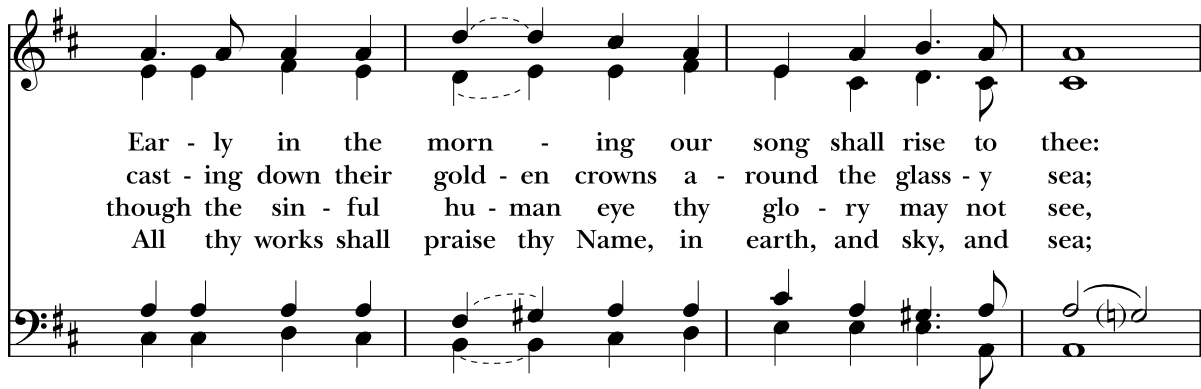
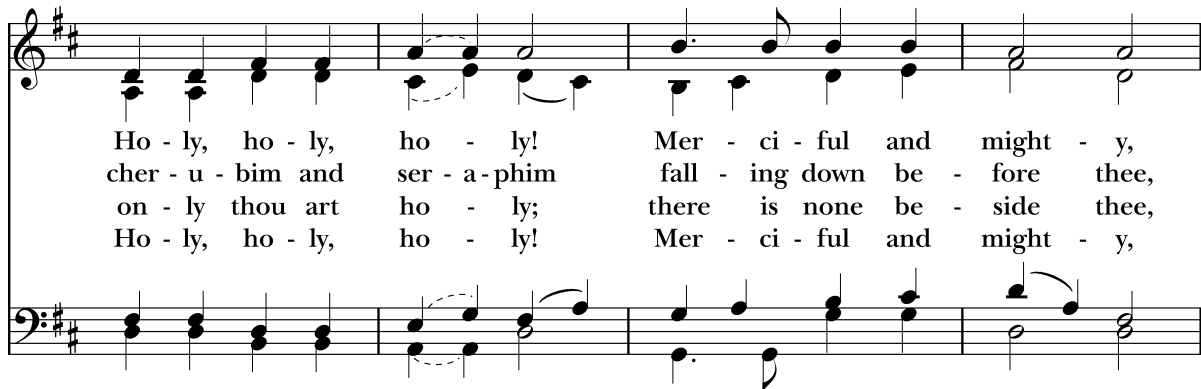


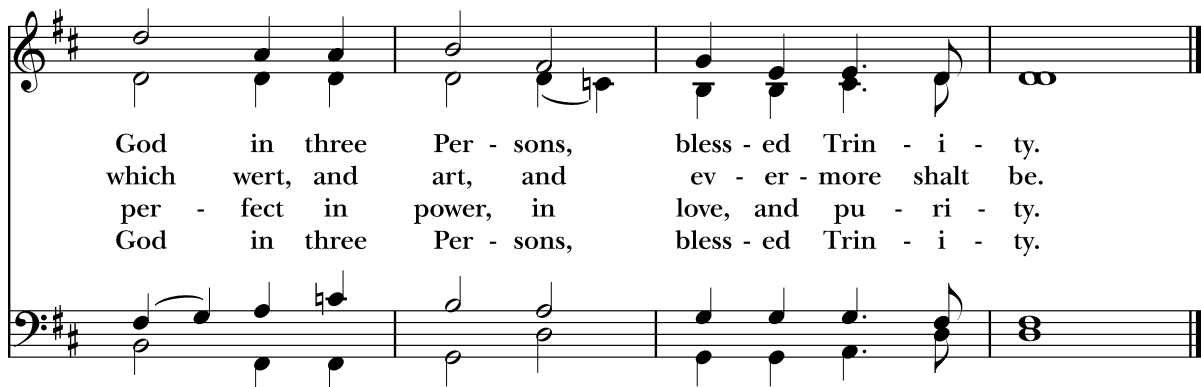
1 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord — God Al - might - y!
 *2 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore thee,
 3 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Though the dark - ness hide thee,
 4 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord — God Al - might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee:
 cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 though the sin - ful hu - man eye thy glo - ry may not see,
 All thy works shall praise thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y,
 cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,
 on - ly thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side thee,
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y,



God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 per - fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

1 In your mer - cy, Lord, you called me, taught my
 2 Lord, I did not free - ly choose you till by
 3 Now my heart sets none a - bove you, for your

sin - filled heart and mind, else this world had
 grace you set me free; for my heart would
 grace a - lone I thirst, know - ing well, that

still en - thralled me, and to glo - ry kept me blind.
 still re - fuse you had your love not cho - sen me.
 if I love you, you, O Lord, have loved me first.

Words: Josiah Conder (1789-1855); alt. Charles P. Price (1920-1999). Copyright © 1982, Charles P. Price. Music: *Halton Holgate*, William Boyce (1711-1779).

1 God of grace and God of glo - ry, on thy peo - ple pour thy power;
 2 Lo! the hosts of e - vil round us scorn thy Christ, as - sail his ways!
 3 Cure thy chil - dren's war - ring mad - ness, bend our pride to thy con - trol;
 4 Save us from weak res - ig - na - tion to the e - vils we de - plore;

crown thine an - cient Church's sto - ry; bring her bud to glo - rious flower.
 From the fears that long have bound us free our hearts to faith and praise:
 shame our wan - ton, self - ish glad - ness, rich in things and poor in soul.
 let the gift of thy sal - va - tion be our glo - ry ev - er - more.

Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age, for the fac - ing of this
 grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age, for the liv - ing of these
 Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age, lest we miss thy king - dom's
 Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age, serv - ing thee whom we a -

hour, for the fac - ing of this hour.
 days, for the liv - ing of these days.
 goal, lest we miss thy king - dom's goal.
 dore, serv - ing thee whom we a - dore.

Words: Harry Emerson Fosdick (1878-1969), alt. By permission of the author. Music: *Cwm Rhondda*, John Hughes (1873-1932).