
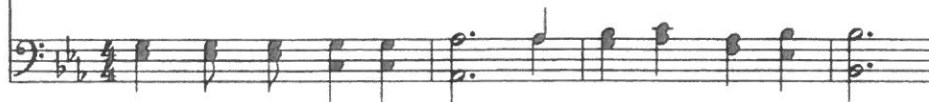





John 19:16-18, 31-34; Rev. 7:9-10

Matthew Bridges, 1851, and Godfrey Thring, 1874
Adapt. Thomas H. Troeger, 1993




1 Crown with your rich - est crowns the Lamb up - on the throne;
2 Crown Christ whose love has flowed down hands and feet and side.
3 Crown Christ the truth, the life who tri - umphed o'er the grave
4 Crown Christ who rules in peace, whose power a scep - tre sways
5 Crown Christ who holds the years, em - brac - ing space and time,


Hark! how the heaven-ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own.
Look past the peak of Cal - vary's road to Christ the glo - ri - fied.
And rose vic - to - rious in the strife, this fal - len world to save.
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, and all be prayer and praise:
Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, in - ef - fa - bly sub - lime:

A - wake, my soul, and sing of Christ who died for you, And
The sun that lights the sky is pale be - fore that sight. At
Christ's glo - ries now we sing, Christ's name we mag - ni - fy, Who
Christ's reign shall have no end, for 'round those wound-ed feet a
All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For you have died for me; Your

to your ris - en Sav - ior bring your thanks for life made new.
prayer we glimpse then turn the eye from mys - ter - ies so bright.
died e - ter - nal life to bring, and lives that death may die.
fra - grant gar - den shall ex - tend for - ev - er green and sweet.
praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail through-out e - ter - ni - ty.



This hymn has evolved as a composite of the original text by Matthew Bridges and Godfrey Thring's version written twenty-three years later. Diademata was composed for Bridges' text and is titled for the Greek word meaning "crowns."

Tune: DIADEMATA S.M.D.
George J. Elvey, 1868

Savior, like a Shepherd Lead Us

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Attrib. to Dorothy A. Thrupp (1779-1847)

From Hymns for the Young, 1836; alt.

John 10:1-29

St. 1 transl. to Hawaiian by Laiana (1807-1886)

✓1 Sav-ior, like a shep-herd lead us, much we need your ten - der care;
 1 Je - su no ke Ka - hu - hi - pa, Ka - hu - hi - pa ma'i-ka'i e,
 ✓2 We are yours, in love be - friend us, be the guard-ian of our way;
 ✓3 Let us al - ways seek your fa - vor; let us al - ways do your will;

in your pleas - ant pas-tures feed us, for our use your folds pre- pare.
 Ei - a ma - kou ka 'o - ha - na ke ho'o-lo - he a ha - hai:
 keep your flock, from sin de - fend us, seek us when we go a - stray.
 Je - sus Christ our on - ly Sav - ior, with your love our spir - its fill.

Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, you have bought us, yours we are;
 E a - lo - ha, e a - lo - ha, a - la - ka'i a ha - nai mai,
 Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, hear your chil - dren when we pray;
 Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, you have loved us, love us still;

Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, you have bought us, yours we are.
 E a - lo - ha, e a - lo - ha, a - la - ka'i a ha - nai mai.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, hear your chil - dren when we pray.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, you have loved us, love us still.

The theme of Christ as shepherd is familiar and beloved to Christians. Emma Lyons Doyle, granddaughter of Laiana (translator Lorenzo Lyons), once said, "If you want to know the full beauty of this hymn, hear it sung in Hawaiian."

Tune: BRADBURY 8.7.8.7.D.
William B. Bradbury, 1859

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.