

## Hymn No. 157     Jesus Shall Reign

- 1     Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
      does its successive journeys run;  
      his kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
      till moons shall wax and wane no more.
  
- 2     To Jesus endless prayer be made,  
      and endless praises crown his head;  
      his name like sweet perfume shall rise  
      with every morning sacrifice.
  
- 3     People and realms of every tongue  
      dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
      and infant voices shall proclaim  
      their early blessings on his name.
  
- 4     Blessings abound where'er he reigns;  
      all prisoners leap and loose their chains;  
      the weary find eternal rest,  
      and all who suffer want are blest.
  
- 5     Let every creature rise and bring  
      honors peculiar to our King;  
      angels descend with songs again,  
      and earth repeat the loud amen!

## Hymn No. 156    I Love to Tell the Story

- 1    I love to tell the story of unseen things above,  
of Jesus and his glory, of Jesus and his love.  
I love to tell the story, because I know 'tis true;  
it satisfies my longings as nothing else can do.  
*I love to tell the story, 'twill be my theme in glory,  
to tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love.*
  
- 2    I love to tell the story; more wonderful it seems  
that all the golden fancies of all our golden dreams.  
I love to tell the story, it did so much for me;  
and that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.  
*I love to tell the story, 'twill be my theme in glory,  
to tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love.*
  
- 3    I love to tell the story; 'tis pleasant to repeat  
what seems, each time I tell it, more wonderfully sweet.  
I love to tell the story, for some have never heard  
the message of salvation from God's own holy Word.  
*I love to tell the story, 'twill be my theme in glory,  
to tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love.*
  
- 4    I love to tell the story, for those who know it best  
seem hungering and thirsting to hear it like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song,  
'twill be the old, old story that I have loved so long.  
*I love to tell the story, 'twill be my theme in glory,  
to tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love.*

## Hymn No. 77      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.  
        *Then sings my soul, my Savior God to thee;  
        how great thou art, how great thou art!*  
        *Then sings my soul, my Savior 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;  
        *Then sings my soul, my Savior God to thee;  
        how great thou art, how great thou art!*  
        *Then sings my soul, my Savior God to thee;  
        how great thou art, how great thou art!*
  
- 4      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.  
        *Then sings my soul, my Savior God to thee;  
        how great thou art, how great thou art!*  
        *Then sings my soul, my Savior God to thee;  
        how great thou art, how great thou art!*
  
- 5      When Christ shall come with shout 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!  
        *Then sings my soul, my Savior God to thee;  
        how great thou art, how great thou art!*  
        *Then sings my soul, my Savior God to thee;  
        how great thou art, how great thou art!*