



Hymn Sing

ST. PETER'S BY THE SEA



Sunday August 16 4pm

A GREAT AFTERNOON OF SINGING FAVORITE
HYMNS

Hymn Sing

PROGRAM

ORGAN PRELUDE

AMAZING GRACE

WELCOME

FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH-#473

*O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING-#466

WHERE NO ONE STANDS ALONE- TRIO

*HOW GREAT THOU ART-#467

HOLY HOLY HOLY-#138

GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS- SOLO

*ALL CREATURES OF OUR GOD AND KING- #455

ALL GLORY LAUD AND HONOR- #88

MY HOPE IS BUILT #379

WONDERFUL MERCIFUL SAVIOR- TRIO

*JOYFUL JOYFUL- #264

*AMAZING GRACE- #78

SENDING

*AMAZING GRACE- #78

SENDING

ORGAN POSTLUDE

SOLIDERS OF CHRIST ARISE

* READINGS

For the Beauty of the Earth 14

1 For the beau - ty of the earth, for the glo - ry of the skies,
 2 For the won - der of each hour of the day and of the night,
 3 For the joy of ear and eye, for the heart and mind's de - light,
 4 For the joy of hu - man love, broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
 5 For thy - self, best gift di - vine to the world so free - ly given;

for the love which from our birth o - ver and a - round us lies:
 hill and vale, and tree and flower, sun and moon, and stars of light:
 for the mys - tic har - mo - ny link - ing sense to sound and sight:
 friends on earth, and friends a - bove, for all gen - tle thoughts and mild:
 for that great, great love of thine, peace on earth and joy in heaven:

Refrain

Lord of all, to thee we raise this our hymn of grate - ful praise.

In the course of many revisions, the original eucharistic emphasis of this text has shifted to a hymn of thanksgiving for a wide range of human experience, with a Christological summation. It is set here to the tune that is customary in North America, though not elsewhere.

O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing 438

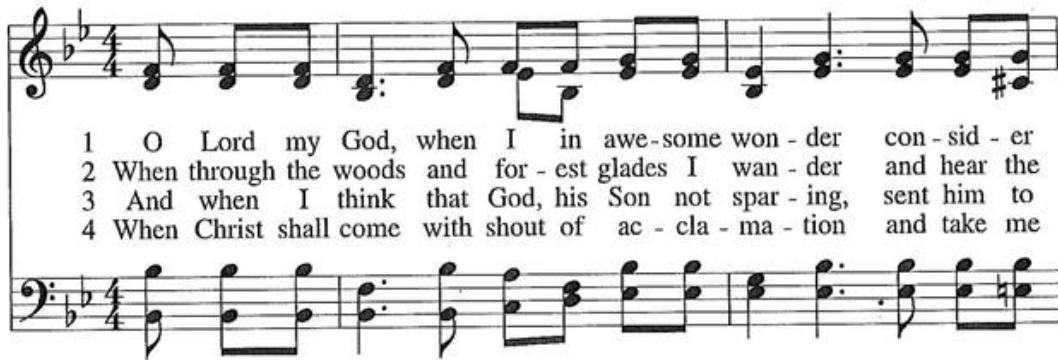
1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As -
 3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin, He
 5. He speaks, and lis - t'ning to his voice, New
 *6. Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb, Your
 7. In Christ, your head, you then shall know, Shall

great Re - deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of my
 sist me to pro - claim, To spread through all the
 bids our sor - rows cease, 'Tis mu - sic in the
 sets the pris - 'ner free; His blood can make the
 life the dead re - ceive; The mourn - ful, bro - ken
 loos - ened tongues em - ploy; Ye blind, be - hold your
 feel your sins for - giv'n; An - tic - i - pate your

God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace!
 earth a - broad The hon - ors of thy name.
 sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.
 hearts re - joice; The hum - ble poor, be - lieve.
 Sav - ior come, And leap, ye lame, for joy.
 heav'n be - low, And own that love is heav'n.

*May be omitted.

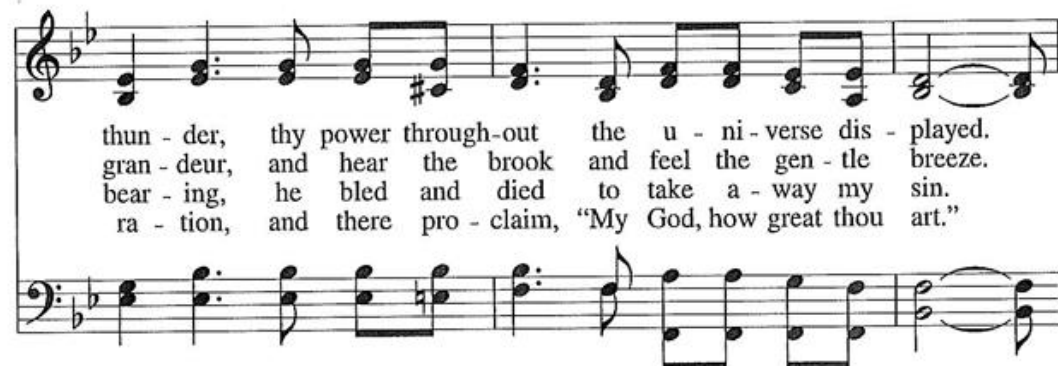
How Great Thou Art



1 O Lord my God, when I in awe-some won - der con - sid - er
2 When through the woods and for - est glades I wan - der and hear the
3 And when I think that God, his Son not spar - ing, sent him to
4 When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion and take me



all the worlds thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the roll - ing
birds sing sweet - ly in the trees, when I look down from loft - y moun - tain
die, I scarce can take it in, that on the cross, my bur - den glad - ly
home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in hum - ble ad - o -



thun - der, thy power through - out the u - ni - verse dis - played.
gran - deur, and hear the brook and feel the gen - tle breeze.
bear - ing, he bled and died to take a - way my sin.
ra - tion, and there pro - claim, "My God, how great thou art."



Refrain
Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God, to thee: how great thou

Words: Stuart K. Hine

Music: Swedish folk melody/adapt. and arr. Stuart K. Hine

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Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty

REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826

JOHN B. DYKES, 1823-1876



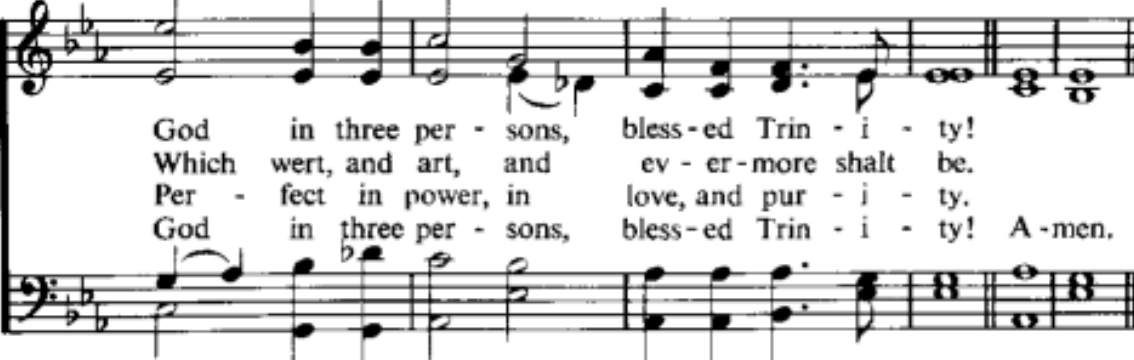
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore thee,
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Though the dark-ness hide thee,
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!



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 man 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 pur - i - ty.
God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

All Creatures of Our God and King 356

All you have made will praise you, O Lord; your saints will extol you. Ps. 145:10

1. All crea-tures of our God and King, lift up your voice and with us
 2. Thou rush-ing wind that art so strong, ye clouds that sail in heaven a -
 3. Thou flow-ing wa - ter, pure and clear, make mu - sic for thy Lord to
 4. All ye who are of ten-der heart, for - giv - ing oth - ers, take your
 5. Let all things their Cre - a - tor bless, and wor - ship him in hum - ble -

sing Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Thou burn - ing sun with gold - en
 long, O praise him, Al - le - lu - ia! Thou ris - ing morn in praise re -
 hear, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Thou fire so mas - ter - ful and
 part, sing his prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia! Ye who long pain and sor - row
 ness, O praise him, Al - le - lu - ia! Praise, praise the Fa - ther, praise the

beam, thou sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam, O praise him, O
 joice, ye lights of eve - ning, find a voice, O praise him, O
 bright, that giv - est us both warmth and light, O praise him, O
 bear, praise God and on him cast your care, O praise him, O
 Son, and praise the Spir - it, Three in One, O praise him, O

praise him, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu ia!

All Glory Laud And Honor

Theodulph of Orleans

Melchior Teschner

G/B C F G⁷/D C G Am F⁶ G C

All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem-er, King, To

5 G/B C F G⁷/D C(sus4) C G Am F⁶ G C *Fine*

whom the lips of child - ren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

9 Am D/F# D⁷ G D⁷ G Em

Thou art the Kings of Is - ra - el, Thou
The peo - ple of the He - brews With
The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are
To Thee, be - fore Thy pas - sion, They
Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac -

12 Am G/B C⁶ D⁷ G G/B C C/E F C

Da - vid's roy - al Son, Who in the Lord's name
palms be - fore Thee went; Our praise and prayers and
prais - ing Thee on high; And mor - tal men and
sang their hymns of praise; To Thee, now high ex -
cept the prayers we bring, Who in all good de -

15 G/B G⁷ C C/E F C G(sus4) G⁷ C

com - est, The King and bless - ed One.
an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.
all things Cre - a - ted make re - ply.
alt - ed Our mel - o - dy we raise.
light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King!

My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

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1. My hope is built on noth - ing less than Je - sus' blood and
 2. When dark - ness veils his love - ly 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

right - eous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, but
 chang - ing grace; in ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, my
 whelm - ing flood; when all a - round my soul gives way, he
 him be found, dressed in his right - eous - 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.

Seek Ye First

Eliza Edmunds Hewitt, 1901

John Robson Sweeney

1. Seek ye first the king - dom; not the things of earth. Price - less are the
2. Seek ye first the king - dom; Ev - er - last - ing love. Woes you to the
3. Seek ye first the king - dom; seek the gift of God. 'Tis the Sav - ior's

treas - ures of im - mor - tal worth. Like a flit - ting shad - ow,
Bless - ings from the land a - bode. Par - dize and re - new - al,
of - fer pur - chased by His blood. Seek ye first His glo - ry;

time will pass a - way. But the heav'n - ly rich - es change not, nor do
right - eous - ness and peace, Grace for ev - ery tri - al, joys that re - ver
be it life's sweet aim; Him to serve and hon - or, trust - ing in His

Refrain
- cease. "Seek ye first the king - dom," 'tis the Mast - er's voice; In His pre - cious
Name.

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee 310



1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;
 2. All Thy works with joy sur-round Thee, earth and heaven re - flect Thy rays,
 3. Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, ev - er bless-ing, ev - er blest,
 4. Mor-tals, join the might-y cho - rus which the morn-ing stars be - gan;



hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore Thee, o - pening to the sun a - bove.
 stars and an - gels sing a - round Thee, cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise.
 well-spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean-depth of hap - py rest!
 love di - vine is reign-ing o'er us, bring-ing all with - in its span.



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; drive the dark of doubt a - way;
 Field and for - est, vale and moun-tain, flow-ery mead-ow, flash - ing sea,
 Thou our Fa - ther, Christ, our Broth - er — all who live in love are Thine;
 Ev - er sing-ing, march we on - ward, vic - tors in the midst of strife;



giv - er of im - mor-tal glad-ness, fill us with the light of day!
 sing - ing bird and flow - ing foun-tain call us to re - joice in Thee.
 teach us how to love each oth - er, lift us to the joy di - vine.
 joy - ful mu - sic leads us sun-ward, in the tri-umph song of life.



WORDS: Henry van Dyke, 1907

MUSIC: Ludwig van Beethoven, 1824; harm. Edward Hodges, 1864

HYMN TO JOY

8.7.8.7 D

Higher key, No. 32

Amazing Grace

378

1. A - maz - ing grace! How sweet the sound that
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and
 3. Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I
 4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, his
 5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, and
 6. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, bright

saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but
 grace my fears re - lieved; how pre - cious did that
 have al - read - y come; 'tis grace hath brought me
 word my hope se - cures; he will my shield and
 mor - tal life shall cease, I shall pos - sess, with -
 shin - ing as the sun, we've no less days to

now am found; was blind, but now I see.
 grace ap - pear the hour I first be - lieved.
 safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.
 por - tion be, as long as life en - dures.
 in the veil, a life of joy and peace.
 sing God's praise than when we'd first be - gun.

Cherokee

OOH NAY THLA NAH, HEE OO WAY GEE.
 E GAH GWOO YAH HAY EE.
 NAW GWOO JOE SAH, WE YOU LOW SAY,
 E GAH GWOO YAH HO NAH.

Navajo

NIZHÓNÍGO JOOBA' DITTS' A'
 YISDÁSHÍTÍNÍGÍ,
 LAH YÓÓÍYÁ, K'AD SHÉNÁHOOSDZIN,
 DOO EESH'ÍÍ DA NT'ÉÉ.

Kiowa

DAW K'EE DA HA DAWTSAHY HE TSOW'HAW
 DAW K'EE DA HA DAWTSAHY HEE.
 BAY DAWTSAHY TAW, GAW AYM OW THAH T'AW,
 DAW K'EE DA HA DAWTSAHY H'EE.

Creek

PO YA FEK CHA HE THLAT AH TET
 AH NON AH CHA PA KAS
 CHA FEE KEE O FUNNAN LA KUS
 UM E HA TA LA YUS.

Choctaw

SHILOMBISH HOLITOPA MA!
 ISHMMINTI PULLA CHA
 HATAK ILBUSA PIA HA
 IS PI YUKPALASHKE.

WORDS: John Newton, 1779; st. 6 anon.; phonetic transcription Cherokee, Kiowa, Creek, Choctaw as sung in Oklahoma Indian Missionary Conference; Navajo phonetic transcription by Albert Tsosi (1 Chr. 17:16-17) AMAZING GRACE
CM

MUSIC: 19th cent. USA melody; harm. by Edwin O. Excell, 1900

