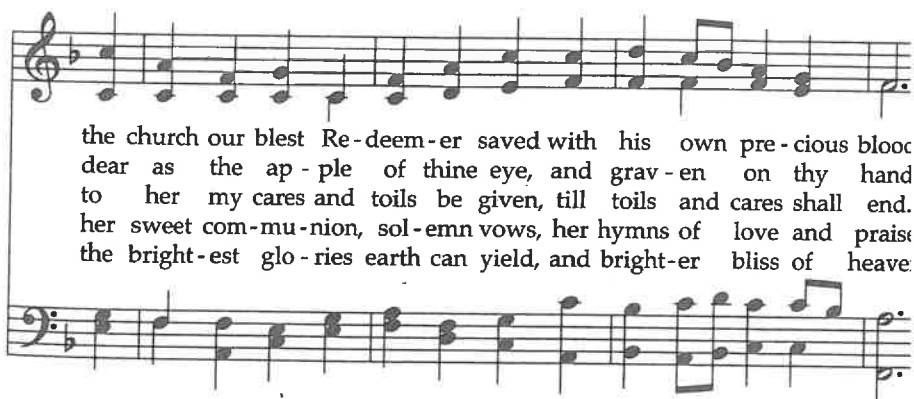


310 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord



1 I love thy king - dom, Lord, the house of thine a - bod
 2 I love thy church, O God. Her walls be - fore thee stan
 3 For her my tears shall fall; for her my prayers as - cenc
 4 Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heaven - ly way
 5 Sure as thy truth shall last, to Zi - on shall be give.



the church our blest Re - deem - er saved with his own pre - cious blood
 dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, and grav - en on thy hand
 to her my cares and toils be given, till toils and cares shall end.
 her sweet com - mu - nion, sol - emn vows, her hymns of love and praise
 the bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, and bright - er bliss of heave

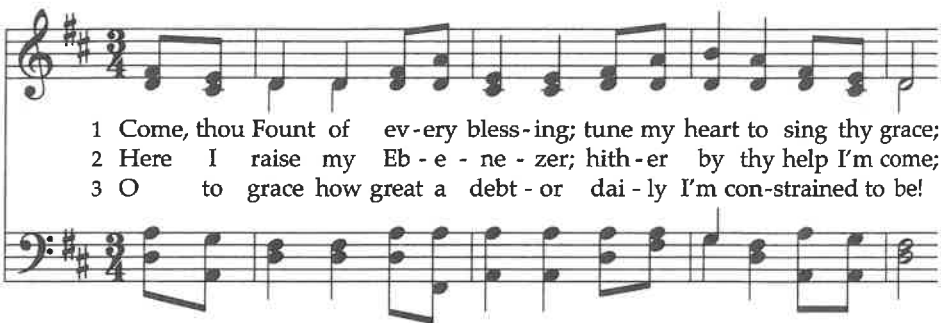
One of the oldest American hymn texts in continuous use, this paraphrase of Psalm 137 was created by a president of Yale University while compiling a popular revision of Watts's *Psalms of David*. The arranger of the tune was the clerk of a Presbyterian church in London.

TEXT: Timothy Dwight, 1800

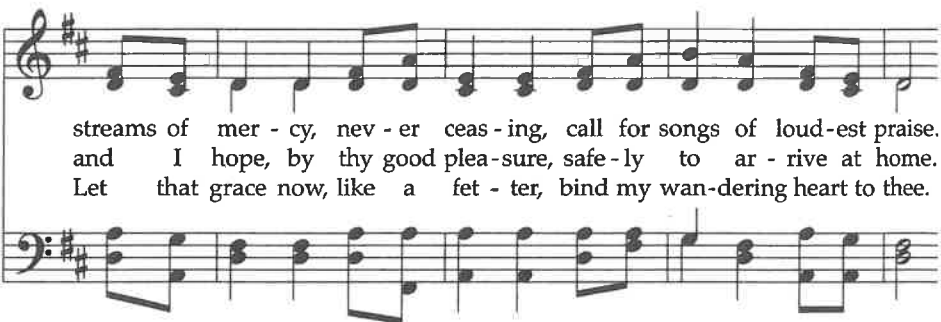
MUSIC: *The Universal Psalmist*, 1763; adapt. Aaron Williams, 1770

ST. THOM

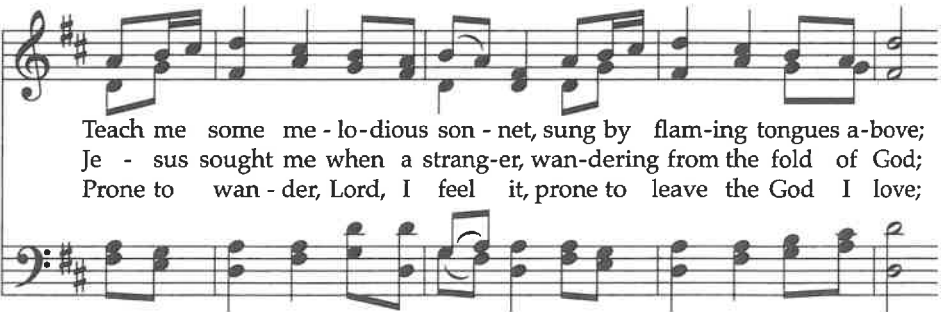
475 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



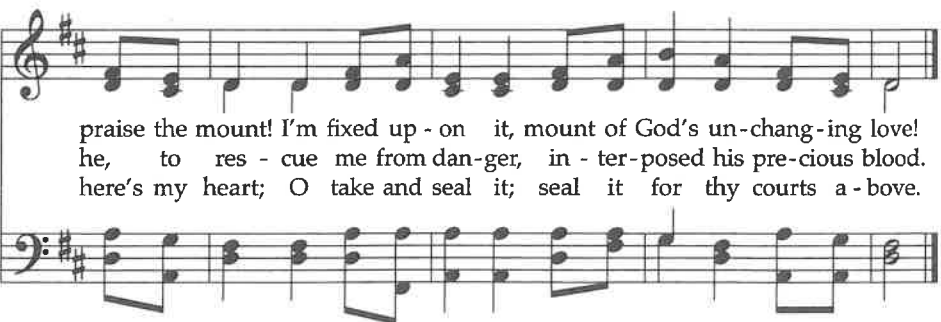
1 Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; hith-er by thy help I'm come;
 3 O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!



streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud-est praise.
 and I hope, by thy good plea-sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan-dering heart to thee.



Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a strang-er, wan-dering from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;



praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love!
 he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
 here's my heart; O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.

Written for Pentecost by a British Baptist pastor, this text is full of biblical terms like "Ebenezer" (1 Samuel 7:12), Hebrew for "a stone of help" set up to give thanks for God's assistance. The tune name honors hymnal compiler Asahel Nettleton, who probably did not compose it.

1 Re - joice, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks, and sing!
 2 With voice as full and strong as o - cean's surg - ing praise,
 3 Yes, on through life's long path, still chant - ing as ye go,
 4 At last the march shall end; the wea - ried ones shall rest;
 5 Then on, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks, and sing!

Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, the cross of Christ your King.
 send forth the stur - dy hymns of old, the psalms of an - cient days.
 from youth to age, by night and day, in glad - ness and in woe:
 the pil - grims find their home at last, Je - ru - sa - lem the blest.
 Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, the cross of Christ your King.

Refrain

Re - joice! Re - joice! Re - joice, give thanks, and sing!
 Re - joice! Re - joice!

These stanzas are drawn from a much longer hymn created for the processional at an English choir festival in 1865. The original text lacked the refrain that gives the hymn so much of its energy and interest. That feature was added by the composer of this tune in 1883.