

Sunday Evening, August 24

Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee

1. Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee,
God of glory, Lord of love;
Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee,
Opening to the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness,
Drive the dark of doubt away;
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day.

2. All Thy works with joy surround
Thee,
Earth and heaven reflect Thy rays,
Stars and angels sing around Thee,
Center of unbroken praise.
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
Flowery meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain,
Call us to rejoice in Thee.

3. Thou art giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Wellspring of the joy of living,
Ocean depth of happy rest!
Thou our Father Christ, our Brother
All who live in love are Thine;
Teach us how to love each other,
Lift us to the joy divine.

4. Mortals, join the happy chorus
Which the morning stars began;
Father love is reigning o'er us,
Brother love binds man to man.
Ever singing, march we onward,
Victors in the midst of strife,
Joyful music leads us sunward

In the triumph song of life.

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O How I Love Jesus

1. There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in my ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

Chorus

O, how I love Jesus, O, how I love Jesus,
O, how I love Jesus;
Because He first loved me.

2. It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

Chorus

O, how I love Jesus, O, how I love Jesus,
O, how I love Jesus;
Because He first loved me.

4. It tells of One whose loving heart,
Can feel my deepest woe;
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

Chorus

O, how I love Jesus, O, how I love Jesus,
O, how I love Jesus;
Because He first loved me.

Crown Him With Many Crowns

1. Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne.
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul and sing
Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2. Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His wond'ring eye
At mysteries so bright.

3. Crown Him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave.
Who rose victorious to the strife,
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high.
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

4. Crown Him the Lord of heaven;
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit thru Him giv'n
From yonder glorious throne.
To Thee be endless praise,
For Thou for us hast died;
Be Thou, O Lord, thru endless days
Adored and magnified.

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