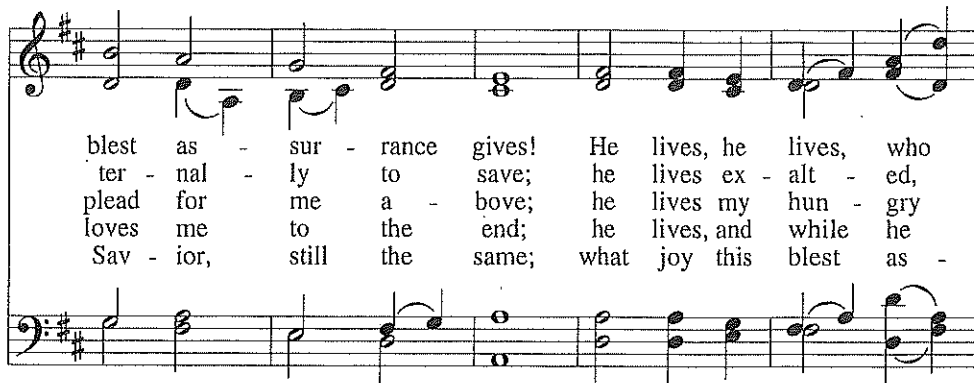


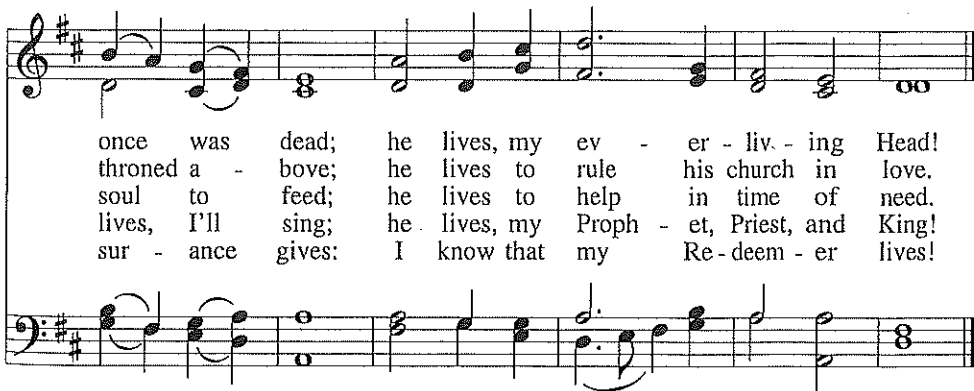
I Know That My Redeemer Lives! 414



1 I know that my Re - deem - er lives! What joy this
 2 He lives tri - um - phant from the grave; he lives e -
 3 He lives to bless me with his love; he lives to
 4 He lives, my kind, wise, heav - enly friend; he lives and
 5 He lives, all glo - ry to his name! He lives, my



blest as - sur - rance gives! He lives, he lives, who
 ter - nal - ly to save; he lives ex - alt - ed,
 plead for me a - bove; he lives my hun - gry
 loves me to the end; he lives, and while he
 Sav - ior, still the same; what joy this blest as -

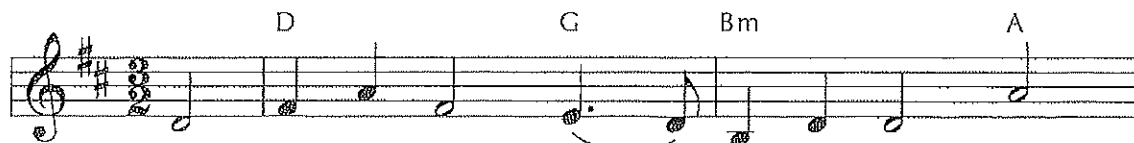


once was dead; he lives, my ev - er - liv - ing Head!
 throned a - bove; he lives to rule his church in love.
 soul to feed; he lives to help in time of need.
 lives, I'll sing; he lives, my Proph - et, Priest, and King!
 sur - rance gives: I know that my Re - deem - er lives!

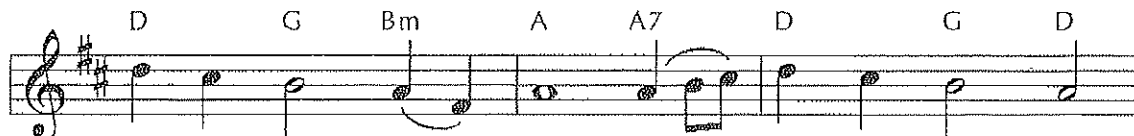
WORDS: Samuel Medley (1738-1799), alt.
 MUSIC: John Hatton (ca. 1710-1793)

DUKE STREET
 L.M.

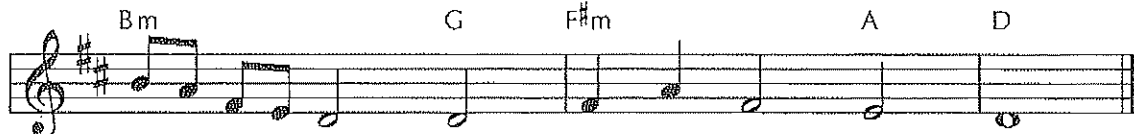
817 We Walk by Faith and Not by Sight



1 We walk by faith and not by sight; with
 2 We may not touch your hands and side, nor
 3 Help then, O Lord, our un - be - lief; and
 4 And when our life of faith is done, in



gra - cious words draw near, O Christ, who spoke as
 fol - low where you trod; but in your prom - ise
 may our faith a - bound to call on you when
 realms of clear - er light may we be - hold you



none e'er spoke: "My peace be with you here."
 we re - jice and cry, "My Lord and God!"
 you are near and seek where you are found.
 as you are, with full and end - less sight.

Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

The opening line here is essentially a quotation of 2 Corinthians 5:7, but that affirmation is fleshed out by references to the appearance of the risen Christ to Thomas (John 20:19-29). The shape note tune, named for a stream in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, adds resolution to the words.

How Can I Keep from Singing? 424

1 My life flows on in end-less song; a-bove earth's lam-en-ta-tion,
 2 Through all the tu-mult and the strife, I hear that mu-sic ring-ing.
 3 What though my joys and com-forts die? The Lord my Sav-ior liv-eth.
 4 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a foun-tain ev-er spring-ing!

I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn that hails a new cre-a-tion.
 It finds an ech-o in my soul. How can I keep from sing-ing?
 What though the dark-ness gath-er round? Songs in the night he giv-eth.
 All things are mine since I am his! How can I keep from sing-ing?

Refrain


No storm can shake my in-most calm while to that Rock I'm cling-ing.

Since Christ is Lord of heav-en and earth, how can I keep from sing-ing?


WORDS and MUSIC: Robert Lowry (1826-1899), alt.

ENDLESS SONG
8.7.8.7.Ref.


358 Love Divine, All Loves Excelling




1 Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven to earth come down,
 2 Breathe, O breathe thy lov - ing Spir - it in - to ev - ery trou - bled breast;
 3 Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, let us all thy life re - ceive;
 4 Fin - ish then thy new cre - a - tion, pure and spot - less let us be;



fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, all thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 let us all in thee in - her - it, let us find the prom - ised rest.
 sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, nev - er - more thy tem - ples leave.
 let us see thy great sal - va - tion per - fect - ly re - stored in thee:



Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion, pure, un - bound - ed love thou art;
 Take a - way the love of sin - ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, serve thee as thy hosts a - bove,
 changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, till in heaven we take our place,



vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, en - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.
 end of faith, as its be - gin - ning, set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 pray and praise thee with - out ceas - ing, glo - ry in thy per - fect love.
 till we cast our crowns be - fore thee, lost in won - der, love, and praise.

WORDS: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)
 MUSIC: John Zundel (1815-1882)

BEECHER
 8.7.8.7.D.