



IGSOSANA

THE IBADAN GRAMMAR SCHOOL
OLD STUDENTS ASSOCIATION *of* NORTH AMERICA



Favorite
Songs, Hymns & Psalms

SING SONG 2020

2

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DEO ET PATRIAE

Fun Olorun Ati Ile Wa

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School Song & Anthems

Arise all sons of the Mountaineer
Sing praises to the Lord
And shout for joy with one accord
All boys from far and near
Remember now thy glorious days
At Oke-Are's gate
Whence we came and first sang our lays
DEO ET PATRIAE

Praise God that patriots of old
To work did put their hand
And for the love of Fatherland
Their mites did not withhold
Brothers, sisters, now justify
The talking drums of old
The hope of those who labored long
DEO ET PATRIAE

Illustrious sons who rose to fame
The scions of their days
Brought glory and unfading praise
To Alma Mater's name
With these in thankful voice we sing
Our hymn of jubilee
Raise upon high our joyful glee
DEO ET PATRIAE

NIGERIAN

Arise, O compatriots,
Nigeria's call obey
To serve our fatherland
With love and strength and faith
The labor of our heroes past
Shall never be in vain
To serve with heart and might
One nation bound in freedom,
peace and unity.

AMERICAN

Oh, say! can you see
by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed
at the twilight's last gleaming
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched,
were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare,
the bombs bursting in air
Gave proof through the night that our
flag was still there
Oh, say! does that star-spangled
banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and
the home of the brave

CANADIAN

O Canada! Our home and native land!
True patriot love in all thy sons command
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North strong and free!
From far and wide,
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
God keep our land glorious and free!
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.



Hymns & Psalms

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

Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

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

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

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

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

What a friend we have in Jesus
all our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
all because we do not carry
everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful
who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
take it to the Lord in prayer!

Are we weak and heavy laden,
cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge--
take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do your friends despise, forsake you?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In his arms he'll take and shield you;
you wilt find a solace there.

BLESSED IS he whose unrighteousness is forgiven, and whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the LORD imputeth no sin, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 For whilst I held my tongue, my bones consumed away through my daily complaining.

4 For thy hand was heavy upon me day and night, and my moisture was like the drought in summer.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee; and mine unrighteousness have I not hid.

6 I said, I will confess my sins unto the LORD; and so thou forgavest the wickedness of my sin.

7 For this shall every one that is godly make his prayer unto thee, in a time when thou mayest be found; but in the great water-floods they shall not come nigh him.

8 Thou art a place to hide me in; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

9 I will inform thee, and teach thee in the way wherein thou shalt go; and I will guide thee with mine eye.

10 Be ye not like to horse and mule, which have no understanding; whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle, lest they fall upon thee.

11 Great plagues remain for the ungodly; but whoso putteth his trust in the LORD, mercy embraceth him on every side.

12 Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the LORD; and be joyful, all ye that are true of heart.

Glory the Father; and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be world without end Amen.

O worship the King,
all glorious above,
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor,
and girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
whose canopy space,
His chariots of wrath
the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path
on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store
of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
hath founded of old;
Established it fast
by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care,
what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills
in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender,
how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
to worship Thee above,
The humbler creation,
though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
shall all sing Thy praise.

Refrain

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful:
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

Refrain

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful:
The Lord God made them all.*

The purple headed mountains,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky.

Refrain

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful:
The Lord God made them all.*

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

Refrain

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful:
The Lord God made them all.*

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Refrain

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful:
The Lord God made them all.*

O Jesus, I have promised
to serve thee to the end:
be thou ever near me,
my Master and my friend;
I shall not fear the battle
if thou art by my side,
nor wander from the pathway
if thou wilt be my guide.

O let me feel thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
the tempting sounds I hear;
my foes are ever near me,
around me and within;
but Jesus, draw thou nearer,
and shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear thee speaking
in accents clear and still,
above the storms of passion,
the murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
to hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
thou guardian of my soul.

O let me see thy features,
the look that once could make
so many a true disciple
leave all things for thy sake:
the look that beamed on Peter
when he thy name denied;
the look that draws thy lovers
close to thy pierced side.

O Jesus, thou hast promised
to all who follow thee,
that where thou art in glory
there shall thy servant be;
and, Jesus I have promised
to serve thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
my Master and my friend.

O let me see thy footmarks,
and in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
is in thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
uphold me to the end;
and then in heaven receive me,
my Savior and my Friend.

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty,
 the King of creation!
 O my soul, praise him,
 for he is thy health and salvation!
 All ye who hear,
 now to his temple draw near;
 praise him in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who over
 all things so wondrously reigneth,
 shelters thee under his wings,
 yea, so gently sustaineth!
 Hast thou not seen
 how thy desires ever have been
 granted in what he ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, who doth
 prosper thy work and defend thee;
 surely his goodness and mercy
 here daily attend thee.
 Ponder anew
 what the Almighty can do,
 if with his love he befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord, who, when
 tempests their warfare are waging,
 who, when the elements madly
 around thee are raging,
 biddeth them cease,
 turneth their fury to peace,
 Whirlwinds and waters assuaging.

Praise to the Lord, who, when
 darkness of sin is abounding,
 who, when the godless do triumph,
 all virtue confounding,
 sheddeth his light,
 chaseth the horrors of night,
 saints with his mercy surrounding.

Praise to the Lord, O let
 all that is in me adore him!
 All that hath life and breath,
 come now with praises before him.
 Let the amen
 sound from his people again,
 gladly for all we adore him.

God is working his purpose out
as year succeeds to year:
God is working his purpose out,
and the time is drawing near;
nearer and nearer draws the time,
the time that shall surely be,
when the earth shall be filled
with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

From utmost east to utmost west,
wherever foot hath trod,
by the mouth of many messengers
goes forth the voice of God;
give ear to me, ye continents,
ye isles, give ear to me,
that earth may filled
with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

What can we do to work God's work,
to prosper and increase
the brotherhood of all mankind--
the reign of the Prince of Peace?
What can we do to hasten the time--
the time that shall surely be,
when the earth shall be filled
with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

March we forth in the strength of God,
with the banner of Christ unfurled,
that the light of the glorious gospel of truth
may shine throughout the world:
fight we the fight with sorrow and sin
to set their captives free,
that earth may filled
with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth
unless God blessed the deed;
vainly we hope for the harvest-tide
till God gives life to the seed;
yet nearer and nearer draws the time,
the time that shall surely be,
when the earth shall be filled
with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
pilgrim though this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through;
strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer.
Be thou still my Strength and Shield,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside;
bear me through the swelling current,
land me safe on Canaan's side;
songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee,
I will ever give to thee.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glow with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

Be thou my guardian and my guide,
and hear me when I call;
let not my slippery footsteps slide,
and hold me lest I fall.

The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
around the path I tread;
O save me from the snares of hell,
thou Quickener of the dead.

And if I tempted am to sin,
and outward things are strong,
do thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
and save my soul from wrong.

Still let me ever watch and pray,
and feel that I am frail;
that if the tempter cross my way,
yet he may not prevail.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary, Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray, take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart, my zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee,
Pure warm, and changeless be, a living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread, be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day, wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray from Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream over me roll;
Blest Savior, then in love, fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above, a ransomed soul!

He who would valiant be 'gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy follow the Master.
There's no discouragement shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round with dismal stories
Do but themselves confound—his strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might; though he with giants fight,
He will make good his right to be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, Thou dost defend us with Thy Spirit,
We know we at the end, shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away! I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labor night and day to be a pilgrim.

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suffering and shame;
and I love that old cross where the dearest and best
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain:

*So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
and exchange it some day for a crown.*

O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
has a wondrous attraction for me;
for the dear Lamb of God left his glory above
to bear it to dark Calvary.

Refrain

In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
a wondrous beauty I see,
for 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
to pardon and sanctify me.

Refrain

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true;
its shame and reproach gladly bear;
then he'll call me some day to my home far away,
where his glory forever I'll share.

Refrain

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 it must not suffer loss.
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall He lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 and Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 the solemn watchword hear;
 If while ye sleep He suffers,
 away with shame and fear;
 Where'er ye meet with evil,
 within you or without,
 Charge for the God of battles,
 and put the foe to rout.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 the trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 in this His glorious day.
 Ye that are brave now serve Him
 against unnumbered foes;
 Let courage rise with danger,
 and strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 ye dare not trust your own.
 Put on the Gospel armor,
 each piece put on with prayer;
 Where duty calls or danger,
 be never wanting there.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 each soldier to his post,
 Close up the broken column,
 and shout through all the host:
 Make good the loss so heavy,
 in those that still remain,
 And prove to all around you
 that death itself is gain.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 the strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 the next the victor's song.
 To those who vanquish evil
 a crown of life shall be;
 They with the King of Glory
 shall reign eternally.

O Lord, my God,
 when I in awesome wonder
 Consider all the worlds
 Thy Hands have made
 I see the stars,
 I hear the rolling thunder
 Thy power throughout
 the universe displayed

Refrain:

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee
 How great Thou art, how great Thou art
 Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee
 How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

When through the woods
 And forest glades I wander
 I hear the birds
 Sing sweetly in the trees,
 When I look down
 From lofty mountain grandeur
 And hear the brook
 And feel the gentle breeze

Refrain:

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee
 How great Thou art, how great Thou art
 Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee
 How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

And when I think of God,
 His Son not sparing
 Sent Him to die,
 I scarce can take it in
 That on the Cross,
 my burden gladly bearing
 He bled and died
 to take away my sin

Refrain:

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee
 How great Thou art, how great Thou art
 Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee
 How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

When Christ shall come
 with shout of acclamation
 And lead me home,
 what joy shall fill my heart
 Then I shall bow with
 humble adoration
 And then proclaim,
 my God, how great Thou art

Refrain:

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee
 How great Thou art, how great Thou art
 Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee
 How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

Sometimes a light surprises
the Christian while he sings;
it is the Lord, who rises
with healing in his wings:
when comforts are declining,
he grants the soul again
a season of clear shining,
to cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
we sweetly then pursue
the theme of God's salvation,
and find it ever new;
set free from present sorrow,
we cheerfully can say,
"Let the unknown tomorrow
bring with it what it may."

It can bring with it nothing
but he will bear us through;
who gives the lilies clothing
will clothe his people too:
beneath the spreading heavens
no creature but is fed;
and he who feeds the ravens
will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig tree neither
their wonted fruit should bear,
though all the field should wither,
nor flocks nor herds be there;
yet God the same abideth,
his praise shall tune my voice,
for, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away:
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

GOD IS our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof rage and swell, and though the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.

4 The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad make glad the city of God; the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most Highest.

5 God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed; God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The nations make much ado, and the kingdoms are moved; but God hath showed his voice, and the earth shall melt away.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

8 O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord, what destruction he hath brought upon the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease in all the world; he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire.

10 Be still then, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathens, and I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Glory the Father; and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be world without end Amen.

Gbogbo omo Ibadan Giramo; e yo e yo ninu Oluwa (2ce)
 E ba Baba wa yo, Akinyele Baba wa (2ce)
 Baba wa ti ja; O ti k'ogo ja; Ope ni f' Oluwa (2ce)
 Akoko oluko kekere, kekere o
 Ke ke ke, Oluko agba, agbalagba
 Ke ke ke Ojise Oluwa, Oluwa o
 Ati ni opin akaso yi o, Bisobu;
 Ise ti Baba wa Akinyele se, ko se e f'enu so (2ce)
 A o so so so f'omo ta a bi o
 A o ro ro ro f'oyun inu
 At'awon kee kee kee o
 Ti won nr'ojo l'orun
 Akinyele bere , o k'omo yoyo; o ko ko
 Alayande bere, o k'omo yo yo; o ko ko
 Bere ko bere ko; o ko ko

BI MO LOWO

Bi mo l'owo, ma fi yin Oluwa Olupese; Oba to da mi
 Bi mo l'owo, ma fi yin O o, Olugbala;
 Dun mi dun mi ninu ye o Baba
 Yungba yungba, k'aye ko yemi
 Yungba yungba, k'aye dara fun mi
 Yungba, yungba, k'aye yemi, kin ma m'osi
 Dunmi dnumi ninu ye o e Baba

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All could never sin erase,
Thou must save, and save by grace.

Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

To God be the Glory

THANK YOU FOR ATTENDING

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