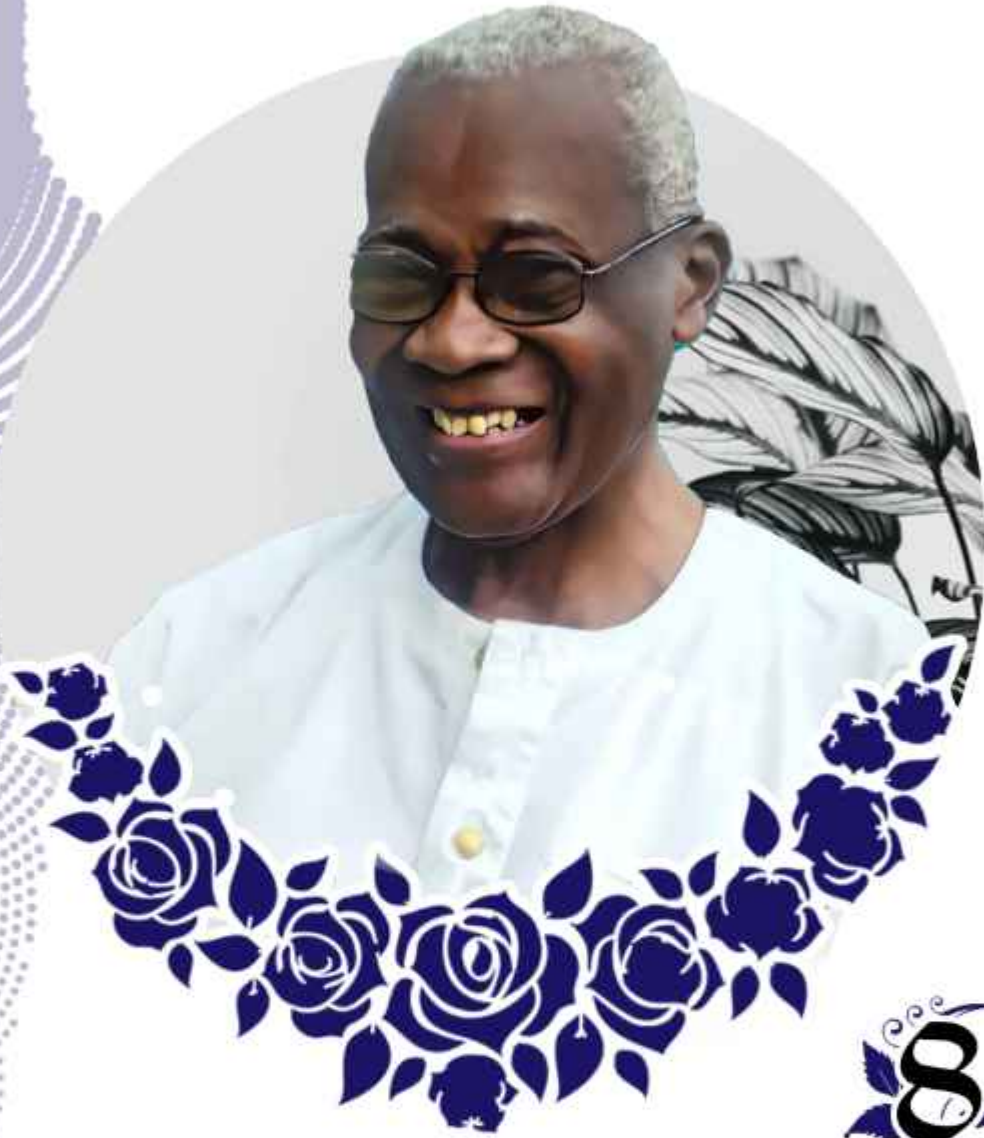


In Loving Memory



84
years

Mr **ALBERT
KOJO ARYEE**





Burial, Memorial &
Thanksgiving Service
for the Late

MR. ALBERT KOJO ARYEE

on Thursday, 31st October, 2024



Officiating Ministers

Rt. Rev. W. R. Blankson

Ven. Ing. Robert O. Ankrah

Rev. Dr. Maxwell Aryee

ORDER OF SERVICE

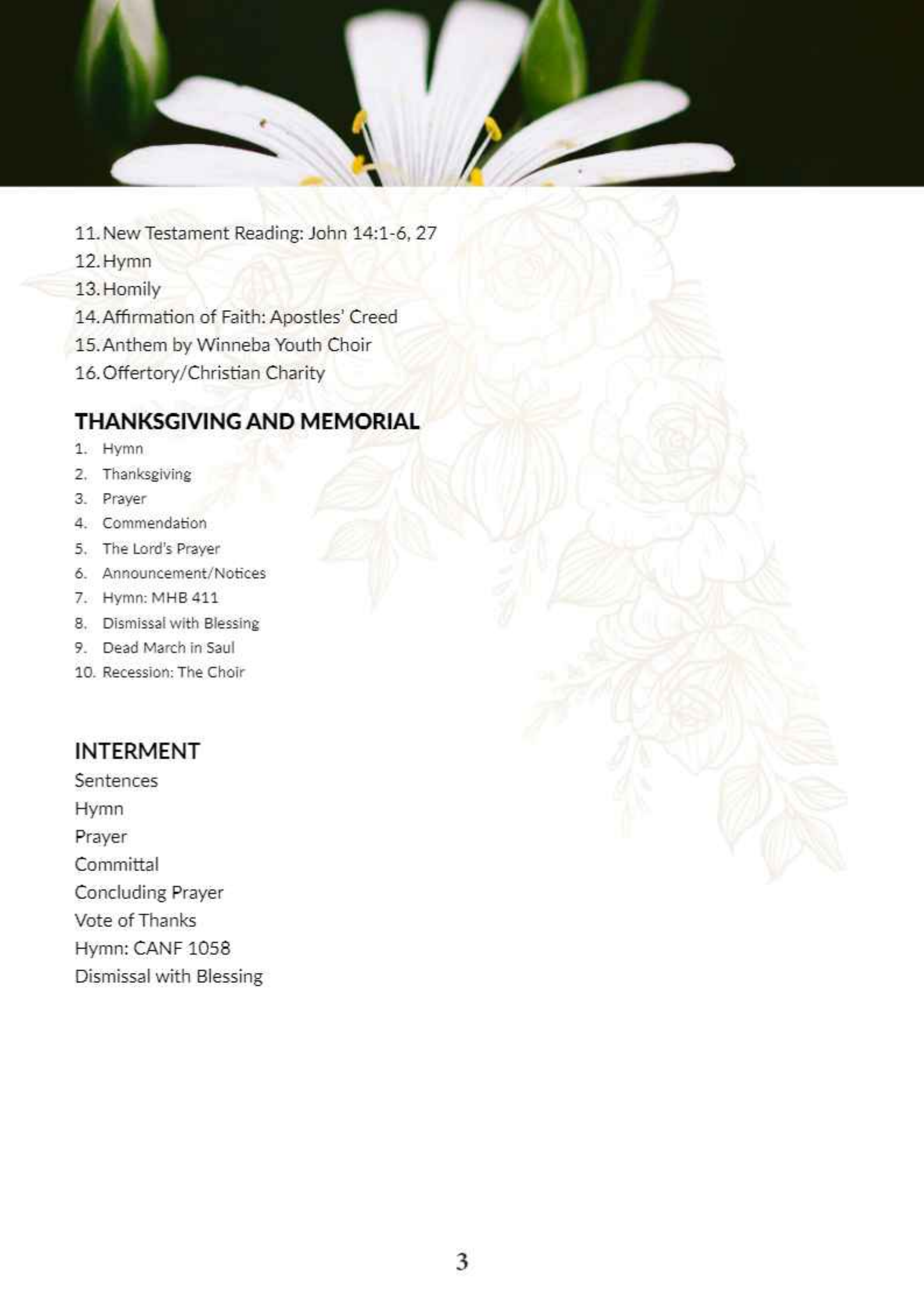
PART ONE

Pre-Burial Service of Hymn and Viewing

1. Welcome Courtesies and Opening Sentences
2. Opening Hymn
3. Prayer
4. Hymn and Viewing
5. Tributes
6. Hymn and Viewing
7. Hymn
8. The Psalter: Psalm 23
9. Prayer
 - 9.1 Old Testament Reading: Psalm 90: 1-6
 - 9.2 New Testament Reading: Rom. 8: 5-13
 - 9.3 New Testament Reading: Luke 10:38-42
10. Closing of Casket

BURIAL SERVICE

1. Procession-Choir
2. Sentences
3. Purpose of Gathering
4. Hymn
5. Prayer
6. Hymn
7. Witness: Biography/Tributes
8. Hymn
9. Scripture Reading
10. Old Testament Reading: Psalm 90:1-6

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11. New Testament Reading: John 14:1-6, 27
 12. Hymn
 13. Homily
 14. Affirmation of Faith: Apostles' Creed
 15. Anthem by Winneba Youth Choir
 16. Offertory/Christian Charity

THANKSGIVING AND MEMORIAL

1. Hymn
2. Thanksgiving
3. Prayer
4. Commendation
5. The Lord's Prayer
6. Announcement/Notices
7. Hymn: MHB 411
8. Dismissal with Blessing
9. Dead March in Saul
10. Recession: The Choir

INTERMENT

- Sentences
- Hymn
- Prayer
- Committal
- Concluding Prayer
- Vote of Thanks
- Hymn: CANF 1058
- Dismissal with Blessing



THE LATE MR. ALBERT KOJO ARYEE

Biography of the

LATE MR. ALBERT KOJO ARYEE

Mr. Albert Kojo Aryee was born on 17th February, 1940 to Mr. Jacob Francis Aryee and Madam Nancy Cobbold both of blessed memory. He was the last of the three children of his parents, and the second son. He lost his father at the tender age of Five(5).

He attended Winneba Methodist School and in 1954, after passing the Common Entrance Examination, proceeded to Mfantshipim School in Cape Coast where he was admitted to Form 2. He completed secondary school form 5 and 6th Form in 1957 and 1959 respectively.

In 1960, Mr. Albert Aryee was admitted to the University of Ghana and after three years, in 1963, he attained a Bachelor's degree in Agriculture. Indeed, he excelled, graduated with flying colours and emerged as the top student of his class which subsequently earned him the University of Ghana Scholarship for a post-graduate course at the University of Edinburgh in Scotland.

Upon obtaining his Master's degree in Animal Breeding from the University of Edinburgh in 1967, Mr. Kojo Aryee accepted an appointment as a lecturer in Animal Husbandry at Natural Resources Development College (NRDC), Lusaka, Zambia - Teaching Agricultural and Livestock Science students in beef cattle and sheep production; and drawing up production plans for the beef cattle unit of the NRDC's mixed farm and Ranch Units.

In 1971, he was appointed Farm Director and Head of the Agriculture Department in the same institution- Natural Resources Development College (NRDC) Lusaka, Zambia. His tasks included: Overall planning and implementation of all agricultural projects on the College's mixed farm and Beef Cattle Ranch Units as well as the supervision of teaching of Agricultural Subjects.

On his return to Ghana in 1974, Mr. Kojo Aryee joined the Agricultural Development Bank and was in charge of the Bank's Livestock Division. In 1976, he was appointed Managing Director of the Ghana Livestock Company, with the Government of Ghana and four (4) local commercial Banks as partners, for the development of three (3) Commercial Beef Cattle Ranches in Ghana namely: Pong-Tamale, Branam and Tadzewu.

After eight (8) years with the Ghana Livestock Company, Mr. Aryee then moved on into the private sector as a Livestock Consultant and worked on a number of donor-funded consultancies, including:

1. *Government of Ghana/Commission of the European Communities' Accra Plains Livestock Development Project.*
2. *Plan Consult ECOWAS Executive Secretariat Feasibility Study of Community Cattle Breeding Centres involving The Gambia Livestock Development Project (The Gambia), Madina Diassa Ranch (Mali), Marahoue Ranch (Cote d'Ivoire), and Pota Ranch (Nigeria).*
3. *Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO) of the United Nations: Tsetse Fly Control and related*

development in Northwest Ghana

4. *Government of Ghana's Medium Term Agricultural Development Plan: Livestock Study.*
5. *Government of Ghana/World Bank: Ghana Medium-Term Livestock Development Project Preparation – Phase I.*
6. *Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations Studies for the Rehabilitation of the Ejura Sheep and Goat Station Ghana*
7. *Government of Ghana/World Bank Ghana National Livestock Project – Phase II*
8. *Preparation and the Government Of Ghana/World Bank National Environmental Action Plan Vol. III.*

Mr. Albert Kojo Aryee later went into private enterprises, establishing in 1991, Dawn Manufacturing & Services Company Limited. - A small scale venture which primarily undertook pilot programmes for the manufacture of salt/mineral licks for livestock feeding. He equally made his expertise available to the public sector, serving on the Management Board of the Animal Research Institute of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research of Ghana for two years from 1980-1982.

As a professional, Kojo Aryee was a stickler for excellence, consistently maintaining very high standards. The reports he produced were always of the highest quality and were never questioned by a client. He was a great team player and a fabulous Team Leader. He never tolerated a shoddy report from a team member. "It had to be redone", he would insist.

Mr. Albert Aryee was a Christian and was baptized as a Methodist. He would be remembered as one of the early members of the Methodist Church of Ghana, Freeman Society-Ofankor.

Most notably, his role in the establishment of the Church's Junior Secondary School and his noble act of pro bono teaching when the school faced serious pedagogical challenges.

As a person, Mr. Kojo Aryee was non-controversial, kind, unassuming and a really great person. Although he was of a quiet disposition, he was good company and great fun to be with. During his working life, he would host friends, very often in the company of his bosom friend Dr. Agyekumhene and display his skills as a master chef, carving and slicing meat for his guests and serving them with his favourite 'mpusuwlitis', an amazing pot of meat soup with spicy multi-million ingredients prepared by him and deriving its name from the Akan hunter's special soup, "mpusuw". Rest assured that this delight when consumed, will make any threatening malaise fever show a clean pair of heels. And when Kojo was lucky and father Bacchus has lent him a little helping hand, he would win an Oscar with his repertoire of music and a display of special dancing skills, "his way".

Handsome, attractive and good looking, Mr. Kojo Aryee was the most eligible bachelor of his time. But he would not be an "elusive Pimpernel" forever. And in the end, he proved to be a loving **family man**.

On Monday 2nd September, 2024, after a protracted illness, Mr. Kojo Aryee passed away peacefully in his sleep.

Would that Mr. Kojo Aryee had been with us for a little more time! But four score and four years of a full life can be the envy of many. And we are truly grateful to the Almighty for his life.

Mr. Albert Kojo Aryee left behind his wife Gladys and children Vaughan and Francesca and his sister Madam Emma Aryee.

May his soul rest in peace. AMEN

Tribute by WIDOW

My dear Kodjo,

Standing here today, my heart is both heavy and full. Heavy with the unbearable weight of your absence, yet full of the love and memories we built together. You were my rock, my confidant, and the love of my life. From the moment we met, I knew my life was forever changed by your kindness, your quiet strength, and the way you made me feel.

You gave me more than just companionship; you gave me a lifetime of joy and laughter. Every moment we shared was a treasure—whether we were simply enjoying the quiet together, or facing the trials that life threw our way, you stood by me. You faced each day with a strength and grace that I admired deeply, even in the hardest of times.

I will always cherish your humor, the way you could make me smile on even the darkest days.

You were a man of intelligence, wisdom and compassion, someone who saw the best in everyone. You lived with integrity, and your love for family and friends was boundless. In your presence, I felt safe. In your love, I felt whole.

Though my heart aches for the future we will no longer share, I am comforted by the memories we created. Our love, our life together—those things can never be taken from me. I will carry them with me, always.

I find solace in knowing you are at peace now. But your spirit will forever live on in everything I do, in every beat of my heart. The love we shared will never fade; it will guide me as I move forward, and I will forever be grateful for the time we had together.

*Until we meet again, my love, you will always be
in my heart.*

With all my love

Gladys



Tribute by **Children**

SON

VAUGHAN ROBERTS

I was saddened to hear of my father's passing. I acknowledge the impact he had on many lives. I am truly sorry for this loss, and my thoughts are with you during this difficult time. I hope that in time, we can all find comfort in the memories and the positive impact he had on our lives in

different ways.

May you find comfort and strength in the love and support of those around you. Please accept my heartfelt condolences. With Sympathy.

DAUGHTER

FRANCESCA ESIE NANA

I will first like to thank the Lord Almighty for His Grace. My greetings to the cheffery, Mrs Gladys his wife, Mrs Frances his sister whom I carry the name, the person who is reading my tribute, the family, friends and the whole assembly.

Dear dad,

My stay in 2019 by your side made me discover a beautiful land rich in history and moreover a tall and handsome charismatic man, with a lot of spirit, remarkable presence, and impressive physical and intellectual dynamism despite your age.

I discovered a righteous man, who likes justice and expert in agriculture and how funny that, unknowingly, I myself opened an agricultural company.

You emanated a quiet and noble strength worthy of a king. I am happy and grateful to have held a precious place in your heart. Those around you told me that to make you smile, they cajoled you by calling you I Esie Nana's dad'.

Your memory will remain unforgettable. I regret that we didn't have more experiences together, but like you said, *Ic lest la vie!*

Thank you for giving me life and I thank God for yours.

My second son who bears your name will perpetuate your memory and I recognize some similar character with my elder son such as your integrity.

You now live in our hearts and I pray that the Lord will welcome you into His precious arms.

Rest in perfect peace dear dad.

Your daughter, Francesca Esie Nana Aryee

Eulogy by

JACOB ARYEE DESCENDANTS

Neither tears, nor words, can fully express our sorrow. Mr. Albert Kojo Aryee, affectionately called Cousin Kojo Aryee, is no longer with us. God in His infinite wisdom knows best. Our sorrows cannot be measured. No matter how many tears we shed, no matter how large the broken hearts, no matter how deep our sorrow, the inevitable has happened, and there is nothing we can do about it.

The moment of death, the time of death and the mode of death are known only to our Maker, God Almighty. These are the great mysteries of life. Cousin Kojo, Aryee was humble, an outstanding role model for the family. His knowledge in family history instills in us a strong impetus to identify with our historical roots .

Even though he is not with us physically, we will never forget his kindness extended to several family members. Your niece, Maame Anna, remembers vividly how you were so good to her when she was growing up. She is very grateful for the several opportunities she got to spend the holidays with you and Aunty Gladys at your place in Tesano, Accra.

We also take this opportunity to thank you for taking active part in family events, such as the 'Annual Remembrance Celebrations', and other meetings to promote the welfare of the Jacob Aryee Descendants Association.

Your love for family was unique, and became more and more evident when any of us visited you. Even in your sunset years, you never failed to inquire of individual members.

Cousin Kojo your journey on earth has ended. There is a time to be born and a time to die. Sleep on, our dear Brother and Uncle, as you join the angels above to watch over us. Fare thee well, Cousin Kojo, until we meet again in the New Jerusalem.

Cousin Kojo, Da yie! Nantsew yie. Nyame nfa wo nsie.

AMEN

Tribute by

Nephews and Nieces

Memories of Time Spent with Uncle Kojo

*"For most human beings, even when we briefly touch up against other lives,
we leave our marks on each other"*

Sidney Poitier

We first met Uncle Kojo in the early 1970s. We had never met him before, but we knew his older brother Uncle Kofi so we thought nothing when the two of them walked in through to the back of the house. They had clearly been out and about, had had a few drinks, and were in a fairly raucous mood as they and their sister laughed, hugged and chit chatted. Our grandmother came out to see what the fuss was and politely said hello to the "guest" before going back indoors to get us ready for bed. As she walked back indoors he followed her there, which was when our grandmother exploded with words to the effect that "Owura, can't you see that I am trying to get the children dressed up?" To which he responded "Aunt, (that's what my mother and her siblings called our granny) don't you remember me? It's me Kojo". Our grandmother exclaimed and somehow managed to embrace our uncle without dropping what she was carrying at the time.

That is when we first met Uncle Kojo. Of course we had heard about him previously from our grandmother. He was the one who would go to the market where she; a young widow, traded to demand his school fees as he didn't want to miss school. We were overawed by his exploits and felt that our granny was proud of him even as we struggled to believe that he would dare go to the market to kick up such a fuss under

the circumstances. She told us that he went to Mfantshipim School and was studying in the UK. At some point we heard that he was in Lusaka, and now there he was, right there in front of us. He was cool, and had quite the swagger about him.

When he eventually relocated to Ghana, he'd visit often and he'd always come bearing gifts of sweets and such goodies, and as we got older we had the opportunity to visit the cattle ranch that he managed at Kpong Tamale with him when he went on site visits. Those were exciting drives with him and his driver and an abiding memory we have of Uncle Kojo is him flying up Kintampo road in the blue Range Rover that he drove at the time. He was so cool.

As we grew older and life took its course with the political turbulence of the late 70s and early 80s we saw less of him and as time went on some of us left Ghana to study and or build lives overseas. We had a long gap during which we made do with photographs of him; such as him reading his tribute to our grandmother at her funeral service. We kept abreast with the family going-ons and we eventually reconnected as we grew in adulthood and took on wider "ebusua" responsibilities.

We would jointly and severally meet with him whenever the opportunity came up and would have long leisurely lunches together during which we

caught up on several topics; what his great nephews and nieces were up to, a few surprises like our cousins Vaughan and Esi, our chosen professions and career progression, and such.

A Couple of years ago we heard that he had not been well and ever the private man; he did not drive into too much detail other than to confirm that he had seen a doctor and was responding well to treatment. We kept tabs on him and he kept us posted as we periodically had some actions around his health care.

We were clearly labouring under the misconception that all was well with him; even when we heard again in August that he was in hospital at Legon, and that there was a plan to transfer him to a new district hospital closer to his home. We helped make the arrangements for his move and it all seemed like good progress until we received the news that our uncle had passed away in his sleep.

It's been quite the task coming to terms with the fact that uncle Kojo has left God's earth so abruptly. We will miss him.

Rest in peace, Uncle Kojo

*Colin, Amanda, Christopher, Michael, Jacob,
Nancy and Samson.*



TRIBUTE BY THE FREEMAN METHODIST CHURCH, OFANKOR, ACCRA.

"They who tread the path of labor follow where my feet have trod.

They who work without complaining do the holy will of God.

Nevermore thou neediest to seek me; I am with thee everywhere.

Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and I am there."

MHB 601 (St. 1)

Today we gather to honor and remember our dear brother, Bro. Aryee, a beloved member who joined the Freeman Society Ofankor in the year 2001. Bro. Aryee's life was one of dedicated service, unwavering faith, and a passion for education that touched countless lives in our community.

As a devoted member of our church family, Bro. Aryee exemplified the values of Methodism through his actions and commitment. He played a crucial role in our congregation, taking on one of the roles as the church secretary to leaders meeting, with diligence and care. His leadership in this position helped guide our church through both challenges and times of growth.

Beyond the church walls, Bro. Aryee's impact extended into the realm of education. As a school board member, he worked tirelessly to improve the quality of education for our youth. His true calling, however, was in the classroom. Bro. Aryee's passion for teaching science and English to Junior High School 3 students inspired a generation of young minds. His dedication to nurturing knowledge and curiosity in his pupils will be remembered fondly by all who had the privilege of learning from him.

In recent years, following the challenges brought by the COVID-19 pandemic, we witnessed our brother's physical strength begin to wane. Though his body grew weaker, his spirit remained strong. Even as he stepped back from leadership roles due to illness, the impact of his years of service continued to resonate within our church community.

Mr. Aryee's life serves as a testament to the power of faith, education, and community service. While we mourn his passing, we also celebrate the lasting legacy he leaves behind. His contributions to our church, our schools, and our community will not be forgotten.

May his memory be a blessing to all who knew him. We thank God for the gift of Mr. Aryee's life and the time we were blessed to share with him. Mr Aryee! May your soul rest in perfect peace.

Bro Aryee! May you rest in the glory of God, till we meet again.

Papa! Da yie!!

Tribute by

TRIBUTE BY THE FREEMAN SOCIETY, OFANKOR

THEY WHO TREAD THE PATH OF LABOUR FOLLOW WHERE MY FEET HAVE TROD;
THEY WHO WORK WITHOUT COMPLAINING DO THE HOLY WILL OF GOD;
NEVERMORE THOU NEEDEST SEEK ME;
I AM WITH THEE EVERYWHERE;
RAISE THE STONE, AND THOU SHALT FIND ME;
CLEAVE THE WOOD AND I AM THERE. MHB - 601, STANZA 1.

Brethren For Christ: We live. 3x

Brother Albert Kojo Aryee (aka English man) joined the Men's Fellowship right from its formation in the year 2001 and became the fellowship's secretary and later nominated as the circuit's quarterly meeting secretary and also the circuit Men's fellowship Secretary.

During his tenure as Secretary to the fellowship's at all levels records were kept accurately and he always referred you to the records when there is a misunderstanding, quoting the Fellowship constitution to support the agreement.

Bro A. K. Aryee is really a man of his word and lighted candle which is always used to light other candles. He also did our write ups for us at the circuit level.

When age caught up with him, he told the leader's meeting and the quarterly meeting to look for a replacement and the society as well.

Sister Abena Asenso was appointed to under study him and he trained her perfectly to become the leaders' meeting secretary for the society. English man, as we called him, is a God sent, and blessing to the Freeman Society.

He contributed both physically and spiritually for the development of the society and the fellowship, paid all his dues at class meeting and fellowship levels until he turned 70 years, when the fellowship exempted members of the fellowship for 70 years and above not to pay monthly dues.

This is a life well lived, we the members of Freeman Men's fellowship know that by now you are resting in the Lord's bosom till we meet again.

Till we meet again, Rest in peace.

FOR CHRIST, WE LIVE.

ANTHEM:

Stand up, stand up for Jesus

Ye soldier of the cross

Lift up his royal banner

It must not suffer lost

From victory unto to victory

His army shall he lead

Till every foe is vanquished

And Christ is Lord indeed

Amen

1957 YEAR GROUP

Looking back on those early years of our lives when we were happily sprinting about on Kwabotwe Hill we realize that Time has carried a significant number of our MOBA, 1957 Year Group away. And our prayer has been to be spared any further loss. Then a couple of us complained about not having "heard" from each other on the Group's space on the Mobile Phone for a while. This was at the end of August, 2024 and the complaint apparently woke us up and some "noise" was "heard". But alas, among those "chats" which came the following week, that is first week of September, was the distasteful one about the passing of Kojo. How terrible!! This was not the "chat" we wanted, and least expected it.

Kojo Aryee was a product of the Methodist School at Winneba known in those days to have yearly fed Mfantsipim School with diligent and brilliant students. He was admitted into Mfantsipim School in January 1954 and placed in FORM 2; he was made to live in FREEMAN HOUSE.

Kojo was comparatively a well - behaved student. He was never known to have given the School Administration any anxious moments. However, he was not a recluse. He was sociable and shared company with his colleagues and like students of those days he occasionally joined in and enjoyed the usual student pranks. Though not a celebrity of a Sportsman Kojo played Hockey

for Freeman House when he was in FORM FOUR (4) and in the FIFTH FORM.

Kojo was a serious student who appreciated the sacrifices his parents had made in sending him to the school. He was studious and remained focused on his studies.

He was aware of his potential and was determined to make the maximum use of the opportunities Mfantsipim had for him.

Our Kojo was a Science Student and he acquitted himself very creditably at the Cambridge West Africa School Certificate Examination (later to become the "O" Level) in December 1957. His performance at this Examination qualified him to pursue the Sixth Form programme. In the Sixth Form Kojo's Elective Subjects were Zoology, and Botany (proudly referred to by the science students as Zoo-Bot). This selection was a pointer to further work in the Biologicalsciences. Kojo's outstanding performance in the Cambridge Higher School Certificate Examination (later "A" Level) confirmed his determination to do further academic work. His performance won him a Ghana Government Scholarship to study AGRICULTURE at the University of Ghana, Legon.

Kojo was a member of the Mfantsipim Old Boys Association (MOBA 1957) by virtue of having completed the Basic Secondary School programme in December, 1957. He participated in the activities of this Year Group when and as his time and other commitments would permit him; one could "feel"

Kojo in this Group sharing brotherhood and good company when around. It must be said that when Kojo finally settled in Accra he became an active member of MOBA and attended many of our activities. Even when ill-health prevented his physical participation in our activities Kojo continued to observe all his financial obligations.

Kojo, we believe, the Lord was your Captain, and your one True Light as you courageously fought in the dreaded darkness. Now having so nobly fought we believe that you have won the victor's crown of gold. And as the golden evening is observed brightening in the West you and the other faithful warriors deserve to rest from your labours in blessed paradise. Then when a more glorious day breaks you together with the other triumphant saints will rise brightly arrayed to behold the King of Glory passing on his way, at which awesome sight you and the other saints

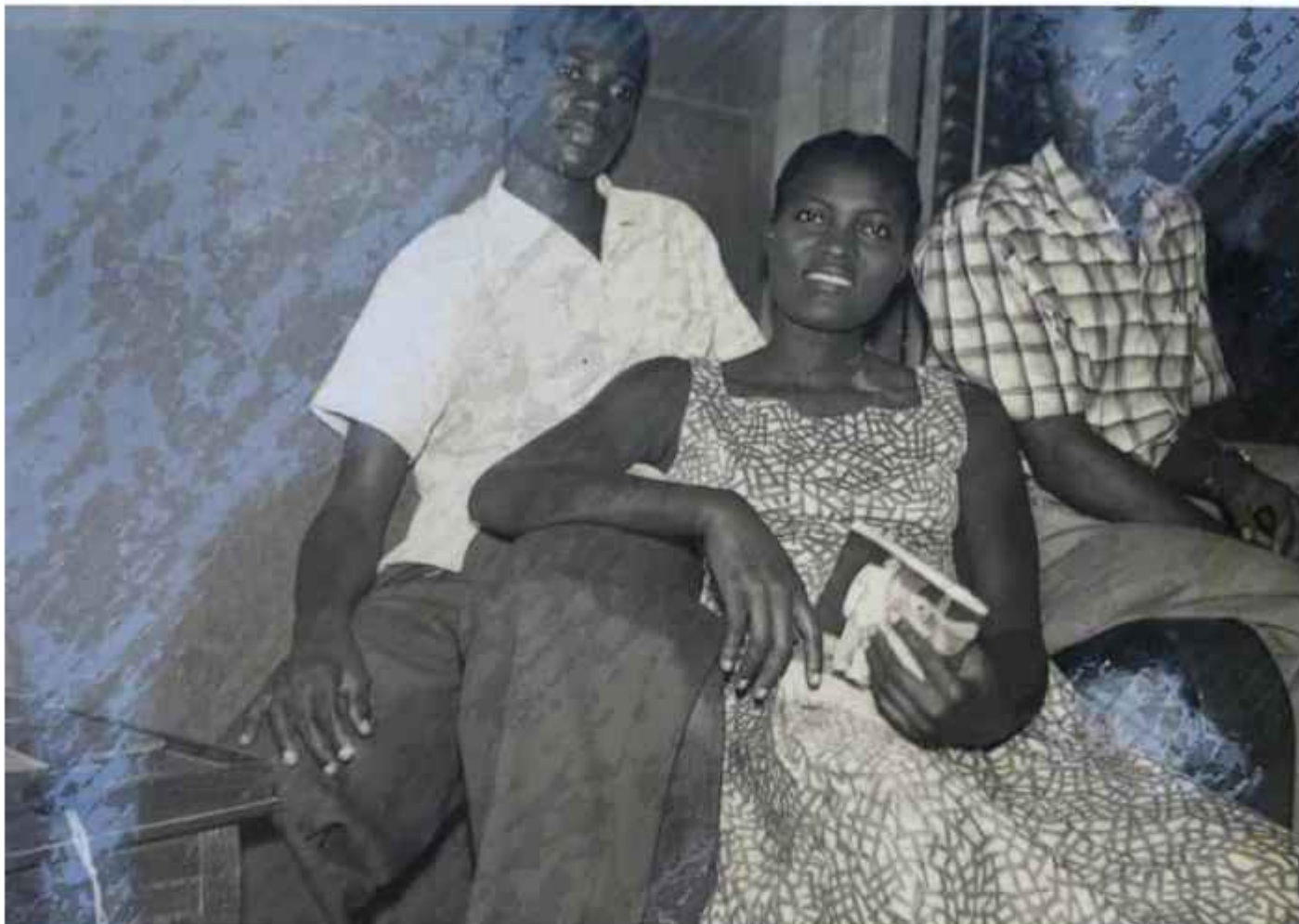
shall jubilantly sing ALLELUIAH (woven from some stanzas of the MFANTSIPIM SCHOOL HYMN 832).

Kojo, your brothers of MOBA '57 mourn with your family, immediate and extended, and pray that the Good Lord will continue to show His Love.

Fare thee well, Kojo. And know that this parting is sadly made.



Gallery









hymns

MHB 428

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Verse 2

Happy the man whose soul rely
On Israel's God! He made the sky,
And earth, and sea, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

Verse 3

The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

Verse 4

I'll praise Him while He leads me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
Or immortality endures.

MHB 478

Verse 1

Jesus, my Savior, Brother, Friend,
On Whom I cast my every care,
On Whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

Verse 2

If I have tasted of Thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings,
If with me now Thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in His wings.

Verse 3

Still let Him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart,
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till He renews my heart.

Verse 4

When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ Thy way,
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near."

Verse 5

His sacred unction from above
Be still my Comforter and Guide;
Till all the hardness He remove,
And in my loving heart reside.

Verse 6

Jesus, I fain would walk in Thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

Verse 7

Uphold me, Savior, or I fall,
O reach me out Thy gracious hand
Only on Thee for help I call,
Only by faith in Thee I stand

MHB 528

Verse 1

Hark my soul! It is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
Say, poor sinner, lovs't thou Me?

Verse 2

I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

Verse 3

Can a women's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

Verse 4

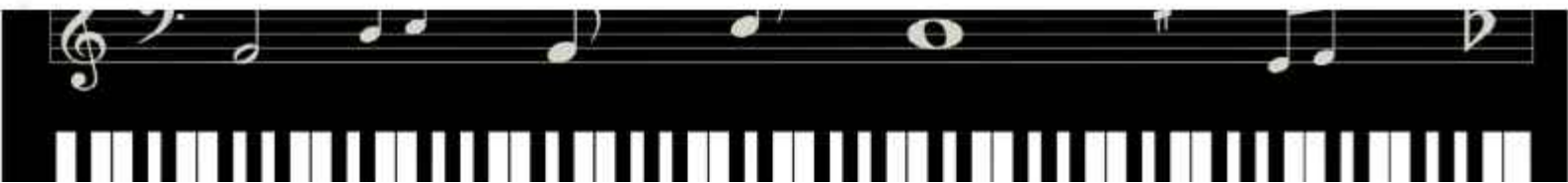
Mine is an unchanged love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

Verse 5

Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

Verse 6

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more! Amen.



MHB 615**Verse 1**

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven!
 Feed me now and evermore.

Verse 2

Open Thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing stream shall flow;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong deliverer!
 Be Thou still my help and shield.

Verse 3

When I TREAD the verge of Jordan;
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of Praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

MHB 503**Verse 1**

God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Verse 2

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sovereign will.

Verse 3

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Verse 4

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

Verse 5

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower

Verse 6

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain;
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

MHB 515**Verse 1**

Thy way, not mine. O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by Thine own hand;
 Choose out the path for me.
 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.

Verse 2

I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not, if I might:
 Choose Thou for me, My God
 So shall I walk aright.
 The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine; so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

Verse 3

Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill
 As best to Thee may seem;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.
 Not mine, not mine the choice
 In things or great or small;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom and my All. Amen.

MHB 602**Verse 1**

Father, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me,
 And the changes that are sure to come
 I do not fear to see;
 But I ask Thee for a present mind,
 Intent on pleasing Thee.

Verse 2

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And wipe the weeping eyes,
 And a heart at leisure from itself
 To soothe and sympathize.

Verse 3

I would not have the restless will
 That hurries to and fro,
 Seeking for some great thing to do
 Or secret thing to know;
 I would be treated as a child,
 And guided where I go.



Verse 4

Wherever in the world I am,
 In whatsoever estate,
 I have a fellowship with hearts
 To keep and cultivate,
 And a work of lowly love to do
 For the Lord on whom I wait.

Verse 5

I ask Thee for the daily strength
 To none that ask denied,
 And a mind to blend with outward life,
 Still keeping at Thy side,
 Content to fill a little space
 If Thou be glorified.

Verse 6

In a service which Thy will appoints
 There are no bonds for me;
 For my inmost soul is taught the truth
 That makes Thy children free;
 And a life of self-renouncing love
 Is a life of liberty.

MHB 832**Verse 1**

For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
 Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
 Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
 Alleluia!

Verse 2

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight;
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
 Alleluia!

Verse 3

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win, with them the victor's crown of gold.
 Alleluia!

Verse 4

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
 All are one in thee, for all are Thine.
 Alleluia!

Verse 5

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
 And hearts are brave, again, and arms are strong.
 Alleluia!

Verse 6

The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
 Sweet is the calm of paradise the blessed.
 Alleluia!

Verse 7

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of glory passes on his way.
 Alleluia!

Verse 8

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 And singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost:
MHB 427

Verse 1

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

Verse 2

Of His deliverance I will boast,
 Till all that are distressed
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

Verse 3

O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt His name;
 When in distress to Him I called,
 He to my rescue came.

Verse 4

The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliverance He affords to all
 Who on His succor trust.

Verse 5

O make but trial of His love;
 Experience will decide
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in His truth confide.

Verse 6

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make you His service your delight,
 He'll make your wants His care.

MHB 99**Verse 1**

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.



Verse 2

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Verse 3

Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace!

Verse 4

Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Verse 5

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Verse 6

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

MHB 528**Verse 1**

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe in such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Verse 2

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
and nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim.
He knows the way He's taken,
and I will walk with Him

Verse 3

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

MHB 589**Verse 1**

Go, labour on: spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

Verse 2

Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught,
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises; what are men?

Verse 3

Go, labor on while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

Verse 4

Men die in darkness at thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Verse 5

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Verse 6

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: Behold, I come!

MHB 831**Verse 1**

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Verse 2

Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

Verse 3

I asked them whence their victory came
They, with united breath:
Ascribed their conquest to the lamb,
Their triumph to his death.



Verse 4

They marked the footsteps that he trod,
 His zeal inspired their breast;
 And following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.

Verse 5

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern given;
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

MHB 411**Verse 1**

Heard of Thy Church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore Thee,
 Till Thou appear, Thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory.
 We lift our hearts and voices
 With blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud, And give to God
 The praise of our salvation.

Verse 2

The name we still acknowledge
 That burst our bonds in sunder,
 And loudly sing,
 Our conquering king,
 In songs of joy and wonder.
 In every day's deliverance
 Our Jesus we discover; 'Tis He, 'tis He
 That smote the sea, And led us safely over!

Verse 3

While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise, Which knows our days
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We clap our hands exulting
 In Thine almighty favour;
 The love divine Which made us Thine
 Shall keep us Thine forever.

Verse 4

By faith we see the glory
 To which Thou shalt restore us;
 The Cross despise For that high prize
 Which Thou hast set before us.
 And if Thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see Thee stand
 At God's right hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

MHB 878**Verse 1**

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home;

Verse 2

Under the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

Verse 3

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

Verse 4

A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

Verse 5

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in following years.

6.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

7.

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.



