

My thirst-y spir - it faints a - way With - out Thy cheer - ing grace.
 Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, And they must drink or die.
 My God, re - peat that heav - en - ly hour, That vis - ion so di - vine.
 Or raise so high my cheer - ful voice As Thy for - giv - ing love.

73

Holy, Holy, Holy

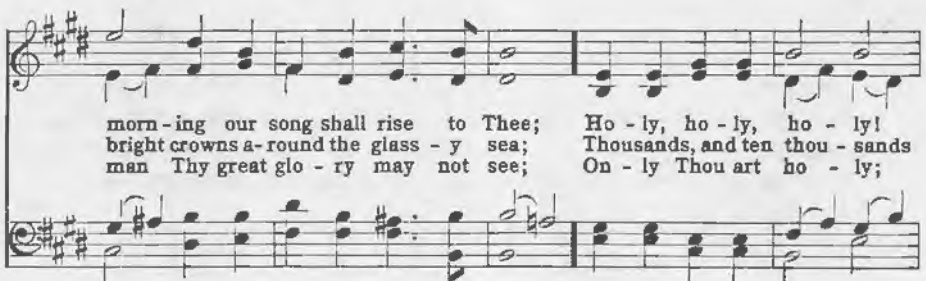
Nicaea. 11.12.12.10.

REGINALD HEBER, 1826

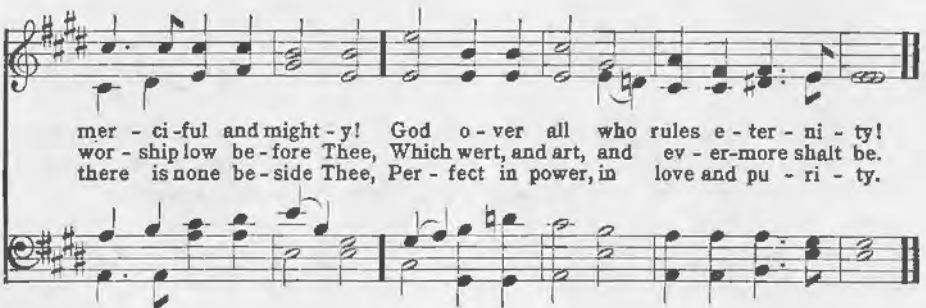
JOHN B. DYKES, 1861



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! An - gels a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Though darkness hide Thee, Though the eye of



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
 bright crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Thousands, and ten thou - sands
 man Thy great glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;



mer - ci - ful and might - y! God o - ver all who rules e - ter - ni - ty!
 wor - ship low be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love and pu - ri - ty.