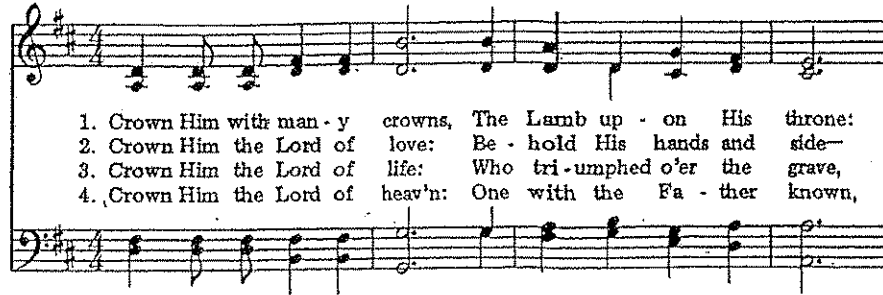


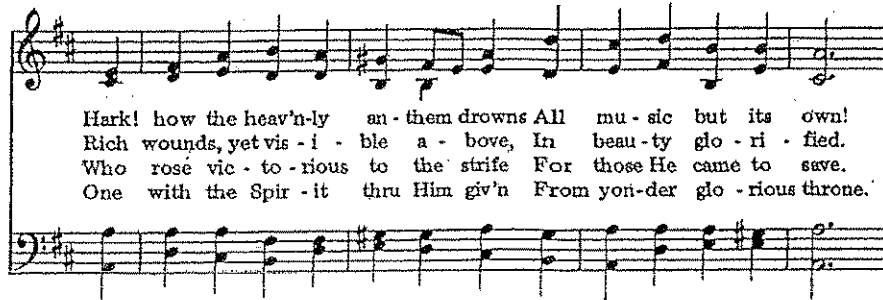
# Grade 3 Choirs—January

## Crown Him with Many Crowns

*On His head were many crowns, Rev. 19:12*



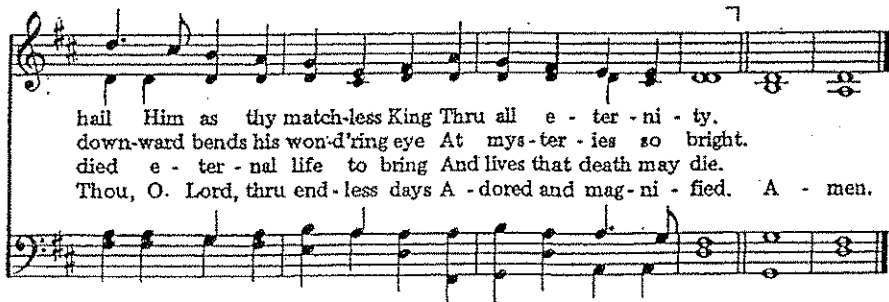
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne:  
2. Crown Him the Lord of love: Be - hold His hands and side—  
3. Crown Him the Lord of life: Who tri - umphed o'er the grave,  
4. Crown Him the Lord of heav'n: One with the Fa - ther known,



Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!  
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied.  
Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save.  
One with the Spir - it thru Him giv'n From yon - der glo - rious throne.



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, And  
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But  
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high, Who  
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be



hall Him as thy match-less King Thru all e - ter - ni - ty.  
down-ward bends his won-d'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.  
died e - ter - nal life to bring And lives that death may die.  
Thou, O. Lord, thru end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied. A - men.

TEXT: Matthew Bridges, stanzas 1, 2, 4; Godfrey Thring, stanza 3  
MUSIC: George J. Elvey; Last stanza harmonization by Mark Hayes

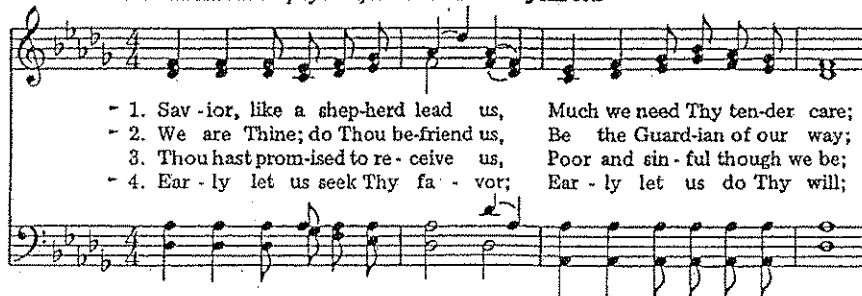
DIADEMATA  
S.M.D.

# Grade 3 Choirs—February

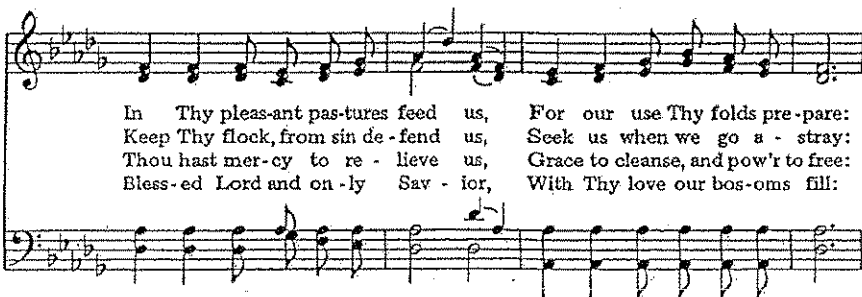
LIFE IN CHRIST

## 462 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

*He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. John 10:3*



- 1. Sav - ior, like a shep - herd lead us,      Much we need Thy ten - der care;  
- 2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us,      Be the Guard - ian of our way;  
3. Thou hast prom - ised to re - ceive us,      Poor and sin - ful though we be;  
- 4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor;      Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us,      For our use Thy folds pre - pare:  
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us,      Seek us when we go a - stray:  
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us,      Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:  
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior,      With Thy love our bos - oms fill:



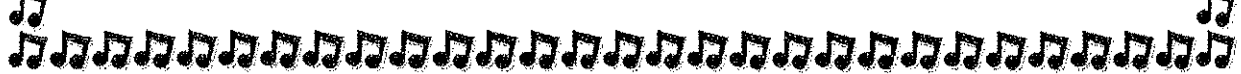
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;  
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray;  
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee;  
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;



Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.  
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.  
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

TEXT: *Hymns for the Young*, 1836; attributed to Dorothy A. Thrupp  
MUSIC: William B. Bradbury


BRADBURY  
8.7.8.7.D.





# Grade 3 Choirs—March

## Have Thine Own Way, Lord


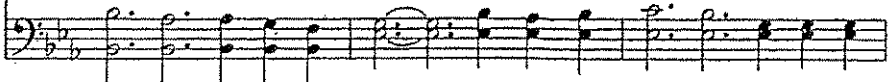
*We are the clay, and Thou our potter. Isa. 64:8*




1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the  
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and  
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and  
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my



Pot - ter, I am the clay. Mold me and make me aft - er Thy  
try me, Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord, wash me just  
wea - ry, help me, I pray! Pow - er— all pow - er— sure - ly is  
be - ing ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it till all shall



will, While I am wait - ing, yield - ed and still.  
now, As in Thy pres - ence hum - bly I bow.  
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!  
see Christ on - ly, al - ways, liv - ing in me! A - men.



TEXT: Adelaide A. Pollard  
MUSIC: George C. Stebbins

ADELAIDE  
5.4.5.4.D.



# Grade 3 Choirs—April

## A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

*The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our Refuge. Ps. 46:7*

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;  
2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing,  
3. And tho this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threat-en to un-do us,  
4. That word a - bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a - bid oth;

Our help-er He a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing.  
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing.  
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thru us.  
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thru Him who with us sid eth.

For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe—His craft and pow'r are  
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He—Lord Sab-a-oth His  
The prince of dark-ness grim, We trem-ble not for him—His rage, we can en-  
Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor-tal life al - so— The bod-y they may

great, And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.  
dure, For lo, his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
kill; God's truth a - bid-eth still: His king-dom is for - ev - er. A - men.

TEXT: Martin Luther, translated by Frederick H. Hedge; based on Psalm 46  
MUSIC: Martin Luther

EIN' FESTE BURG  
8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7.

