

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!

Jesus Calls Us, o'er the Tumult

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Cecil F. Alexander, 1852; alt.

Matt. 4:18-22; Mark 1:16-20; John 21:15

1 Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult of our life's wild, rest - less sea;
2 As of old, Saint An-drew heard it by the Gal - i - le - an lake,
3 Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship of the trea - sures we a - dore,
4 In our joys and in our sor - rows, days of toil and hours of ease,
5 Je-sus calls us! By your mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear your call,

Day by day that voice still calls us, say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low me."
Turned from home and toil and kin - dred, leav - ing all for Je - sus' sake.
From each i - dol that would keep us, say - ing, "Chris - tian, love me more."
Je - sus calls, in cares and plea - sures, "Chris - tian, love me more than these."
Give our hearts to your o - be - dience, serve and love you best of all.

Cecil Alexander, who in Ireland wrote sacred verse to teach children the meaning of the catechism and liturgy, designated this poem for St. Andrew's Day. Many years later Galilee was composed for this text by an English organist, William Jude.

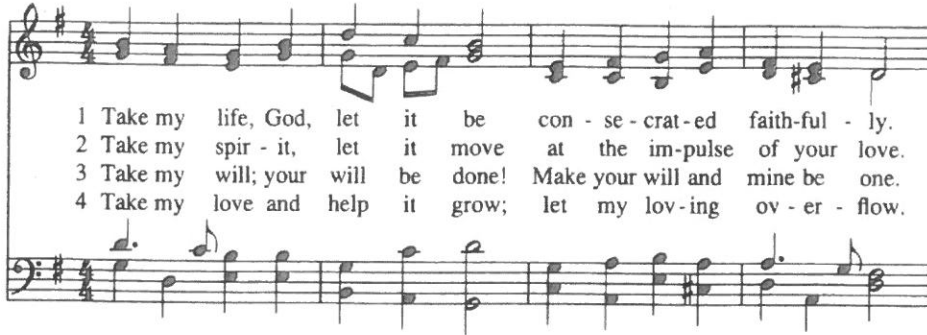
Tune: GALILEE 8.7.8.7.
William H. Jude, 1887
Alternate setting: ST. ANDREW

Take My Life, God, Let It Be

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Frances R. Havergal, 1874; alt.

Rom. 12:1



1 Take my life, God, let it be con - se - crat - ed faith - ful - ly.
2 Take my spir - it, let it move at the im - pulse of your love.
3 Take my will; your will be done! Make your will and mine be one.
4 Take my love and help it grow; let my lov - ing ov - er - flow.



Take my mo - ments and my days, let them flow in cease - less praise.
Take my in - tel - lect and use all its pow - ers as you choose.
Take my heart, and by your grace make of it your dwell - ing place.
Take me now, and help me be part of Christ's com - mu - ni - ty.

Frances R. Havergal wrote her hymn following a visit to Areley House in Worcestershire, England. Among the ten persons at the house were "some unconverted . . . some converted but not rejoicing." Before she left, "everyone had got a blessing."

Tune: VIENNA 7.7.7.
Justin H. Knecht, 1797
Alternate tune: HENDON