


Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme

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I will extol thee, my God, O king; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever. Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever. Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable. One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts. I will speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works. (*Psalms 145:1-5*)

<p>Words: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Sacred Songs 1707-09, Book II, number 69.</p> <p>Music: "Farnham (Mason)", Lowell Mason, Carmina Sacra 1841.</p>	
<p>(midi) (mp3)</p>	<p>Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Thing</p> 

Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal king.
Tell of His wondrous faithfulness
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the Lord's changelessness.

Proclaim 'salvation from the Lord
For wretched, dying men;'
His hand has writ the sacred Word

With an immortal pen.
Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.

He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when He please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils His great decrees.
His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.


Thou said, 'Let the heav'n wide be laid,'
And heav'n was stretched abroad:
To Israel Thy promise kept,
She is with us always
To hear from thee, 'I'll not leave thee'
Is Thy word to all saints
I trust Thy all-creating voice,
My faith desires no more.

Sinners, Will You Scorn the Message

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But I *am* a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people. All they that see me laugh me to scorn: they shoot out the lip, they shake the head, *saying*, He trusted on the LORD *that* he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him. (*Psalms 22:6-8*)

For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel: not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect. For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God. For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. (*I Corinthians 1:17-19*)

Words: Attributed to Jonathan Allen, 1806. Music: "Alvan," Lowell Mason, 1854.	
(midi) (mp3)	Sinners, Will You Scorn the Message 

Sinners, will you scorn the message

Sent in mercy from above?

Every sentence, O how tender!

Every line is full of love:

Listen to it, listen to it,

Every line is full of love.

Hear the heralds of the Gospel

News from Zion's king proclaim:

"Pardon to each rebel sinner,

Free forgiveness in His name":

How important, how important,

"Free forgiveness in His name."

Tempted souls, they bring you succor;

Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,

And, with news of consolation,

Chase away the falling tears:

Tender heralds, tender heralds,

Chase away the falling tears.


False professors, groveling wordlings,
Callous hearers of the Word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you, we entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of Heaven,
Tidings bear without delay,
Rebel sinners, rebel sinners,
Glad the message will obey.

He Hideth My Soul

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My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me:
And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never
perish, neither shall any *man* pluck them out of my hand. My
Father, which gave *them* me, is greater than all; and no *man* is
able to pluck *them* out of my Father's hand. I and *my* Father
are one. (*John 10:27-30*)

<p>Words: Fanny J. Crosby. Modified by Paul W. Davis, Ebenezer Baptist Church, 2012</p> <p>Music: "He Hideth My Soul", William J. Kirkpatrick.</p>	
<p>(midi) (mp3)</p>	<p>He Hideth My Soul </p>

A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord,
A wonderful Savior to me;
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
Where rivers of mercy I see.
*He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock
That shadows a dry, thirsty land;
He hideth my life with the depths of His love,
And covers me there with His hand,
And covers me there with His hand.*

A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord,
He taketh my burden away;
He holdeth me up, and I shall not be moved,
He giveth me strength as my day.

*He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock
That shadows a dry, thirsty land;
He hideth my life with the depths of His love,
And covers me there with His hand,
And covers me there with His hand.*

With numberless blessings each moment He crowns,
And filled with His fullness divine,
I sing in my rapture, oh, glory to God
For such a Redeemer as mine!

*He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock
That shadows a dry, thirsty land;
He hideth my life with the depths of His love,
And covers me there with His hand,
And covers me there with His hand.*


When clothed in His brightness, transported I rise
To meet Him in clouds of the sky,
His perfect salvation, His wonderful love
I'll shout with the millions on high.

*He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock
That shadows a dry, thirsty land;
He hideth my life with the depths of His love,
And covers me there with His hand,
And covers me there with His hand.*

He that Goeth Forth with Weeping

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When the LORD turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The LORD hath done great things for them. The LORD hath done great things for us; *whereof* we are glad. Turn again our captivity, O LORD, as the streams in the south. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves *with him*. (*Psalm 126:1-6*)

Words: Thomas Hastings, The Christian Psalmist, 1836. Music: "Agape," Charles Dickenson, 1822-1883.	
(midi) (mp3)	He that Goeth Forth with Weeping 

He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.
Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given
Through an influence all divine.

Sow thy seed; be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.


Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear:
Look again; the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

[Holy, Holy, Holy](#)

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And before the throne *there was* a sea of glass like unto

crystal: and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four beasts full of eyes before and behind. And the first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast had a face as a man, and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle. And the four beasts had each of them six wings about *him*; and *they were* full of eyes within: and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come. (*Revelation 4:6-8*)

Words: Reginald Heber, 1826. Music: "Nicaea", John B. Dykes, in Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1861.	
(midi) (mp3)	Holy, Holy, Holy 

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!
Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who was, and is, and evermore shall be.


Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and
sea;
Holy, holy, holy; merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Come, Thou Almighty King

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For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and *from* the things which are written in this book. He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen. (*Revelation 22:18-21*)

<p>Words: Author unknown.</p> <p>Music: "Italian Hymn", Felice de Giardini, in The Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes Sung at the Chapel of the Lock Hospital, 1769.</p>	
<p>(midi) (mp3)</p>	<p>Come, Thou Almighty King </p>

Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing, help us to praise!
Father all glorious, o'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days!
Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies, and make them fall;
Let Thine almighty aid our sure defense be made,

Our souls on Thee be stayed; Lord, hear our call.

Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword, our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless, and give Thy Word success,
Spirit of holiness, on us descend!


Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear in this glad hour.
Thou who almighty art, now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power!

To Thee, great One in Three,
Eternal praises be, hence, evermore.
Thy sovereign majesty may we in glory see,
And to eternity love and adore!

God is Our Refuge and Defense

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Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust. *O my soul*, thou hast said unto the LORD, Thou *art* my Lord: my goodness *extendeth* not to thee; *But* to the saints that are in the earth, and *to* the excellent, in whom *is* all my delight. Their sorrows shall be multiplied *that* hasten *after* another *god*: their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips. The LORD *is* the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant *places*; yea, I have a goodly heritage. (Psalm 16:1-6)

<p>Words: James Montgomery (1771-1854). Music: "Mendon", German tune, arranged by Samuel Dyer, Supplement of Samuel Dyer's Third Edition of Sacred Music, 1828.</p>	
<p>(midi) (mp3)</p>	<p>God is Our Refuge and Defense </p>

God is our refuge and defense;
 In trouble our unfailing aid;
 Secure in His omnipotence,
 What foe can make our souls afraid?

Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
 And mountains down the gulf be hurled,
 His people smile amid the shock:
 They look beyond this transient world.

There is a river pure and bright,
 Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
 Where, in eternity of light,
 The city of our God remains.


Built by the Word of His command,
 With His unclouded presence blest,
 Firm as His throne the bulwarks stand,
 There is our home, our hope, our rest.

[All People That on Earth Do Dwell](#)

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Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all ye lands. Serve the LORD with gladness: come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the LORD he *is* God: *it is* he *that* hath made us, and not we ourselves; *we are* his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, *and* into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, *and* bless his name. For the LORD *is* good; his mercy *is* everlasting; and his truth *endureth* to all generations. (*Psalm 100:1-5*)

<p>Words: From Fourscore and Seven Psalms of David (Geneva, Switzerland: 1561); attributed to William Kethe.</p> <p>Music: “<i>Old 100th</i>,” attributed to Louis Bourgeois, in Four Score and Seven Psalms of David (Geneva, Switzerland: 1551)</p>	<p>Listen to the hymn melody</p>
<p>(midi) (mp3)</p>	<p>All People That on Earth Do Dwell </p>

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise;
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good;

His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel host
Be praise and glory evermore.



Without Blood Is No Remission

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Paul W. Davis

And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission. It was therefore necessary that the patterns of things in the heavens should be purified with these; but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these. For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us: Nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others; For then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world: but now once in the end of the world

hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.
(Hebrews 9:22-26)

<p>Words: Thomas Kelly. Words modified by Ebenezer Baptist Church, 2013.</p> <p>Music: "Hebrews", Cynthia M. Droddy, Ebenezer Baptist Church, 2013.</p>	Listen to the hymn melody
<p>(midi) (mp3) </p>	<p>Without Blood Is No Remission </p>

Without blood is no remission,
Life for life the sentence is;
Pardon comes on this condition,
Tremble we when hearing this:
Make Him known the sacrifice;
Say ye, is his life His own?
He can deal with it as one who
No superior owns, or has;
This belongs to Him alone, who
Fills the throne that ever was,
And forever will remain,
His an everlasting reign.

But will He whose voice is thunder,
And whose bolt the lightning is,
Whom the angels view with wonder,
Majesty and glory his;
He will do what He alone
Able is, else we're undone.

See thou One, who, more than others,
Seems to know what sorrow is;
Love is His beyond a brother's;
Grace, and pow'r and truth are his,
Yet He comes, and dwells with men,
Dies, and takes His life again.

Could a man redeem another?

None whose life is not his own.
How could one redeem his brother?
Could he for his sin atone?
Were his life a gift bestowed,
He could give but what he owed.

But the Lord who comes from heaven,
Is the Holy One of God;
Life is His—His own—not given,
Hence the value of His blood,
Hence He could atone for sin,
Hence impart new life within.

Sing we then, it well befits us,
'Tis a sweet, a blessed theme;
Wonder upon wonder meets us,
Tracing God's all glorious plan;
Sing of Him who came to save,
Who His life for sinners gave.


Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

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And the word of Samuel came to all Israel. Now Israel went out against the Philistines to battle, and pitched beside Ebenezer: and the Philistines pitched in Aphek. . . . And the Philistines fought, and Israel was smitten, and they fled every man into his tent: and there was a very great slaughter;

for there fell of Israel thirty thousand footmen. And the ark of God was taken; and the two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, were slain. (*I Samuel 4:1, 10-11*)

And the children of Israel said to Samuel, Cease not to cry unto the LORD our God for us, that he will save us out of the hand of the Philistines. And Samuel took a sucking lamb, and offered it for a burnt offering wholly unto the LORD: and Samuel cried unto the LORD for Israel; and the LORD heard him. And as Samuel was offering up the burnt offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel: but the LORD thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them; and they were smitten before Israel. And the men of Israel went out of Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until they came under Bethcar. Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the LORD helped us. (*I Samuel 7:8-12*)

Words: Robert Robinson, 1758. Music: "Nettleton", by John Wyeth, 1813.	Listen to the hymn melody
(midi) (mp3)	Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, tune my heart to sing Thy grace;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above. Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it, mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise mine Ebenezer; Hither by Thy help I've come; And I will, by Thy good pleasure, be brought safely to Thy home.

Rescued now from sin and danger, Purchased by the Saviour's blood;

I would walk on earth a stranger, As becomes a son of God.

O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be.

Let that grace, now like a fetter, bind my yielded heart to
Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I
love;

Here's my heart, LORD Thou hast sealed it, sealed it for Thy
courts above.

O that day when freed from sinning, I shall see Thy lovely
face;

Clothed then in blood washed linen how I'll sing Thy wond'rous
grace;

Come, my Lord, no longer tarry, take my ransomed soul away;

Send thine angels now to carry me to realms of endless day.