

ADORE THE LORD

87 Fairest Lord Jesus

Your eyes will see the King in His beauty. Isaiah 33:17

> 1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus; Rul - er of all na - ture, O Thou of
> 2. Fair are the mead - ows; Fair - er still the wood - lands, Robed in the
> 3. Fair is the sun - shine; Fair - er still the moon - light And all the
> 4. Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior! Lord of the na - tions! Son of

God and man the Son. Thee will I cher - ish; Thee will I
bloom - ing garb of spring. Je - sus is fair - er; Je - sus is
twin - kling star - ry host. Je - sus shines bright - er; Je - sus shines
God and Son of man! Glo - ry and hon - or, Praise, ad - o -

hon - or, Thou my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown. *Optional*
pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing. *transition to*
pur - er Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast. *"More Precious*
ra - tion, Now and for - ev - er - more be Thine! *than Silver"*

TEXT: Anonymous German hymn, *Münster Gesangbuch*, 1677;
translated, Source unknown, stanzas 1-3; Joseph A. Seiss, stanza 4
MUSIC: *Schlesische Volkslieder*, 1842; arranged by Richard S. Willis
A lower setting may be found at No. 452

CRUSADERS' HYMN
5.6.8.5.5.8.

WALKING WITH GOD

548 As the Deer

As the deer pants for water, so my soul pants for You. Psalm 42:1

Harmony optional

1. As the deer pant-eth for the wa-ter, So my soul long-eth af - ter Thee.
2. You're my friend and You are my broth-er, E-ven though You are a King.
3. I want You more than gold or sil-ver, On-ly You can sat - is - fy.

You a - lone are my heart's de - sire, And I long to wor - ship Thee.
I love You more than an - y oth - er, So much more than an - y - thing.
You a - lone are the real joy giv - er, And the ap - ple of my eye.

Refrain

You a - lone are my strength, my shield; To You a - lone may my

spir - it yield. You a - lone are my

heart's de - sire, And I long to wor - ship Thee.

TEXT: Martin Nystrom
MUSIC: Martin Nystrom

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AS THE DEER
Irregular meter

550 I Want to Be like Jesus

You become imitators of us and of the Lord. 1 Thessalonians 1:6

1. I have one deep, su-preme de-sire, That I may be like Je-sus.
 2. He spent His life in do-ing good; I want to be like Je-sus.
 3. A ho-ly, harm-less life He led; I want to be like Je-sus.
 4. O per-fect life of Christ, my Lord! I want to be like Je-sus.

To this I fer-vent-ly as-pire, That I may be like Je-sus.
 In low-ly paths of ser-vice trod; I want to be like Je-sus.
 The Fa-ther's will, His drink and bread; I want to be like Je-sus.
 My rec-om-pense and my re-ward, That I may be like Je-sus.

I want my heart His throne to be, So that a watch-ing world may
 He sym-pa-thized with hearts dis-tressed; He spoke the words that cheered and
 And when at last He comes to die, "For-give them, Fa-ther," hear Him
 His Spir-it fill my hun-g'ring soul, His pow-er all my life con-

see His like-ness shin-ing forth in me. I want to be like Je-sus.
 blessed; He wel-come-d sin-ners to His breast. I want to be like Je-sus.
 cry For those who taunt and cru-ci-fy. I want to be like Je-sus.
 trol; My deep-est pray'r, my high-est goal, That I may be like Je-sus.

Optional segue to "O to Be like Thee." No transition is needed.

TEXT: Thomas O. Chisholm
 MUSIC: David Livingstone Ives

IVES
 8.7.8.7.8.8.8.7.

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