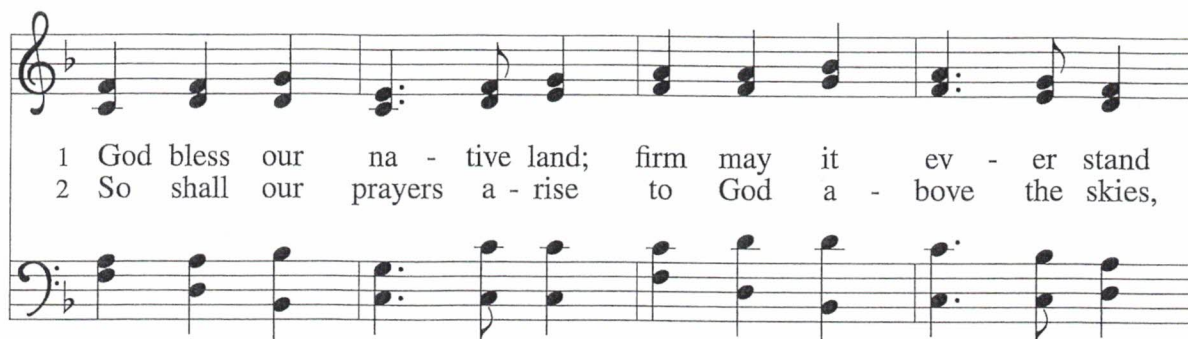
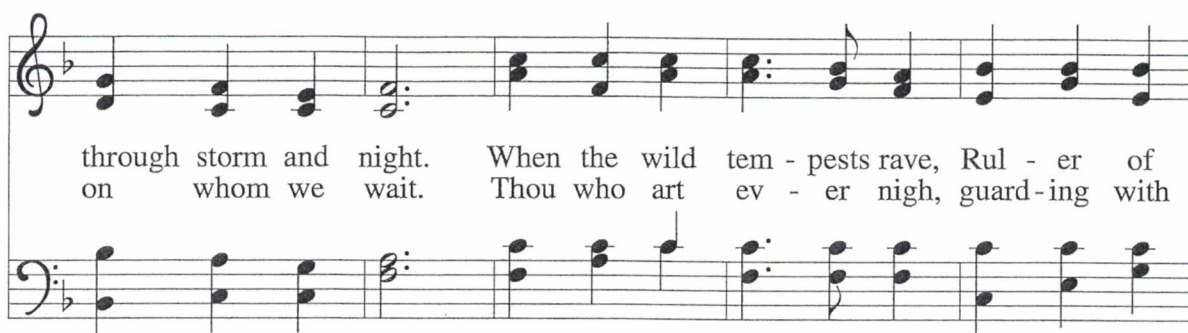


# God Bless Our Native Land

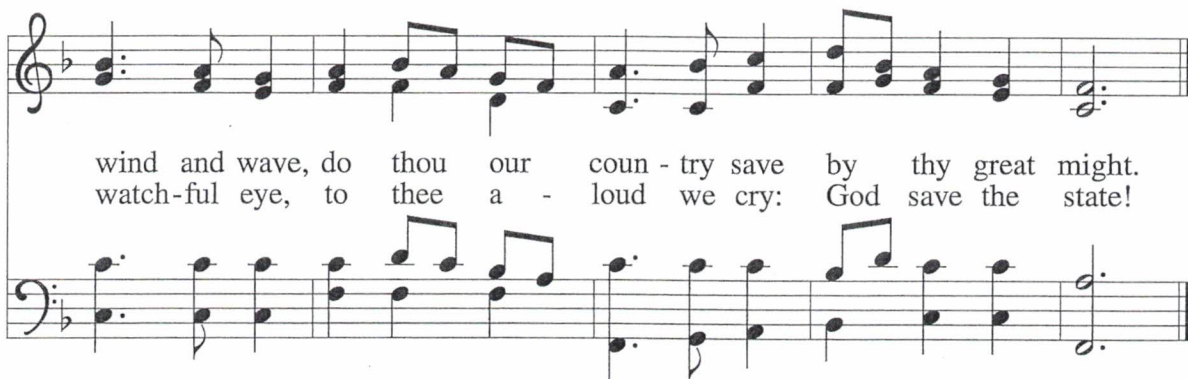
891



1 God bless our na - tive land; firm may it ev - er stand  
2 So shall our prayers a - rise to God a - bove the skies,



through storm and night. When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of  
on whom we wait. Thou who art ev - er nigh, guard - ing with



wind and wave, do thou our coun - try save by thy great might.  
watch - ful eye, to thee a - loud we cry: God save the state!

# Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound 779

1 A - maz - ing grace!— how sweet the sound— that  
 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and  
 3 Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares I  
 4 The Lord has prom - ised good to me; his  
 5 When we've been there ten thou - sand years, bright

6 saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but  
 7 grace my fears re - lieved; how pre - cious did that  
 8 have al - read - y come; 'tis grace has brought me  
 9 word my hope se - cures; he will my shield and  
 10 shin - ing as the sun, we've no less days to

11 now am found; was blind, but now I see.  
 12 grace ap - pear the hour I first be - lieved!  
 13 safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.  
 14 por - tion be as long as life en - dures.  
 15 sing God's praise than when we'd first be - gun.

890

## Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory



1 Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord;  
 2 He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat;  
 3 In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea,



he is tram - pling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
 he is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat.  
 with a glo - ry in his bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me.



he has loosed the fate - ful light - ning of his ter - ri - ble swift sword:  
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer him; be ju - bi - lant, my feet!  
 As he died to make men ho - ly, let us live to make men free,



his truth is march - ing on.  
 Our God is march - ing on.  
 while God is march - ing on.

*Refrain*

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

