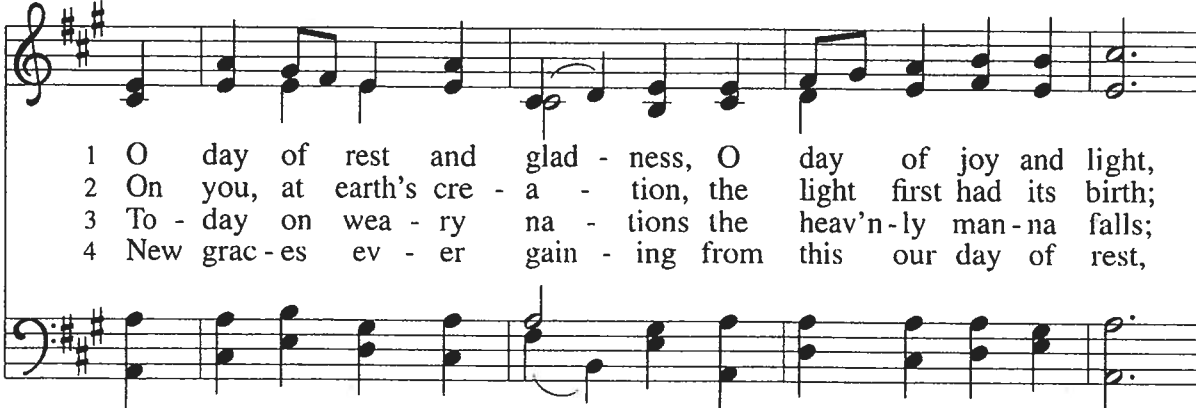
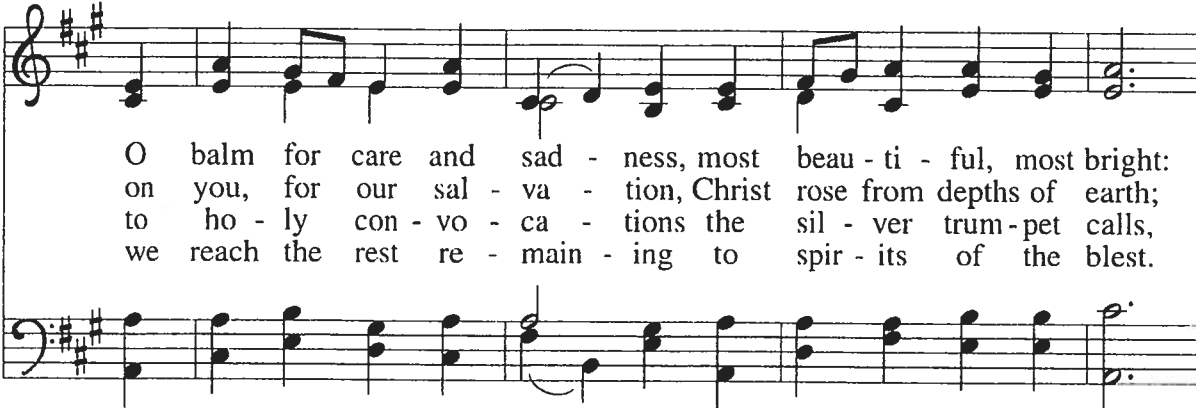


O Day of Rest and Gladness

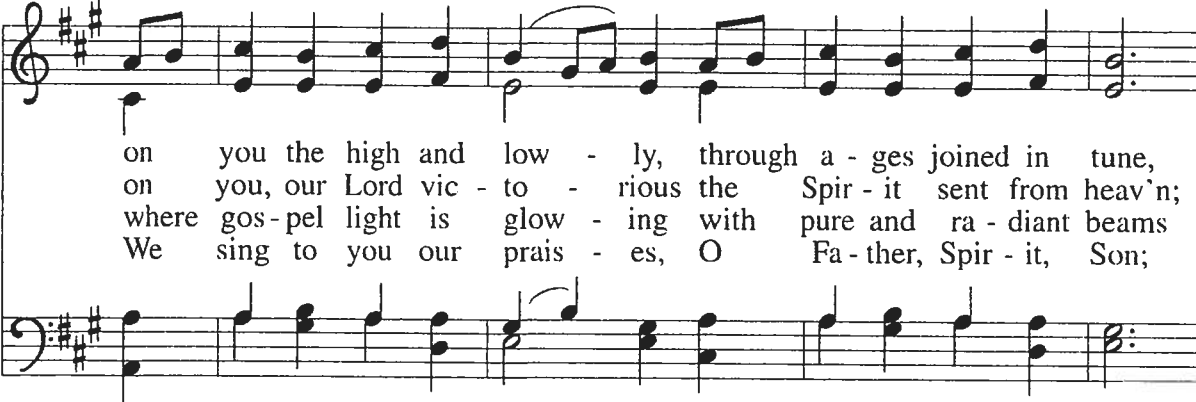
521



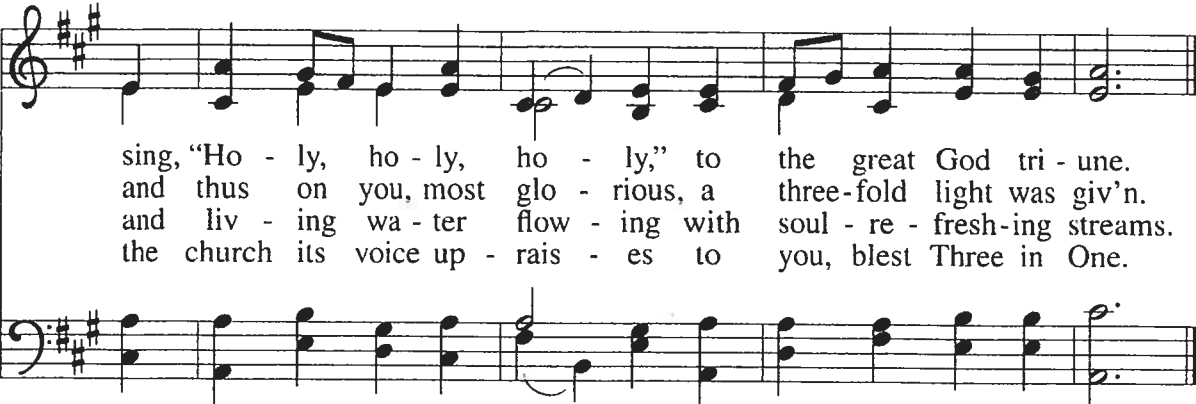
1 O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
 2 On you, at earth's cre - a - tion, the light first had its birth;
 3 To - day on wea - ry na - tions the heav'n - ly man - na falls;
 4 New grac - es ev - er gain - ing from this our day of rest,



O balm for care and sad - ness, most beau - ti - ful, most bright:
 on you, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
 to ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions the sil - ver trum - pet calls,
 we reach the rest re - main - ing to spir - its of the blest.



on you the high and low - ly, through a - ges joined in tune,
 on you, our Lord vic - to - rious the Spir - it sent from heav'n;
 where gos - pel light is glow - ing with pure and ra - diant beams
 We sing to you our prais - es, O Fa - ther, Spir - it, Son;



sing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," to the great God tri - une.
 and thus on you, most glo - rious, a three - fold light was giv'n.
 and liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing with soul - re - fresh - ing streams.
 the church its voice up - rais - es to you, blest Three in One.

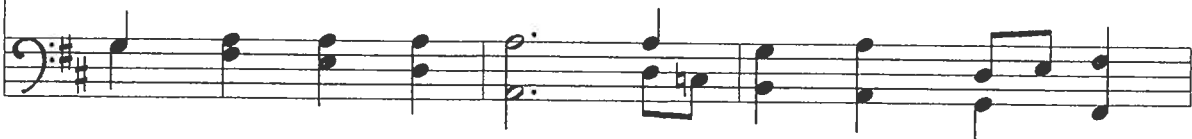
620 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds



1 How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds in
 2 It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole and
 3 Dear name! The rock on which I build, my
 4 By thee my prayers ac - cep - tance gain al -



a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes our sor - rows,
 calms the heart's un - rest; 'tis man - na to the
 shield and hid - ing place; my nev - er - fail - ing
 though with sin de - filed. The dev - il charg - es



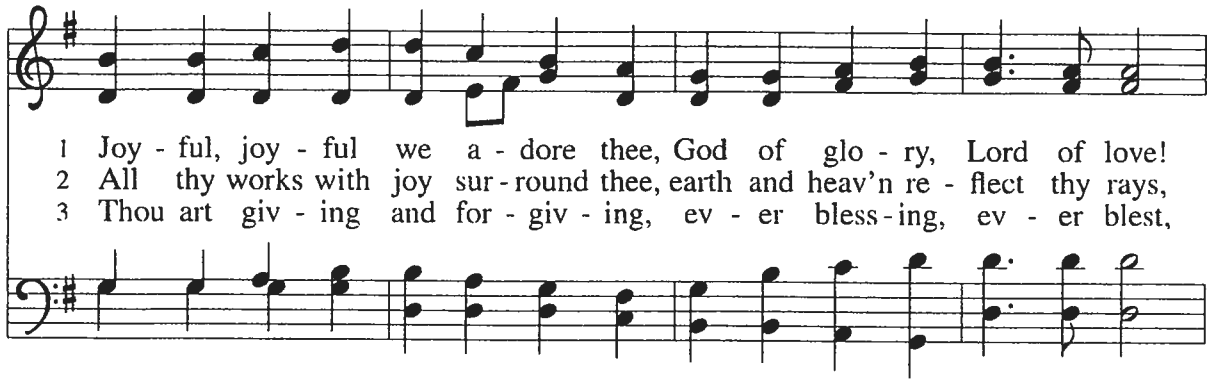
heals our wounds, and drives a - way all fear.
 hun - gry soul and to the wea - ry, rest.
 trea - sury, filled with bound - less stores of grace.
 me in vain, and I am owned a child.



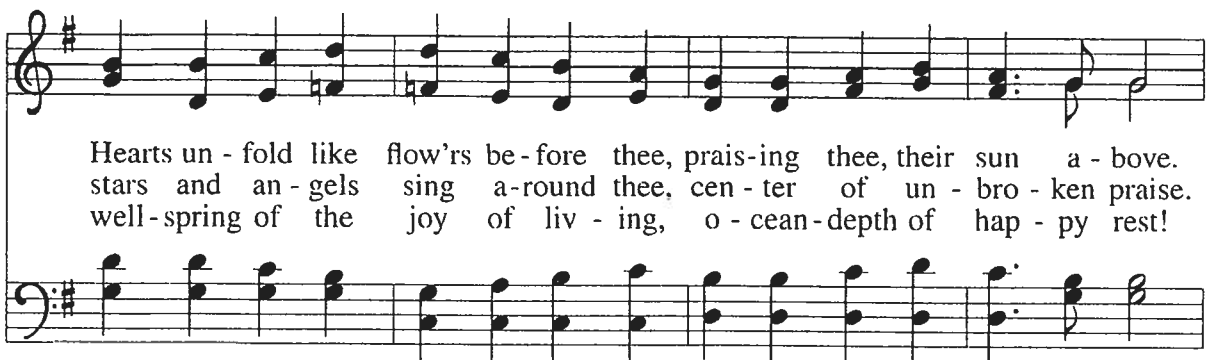
- 5 O Jesus, shepherd, guardian, friend,
 my prophet, priest, and king,
 my Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 accept the praise I bring.
- 6 How weak the effort of my heart,
 how cold my warmest thought;
 but when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 with every fleeting breath;
 and may the music of thy name
 refresh my soul in death!

Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee

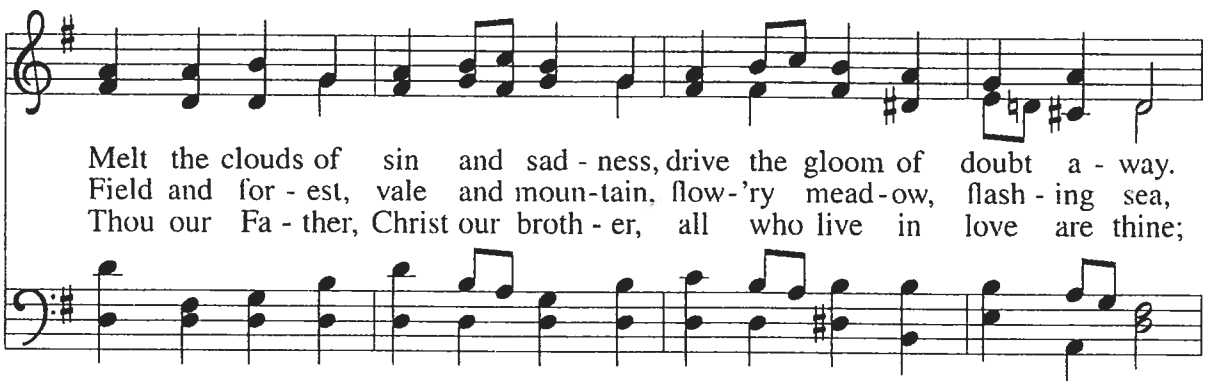
836



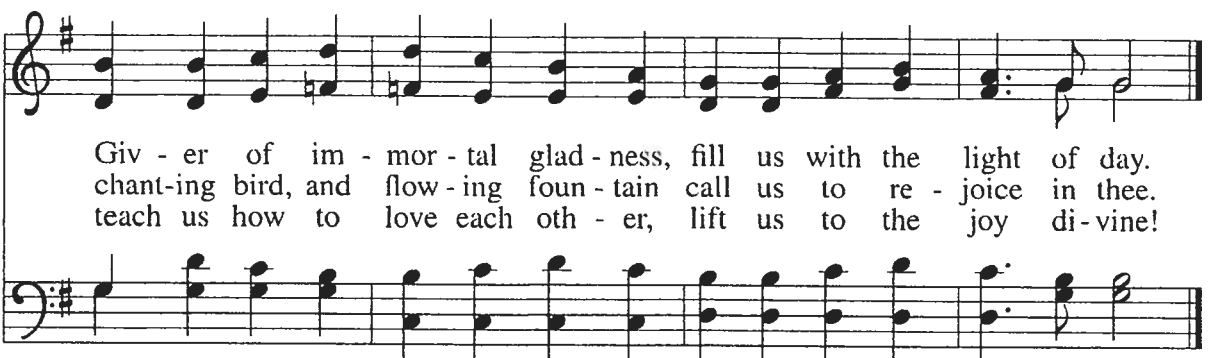
1 Joy - ful, joy - ful we a - dore thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love!
 2 All thy works with joy sur - round thee, earth and heav'n re - flect thy rays,
 3 Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,



Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore thee, prais - ing thee, their sun a - bove.
 stars and an - gels sing a - round thee, cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise.
 well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean - depth of hap - py rest!



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness, drive the gloom of doubt a - way.
 Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, flow - 'ry mead - ow, flash - ing sea,
 Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our broth - er, all who live in love are thine;



Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, fill us with the light of day.
 chant - ing bird, and flow - ing foun - tain call us to re - joice in thee.
 teach us how to love each oth - er, lift us to the joy di - vine!