



HYMN SING RADIO – EPISODE SIX

#1 “Power In The Blood” (Lewis Jones)

There's wonderful power in the
blood!

1. Would you be free
From your burden of sin?
There's power in the blood,
Power in the blood!
Would you o'er evil a victory win?
There's wonderful power in the
blood!

3. Would you be whiter,
Yes, whiter than snow?
There's power in the blood,
Power in the blood!
Sin stains are lost in its life giving
flow;
There's wonderful power in the
blood!

*There is power, power,
Wonder-working power,
In the blood of the Lamb.*

*There is power, power,
Wonder-working power,
In the precious blood of the Lamb!*

2. Would you be free
From your passion and pride?
There's power in the blood,
Power in the blood!
Come then for cleansing to
Calvary's tide;

4. Would you do service
For Jesus your king?
There's power in the blood,
Power in the blood!
Would you live daily His praises
to sing?
There's wonderful power in the
blood!



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#2 “Abide With Me” (Henry Francis Lyte)

1. Abide with me;
Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens;
Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail,
And comforts flee,
Help of the helpless,
O abide with me!

2. I need Thy presence
Every passing hour;
What but Thy grace
Can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself
My guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine,
O abide with me!

3. Hold Thou Thy cross
before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and
Point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks and
Earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with
me!



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#3 “The Holy City” (Weatherly & Adams)

1. Last night I lay a-sleeping
There came a dream so fair,
I stood in old Jerusalem
Beside the temple there.
I heard the children singing,
And ever as they sang
I thought the voice of angels
From heaven in answer rang,
I thought the voice of angels
From heaven in answer rang.

*Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna to your King!*

2. And then me thought my
dream was changed,
The streets no longer rang,
Hushed were the glad Hosannas
The little children sang.
The sun grew dark with mystery,
The morn was cold and chill,
As the shadow of a cross arose
Upon a lonely hill.

3. And once again
The scene was changed;
New earth there seemed to be;
I saw the Holy City
Beside the tideless sea;
The light of God
Was on its streets,
The gates were open wide,
And all who would might enter,
And no one was denied.
No need of moon
Or stars by night,
Or sun to shine by day;
It was the new Jerusalem
That would not pass away.



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#4 “May Jesus Christ Be Praised” (Edward Caswell)

1. When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised!

2. Whene'er the sweet
Church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3. Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4. In Heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth and sea and sky
From depth to height reply:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5. Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this th' eternal song
Through ages all along:
May Jesus Christ be praised!



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#5 “Joyful, Joyful” (Henry van Dyke)

1. Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee,
God of glory, Lord of love;
Hearts unfold like flowers
before Thee,
Hail Thee as the sun above.
Melt the clouds of
Sin and sadness,
Drive the clouds of doubt away;
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day.

2. All Thy works with joy
Surround Thee,
Earth and Heaven
Reflect Thy rays,
Stars and angels
Sing around Thee,
Center of unbroken praise;
Field and forest,
Vale and mountain,
Blossoming meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird

And flowing fountain
Call us to rejoice in Thee.

3. Thou art giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Wellspring of the joy of living,
Ocean depth of happy rest.
Thou the Father, Christ our brother,
All who live in love are Thine;
Teach us how to love each other,
Lift us to the joy divine.

4. Mortals, join the mighty chorus
Which the morning stars began;
Father-love is reigning o'er us,
Brother-love binds man to man.
Ever singing, march we onward,
Victors in the midst of strife;
Joyful music lifts us sunward
In the triumph song of life.