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## In Thee Is Gladness



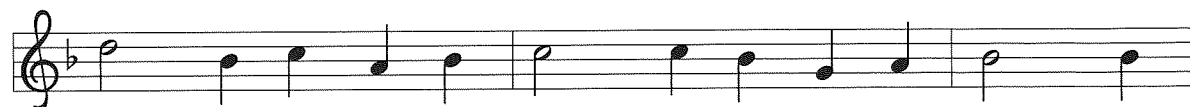
1 In thee is glad - ness a - mid all sad - ness, Je - sus, sun - shine of my  
 2 Je - sus is ours! . . We fear no pow - ers, not of earth or sin or



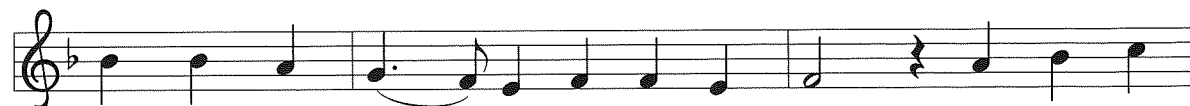
heart. By thee are giv - en the gifts of heav - en, thou the  
 death. He sees and bless - es in worst dis - tress - es; he can



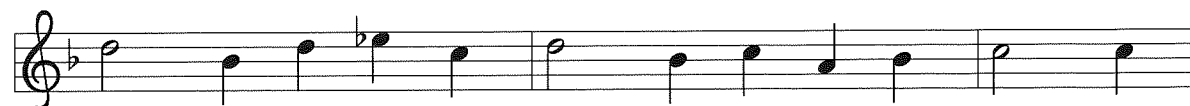
true re - deem - er art. Our souls thou wak - est; our bonds thou  
 change them with a breath. Where - fore the sto - ry tell of his



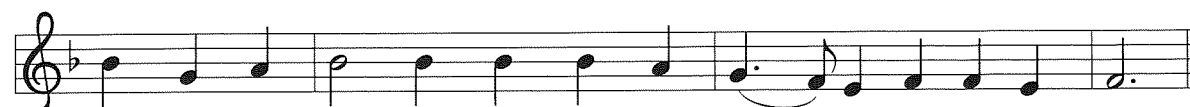
break - est. Who trusts thee sure - ly has built se - cure - ly  
 glo - ry with heart and voic - es; all heav'n re - joic - es



and stands for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! Our hearts are  
 in him for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia! We shout for

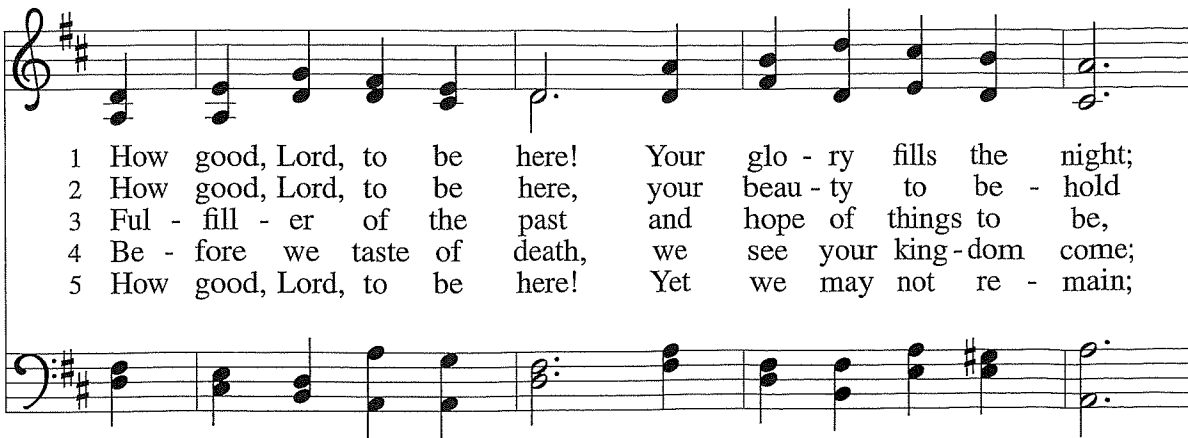


pin - ing to see thy shin - ing, dy - ing or liv - ing,  
 glad - ness, tri - umph o'er sad - ness, love him and praise him

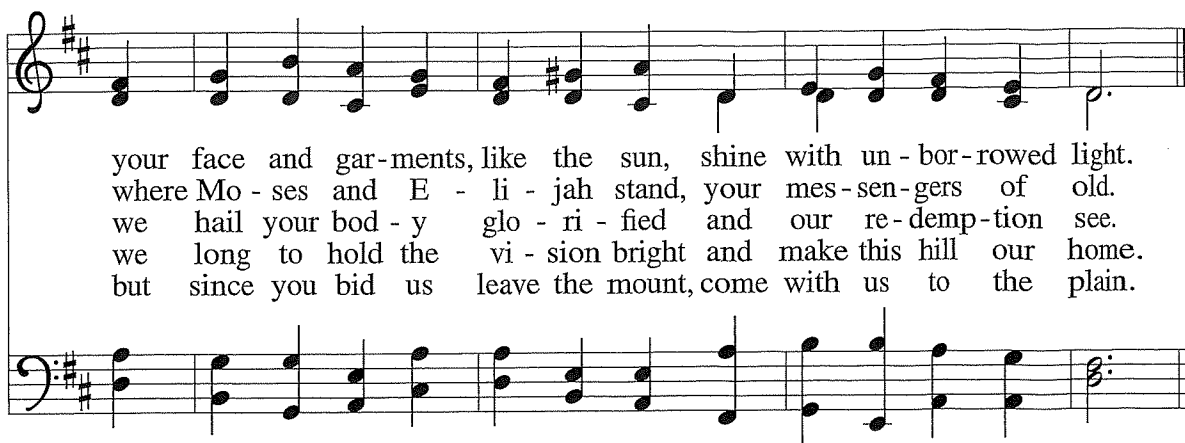


to thee are cleav - ing; naught can us sev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!  
 and still shall raise him glad hymns for - ev - er: Al - le - lu - ia!

## How Good, Lord, to Be Here!



1 How good, Lord, to be here! Your glo - ry fills the night;  
 2 How good, Lord, to be here, your beau - ty to be - hold  
 3 Ful - fill - er of the past and hope of things to be,  
 4 Be - fore we taste of death, we see your king - dom come;  
 5 How good, Lord, to be here! Yet we may not re - main;



your face and gar - ments, like the sun, shine with un - bor - rowed light.  
 where Mo - ses and E - li - jah stand, your mes - sen - gers of old.  
 we hail your bod - y glo - ri - fied and our re - demp - tion see.  
 we long to hold the vi - sion bright and make this hill our home.  
 but since you bid us leave the mount, come with us to the plain.

Text: Joseph A. Robinson, 1858-1933, alt.  
 Music: W. Mercer, *The Church Psalter and Hymn Book*, 1854

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## Alleluia, Song of Gladness

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1 Al - le - lu - ia, song of glad - ness, voice of joy that can - not die;  
 2 Al - le - lu - ia you are sound - ing, true Je - ru - sa - lem and free;  
 3 Al - le - lu - ia can - not al - ways be our song while here be - low;  
 4 In our hymns we pray with long - ing: Grant us, bless - ed Trin - i - ty,

al - le - lu - ia is the an - them ev - er dear to choirs on high;  
 al - le - lu - ia, joy - ful moth - er, bring us to your ju - bi - lee;  
 al - le - lu - ia our trans - gres - sions make us for a while for - go;  
 at the last to keep glad Eas - ter with the faith - ful saints on high;

in the house of God a - bid - ing thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly.  
 here by Bab - y - lon's sad wa - ters mourn - ing ex - iles still are we.  
 for the sol - emn time is com - ing when our tears for sin shall flow.  
 there to you for - ev - er sing - ing al - le - lu - ia joy - ful - ly.