



TO GOD BE THE GLORY

great things He has done
So loved He the world
that He gave us His son
Who yielded His life
an atonement for sin
And opened the life gate
that all may go in

*Praise the Lord,
praise the Lord
let the earth hear His voice
Praise the Lord,
praise the Lord
let the people rejoice
O Come to the Father
through Jesus the Son
And give Him the glory
great things He has done*

O perfect redemption
the purchase of blood
To every believer
the promise of God
The vilest offender
who truly believes
That moment from Jesus
a pardon receives

Great things He has taught us
great things He has done
And great our rejoicing
through Jesus the Son
But purer and higher
and greater will be
Our wonder our worship
when Jesus we see

THINE BE 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 be the glory,
risen conquering Son,
endless is the victory,
thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us,
risen from the tomb;
lovingly he greets us,
scatters fear and gloom;
let the Church with gladness,
hymns of triumph sing;
for her Lord now liveth,
death hath lost its sting.

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.

AT THE NAME OF JESUS

every knee shall bow,
every tongue confess him
King of glory now:
'Tis the Father's pleasure
we should call him Lord,
who from the beginning
was the mighty Word.

At his voice creation
sprang at once to sight,
all the angels faces
all the hosts of light,
thrones and dominations,
stars upon their way,
all the heavenly orders,
in their great array.

Humbled for a season,
to receive a name
from the lips of sinners
unto whom he came,
faithfully he bore it
spotless to the last,
brought it back victorious,
when from death he passed:

Bore it up triumphant
with its human light,
through all ranks of creatures,
to the central height,
to the throne of Godhead,
to the Father's breast;
filled it with the glory
of that perfect rest.



In your hearts enthrone him;
there let him subdue
all that is not holy,
all that is not true:
Crown him as your captain
in temptation's hour;
let his will enfold you
in its light and power.

Truly, this Lord Jesus
shall return again,
with his Father's glory,
with his angel train;
for all wreaths of empire
meet upon his brow,
and our hearts confess him
King of glory now.



**LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVES
EXCELLING,**
joy of heaven, to earth come
down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling,
all thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
pure, unbounded love thou art;
visit us with thy salvation;
enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving
Spirit
into every troubled breast;
let us all in thee inherit;
let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
end of faith, as its beginning,
set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty, to deliver,
let us all thy life receive;
suddenly return, and never,
nevermore thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always
blessing,
serve thee as thy hosts above,
pray and praise thee without
ceasing,
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish, then, thy new creation;
pure and spotless let us be;
let us see thy great salvation
perfectly restored in thee:
changed from glory into glory,
till in heaven we take our
place,
till we cast our crowns before
thee,
lost in wonder, love and praise.

**WHEN I SURVEY THE
WONDROUS CROSS**

on which the Prince of glory
died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my
pride.



Forbid it, Lord, that I should
boast,
save in the death of Christ my
God:
All the vain things that charm
me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands,
His feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled
down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow
meet,
or thorns compose so rich a
crown?

Were the whole realm of nature
mine,
that were an offering far too
small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my
all!

WHEN PEACE LIKE A RIVER

attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows
roll
Whatever my lot,
thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well, with my soul

*It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my
soul*

Though Satan should buffet,
though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded
my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood
for my soul

My sin, oh, the bliss
of this glorious thought
My sin, not in part but the
whole,
Is nailed to the cross,
and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the
Lord, o my soul

AMAZING GRACE

how sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost,
but now am found;
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught
my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did
that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers,
toils and snares,
I have already come;
'tis grace hath brought
me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised
good to me,
His Word my hope secures;
He will my Shield
and Portion be,
as long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh
and heart shall fail,
and mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess,
within the veil,
a life of joy and peace.

When we've been there
ten thousand years,
bright shining as the sun,
we've no less days
to sing God's praise
than when we'd first begun.

GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS

O God my Father,
there is no shadow
of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not,
Thy compassions, they fail not;
as Thou hast been
Thou forever wilt be.

*Great is Thy faithfulness!
Great is Thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new
mercies I see;
all I have needed Thy hand
hath provided,
great is Thy faithfulness,
Lord, unto me!*

Summer and winter,
and springtime and harvest,
sun, moon and stars
in their courses above,
join with all nature
in manifold witness
to Thy great faithfulness,
mercy and love.

Pardon for sin
and a peace that endureth,
Thine own dear presence
to cheer and to guide;
strength for today
and bright hope for tomorrow,
blessings all mine,
with ten thousand beside!

I DANCED IN THE MORNING

when the world was begun,
and I danced in the moon
and the stars and the sun,
and I came down from heaven
and I danced on the earth,
at Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Dance, then,
wherever you may be;
I am the Lord of the Dance,
said He.
And I'll lead you all
wherever you may be,
and I'll lead you all
in the dance, said He.*

I danced for the scribe
and the Pharisee,
but they would not dance
and they would not follow me;
I danced for the fishermen,
for James and John;
they came to me
and the dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath
when I cured the lame,
the holy people
said it was a shame;
they whipped and they stripped
and they hung me high;
and they left me there
on a cross to die.

I danced on a Friday
and the sky turned black;
it's hard to dance
with the devil on your back;
they buried my body
and they thought I'd gone,
but I am the dance
and I still go on.

They cut me down
and I leapt up high,
I am the life
that'll never, never die;
I'll live in you if you'll live in me;
I am the Lord of the Dance,
said He.



AND CAN IT BE that I should
gain
an interest in the Saviour's
blood?
Died He for me, who caused
His pain?
For me, who Him to death
pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
that Thou, my God, should die
for me?

'Tis mystery all! The Immortal
dies!
Who can explore His strange
design?
In vain the firstborn seraph tries
to sound the depths of love
divine!
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
let angel minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne
above,
so free, so infinite His grace;
emptied Himself of all but love,
and bled for Adam's helpless
race;
'tis mercy all, immense and
free;
for, O my God, it found out me.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
fast bound in sin and nature's
night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening
ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed
with light;
my chains fell off, my heart was
free;
I rose, went forth and followed
Thee.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
and clothed in righteousness
divine,
bold I approach the eternal
throne,
and claim the crown, through
Christ my own.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING,

"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy
mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
join the triumph of the skies,
with the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"

Christ, by highest heaven
adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
late in time behold him come,
offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead
see!

Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased with us in flesh to dwell
Jesus, our Immanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing:
"Glory to the new-born King!"

Hail! the heaven-born Prince of
Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
risen with healing in his wings,
mild, He lays his glory by;
born that we no more may die;
born to raise each child of
earth;
born to give us second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing:
"Glory to the new-born King!"

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,
Bread of heaven,
feed me now and ever more,
feed me now and ever more.

Open Thou the crystal fountain
whence the healing stream doth
flow;
let the fiery, 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;
death of death,
and hell's destruction,
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.

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 power 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!*

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:

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:

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!

**May the grace of our Lord
Jesus Christ, and the love
of God, and the fellowship
of the Holy Spirit, be with
us all, evermore.
Amen.**