

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO

Hymns for Sunday, June 2, 2024

THE TRIUNE GOD

2 Come, Thou Almighty King

1 Come, thou al - might - y King, help us thy  
2 Come, thou in - car - nate Word, mer - ci - ful,  
3 Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, thy sa - cred  
4 To thee, great One in Three, e - ter - nal

name to sing; help us to praise:  
might - y Lord, our prayer at - tend.  
wit - ness bear in this glad hour.  
prais - es be, hence ev - er - more!

Fa - ther, all glo - ri - ous, o'er all vic - to - ri - ous,  
Come, and thy peo - ple bless, and give thy word suc - cess;  
Thou who al - might - y art, now rule in ev - ery heart,  
Thy sov - ereign maj - es - ty may we in glo - ry see,

come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.  
Spir - it of ho - li - ness, on us de - scend.  
and ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.  
and to e - ter - ni - ty love and a - dore.

The author of this Trinitarian text is unknown, but this hymn has proved popular since the middle of the 18th century, partly because of its effective use of biblical metaphors, but also because of the strength of this tune, which was composed especially for these words.

# Glory to God, Whose Goodness Shines on Me

Capo 3: (G) (D) (G) (D) (G) (D) (Em) (D)  
 B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F Gm F

1 Glo - ry to God, whose good - ness shines on me,  
 2 World with - out end, 7 with - out end. A - men.

(D) (G) (C) (G) (Em7) (A7)  
 F B<sup>b</sup> E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> Gm7 C7

and to the Son, whose grace has par - doned me,  
 World with - out end, 7 with - out end. A - men.

(A7) (D) (F#) (Bm)  
 C7 F A Dm

and to the Spir - it, whose love has set me free.  
 World with - out end, 7 with - out end. A - men.

(Bm7) (D) (Bdim7) (Em7) (Dm)(A7) (D)  
 Dm7 F Ddim7 Gm7 Fm C7 F

As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now and ev - er shall be. A - men.

# 136 Go, Tell It on the Mountain

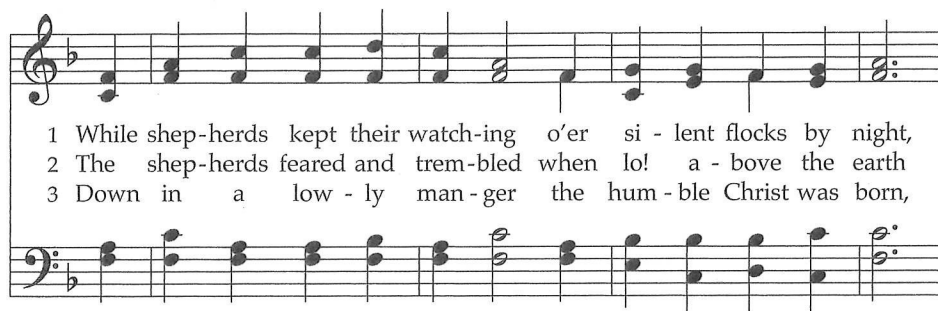
Refrain 



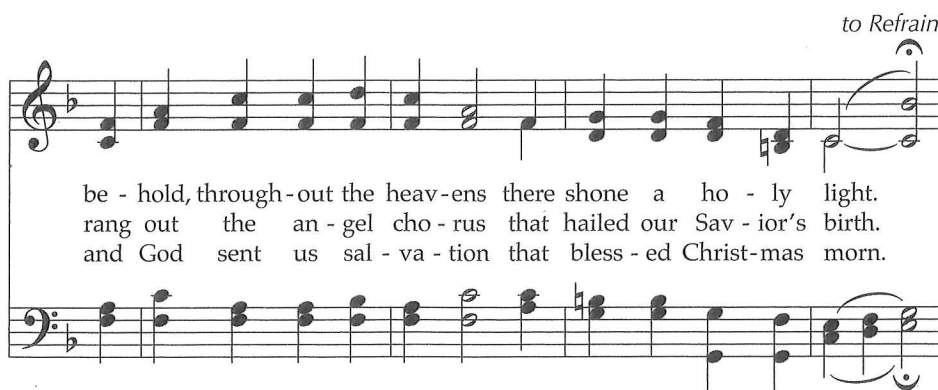
Go, tell it on the moun-tain, o-ver the hills and ev - ery - where;



go, tell it on the moun - tain that Je - sus Christ is born!



1 While shep-herds kept their watch-ing o'er si - lent flocks by night,  
2 The shep-herds feared and trem-bled when lo! a - bove the earth  
3 Down in a low - ly man - ger the hum - ble Christ was born,

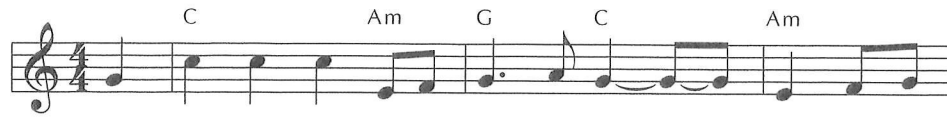


to Refrain

be - hold, through-out the heav-ens there shone a ho - ly light.  
rang out the an - gel cho - rus that hailed our Sav - ior's birth.  
and God sent us sal - va - tion that bless - ed Christ-mas morn.

Like other material from oral traditions, 19th-century African American spirituals flourished without being written down. Their refrains were their most stable parts, and narrative stanzas were often improvised to fit. These Nativity stanzas attempt to recall that tradition.

## I Sing a Song of the Saints of God 730



1 I sing a song of the saints of God, pa - tient and  
 2 They loved their Lord so dear, so dear, and God's love  
 3 They lived not on - ly in a - ges past; there are hun - dreds of



brave and true, who toiled and fought and lived and  
 made them strong; and they fol - lowed the right, for Je - sus'  
 thou - sands still; the world is bright with the joy - ous



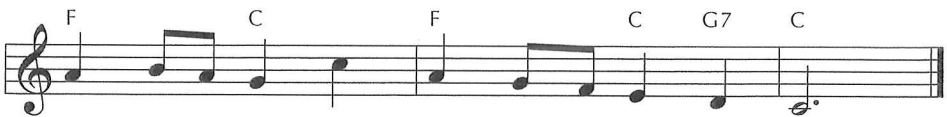
died for the Lord they loved and knew. And one was a  
 sake, the whole of their good lives long. And one was a  
 saints who love to do Je - sus' will. You can meet them in



doc - tor, and one was a queen, and one was a shep - herd - ess  
 sol - dier, and one was a priest, and one was slain by a  
 school, or in lanes, or at sea, in church, or in trains, or in



on the green: they were all of them saints of  
 fierce wild beast: and there's not an - y rea - son,  
 shops, or at tea; for the saints of God are just



God, and I mean, God help - ing, to be one too.  
 no, not the least, why I should - n't be one too.  
 folk like me, and I mean to be one too.

*Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.*

Despite the quaintness of some of the language in this text, it has an important message to communicate about the down-to-earth ordinariness of the holy people of God at all times and places. The tune name honors the island in Vermont's Lake Champlain where the composer lived.