Fair is the sun - shine, fair - er still the  
 4 Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, Rul - er of the

na - ture, O thou of God to earth come  
 wood - lands, robed in the bloom - ing garb of  
 moon - light, and all the twink - ling, star - ry  
 na - tions, Son of God and Son of

down, thee will I cher - ish, thee will I  
 spring. Je - sus is fair - er; Je - sus is  
 host. Je - sus shines bright - er; Je - sus shines  
 Man! Glo - ry and hon - or, praise, ad - o -

hon - or, thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.  
 pur - er, who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.  
 pur - er, than all the an - gels heaven can boast.  
 ra - tion, now and for - ev - er - more be thine!

Franz Liszt used this melody for a "Crusaders' March" in an oratorio, but this hymn had nothing to do with the Crusades. No record of the German text exists before the middle of the 17th century or of the Silesian folk melody before the first half of the 19th century.

## I Want Jesus to Walk with Me 775

1 I want Je - sus to walk with me;  
 2 In my tri - als, Lord, walk with me;  
 3 When I'm in trou - ble, Lord, walk with me;

I want Je - sus to walk with me;  
 in my tri - als, Lord, walk with me;  
 when I'm in trou - ble, Lord, walk with me;

all a - long my pil - grim jour - ney,  
 when my heart is al - most break - ing,  
 when my head is bowed in sor - row,

Lord, I want Je - sus to walk with me.  
 Lord, I want Je - sus to walk with me.  
 Lord, I want Je - sus to walk with me.

The two equal phrases in each line suggest that this African American spiritual shares some characteristics of work or field songs that were used to coordinate the efforts of slaves involved in tasks (road clearing, ditch digging, etc.) that needed combined rhythmic strokes.