

Jerusalem, My Happy Home

1 Je - ru sa - lem, my hap - py home, when shall I come to thee?
 2 O hap - py har - bor of the saints, O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
 3 Thy gar - dens and thy gal - lant walks con - tin - ual - ly are green;
 4 There trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit and ev - er - more do spring;
 5 Je - ru sa - lem, Je - ru sa - lem, God grant that I may see

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
 In thee no sor - row may be found, no grief, no care, no toil.
 there grow such sweet and pleas - ant flow'rs as no - where else are seen.
 there ev - er - more the an - gels sit and ev - er - more do sing.
 thine end - less joy, and of the same par - tak - er ev - er be!

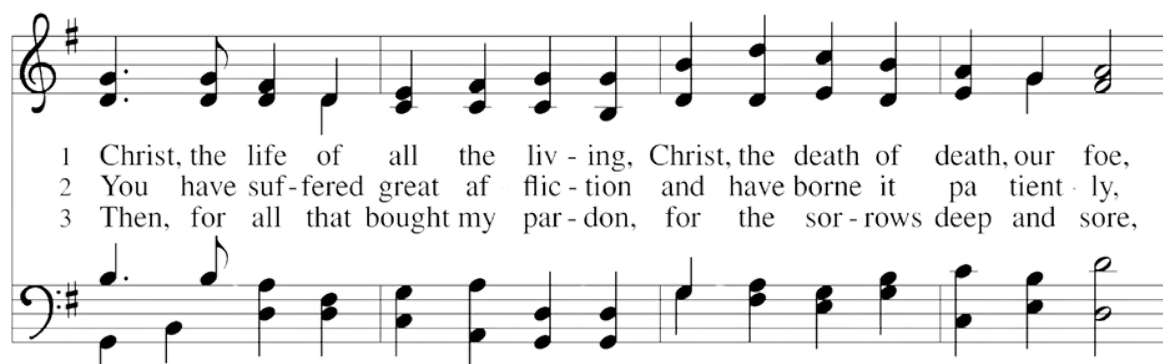
Text: F. B. P., 16th cent.

Music: LAND OF REST, North American traditional; arr. hymnal version

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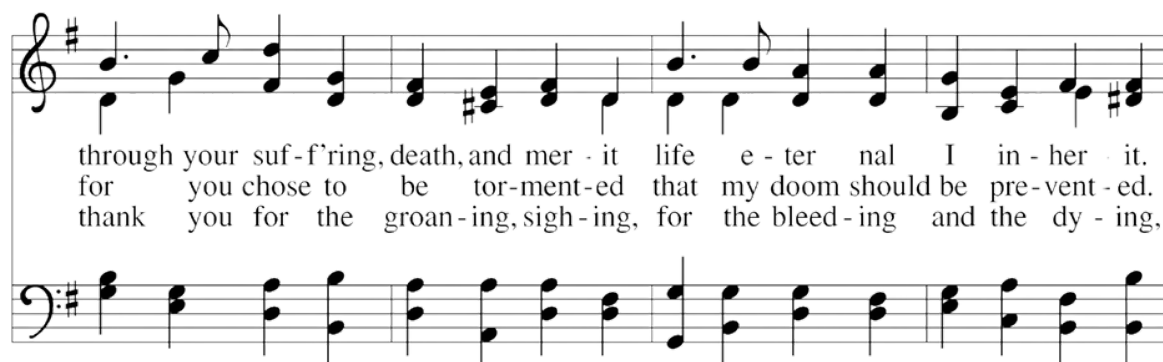
Christ, the Life of All the Living



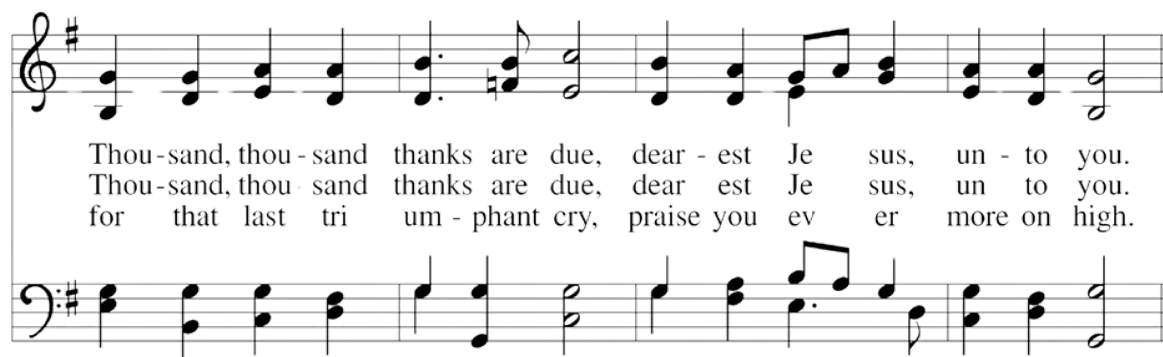
1 Christ, the life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the death of death, our foe,
 2 You have suf - fered great af - flic - tion and have borne it pa - tient - ly,
 3 Then, for all that bought my par - don, for the sor - rows deep and sore,



Christ, your - self for me once giv - ing to the dark - est depths of woe:
 e - ven death by cru - ci - fix - ion, ful - ly to a - tone for me;
 for the an - guish in the gar - den, I will thank you ev - er - more;



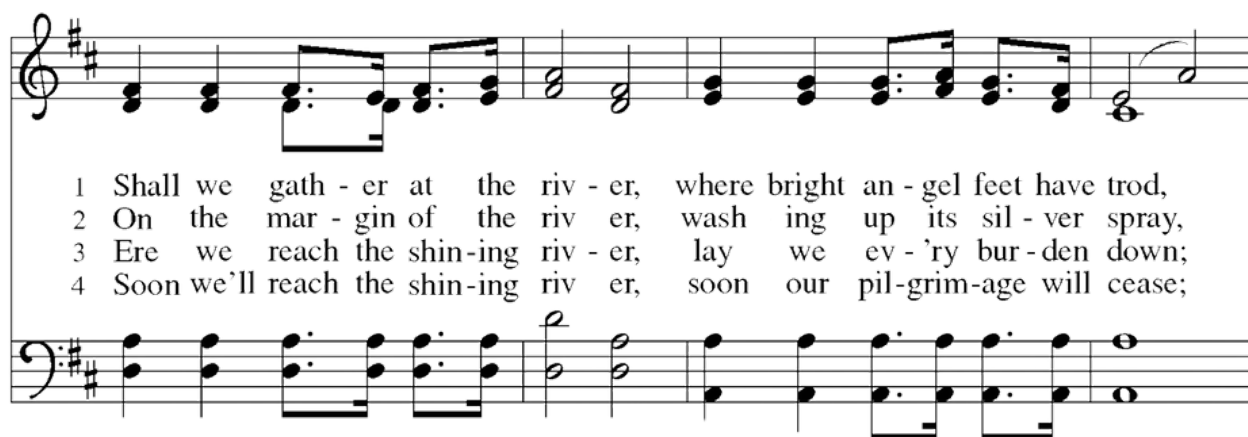
through your suf - f'ring, death, and mer - it life e - ter - nal I in - her - it.
 for you chose to be tor - ment - ed that my doom should be pre - vent - ed.
 thank you for the groan - ing, sigh - ing, for the bleed - ing and the dy - ing,



Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks are due, dear - est Je - sus, un - to you.
 Thou - sand, thou sand thanks are due, dear est Je - sus, un to you.
 for that last tri - um - phant cry, praise you ev - er more on high.

Shall We Gather at the River

ELW 423



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.

I Know That My Redeemer Lives!

1 I know that my Re - deem - er lives! What com - fort
 2 He lives tri - um - phant from the grave; he lives e -
 3 He lives to grant me rich sup - ply; he lives to
 4 He lives to si - lence all my fears; he lives to

this sweet sen - tence gives! He lives, he lives, who
 ter - nal - ly to save; he lives ex - alt - ed,
 guide me with his eye; he lives to com - fort
 wipe a - way my tears; he lives to calm my

once was dead; he lives, my ev - er - liv - ing head!
 throned a - bove; he lives to rule his church in love.
 me when faint; he lives to hear my soul's com - plaint.
 trou - bled heart; he lives all bless - ings to im - part.

5 He lives to bless me with his love;
 he lives to plead for me above;
 he lives my hungry soul to feed;
 he lives to help in time of need.

7 He lives and grants me daily breath;
 he lives, and I shall conquer death;
 he lives my mansion to prepare;
 he lives to bring me safely there.

6 He lives, my kind, wise, heav'nly friend;
 he lives and loves me to the end;
 he lives, and while he lives, I'll sing;
 he lives, my prophet, priest, and king!

8 He lives, all glory to his name!
 He lives, my Savior, still the same;
 what joy this blest assurance gives:
 I know that my Redeemer lives!

On Jordan's Stormy Bank I Stand

1 On Jor-dan's storm-y bank I stand, and cast a wish-ful eye
 2 All o'er those wide ex-tend-ed plains shines one e-ter-nal day;
 3 No chill-ing winds or poi-s'nous breath can reach that health-ful shore;
 4 When shall I reach that hap-py place and be for-ev-er blest?

to Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 there God the Son for-ev-er reigns and scat-ters night a-way.
 sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, are felt and feared no more.
 When shall I see my Sav-ior's face and in God's bos-om rest?

Refrain

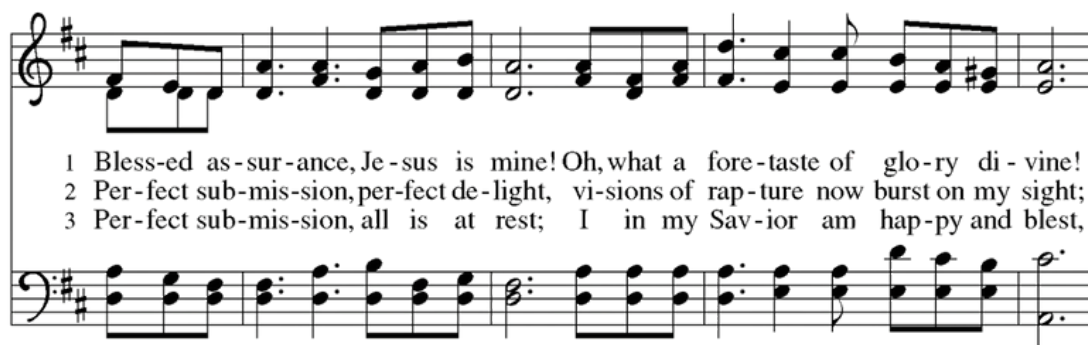
I am bound for the prom-ised land, I am bound for the prom-ised land;

oh, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

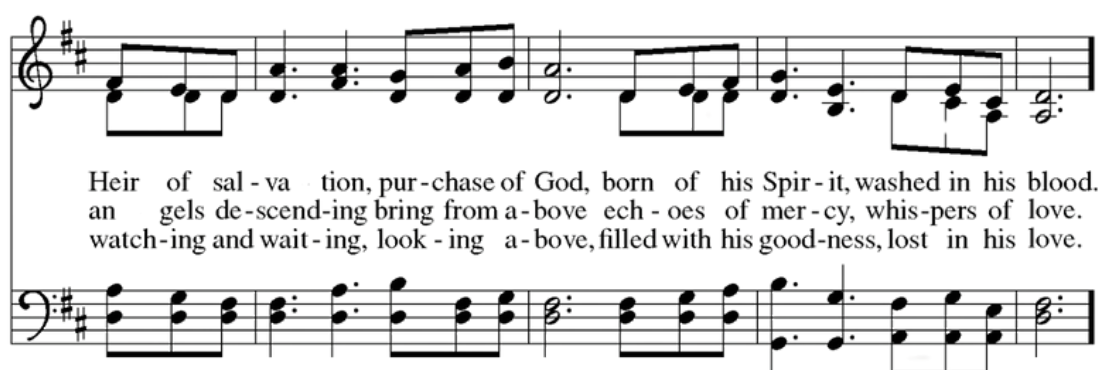
Text: Samuel Stennett, 1727–1795

Music: PROMISED LAND, W. Walker, *Southern Harmony*, 1835; adapt. Rigdon M. McIntosh, 1836–1899

Blessed Assurance

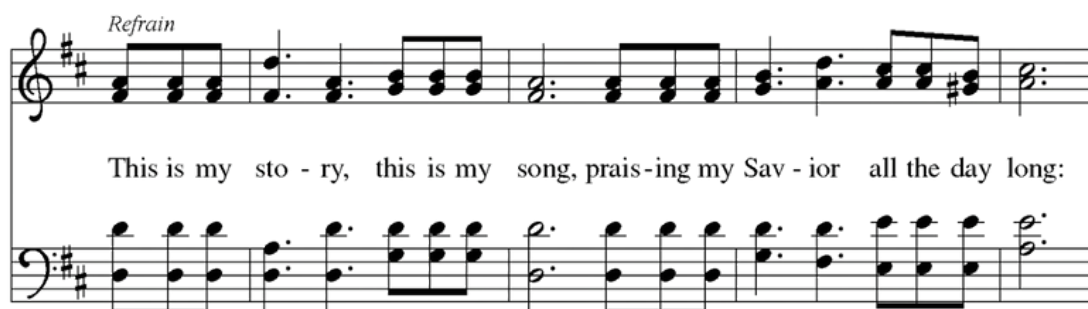


1 Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine!
 2 Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, vi-sions of rap-ture now burst on my sight;
 3 Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest; I in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest,



Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, born of his Spir-it, washed in his blood.
 an-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
 watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, filled with his good-ness, lost in his love.

Refrain



This is my sto-ry, this is my song, prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long:



this is my sto-ry, this is my song, prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.