

Praise the Lord! God's Glories Show 33

(Psalm 150)

1 Praise the Lord! God's glo - ries show,
 2 Earth to heaven ex - alt the strain, Al - le - lu - ia!
 3 Strings and voic - es, hands and hearts,

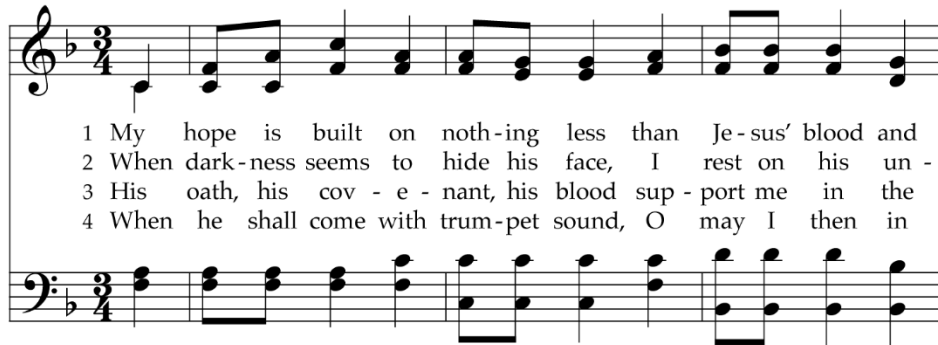
saints with - in God's courts be - low,
 Send it, heaven, to earth a - gain, Al - le - lu - ia!
 in the con - cert, bear your parts,

an - gels round the throne a - bove,
 Age to age, God's mer - cies trace, Al - le - lu - ia!
 All that breathes, your Lord a - dore,

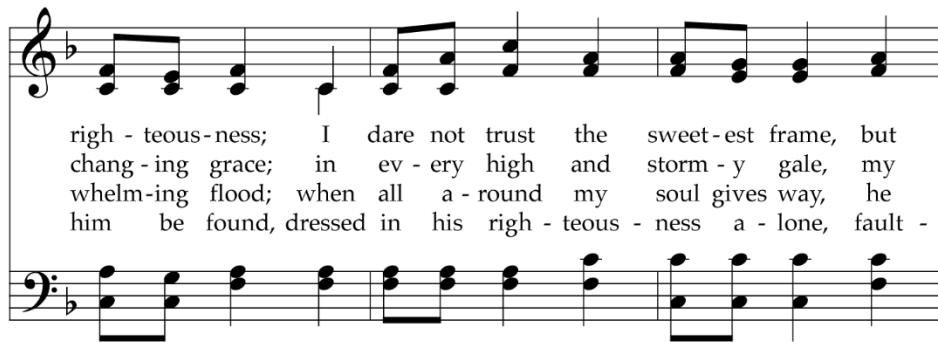
all who see and share God's love.
 Praise God's prov - i - dence and grace! Al - le - lu - ia!
 sing - ing praise for - ev - er - more,

Originally cast as two eight-line stanzas, this 19th-century paraphrase of Psalm 150 was slightly shortened when it was set to the present tune with recurring Alleluias. The Welsh tune is actually older than the text and bears a name meaning "the church of St. Mary."

My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less 353

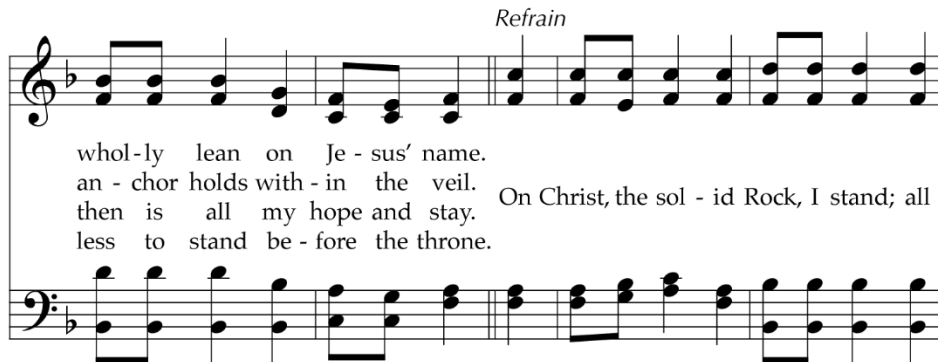


1 My hope is built on noth-ing less than Je-sus' blood and
 2 When dark-ness seems to hide his face, I rest on his un-
 3 His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood sup - port me in the
 4 When he shall come with trum-pet sound, O may I then in



righ - teous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, but
 chang - ing grace; in ev - ery high and storm - y gale, my
 whelm-ing flood; when all a - round my soul gives way, he
 him be found, dressed in his righ - teous - ness a - lone, fault -

Refrain



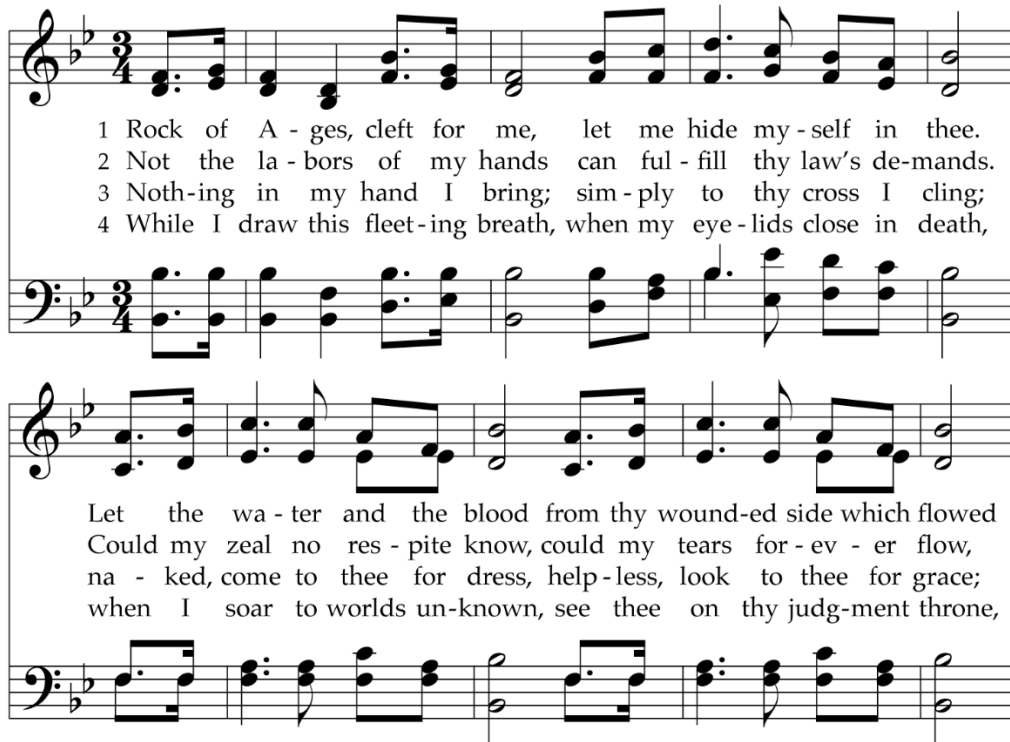
whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; all
 then is all my hope and stay.
 less to stand be - fore the throne.



oth-er ground is sink-ing sand; all oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

This hymn develops the imagery of Jesus' remark (Matthew 7:24–27/Luke 6:47–49) that those who believe in him and act on that belief are like someone who builds a house on a rock. The text is set to a tune created for it by a prolific 19th-century American composer and editor.

438 Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me



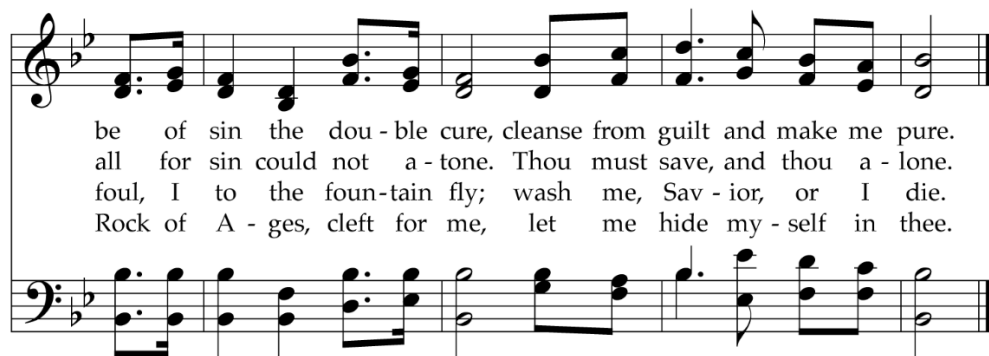
1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee.
 2 Not the la - bors of my hands can ful - fill thy law's de-mands.
 3 Noth-ing in my hand I bring; sim - ply to thy cross I cling;
 4 While I draw this fleet-ing breath, when my eye - lids close in death,
 Let the wa - ter and the blood from thy wound-ed side which flowed
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 na - ked, come to thee for dress, help-less, look to thee for grace;
 when I soar to worlds un-known, see thee on thy judg-ment throne,

Though scholars discredit the story that this hymn was written when the author found shelter under a large rock during a thunderstorm, the popular appeal of that conjecture perhaps lies in the energy of this plea and the vividness of its imagery drawn from many biblical sources.

TEXT: Augustus M. Toplady, 1776, alt.
 MUSIC: Thomas Hastings, 1830, alt.

TOPLADY
 7.7.7.7.7.7

FORGIVENESS



be of sin the dou - ble cure, cleanse from guilt and make me pure.
 all for sin could not a - tone. Thou must save, and thou a - lone.
 foul, I to the foun-tain fly; wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee.