

June 15 2025

4. Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

1 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!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee;
casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
God ever-living, through eternity.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
though the sinful human eye thy glory may not see;
only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 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!

537. My Hope is Built

1 My hope is built on nothing less
than Jesus' blood and righteousness.
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
but wholly lean on Jesus' name.

[Refrain:]
On Christ the solid Rock I stand;
all other ground is sinking sand;
all other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace.
In every high and stormy gale
my anchor holds within the veil. [Refrain]

3 His oath, his covenant, his blood
support me in the whelming flood.
When all around my soul gives way
he then is all my hope and stay. [Refrain]

4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in him be found!
Dressed in his righteousness alone,
faultless to stand before the throne. [Refrain]

33. How Great Thou Art

1 O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder
consider all the worlds thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Refrain:

Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee;
how great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee;
how great thou art, how great thou art!

2 When through the woods and forest glades I wander,
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze:

3 And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
sent him to die, I scarce can take it in;
that on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
he bled and died to take away my sin:

4 When Christ shall come with shouts of acclamation
and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.
Then I shall bow in humble adoration,
and there proclaim, my God, how great thou art!

