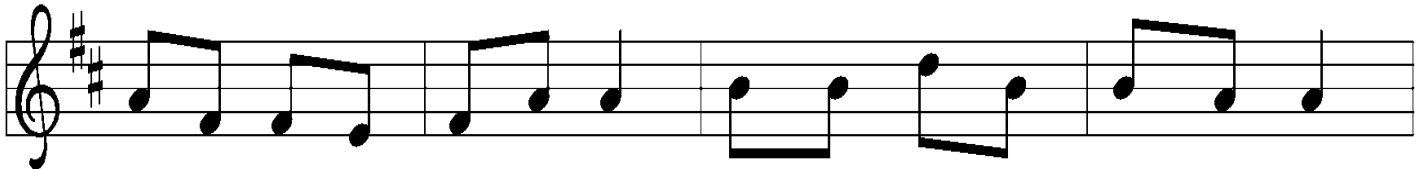


Jesus Loves Me!

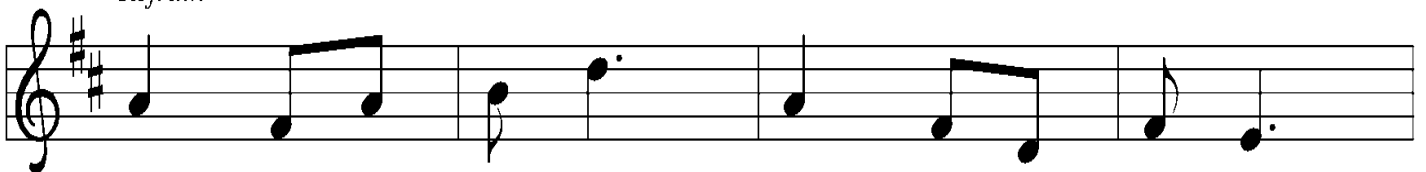


1 Je - sus loves me! this I know, for the Bi - ble tells me so;
 2 Je - sus loves me! he who died heav - en's gates to o - pen wide;
 3 Je - sus loves me! he will stay close be - side me all the way;

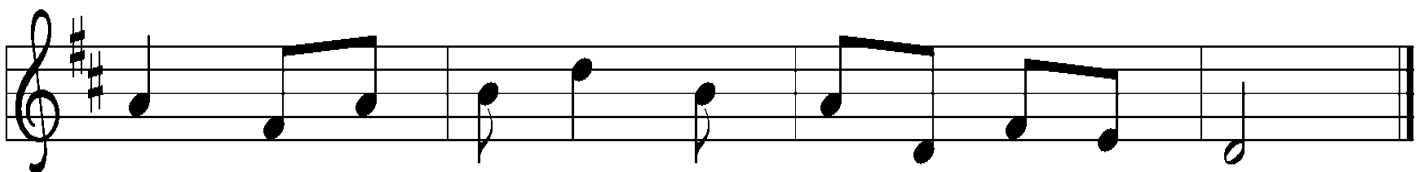


lit - tle ones to him be - long, they are weak, but he is strong.
 he will wash a - way my sin, let his lit - tle child come in.
 when at last I come to die, he will take me home on high.

Refrain



Yes, Je - sus loves me, yes, Je - sus loves me,



yes, Je - sus loves me, the Bi - ble tells me so.

For All the Saints



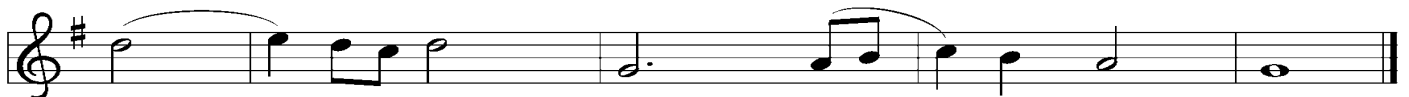
1 For all the saints who from their labors rest, who
 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might; thou,
Stanzas 3-5 below.
 6 But then there breaks a yet more glorious day: the
 7 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, through



thee by faith before the world confessed, thy
 Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight; ..
 saints triumphant rise in bright array; the
 gates of pearl streams in the countless host, ..



name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
 thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
 King of glory passes on his way.
 singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!



3 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine, we feebly struggle,
 4 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, steals on the ear the
 5 The golden evening brightens in the west; soon, soon to faithful



they in glory shine; yet all are one in thee, for all are
 distant triumph song, and hearts are brave again and arms are
 servants cometh rest; . . . sweet is the calm of paradise the



thine. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 strong.
 blest.

Text: William W. How, 1823-1897

Music: SINE NOMINE, Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872-1958

Music from *The English Hymnal* outside the USA © Oxford University Press 1906. All rights reserved.

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Behold the Host Arrayed in White



1 Be - hold the host ar - rayed in white like thou - sand snow - clad
 2 On earth their work was not thought wise, but see them now in
 3 O bless - ed saints, now take your rest; a thou - sand times shall



moun - tains bright, that stands with palms and sings its psalms be -
 heav - en's eyes; be - fore God's throne of pre - cious stone they
 you be blest for keep - ing faith firm un - to death and



fore the throne of light! These are the saints who
 shout their vic - t'ry cries. On earth they wept through
 scorn - ing world - ly trust. For now you live at



kept God's word; they are the hon - ored of the Lord. He
 bit - ter years; now God has wiped a - way their tears, trans -
 home with God and har - vest seeds once cast a - broad in



is their prince who drowned their sins, so they were cleansed, re -
 formed their strife to heav'n - ly life, and freed them from their
 tears and sighs. See with new eyes the pat - tern in the



stored. They now serve God both day and night; they
 fears. For now they have the best at last; they
 seed. The myr - iad an - gels raise their song. O



sing their songs in end - less light. Their an - thems ring when
 keep their sweet e - ter - nal feast. At God's right hand our
 saints, sing with that hap - py throng; lift up one voice; let



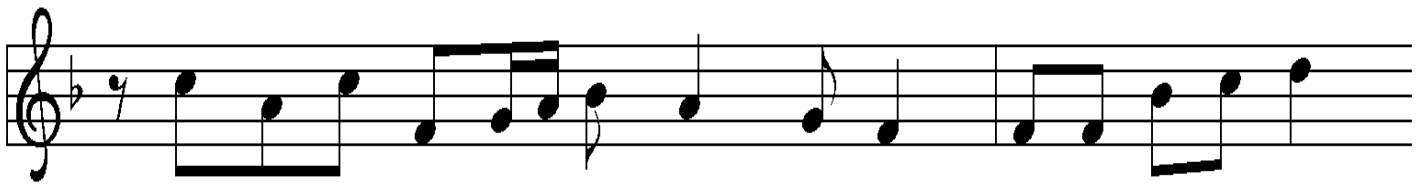
they all sing with an - gels shin - ing bright.
 Lord com - mands; he is both host and guest.
 heav'n re - joice in our re - deem - er's song!

Text: Hans A. Brorson, 1694-1764; tr. Gracia Grindal, b. 1943, alt.
 Music: DEN STORE HVIDE FLOK, Norwegian folk tune, 17th cent.; arr. Edvard H. Grieg, 1843-1907
 Text © 1978 *Lutheran Book of Worship*, admin. Augsburg Fortress

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Create in Me a Clean Heart

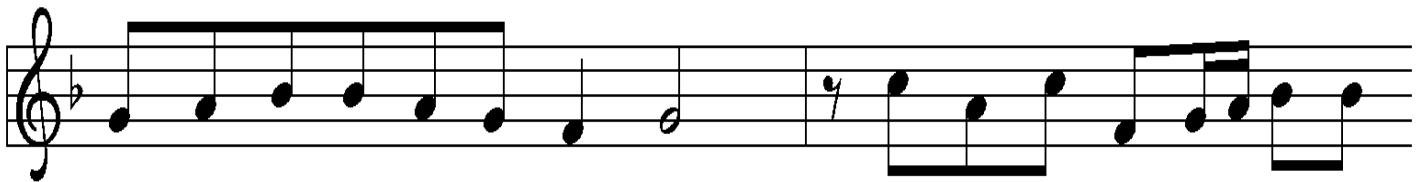
Offering Song



Cre-ate in me a clean heart, O God, and re-new a right



spir-it with-in me. Cast me not a-way from your pres-ence, and take



not your Ho - ly Spir - it from me. Re-store to me the joy of



your sal - va - tion, and up-hold me with your free Spir - it.

Music: Richard W. Hillert, b. 1923

Music © 1978 *Lutheran Book of Worship*, admin. Augsburg Fortress.

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Shall We Gather at the River

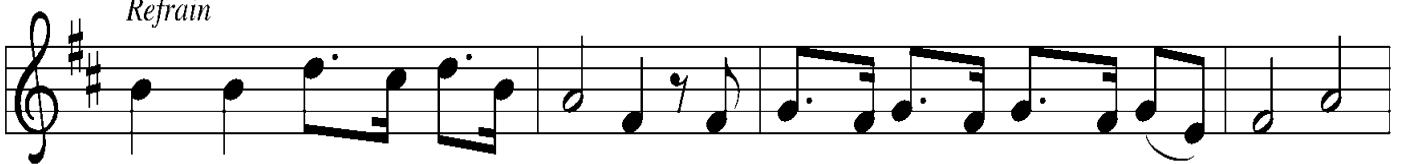


- 1 Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, where bright an - gel feet have trod,
- 2 On the mar - gin of the riv - er, wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
- 3 Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
- 4 Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, soon our pil - grim - age will cease;



with its crys - tal tide for - ev - er flow - ing by the throne of God?
 we will walk and wor - ship ev - er, all the hap - py gold - en day.
 grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, and pro - vide a robe and crown.
 soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er with the mel - o - dy of peace.

Refrain



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, the beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er;

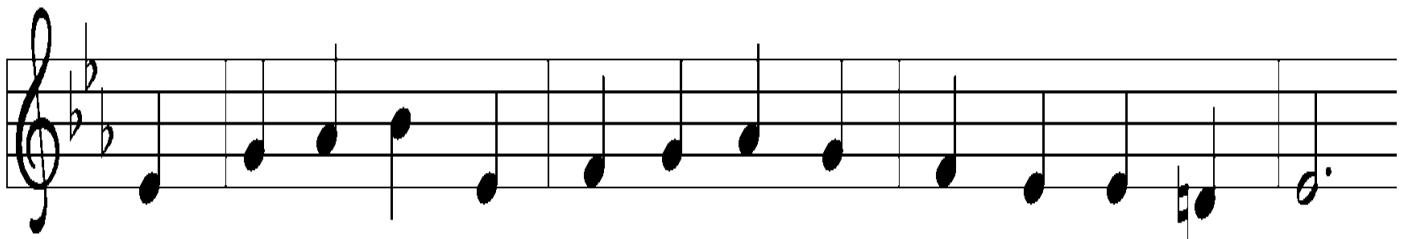


gath - er with the saints at the riv - er that flows by the throne of God.

Text: Robert Lowry, 1826–1899

Music: HANSON PLACE, Robert Lowry

You Are the Way



- 1 You are the way; to you a - lone from sin and death we flee;
- 2 You are the truth; your word a - lone true wis - dom can im - part;
- 3 You are the life; the rend - ing tomb pro - claims your con - qu'ring arm;
- 4 You are the way, the truth, the life; grant us that way to know,



all those who search for God, you find and by your grace set free.
 you on - ly can in - form the mind and pu - ri - fy the heart.
 and those who put their trust in you not death nor hell shall harm.
 that truth to keep, that life to win, whose joys e - ter - nal flow.

Text: George W. Doane, 1799–1859, alt.

Music: DUNDEE, *Psalter*, Edinburgh, 1615

