

887

## This Is My Song

1 This is my song, O God of all the na - tions,  
 2 My coun - try's skies are blu - er than the o - cean,  
 3 This is my prayer, O God of all earth's king - doms,

a song of peace for lands a - far and mine.  
 and sun - light beams on clo - ver - leaf and pine.  
 your king - dom come; on earth your will be done.

This is my home, the coun - try where my heart is;  
 But oth - er lands have sun - light too, and clo - ver,  
 O God, be lift - ed up till all shall serve you,

Text: Lloyd Stone, 1912-1993, sts. 1-2; Georgia Harkness, 1891-1974, st. 3

Music: Jean Sibelius, 1865-1957

Text sts. 1-2 © 1934, 1962, Lorenz Publishing Company, st. 3 © 1964 Lorenz Publishing Company

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here are my hopes, my dreams, my ho - ly shrine;  
 and skies are ev - 'ry - where as blue as mine.  
 and hearts u - nit - ed learn to live as one.

but oth - er hearts in oth - er lands are beat - ing  
 So hear my song, O God of all the na - tions,  
 So hear my prayer, O God of all the na - tions;

with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.  
 a song of peace for their land and for mine.  
 my - self I give you; let your will be done.

817

# You Have Come Down to the Lakeshore

*Tú has venido a la orilla*



1 Tú has ve - ni - do a la o - ri - lla, no has bus -  
 1 You have come down to the lake - shore seek - ing  
 2 You know full well what I have, Lord: nei - ther  
 3 You need my hands, my ex - haus - tion, work - ing  
 4 You who have fished oth - er wa - ters; you, the



ca - do ni a sa - bios ni a ri - cos; tan só - lo  
 nei - ther the wise nor the wealth - y, but on - ly  
 trea - sure nor wea - pons for con - quest, just these my  
 love for the rest of the wea - ry— a love that's  
 long - ing of souls that are yearn - ing: O lov - ing



quie - res que yo te si - ga.  
 ask - ing for me to fol - low.  
 fish nets and will for work - ing.  
 will - ing to go on lov - ing.  
 Friend, you have come to call me.

*Refrain / Estribillo*



Se - ñor, me has mi - ra - do a los o - jos; son - ri - en - do,  
 Sweet Lord, you have looked in - to my eyes; kind - ly smil - ing,



has di - cho mi nom - bre. En la a - re - na he de - ja - do mi  
 you've called out my name. . . . On the sand I have a - ban - doned my



bar - ca; jun - to a ti bus - ca - ré o - tro mar.  
 small boat; now with you, I will seek oth - er seas.

810

O Jesus, I Have Promised

1 O Je - sus, I have prom - ised to serve you to the end;  
 2 Oh, let me feel you near me; the world is ev - er near.  
 3 Oh, let me hear you speak - ing in ac - cents clear and still  
 4 O Je - sus, you have prom - ised to all who fol - low you

re - main for - ev - er near me, my mas - ter and my friend.  
 I see the sights that daz - zle, the tempt - ing sounds I hear.  
 a - bove the storms of pas - sion, the mur - murs of self - will.  
 that where you are in glo - ry your ser - vant shall be too.

I shall not fear the bat - tle if you are by my side,  
 My foes are ev - er near me, a - round me and with - in;  
 Now speak to re - as - sure me, to has - ten or con - trol;  
 And Je - sus, I have prom - ised to serve you to the end;

nor wan - der from the path - way if you will be my guide.  
 but, Je - sus, then draw near - er to shield my soul from sin.  
 now speak and make me lis - ten, O Guard - ian of my soul.  
 oh, give me grace to fol - low, my mas - ter and my friend.

## 661

## I Love to Tell the Story

1 I love to tell the sto - ry of un - seen things a - bove,  
 2 I love to tell the sto - ry: how pleas - ant to re - peat  
 3 I love to tell the sto - ry, for those who know it best

of Je - sus and his glo - ry, of Je - sus and his love.  
 what seems, each time I tell it, more won - der - ful - ly sweet!  
 seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing to hear it like the rest.

I love to tell the sto - ry, be - cause I know it's true;  
 I love to tell the sto - ry, for some have nev - er heard  
 And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

it sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.  
 the mes - sage of sal - va - tion from God's own ho - ly word.  
 I'll sing the old, old sto - ry that I have loved so long.

*Refrain*

I love to tell the sto - ry; 'twill be my theme in glo - ry

to tell the old, old sto - ry of Je - sus and his love.