

When Morning Gilds the Skies

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, my heart a - wak - ing cries; May
2. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss the love - liest strain is this: May
3. Let earth's wide cir - cle round in joy - ful notes re - sound: May
4. Be this, while life is mine, my can - ti - cle di - vine: May

Je - sus Christ be praised. A - like at work and prayer to
Je - sus Christ be praised. The pow'rs of dark - ness fear, when
Je - sus Christ be praised. Let air and sea and sky, from
Je - sus Christ be praised. Be this th'e - ter - nal song, through

Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
depth to height, re - ply: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
all the ag - es on: May Je - sus Christ be praised.

Here is Love

William Rees/Robert Lowry, 1876



1. Here is love, vast as the o - cean, lov - ing - kind - ness as the
2. On the mount of cru - ci - fix - ion foun - tains op - ened deep and
3. Let me all Thy love ac - cept - ing, love Thee ev - er all my



flood, when the Prince of Life, our ran - som, shed for us His pre - cious
wide; thru the flood - gates of God's mer - cy flowed a vast and gra - cious
days; let me seek Thy king - dom on - ly, and my life be to Thy



blood. Who His love will not re - mem - ber? Who can cease to sing His
tide. Grace and love like might - y riv - ers poured in - cess - ant from a -
praise. Thou a - lone shall be my glo - ry, no - thing in the world I



praise? He can nev - er be for - got - ten, thru - out Heavn's e - ter - nal days.
bove, and His peace and per - fect jus - tice kissed a guilt - y world in love.
see. Thou hast cleansed and sanc - ti - fied me, Thou thy - self hast set me free.

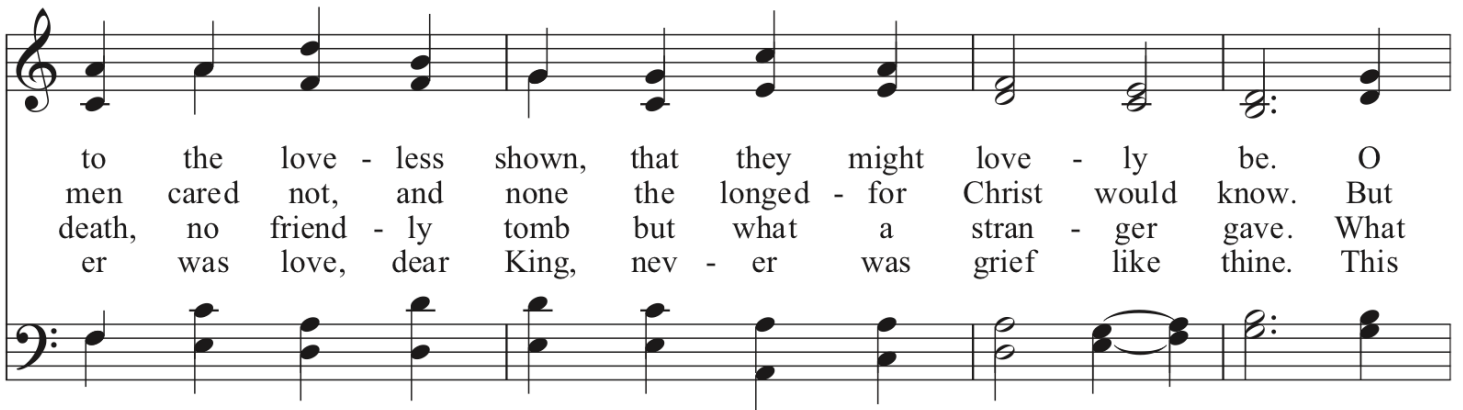
My Song is Love Unknown

Samuel Crossman

John Baptiste Calkin



1. My song is love un - known, my Sav - ior's love to me, love
2. He came from his blest throne, sal - va - tion to be - stow; but
3. In life, no house, no home my Lord on earth might have; in
4. Here might I stay and sing, no sto - ry so di - vine; nev -



to the love - less shown, that they might love - ly be. O
men cared not, and none the longed - for Christ would know. But
death, no friend - ly tomb but what a stran - ger gave. What
er was love, dear King, nev - er was grief like thine. This



who am I, that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh and die?
oh, my Friend, my Friend in - deed, who at my need his life did spend!
may I say? Heav'n was his home, but mine the tomb where - in he lay.
is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could glad - ly spend.