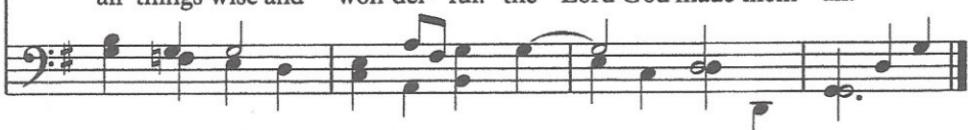


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## All Things Bright and Beautiful

Refrain (Unison)



1. Each lit - tle flower that o-pens, each lit - tle bird that sings,
2. The pur - ple-head-ed moun-tains, the riv - er run-ning by,
3. The cold wind in the win-ter, the pleas-ant sum-mer sun,
4. God gave us eyes to see them, and lips that we might tell



WORDS: Cecil Frances Alexander, 1848 (Gen. 1:31)  
MUSIC: 17th cent. English melody; arr. by Martin Shaw, 1915

ROYAL OAK  
76.76 with Refrain

D.C.

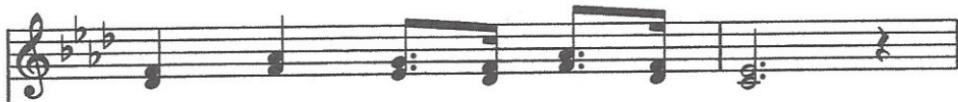


God made their glow-ing col - ors, and made their ti - ny wings.  
the sun-set and the morn - ing that bright-ens up the sky.  
the ripe fruits in the gar - den: God made them ev-ery one.  
how great is God Al - might - y, who has made all things well.





1. Take the name of Je - sus with you,  
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er,  
 3. O the pre - cious name of Je - sus!  
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing,



child of sor - row and of woe;  
 as a shield from ev - ery snare;  
 How it thrills our souls with joy,  
 fall - ing pros - trate at his feet,



it will joy and com - fort give you;  
 if temp - ta - tions round you gath - er,  
 when his lov - ing arms re - ceive us,  
 King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,



take it then, wher - e'er you go.  
breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.  
and his songs our tongues em - ploy!  
when our jour - ney is com - plete.

*Refrain*

Pre - cious name,

Pre - cious name,

O how sweet!

O how sweet!

Hope of earth and joy of heaven. Pre- cious name,

Pre- cious name,

O how sweet!

O how sweet, how sweet!

Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

1. Take my life, and let it be con - se - cra - ted,  
 2. Take my voice, and let me sing al - ways, on - ly,  
 3. Take my will, and make it thine; it shall be no

Lord, to thee. Take my mo - ments and my days;  
 for my King. Take my lips, and let them be  
 long - er mine. Take my heart, it is thine own;

let them flow in cease - less praise. Take my hands, and  
 filled with mes - sag - es from thee. Take my sil - ver  
 it shall be thy roay - al throne. Take my love, my

let them move at the im - pulse of thy love.  
 and my gold; not a mite would I with - hold.  
 Lord, I pour at thy feet its trea - sure - store.

Take my feet, and let them be swift and beau - ti - ful for thee.  
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use ev - ery power as thou shalt choose.  
 Take my-self, and I will be ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.