

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Rev. 4:8-11; Isa. 6:1-8

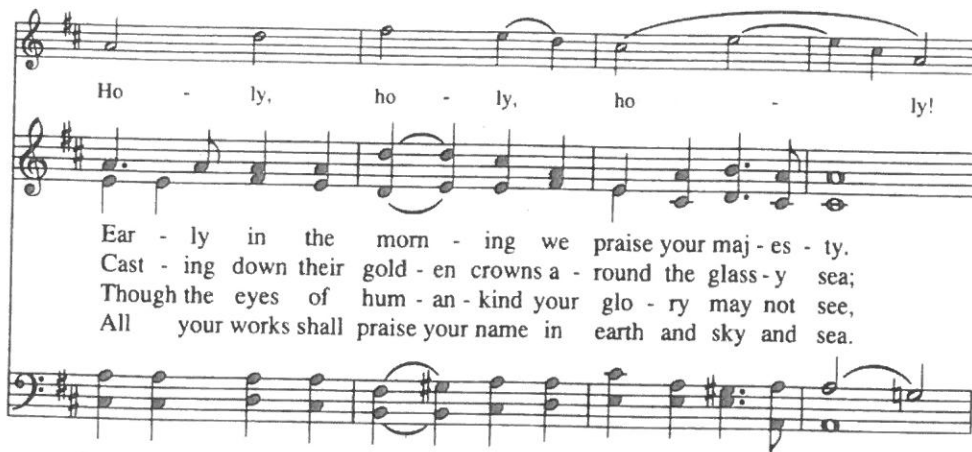
Reginald Heber, 1826; alt.

Descant



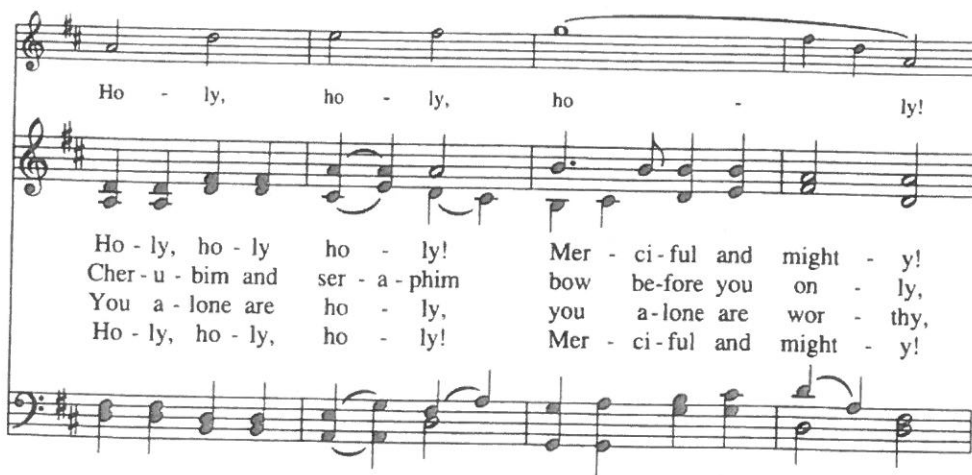
4 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

1 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, God the Al - might - y!
2 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Saints a - dore you tru - ly,
3 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Though we know but dim - ly,
4 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, God the Al - might - y!



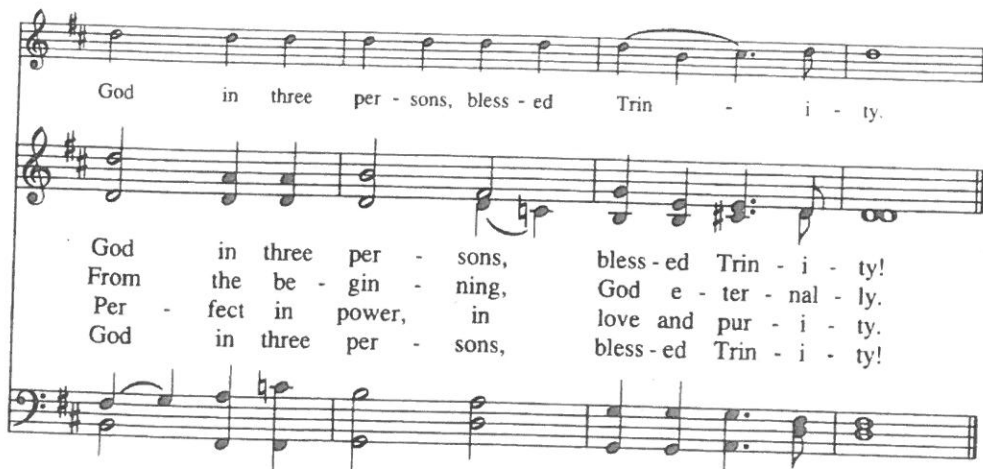
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing we praise your maj - es - ty.
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eyes of hum - an - kind your glo - ry may not see,
All your works shall praise your name in earth and sky and sea.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

Ho - ly, ho - ly ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim bow be - fore you on - ly,
You a - lone are ho - ly, you a - lone are wor - thy,
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!



God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
From the be - gin - ning, God e - ter - nal - ly.
Per - fect in power, in love and pur - i - ty.
God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

O Love That Will Not Let Me Go

485

George Matheson, 1882; alt.

Rom. 8:38-39; John 8:12

1 O Love that will not let me go,
 2 O Light that fol - lows all my way,
 3 O Joy that seeks me through my pain,
 4 O Cross that rais - es up my head,

I rest my wea - ry soul in you;
 to you I yield my flick - ering flame;
 to you I can - not close my heart;
 from you I dare not seek to flee;

I give you back the life I owe, that
 Re - new my spir - it's fee - ble ray, that
 I trace the rain - bow through the rain, and
 Life's glo - ries with - er and are dead, but

in your o - cean depths its flow may swell with ar - dor true.
 from your bril - liant sun - lit day it may new bright - ness claim.
 know the prom - ise is not vain that you will ne'er de - part.
 from the ground there blos - soms red, life that shall end - less be.

Although he was nearly blind, George Matheson studied for the Church of Scotland ministry, assisted by his sisters, who learned Latin, Greek, and Hebrew to help him. Matheson wrote this hymn in five minutes on June 6, 1882, at his parsonage.

Tune: ST. MARGARET 8.8.8.8.6.
 Albert L. Peace, 1885

Acts 17:30-31; Rev. 7:9-14

Fanny Crosby, 1873; alt.

1 Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a
 2 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light! Vi - sions of
 3 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my

fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of
 rap - ture now burst on my sight; An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -
 Sav - ior am hap - py and blessed; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a -

God, born of the Spir - it, washed in Christ's blood.
 bove, ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
 bove, filled with God's good - ness, lost in Christ's love.

Refrain

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long;

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.