



*“Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord,”
Colossians 3:16.*

God desires that when His people meet together in His name that they lift up their voice in song, praising Him in what we could call ‘vertical singing’ - ‘singing with grace in your hearts **to the Lord**’ (Col.3:16b). However, that is not all God requires in corporate singing. He also expects that His people would admonish one another in what we could call ‘horizontal singing’ - ‘teaching and admonishing **one another** in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs’ (Col.3:16a).

What then should God’s people sing in their corporate gatherings? The Apostle Paul makes it clear that ‘*the Word of Christ*’ is to permeate our corporate singing. The corporate singing of God’s people ought to be rich in Scripture truths. With this in mind the elders of Berean Bible Church have selected the following songs to supplement and complement songs found in the Trinity Hymnal.

It is hoped that these additional songs will assist BBC in our corporate worship of our gracious God, as well as teaching and admonition one another through our singing.

The elders of Berean Bible Church



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The elders of Berean Bible Church

1

1. A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:
2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!
3. Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
4. Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
And let me ne'er my trust betray,
But press to realms on high.

Charles Wesley and Lowell Mason
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2

1. A mighty host of angels stands
Around Christ's throne in heaven;
Their sinless tongues extol His worth,
All praise to Him is given;
With awe recount His mighty works,
His face behold with wonder,
Lift up their voice to hymn the Lord
With a celestial thunder.
2. A countless host of blood-bought souls
Adds its triumphant measure;
In robes of white they sing with joy,
Their hearts now with their treasure.
This happy throng could quickly tell
Ten thousand grace-filled stories,
But sooner are their lips and hearts
Filled with His radiant glories.

3. And shall my stumbling tongue on earth
Disrupt this happy chorus?
No - all I am shall glorify
The One who suffered for us!
Though fearsome foes and grievous
woes
Our joys are now assailing,
A life safe hid with Christ in God
Calls forth a song unfailing.
4. So, called by grace and kept by love,
Protected by His power,
Our timeless glories with our God
Draw nearer every hour.
With eyes fixed fast on Christ above,
Unmoved by scorn or pity,
We travel on to where He dwells,
In God's abiding city.

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3

1. All creatures of our God and King,
Lift up your voice and with us sing
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam!
O praise Him, O praise Him!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
2. Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
Ye clouds that sail in heav'n along,
O praise Him! Alleluia!
Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,
Ye lights of ev'ning, find a voice!
O praise Him, O praise Him!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
3. Thou flowing water, pure and clear,
Make music for thy Lord to hear,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou fire so masterful and bright,
Thou givest man both warmth and
light!

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4. And all ye men of tender heart,
Forgiving others, take your part,
O sing ye, Alleluia!
Ye who long pain and sorrow bear,
Praise God and on Him cast your care!
O praise Him, O praise Him!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

5. Let all things their Creator bless,
And worship Him in humbleness,
O praise Him! Alleluia!
Praise, praise the Father, praise the
Son,
And praise the Spirit, Three in one!
O praise Him, O praise Him!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

St. Francis of Assis and William Henry Draper
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4

1. All to Jesus I surrender,
All to Him I freely give;
I will ever love and trust Him,
In His presence daily live;

*I surrender all, I surrender all;
All to Thee, my blessed Saviour,
I surrender all.*

2. All to Jesus I surrender;
Humbly at His feet I bow,
Worldly pleasure all forsaken;
Take me Jesus, take me now;

3. All to Jesus I surrender;
Make me, Saviour, wholly thine;
Let me feel the Holy Spirit,
Truly know that Thou art mine;

4. All to Jesus I surrender;
How I need the sacred flame.
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

Judson Wheeler Van DeVenter and Mark Hill (alt.)
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5

1. Along the 'Way of Suffering', my Saviour
He did go,
The pain and inner anguish only He could
fully know.
Amidst the shame and mockery He gladly
took my stead,
He bore the cross upon that road, wore
thorns upon His head.

2. Beneath the cross He staggered, and
stumbled near the gate,
The soldiers cruelly said, "Get up!
You will not make us wait."
But His holy humanity could bear that
cross no more,
He knew what was at Calvary;
He knew what was in store.

3. Amidst the crowd was Simon, they
headed straight his way,
Refused he tried the soldier's word;
compelled he was that day.
He followed right behind my Lord, each
step He did step in
The One who bore the curse for me;
The One who died for sin.

4. Upon the cross My Saviour, did die and
shed His blood,
He suffered hell and anguish;
God's wrath poured out like a flood.
But why would He bear cross and curse?
I know it was for love!
He gave His all; He died and rose, that
I may go above.

O praise Him, O praise Him!
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He gave His all; He died and rose, that
I may go above.

5. I bow before the Saviour, my sin
confess with shame,
I turn from all my filth and call upon
His lovely name.
Deny myself, take up my cross and
follow to the end.
You are my blessed Saviour, Lord,
my dearest, sweetest Friend.

5. High King of heaven, my victory won,
May I reach heav'n's joys, O bright
heaven's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever
befall,
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Eleanor Henrietta Hull and Mary Elizabeth Byrne
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6

1. Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that
Thou art;
Thou my best thought, by day or by
night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my
light.
2. Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou my
true Word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me,
Lord:
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son,
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee
one.
3. Be Thou my breast plate, and sword
for the fight;
Be thou my armour and be Thou my
might:
Thou my soul's shelter and Thou my
high tower
Raise Thou me heav'nward, O pow'r
of my pow'r.
4. Riches I heed not, or man's empty
praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and
always;
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my Treasure
Thou art.

7

1. Before the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea;
A great High Priest whose name is
Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is graven on His hands,
My name is written on His heart,
I know that while in heav'n He stands
No tongue can bid me thence depart,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.
2. When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look and see Him there
Who made an end to all my sin.
Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free.
For God, the Just is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me,
To look on Him and pardon me.
3. Behold Him there, the risen Lamb,
My perfect, spotless righteousness;
The great unchangeable I AM,
The King of glory and of grace,
One with Himself I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ my Saviour and my God,
With Christ my Saviour and my God.

Charitie L. Bancroft and Vikki Cook
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8

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a fore-taste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, wash'd in His blood.

*This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, This is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.*

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight:
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest:
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love.

Fanny J. Crosby, James Mansfield and Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp
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9

1. Blessed Saviour throned in glory,
Robed in majesty and might;
All the fulness of your splendour
Shining forth in blazing light.
Angels bow in breathless wonder
As they see your love and grace,
Poured upon your chosen children,
Gathered here before your face.

2. We have come to join our worship
With that great angelic throng;
Yet our praise is higher, nobler,
We can sing redemption's song.
As we marvel at Your mercy,
We adore You and rejoice,
For the wondrous love that made us
Favoured objects of Your choice!

3. On this day of rest and gladness
We rejoice with You to meet,
And to gather with Your people,
At the blood-stained mercy seat.
We delight to sing Your praises
For Your vast and boundless love,
Yet we long to sing more fully
In our heavenly home above.

4. Everlasting praise and blessing
You are worthy to receive;
Adoration without ceasing,
It is good for us to give.
On that day when all the ransomed
Stand before You Face to face,
In the presence of the angels
We shall bless You for Your grace!

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10

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

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

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

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

Edwin Hatch and Robert Jackson
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11

1. Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.

*We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.*

2. Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King,
But children of the heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad,
May speak their joys abroad.
3. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets,
Or walk the golden streets.
4. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts and Aaron Williams
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12

1. For the might of Thine arm we
bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God;
Thou hast kept Thy pilgrim people
By the strength of Thy staff and rod;
Thou hast called us to the journey
Which faithless feet ne'er trod;
For the might of Thine arm we
bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God.

2. For the love of Christ constraining
That bound their hearts as one;
For the faith in truth and freedom
In which their work was done;
For the peace of God's evangel
Where with their feet were shod,
For the might of Thine arm we
bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God.

3. We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
That shows Thee ever nigh;
We are children of Thy free men
Who sleep beneath the sod;
For the might of Thine arm we
bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God.

4. May the shadow of Thy presence
Around our camp be spread;
Baptize us with the courage
With which Thou blessed our dead;
O keep us in the pathway
Their saintly feet have trod;
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Charles Silvester Horne
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13

1. For Your gift of God the Spirit,
Pow'r to make our lives anew,
Pledge of life and hope of glory,
Saviour we would worship You.
Crowning gift of resurrection
Sent from Your ascended throne,
Fullness of the very Godhead,
Come to make Your life our own.

2. He who in creation's dawning
Brooded on the lifeless deep,
Still across our nature's darkness
Moves to wake our souls from sleep,
Moves to stir, to draw, to quicken,
Thrust us through with sense of sin;
Brings to birth and seals and fills us -
Saving Advocate within.

3. He, Himself the living Author,
Wakes to life the sacred Word,
Reads with us its holy pages
And reveals our risen Lord.
He it is who works within us,
Teaching rebel hearts to pray,
He whose holy intercessions
Rise for us both night and day.

4. He, the mighty God, indwells us;
His to strengthen, help, empow'r;
His to overcome the tempter,
Ours to call in danger's hour.
In His strength we dare to battle
All the raging hosts of sin,
And by Him alone we conquer
Foes without and foes within.

5. Father, grant your Holy Spirit
In our hearts may rule today,
Grieved not, quenched not, but
unhindered,

Work in us His sovereign way.
Fill us with Your holy fullness,
God the Father, Spirit, Son;
In us, through us, then, forever,
Shall Your perfect will be done.

Margaret Clarkson and William P. Rolands
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14

1. Hark my soul! It is the Lord;
'Tis Thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

2. "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding healed thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light".

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

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

5. "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me".

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!

John B. Dykes and William Cowper
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13

1. For Your gift of God the Spirit,
Pow'r to make our lives anew,
Pledge of life and hope of glory,
Saviour we would worship You.
Crowning gift of resurrection
Sent from Your ascended throne,
Fullness of the very Godhead,
Come to make Your life our own.

2. He who in creation's dawning
Brooded on the lifeless deep,
Still across our nature's darkness
Moves to wake our souls from sleep,
Moves to stir, to draw, to quicken,
Thrust us through with sense of sin;
Brings to birth and seals and fills us -
Saving Advocate within.

3. He, Himself the living Author,
Wakes to life the sacred Word,
Reads with us its holy pages
And reveals our risen Lord.
He it is who works within us,
Teaching rebel hearts to pray,
He whose holy intercessions
Rise for us both night and day.

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15

1. He calls you in the morning,
When youth is fair with flowers,
And still His voice re-echoes,
Through din of noontime hours;
He pleadeth in your evening,
When life is nearly done,
And as your sun sinks westward,
His last sweet word is "Come."
2. He calls you from a mountain,
With wooing words of love,
He whispers of a fortune,
Laid up in Heaven above;
He warns you of a judgement,
Which brings eternal loss,
He calls you to surrender,
A captive at His cross.
3. He calls you from His Heaven,
To leave the world of sin,
To lose the life of Adam,
For life Divine in Him;
He asks for self-denial
Of all the wrong within,
He calls you to the glory,
Which never cloud will dim.
4. He calls you from your peril,
And from the grave's death-knell,
He calls you from the horrors,
Of an eternal hell;
He calls you to a city,
Beside a crystal sea;
He calls you to His Kingdom,
What will your answer be?

John G. Ridley (alt.) *

16

1. Here is love vast as the ocean,
Loving kindness as the flood.
When the Prince of life, our ransom
Shed for us His precious blood.
Who His love will not remember?
Who can cease to sing His praise?
He can never be forgotten,
Throughout Heav'n's eternal days.
2. On the Mount of Crucifixion,
Fountains opened deep and wide.
Through the floodgates of God's mercy,
Flowed a vast and gracious tide.
Grace and love, like mighty rivers
Poured incessant from above.
And Heav'n's peace and perfect justice,
Kissed a guilty world in love.
3. Let us all His love accepting,
Love Him ever all our days.
Let us seek His Kingdom only,
And our lives be to His praise.
He alone shall be our glory,
Nothing in the world we see.
He has cleansed and sanctified us,
He Himself has set us free.

William Rees (translated by William Edwards) and Robert Lowry
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17

1. How deep the Father's love for us,
How vast beyond all measure.
That He should give His only Son,
To make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss,
The Father turns His face away.
As wounds which mar the chosen One,
Bring many sons to glory.
2. Behold the Man upon a cross,
My sin upon His shoulders.
Ashamed I hear my mocking voice,
Call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there,
Until it was accomplished.
His dying breath has brought me life
I know that it is finished.
3. I will not boast in anything,
No gifts, no power, no wisdom.
But I will boast in Jesus Christ,
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer.
But this I know with all my heart,
His wounds have paid my ransom.

Stuart Townsend
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18

1. How hard for those to turn to God,
With riches they possess.
They hold onto their precious things,
And slow to sins confess.
They live for this world here below,
And give themselves to 'now'.
They, like the Rich Man long ago,
Christ, they refuse to bow.

2. For those who trust in riches here,
Will never enter in.
To fail to trust in Christ alone
Is God-provoking sin.
For we must die to self complete,
And fully we resign,
And cast ourself upon the One,
Who is the Son Divine.
3. Can you conceive a beast to go,
Right through a needle's eye?
No, it's not possible to fit,
No matter how you try!
Nor can a wealthy man pass through,
God's saving entrance place.
For he's in need of something else -
A miracle of God's grace!
4. With God all things are possible,
Nothing's too hard for Him.
No heart too tough, no mouth too foul,
Nor far too large a sin.
The rich and every sinner round,
His grace can triumph now.
He is the conquering, risen Lord,
Belongs to Him all power.
5. So let us come before His throne,
And stand in our right place.
Bowing beneath His sovereign hand,
Trusting His saving grace.
Rejoicing in our blessed Lord,
Creator, Sovereign King.
United voices now we raise,
His praise we gladly sing.

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1. How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God
today!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and homage
pay.
2. Zion thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace
thee round!
In Thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.
3. There David's greater Son,
Hath fixed His royal throne;
He sits for grace and Judgement
there,
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.
4. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks Thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.
5. My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For there my friends and kindred
dwell;
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

1. I cannot tell why He, whom angels
worship,
Should set His love upon the sons of men,
Or why, as Shepherd, He should seek
the wanderers,
To bring them back, they know not
how or when.
But this I know, that He was born of
Mary,
When Bethlehem's manger was His
only home,
And that He lived at Nazareth and
laboured,
And so the Saviour, Saviour of the world,
is come.
2. I cannot tell how silently He suffered,
As with His peace He graced this place
of tears,
Or how His heart upon the cross was
broken,
The crown of pain to three and thirty
years.
But this I know, He heals the broken-
hearted,
And stays our sin, and calms our lurking
fear,
And lifts the burden from the heavy
laden,
For yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world
is here.
3. I cannot tell how He will win the nations,
How He will claim His earthly heritage,
How satisfy the needs and aspirations
Of East and West, of sinner and of sage.
But this I know, all flesh shall see His glory,
And He shall reap the harvest He has
sown,
And some glad day His sun shall shine in
splendour
When He the Saviour, Saviour of the
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4. I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship,
When, at His bidding, every storm is stilled,
Or who can say how great the jubilation
When all the hearts of men with love are filled.
But this I know, the skies will thrill with rapture,
And myriad, myriad human voices sing,
And earth to heaven, and heaven to earth will answer:
At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world is King!

William Young Fullerton
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21

1. I'd rather have Jesus than silver or gold;
I'd rather be His than have riches untold;
I'd rather have Jesus than houses or lands.
I'd rather be led by His nail-pierced hand.

*Than to be the king of a vast domain,
And be held in sin's dread sway.
I'd rather have Jesus than anything
This world affords today.*

2. I'd rather have Jesus than men's applause;
I'd rather be faithful to His dear cause;
I'd rather have Jesus than worldwide fame.
I'd rather be true to His holy name.

3. He's fairer than lillies of rarest bloom;
He's sweeter than honey from out the comb;
He's all that my hungering spirit needs.
I'd rather have Jesus and let Him lead.

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22

1. I serve a risen Saviour,
He's in the world today;
I know that He is living,
Whatever men may say;
I see His hand of mercy,
I hear His voice of cheer,
And just the time I need Him
He's always near.

*He lives, He lives,
Christ Jesus lives today!
He walks with me and talks with me
Along life's narrow way,
He lives, He lives salvation to impart!
You ask me how I know He lives?
He lives within my heart.*

2. In all the world around me
I see His loving care,
And tho' my heart grows weary
I never will despair;
I know that He is leading,
Thro' all the stormy blast,
The day of His appearing will come at last

3. Rejoice, rejoice, O Christian,
Lift up your voice and sing
Eternal hallelujahs to Jesus Christ the King
The Hope of all who seek Him,
The Help of all who find,
None other is so loving, so good and kind.

Alfred Henry Ackley and Stewart Landon
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23

1. In a world of darkness,
Jesus Christ did come,
Shining brightly ever
As the midday sun.
2. Yet the depth of darkness
Deepened near His end,
Through the sad betrayal
Of a dear close friend.
3. Satan he was active
On that gloomy night,
Scheming, stirring, tempting
With his devilish might.
4. But it was on Calvary
A blacker dark did fall,
Sin was laid upon Him,
His God forsook Him all.
5. In a tomb they placed Him,
Sealed behind a stone,
But He rose victorious
And for sins atoned.
6. T'was a dawn of splendour,
On the first Lord's Day,
A morn of joy and gladness;
A new and living way.
7. Will you not adore Him,
Love and follow true?
He endured such darkness;
Rose that dawn for you.

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24

1. In Christ alone my hope is found;
He is my light, my strength, my song;
This cornerstone, this solid ground,
Firm through the fiercest drought and
storm.
What heights of love, what depths of
peace,
When fears are stilled, when strivings
cease!
My comforter, my all in all—
Here in the love of Christ I stand.
2. In Christ alone, Who took on flesh,
Fullness of God in helpless babe!
This gift of love and righteousness,
Scorned by the ones He came to save.
Till on that cross as Jesus died,
The wrath of God was satisfied;
For ev'ry sin on Him was laid—
Here in the death of Christ I live.
3. There in the ground His body lay,
Light of the world by darkness slain;
Then bursting forth in glorious day,
Up from the grave He rose again!
And as He stands in victory,
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me;
For I am His and He is mine—
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.
4. No guilt in life, no fear in death—
This is the pow'r of Christ in me;
From life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.
No pow'r of hell, no scheme of man,
Can ever pluck me from His hand;
Till He returns or calls me home—
Here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand.

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Here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand.

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25

1. In heav'nly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is 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?
2. Where ever 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 taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Anna L. Waring
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26

1. It is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should
come from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.
2. And yet I know that it is true:
He came to this poor world below,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned,
and died,
Only because He loved us so.

3. I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.
4. It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.
5. And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;
Oh, light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

Thomas B. Southgate and William W. How
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27

1. Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee,
God of glory, Lord of love;
Hearts un-fold like flowers before Thee,
Opening to the sun above,
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;
Drive the dark of night away;
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day!
2. All Thy works with joy surround Thee,
Earth and heav'n reflect Thy rays,
Stars and angels sing around Thee,
Centre of un-broken praise;
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
Flowery meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain,
Call us to rejoice in Thee.
3. Thou art giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Well spring of the joy of living,
Ocean depth of happy rest!
Thou our Father, Christ our Brother,
All who live in love are Thine;
Teach us how to love each other,
Lift us to the joy divine.

25

1. In heav'nly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is 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?
2. Where ever 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 taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Anna L. Waring
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26

1. It is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should
come from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.
2. And yet I know that it is true:
He came to this poor world below,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned,
and died,
Only because He loved us so.

3. I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.
4. It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.
5. And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;
Oh, light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

Thomas B. Southgate and William W. How
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Teach us how to love each other,
Lift us to the joy divine.

4. Mortals join the mighty chorus,
Which the morning stars began;
Father love is reigning o'er us,
Brother love binds man to man.
Ever singing, march we onward,
Victors in the midst of strife;
Joyful music leads us sun-ward
In the triumph song of life.

Edward Hodges, Henry Van Dyke and Ludwig van Beethoven
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28

1. Just as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest
me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.
2. In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.
3. I would live ever in the light;
I would work ever for the right;
I would serve Thee with all my
might;
Therefore, to Thee I come.
4. Just as I am, young, strong, and
free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and
Thee,
Lord of my life. I come.

Joseph Barnby and Marianne Farningham Hearn
Public Domain

29

1. King of my life, I crown Thee now,
Thine shall the glory be;
Lest I forget Thy thorn-crowned brow,
Lead me to Calvary.

*Lest I forget Gethsemane,
Lest I forget Thine agony;
Lest I forget Thy love for me,
Lead me to Calvary.*

2. Show me the tomb where Thou
wast laid,
Tenderly mourned and wept;
Angels in robes of light arrayed
Guarded Thee whilst Thou slept.
3. Let me like Mary, through the gloom,
Come with a gift to Thee;
Show to me now the empty tomb,
Lead me to Calvary.
4. May I be willing, Lord to bear
Daily my cross for Thee;
E-ven Thy cup of grief to share,
Thou hast born all for me.

Jennie Evelyn Hussey and William James Kirkpatrick
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30

1. Loved with everlasting love,
Led by grace that love to know,
Spirit breathing from above,
Thou hast taught me it is so.
O this full and perfect peace!
O this transport all divine!
In a love which cannot cease,
I am His, and He is mine.

4. Mortals join the mighty chorus,
Which the morning stars began;
Father love is reigning o'er us,
Brother love binds man to man.
Ever singing, march we onward,
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I am His, and He is mine.

2. Heav'n above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green,
Something lives in ev'ry hue,
Christless eyes have never seen:
Birds with gladder songs o'er-flow,
Flow'rs with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His, and He is mine.

4 Master, speak! and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady
Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
Master, speak, O speak to me!

Frances Ridley Havergal
Public Domain

32

3. His for ever only His;
Who the Lord and me shall part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss
Christ can fill the loving heart!
Heav'n and earth may fade and flee;
First-born light in gloom decline;
But while God and I shall be,
I am His, and He is mine.

1. My faith has found a resting place,
Not in device or creed;
I trust the Ever living One,
His wounds for me shall plead.

*I need no other argument,
I need no other plea,
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me.*

George W. Robinson and James Mountain
Public Domain

31

1. Master, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee!
What hast Thou to say to me?

2. Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the rock.

3. Master, speak! though least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart;
Master, speak: for Oh, Thou knowest
All the yearning of my heart;
Knowest all its truest need;
Speak and make me blest indeed.

Andre Ernest Modeste Gretry and Lidie Hornsby Edmunds
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1. Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E' en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
2. Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
3. There let the way appear,
Steps unto heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
4. Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah Fuller Flower Adams
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34

1. Not many of the worldly wise,
Nor from a wealthy place,
Receive the favour of God's eyes,
Recipients of His grace.
2. He calls to Him those who are low,
He brings to shame the grand.
His chosen ones they come to know,
His powerful loving hand.
3. God has selected fools and base,
To magnify His name.
Proclaim the myst'ries of His grace,
And shed abroad His fame.
4. There is no place to boast for man,
Before His holy throne.
He's working out His sovereign plan,
His glory to make known.
5. So join in song O favoured one,
To bless our Lord above.
Exalt the glories of the Son,
The Triune God of love.

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35

1. O Breath of life, come sweeping
through us,
Revive Thy church with life and power;
O Breath of life, come, cleanse,
renew us,
And fit Thy church to meet this hour.
2. O Wind of God, come bend us,
break us,
Till humbly we confess our need;
Then in Thy tenderness remake us,
Revive, restore, for this we plead.

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3. O Breath of love, come breathe
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Renewing thought and will and heart;
Come, love of Christ, afresh to win us,
Revive Thy church in every part.

4. Revive us Lord! Is zeal abating
While harvest fields are vast and
white?
Revive us, Lord, the world is waiting.
Equip Thy church to spread the light.

Elizabeth Ann Porter Head and Jeffrey Rickard
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36

1. O Church, arise and put your armour on,
Hear the call of Christ our Captain.
For now the weak can say that they
are strong,
In the strength that God has given.
With shield of faith and belt of truth,
We'll stand against the devil's lies;
An army bold whose battle-cry is Love,
Reaching out to those in darkness.
2. Our call to war, to love the captive soul,
But to rage against the captor.
And with the sword that makes the
wounded whole,
We will fight with faith and valour.
When faced with trials on every side,
We know the outcome is secure;
And Christ will have the prize for which
He died,
An inheritance of nations.
3. Come, see the cross where love and
mercy meet,
As the Son of God is stricken.
Then see His foes lie crushed beneath
His feet,
For the Conqueror has risen.

And as the stone is rolled away,
And Christ emerges from the grave;
This victory march continues till the day,
Every eye and heart shall see Him.

4. So Spirit, come, put strength in every
stride,
Give grace for every hurdle.
That we may run with faith to win the
prize,
Of a servant good and faithful.
As saints of old still line the way,
Retelling triumphs of His grace;
We hear their calls and hunger for the
day,
When, with Christ, we stand in glory.

Keith Getty and Stuart Townend
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37

1. O Father, You are sovereign in all the
worlds You made;
Your mighty word was spoken and
light and life obeyed.
Your voice commands the seasons and
bounds the ocean's shore,
Sets stars within their courses and stills
the tempest's roar.
2. O Father, You are sovereign in all
affairs of man;
No pow'rs of death or darkness can
thwart Your perfect plan.
All chance and change transcending,
supreme in time and space,
You hold Your trusting children secure
in Your embrace.

3. O Breath of love, come breathe
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Renewing thought and will and heart;
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3. O Father, You are sovereign, the Lord
of human pain,
Transmuting earthly sorrows to gold
of heav'nly gain.
All evil overruling, as none but
Conq'ror could,
Your love pursues its purpose - our
souls' eternal good.

4. O Father, You are sovereign! We see
You dimly now,
But soon before Your triumph earth's
every knee shall bow.
With this glad hope before us our faith
springs up anew:
Our sovereign Lord and Saviour, we
trust and worship You!

Margaret Clarkson and Melchior Teschner
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38

1. O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!
2. Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

5. The dearest idol I have known
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne
And worship only Thee.
6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper and Hugh Wilson
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39

1. O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the
blood
So freely shed for me.
2. A heart resigned submissive meek,
My great Redeemer's throne
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;
3. A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can
part
From Him that dwells within;
4. A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and
good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above
Write Thy new name upon my
heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

Charles Wesley
Public Domain

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5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above
Write Thy new name upon my
heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

Charles Wesley
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1. O God beyond all praising,
We worship you today
And sing the love amazing
That songs cannot repay;
For we can only wonder
At every gift You send,
At blessings without number
And mercies without end:
We lift our hearts before You
And wait upon Your word,
We honour and adore You,
Our great and mighty Lord.
2. Then hear, O gracious Saviour,
Accept the love we bring,
That we who know Your favour
May serve You as our King;
And whether our tomorrows
Be filled with good or ill,
We'll triumph through our sorrows
And rise to bless You still:
To marvel at Your beauty
And glory in Your ways,
And make a joyful duty
Our sacrifice of praise.

Michael Perry and Gustav Theodore Holst
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1. O holy night!
The stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error pinning
Till he appeared and the soul felt its
worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious
morn;
Fall on your knees,
Oh, hear the angel voices!
O night divine,
O night when Christ was born!
O night, O holy night, O night divine!
2. Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by His cradle we
stand;
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here came the wise men from Orient
land.
The King of kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our Friend;
He knows our need,
To our weakness is no stranger.
Behold your King, before Him lowly bend!
Behold your King, before Him lowly bend!
3. Truly He taught us to love one another;
His law is love and His gospel is peace;
Chains shall He break, for the slave is our
brother,
And in His name all oppression shall
cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus rise
we,
Let all within us praise His holy name;
Christ is the Lord,
Oh, praise His name forever!
His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim!
His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim!

John S. Dwight, Placide Cappeau and Adolphe C. Adams
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We worship you today
And sing the love amazing
That songs cannot repay;
For we can only wonder
At every gift You send,
At blessings without number
And mercies without end:
We lift our hearts before You
And wait upon Your word,
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Our sacrifice of praise.

Michael Perry and Gustav Theodore Holst
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1. O holy night!
The stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error pinning
Till he appeared and the soul felt its
worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious
morn;
Fall on your knees,
Oh, hear the angel voices!
O night divine,
O night when Christ was born!
O night, O holy night, O night divine!
2. Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by His cradle we
stand;
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here came the wise men from Orient
land.
The King of kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our Friend;
He knows our need,
To our weakness is no stranger.
Behold your King, before Him lowly bend!
Behold your King, before Him lowly bend!
3. Truly He taught us to love one another;
His law is love and His gospel is peace;
Chains shall He break, for the slave is our
brother,
And in His name all oppression shall
cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus rise
we,
Let all within us praise His holy name;
Christ is the Lord,
Oh, praise His name forever!
His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim!
His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim!

John S. Dwight, Placide Cappeau and Adolphe C. Adams
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42

1. O, Holy Spirit, come!
We need Your gracious light
To open up our blinded eyes,
And drive forth shades of night.
2. We search the precious Word,
But stumble as we go.
Come, set our feet upon the Rock
That we the way might know.
3. Our understanding help;
Our meditation bless;
We, by ourselves, cannot advance -
Our weakness we confess.
4. Reveal the truth of God,
And give us hearts to love
The promise and direction that
Have come from heaven above.
5. So grant increasing light,
And open up the Word.
Give ears to hear and eyes to see
The glories of the Lord.

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43

1. O Lord My God!
When I in awesome wonder
Consider all
The works Thy hand hath made;
I see the stars,
I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy pow'r throughout
The universe displayed:

- 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!*
2. When through the woods
And forest glades I wander
And 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.
 3. And when I think
That 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
 4. When Christ shall come
With shout of acclamation
And take me home -
What joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow
In humble adoration,
And there proclaim,
My God how great Thou art!

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44

1. O Thou who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.
2. There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling, to its source return
In humble love and fervent praise.
3. Jesus, confirm my hearts desire
To work and speak and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.
4. Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of love and faith repeat
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley and Samuel Sebastian Wesley
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45

1. O worship the Lord
In the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him,
His glory proclaim,
With gold of obedience,
And incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him,
The Lord is His Name
2. Low at His feet
Lay thy burden of carefulness
High on His heart
He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows,
And answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps
As may best for thee be.

3. Fear not to enter
His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth
Thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty,
And love in its tenderness
These are the off'-rings
To lay on His shrine.
4. These, though we bring
Them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for
The Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy
Give for ev'-nings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling,
And hope for our fear.
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John S. B. Monsell and Rob Landes
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46

1. Oh, to see the dawn
Of the darkest day:
Christ on the road to Calvary.
Tried by sinful men,
Torn and beaten, then
Nailed to a cross of wood.

*This, the power of the cross:
Christ became sin for us.
Took the blame, bore the wrath -
We stand forgiven at the cross.*

2. Oh, to see the pain
Written on Your face,
Bearing the awesome weight of sin.
Every bitter thought, every evil deed
Crowning Your bloodstained brow.
3. Now the daylight flees,
Now the ground beneath
Quakes as its Maker bows His head.
Curtain torn in two,
Dead are raised to life;
'Finished!' the victory cry.
4. Oh, to see my name
Written in the wounds,
For through Your suffering I am free.
Death is crushed to death,
Life is mine to live,
Won through Your selfless love.

*This, the power of the cross:
Son of God - slain for us.
What a love! What a cost!
We stand forgiven at the cross.*

Keith Getty and Stuart Townend
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47

1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged
cross,
The emblem of suff'ring and shame;
And I love that old cross where the
dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

*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.*

2. 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.
3. 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.
4. 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.

George Bennard
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48

1. Open my eyes that I may see
Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
Place in my hands the wonderful key
That shall unclasp, and set me free.
Silently now I wait for Thee,
Ready, my God, Thy will to see;
Open my eyes, illumine me, Spirit
divine!
2. Open my ears that I may hear
Voices of truth Thou sendest clear;
And while the wave notes fall on my
ear,
Everything false will disappear:
Silently now I wait for Thee,
Ready, my God, Thy will to see;
Open my ears, illumine me, Spirit
divine!
3. Open my mouth and let me bear
Gladly the warm truth ev'rywhere;
Open my heart, and let me prepare
Love with Thy children thus to share.
Silently now I wait for Thee,
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Open my heart, illumine me, Spirit
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Clara H Scott and Robert J. Hughes
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49

1. Rise up, O men of God!
Have done with lesser things;
Give heart and soul and mind and
strength
To serve the King of kings.

2. Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long;
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.
3. Rise up, O men of God!
The church for you doth wait;
His strength shall make your spirit
strong,
Her service make you great.
4. Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod.
As brothers of the Son of Man
Rise up, O men of God!

Aaron Williams and William P. Merrill
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50

1. Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing His mercy and His grace:
In the mansions bright and blessed,
He'll prepare for us a place.

*When we all get to heaven,
What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus,
We'll sing and shout the victory.*

2. While we walk the pilgrim pathway,
Clouds will over-spread the sky;
But when trav'ling days are over,
Not a shadow, not a sigh.
3. Let us then be true and faithful,
Trusting, serving every day;
Just one glimpse of Him in glory
Will the toils of life re-pay.
4. Onward to the prize before us!
Soon His beauty we'll behold;
Soon the pearly gates will open;
We shall tread the streets of gold.

Eliza Edmunds Stites Hewitt and Emily D. Wilson
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1. Sing we the King who is coming to reign,
Glory to Jesus, the Lamb that was slain!
Life and salvation His empire shall bring,
Joy to the nations, when Jesus is King.

*Come let us sing praise to our King:
Jesus our King, Jesus our King;
This is our song who to Jesus belong,
Glory to Jesus, to Jesus our King.*
2. All men shall dwell in His marvellous light,
Races long severed the love shall unite,
Justice and truth from His scepter shall spring,
Wrong shall be ended, when Jesus is King.
3. All shall be glad in His kingdom of peace,
Freedom shall flourish and wisdom increase,
Foe shall be friend when His triumph we sing,
Sword shall be sickle when Jesus is King.
4. Kingdom of Christ, for Thy coming we pray,
Hasten, O Father the dawn of the day,
When this new song Thy creation shall sing,
Satan is vanquished when Jesus is King.
5. Souls shall be saved from the burden of sin,
Doubt shall not darken His witness within,
Hell hath no terrors, and death hath no sting,
Love is victorious when Jesus is King.

52

1. Speak, Lord, in the stillness,
While I wait on Thee;
Hushed my heart to listen,
In expectancy.
2. Speak, O blessed Master,
In this quiet hour;
Let me see Thy face, Lord
Feel thy touch of power.
3. For the words Thou speakest,
They are life indeed;
Living bread from heaven,
Now my spirit feed!
4. All to Thee is yielded,
I am not my own,
Blissful, glad surrender,
I am Thine alone.
5. Speak, Thy servant heareth,
Be not silent Lord;
Waits my soul upon Thee
For the quickening word.
6. Fill me with the knowledge
Of Thy glorious will;
All Thine own good pleasure
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1. Speak, O Lord, as we come to You,
To receive the food of Your holy word.
Take Your truth, plant it deep in us;
Shape and fashion us in Your likeness,
That the light of Christ might be seen
today,
In our acts of love and our deeds of
faith.
Speak, O Lord, and fulfill in us
All your purposes, for Your glory.
2. Teach us Lord full obedience,
Holy reverence, true humility.
Test our thoughts and our attitudes,
In the radiance of Your purity.
Cause our faith to rise,
Cause our eyes to see,
Your majestic love and authority.
Words of power that can never fail;
Let their truth prevail over unbelief.
3. Speak, O Lord, and renew our minds;
Help us grasp the heights
Of Your plans for us.
Truths unchanged from the dawn of
time,
That will echo down through eternity.
And by grace we'll stand
On Your promises;
And by faith we'll walk
As You walk with us.
Speak, O Lord, till Your church is built,
And the earth is filled with Your glory.

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54

1. Standing on the promises of Christ my
King,
Thro' eternal ages let His praises ring;
Glory in the highest, I will shout
and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.

*Standing, standing, standing on the
promises of God my Saviour;
Standing, standing,
I'm standing on the promises of God.*
2. Standing on the promises that cannot
fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and
fear assail,
By the living word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.
3. Standing on the promises of Christ the
Lord,
Bound to Him eternally by love's strong
cord,
Over-coming daily with the Spirit's
sword,
Standing on the promises of God.
4. Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
Listening every moment to the Spirit's
call
Resting on my Saviour as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

Russell Kelso Carter
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55

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and
sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine!
How deep Thy counsels! How divine!
4. Then shall I share a glorious part,
When grace hath well defined my
heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
5. Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
6. Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts
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56

1. Teach me Thy way, O Lord,
Teach me Thy way!
Thy gracious aid afford,
Teach me Thy way!
Help me to walk aright,
More by faith, less by sight;
Lead me with heav'nly light:
Teach me Thy way!
2. When doubts and fears arise,
Teach me Thy way!
When storms o'er spread the skies,
Teach me Thy way!
Shine thru' the cloud and rain,
Thru' sorrow toil and pain;
Make Thou my pathway plain:
Teach me Thy way!
3. Long as my life shall last,
Teach me Thy way!
Where e'er my lot be cast,
Teach me Thy way!
Until the race is run,
Until the journey's done,
Until the crown is won,
Teach me Thy way!

Benjamin M. Ramsey and Cathy DeRousse
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57

1. The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me lie in pastures green.
He leads me by the still, still waters,
His goodness restores my soul.

*And I will trust in You alone.
And I will trust in You alone,
For Your endless mercy follows me,
Your goodness will lead me home.*

55

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and
sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine!
How deep Thy counsels! How divine!
4. Then shall I share a glorious part,
When grace hath well defined my
heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
5. Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
6. Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts
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56

1. Teach me Thy way, O Lord,
Teach me Thy way!
Thy gracious aid afford,
Teach me Thy way!
Help me to walk aright,
More by faith, less by sight;
Lead me with heav'nly light:
Teach me Thy way!
2. When doubts and fears arise,
Teach me Thy way!
When storms o'er spread the skies,
Teach me Thy way!
Shine thru' the cloud and rain,
Thru' sorrow toil and pain;
Make Thou my pathway plain:
Teach me Thy way!
3. Long as my life shall last,
Teach me Thy way!
Where e'er my lot be cast,
Teach me Thy way!
Until the race is run,
Until the journey's done,
Until the crown is won,
Teach me Thy way!

Benjamin M. Ramsey and Cathy DeRousse
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57

1. The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me lie in pastures green.
He leads me by the still, still waters,
His goodness restores my soul.

*And I will trust in You alone.
And I will trust in You alone,
For Your endless mercy follows me,
Your goodness will lead me home.*

2. He guides my ways in righteousness,
And He anoints my head with oil,
And my cup, it overflows with joy,
I feast on His pure delights.
3. And though I walk the darkest path,
I will not fear the evil one,
For You are with me, and Your rod and
staff
Are the comfort I need to know.

Stuart Townend
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58

1. There is a place of quiet rest,
Near to the heart of God,
A place where sin cannot molest,
Near to the heart of God.

*O Jesus blest Redeemer,
Sent from the heart of God,
Hold us who wait before Thee
Near to the heart of God.*
2. There is a place of comfort sweet,
Near to the heart of God,
A place where we our Saviour meet,
Near to the heart of God.
3. There is a place of full release,
Near to the heart of God,
A place where all is joy and peace,
Near to the heart of God.

Cleland Boyd McAfee and John Innes
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59

1. Thine is the glory,
Risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won.
Angels in bright raiment
Rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave clothes
Where Thy body lay,

*Thine is the glory,
Risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won.*

2. Lo! Jesus meets thee,
Risen from the tomb;
Lovingly He greets thee,
Scatters fear and gloom;
Let His church with gladness
Hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth;
Death hath lost its sting.
3. No more we doubt thee,
Glorious Prince of life!
Life is naught without Thee;
Aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors,
Through Thy deathless love;
Bring us safe through Jordan
To Thy Home above.

George Frederick Handel, Richard Birch Hoyle and Timothy L. Bandy
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1. Thou art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son;
God manifestly seen and heard,
And heav'n's beloved One:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That ev-'ry knee to Thee should bow.
2. In Thee most perfectly expressed
The Father's glories shine;
Of the full Deity possessed,
Eternally Divine;
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That ev-'ry knee to Thee should bow.
3. True image of the Infinite,
Whose essence is concealed;
Brightness of uncreated light;
The heart of God revealed:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That ev-'ry knee to Thee should bow.
4. But the high mys-t'ries of Thy Name
An angel's grasp transcend;
The Father only, glorious, claim.
The Son can comprehend:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That ev-'ry knee to Thee should bow.
5. Through-out the universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and sun;
Th' eternal theme of praise is this,
To heav'n's beloved One:
Worthy, O Lamb of God art Thou
That ev-'ry knee to Thee should bow.

1. What astonishing mercy and pow'r;
In accord with His pleasure and will-
He created each planet, each flow'r,
Ev'ry galaxy, microbe and hill;
He suspended this planet in space
To the praise of His glorious grace.
To the praise of His glorious grace,
To the praise of His glorious grace.
2. With despicable self-love and rage,
We rebelled and fell under the curse.
Yet, God did not rip out the page
And destroy all who love the perverse.
No, He chose us to make a new race,
To the praise of His glorious grace.
To the praise of His glorious grace,
To the praise of His glorious grace.
3. Providentially ruling all things
To conform to the end He designed,
He mysteriously governs and brings
His eternal wise plans into time.
He works out ev'ry step, ev'ry trace,
To the praise of His glorious grace.
To the praise of His glorious grace,
To the praise of His glorious grace.
4. Long before the creation began,
He foreknew those He'd ransom in
Christ;
Long before time's cold hourglass ran,
He ordained the supreme sacrifice.
In the cross He removed our disgrace
To the praise of His glorious grace.
To the praise of His glorious grace,
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To the praise of His glorious grace.

5. We were blessed in the heavenly realms
Long before being included in Christ.
Since we heard the good news,
overwhelmed,
We reach forward to seize Paradise.
We shall see Him ourselves, face to face,
To the praise of His glorious grace.
To the praise of His glorious grace,
To the praise of His glorious grace.

D.A. Carson, Gerald Edmonds and Paul Boling
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62

1. When all my labours and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
Will thro' the ages be glory for me....

*O that will be..... glory for me,
Glory for me, glory for me,
When by His grace
I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, be glory for me.*

2. When, by the gift of His infinite grace,
I am accorded in heaven a place,
Just to be there and to look on His face,
Will thro' the ages be glory for me....

3. Friends will be there I have loved long ago,
Joy like a river around me will flow;
Yet just a smile from my Saviour, I know,
Will thro' the ages be glory for me....

Charles Hutchison Gabriel
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63

1. When upon life's billows you are
tempest tossed,
When you are discouraged thinking
all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name
them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the
Lord hath done.

*Count your blessings,
Name them one by one;
Count your blessings,
See what God hath done;
Count your blessings,
Name them one by one;
Count your many blessings,
See what God hath done.*

2. Are you ever burdened with a load
of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are
called to bear?
Count your many blessings, every
doubt will fly,
And you will be singing as the days
go by.

3. When you look at others with their
lands and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you
His wealth untold;
Count your many blessings, money
cannot buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your
home on high.

4. So, amid the conflict, whether great
or small,
Do not be discouraged, God is over all;
Count your many blessings, angels
will attend,
Help and comfort give you to your
journey's end.

Edwin Othello Excell, Johnson, Jr. Oatman and Jolene Boyd
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64

1. Who is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord! The King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall,
Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all.
2. Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
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Rules through all the world alone?
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1. Why will you not receive Him,
O you, who hear His voice?
Why will you still refuse Him
And make the world your choice?
What gain will pleasure yield you?
What wage will Satan pay?
What refuge will sin give you
On God's great judgement day?
2. Why will you not behold Him
On cruel cross of pain?
Why will you not enfold Him,
The Lamb for sinners slain?
What other hope ensnares you?
What other path beams bright?
What subtle whisper lures you
From heaven, love and light?
3. Why will you not adore Him,
Transcendent in His grace?
Why will you not obey Him
And look to see His face?
O you, who shirk your duty,
O you, who pass Him by,
The King in all His beauty cries:
Why? - Why will you die?
4. "You would not," O, I hear Him,
To those who are too late,
"You would not," louder hear Him,
"Your house is desolate,"
O, fear, the word that freezes,
O flee that fearful night,
O, open now to Jesus
And welcome endless life.

John G. Ridley *

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1. Will your anchor hold
In the storm of life,
When the clouds unfold
Their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift,
And the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or
firm remain?

*We have an anchor
That keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure
While the billows roll;
Fastened to the Rock
Which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep
In the Saviour's love.*

2. If 'tis safely moored,
'Twill the storm with-stand,
For 'tis well secured
By the Saviour's hand;
And the cables, passed
From His heart to thine,
Can defy the blast,
Through strength divine.
3. It will firmly hold in the straits
of fear,
When the breakers tell
That the reef is near;
Though the tempest rave
And the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave
Shall our bark o'erflow.
4. It will surely hold in the floods
of death,
When the waters cold
Chill our latest breath;
On the rising tide it can never fail,
While our hopes abide within
the veil.

5. When our eyes behold,
In the dawning light,
Shining gates of pearl,
Our harbour bright,
We shall anchor fast
To the heavenly shore,
With the storms all past for ever more.

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67

1. Years I spent in vanity and pride,
Caring not my Lord was crucified,
Knowing not it was for me He died
On Calvary.

*Mercy there was great, and grace
was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my burdened soul found
liberty, at Calvary.*
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned;
Then I trembled at the law I'd spurned,
Till my guilty soul imploring turned
To Calvary.
3. Now I've giv'n to Jesus everything,
Now I gladly own Him as my King,
Now my raptured soul can only sing
Of Calvary.
4. Oh, the love that drew salvation's plan!
Oh, the grace that bro't it down to man!
Oh, the mighty gulf that God did span
At Calvary.

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Every star and every planet
Has been fashioned by Your hand.
All creation holds together
By the power of Your voice:
Let the skies declare Your glory,
Let the land and seas rejoice!

*You're the Author of creation,
You're the Lord of every man;
And Your cry of love rings out
Across the lands.*

2. Yet You left the gaze of angels,
Came to seek and save the lost,
And exchanged the joy of heaven
For the anguish of a cross.
With a prayer You fed the hungry,
With a word You stilled the sea;
Yet how silently You suffered
That the guilty may go free.
3. With a shout You rose victorious,
Wresting victory from the grave,
And ascended into heaven
Leading captives in Your wake.
Now You stand before the Father
Interceding for Your own.
From each tribe and tongue and nation
You are leading sinners home.

Stuart Townend & Keith Getty
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Leading captives in Your wake.
Now You stand before the Father
Interceding for Your own.
From each tribe and tongue and nation
You are leading sinners home.

Stuart Townend & Keith Getty
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* ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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