

My Country, 'Tis of Thee (757)

Vs 1 My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing
Land where my fathers died, land of the Pilgrims' pride.
From ev'ry mountainside let freedom ring!

Vs 2 My native country, thee, land of the noble, free, thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills like that above.

Vs 3 Let music swell the breeze, ...
... and ring from all the trees sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break- the sound prolong.

Vs 4 Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty, to Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might, great God, our King.

Words by Samuel F Smith, 1832; Music Thesaurus Musicus, 1744 – Public Domain

I Need Thee Every Hour (600)

Vs 1 I need Thee ev'ry hour, most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.

I need Thee; O I need Thee! Ev'ry hour I need Thee!,
O bless me now, my Savior; I come to Thee!

Vs 3 I need Thee ev'ry hour, in joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide, or life is vain.

I need Thee; O I need Thee! Ev'ry hour I need Thee!,
O bless me now, my Savior; I come to Thee!

Vs 4 I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Holy One.
O make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son!.

I need Thee; O I need Thee! Ev'ry hour I need Thee!,
O bless me now, my Savior; I come to Thee!

Words by Annie S Hawkl, 1872; Music by Robert Lowry, 1872; Public Doman

I Love You with the Love of the Lord (MCB 158)

I love you with the love of the Lord,
Yes, I love you with the love of the Lord.
I can see in you the glory of my King,
And I love you with the love of the Lord.

I love you with the love of the Lord,
Yes, I love you with the love of the Lord.
I can see in you the glory of my King,
And I love you with the love of the Lord.

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