



Morningside Hymn Sing

During worship today, we will join in a 15-20 minute hymn sing. We will sing selected verses from hymns that you choose—either from the Presbyterian Hymnal or from the choices listed in the bulletin insert. This process assures that our organist can have the music readily available and that the congregation has access to the words. An index of titles can be found in the back of your pew hymnal. Have your hymn number/title ready and raise your hand! Please—no Christmas carols in July.

Standing on the Promises

Standing on the promises of Christ my King, thro' eternal ages let his praises ring;
Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing, standing on the promises of God.

Standing, standing, standing on the promises of God my Savior; standing, standing,
I'm standing on the promises of God.

Standing on the promises I cannot fall, listening every moment to the Spirit's call,
Resting in my Savior as my all in all, standing on the promises of God.

Standing, standing, standing on the promises of God my Savior; standing, standing,
I'm standing on the promises of God.

Be Still, My Soul

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side; bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
leave to thy God to order and provide; in every change He faithful will remain.

Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly Friend through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on when we shall be forever with the Lord,
when disappointment, grief, and fear are gone, sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.

Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past, all safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

I Love to Tell the Story

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.

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.

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He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Thought

He leadeth me! O blessed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
What-e'er I do, where-e'er I be, still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

He leadeth me, he leadeth me, by his own hand he leadeth me:
his faithful follower I would be, for by his hand he leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done, when, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, since God thro' Jordan leadeth me!

He leadeth me, he leadeth me, by his own hand he leadeth me:
his faithful follower I would be, for by his hand he leadeth me.

Sweet Hour of Prayer

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, that calls me from a world of care and bids me at my
Father's throne make all my wants and wishes known! In seasons of distress and grief, my soul has
often found relief, and oft escaped the tempter's snare by thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Love Lifted Me

I was sinking deep in sin, far from the peaceful shore, very deeply stained within, sinking to rise no
more; but the Master of the sea heard my despairing cry, from the waters lifted me, now safe am
I. Love lifted me! Love lifted me! When nothing else could help, love lifted me.

All my heart to him I give, ever to him I'll cling, in his blessed presence live, ever his praises sing;
love so mighty and so true merits my soul's best songs; faithful, loving service, too, to him belongs.
Love lifted me! Love lifted me! When nothing else could help, love lifted me.

"Are Ye Able," Said the Master

"Are ye able," said the Master, "To be crucified with Me?" "Yea," the sturdy dreamers answered,
"To the death we follow Thee."

"Lord, we are able," our spirits are Thine, remold them, make us like Thee, divine: Thy guiding radi-
ance above us shall be a beacon to God, to faith and loyalty.

It Is Well with My Soul

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, when sorrows like sea billows roll; whatever my lot,
Thou hast taught me to say, it is well, it is well with my soul. It is well with my soul, it is well, it is
well with my soul.

And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, the clouds be rolled back as a scroll, the
trump shall resound and the Lord shall descend, "Even so," it is well with my soul. It is well with my
soul, it is well, it is well with my soul.

He Lives

I serve a risen Savior, he's in the world today; I know that he is living, whatever men may say; I see
his hand of mercy, I hear his voice of cheer, and just the time I need him he's always near. He
lives, he lives, Christ Jesus lives today! He walks with me and talks with me along life's narrow way.
He lives, he lives, salvation to impart! You ask me how I know he lives: he lives within my heart.