



REDEEMER
hymnal

UPDATED 03.25.2020

A Child of God

I lie down and rest, cause I work no longer;
I breathe in, refreshed no more soiled in disgrace;
I look up at him, to whom I am kneeling,
And I see just delight there in my Father's face.

I am last and low, cause I fight no longer,
To be right or good or to prove my own worth;
I'm not driven or pushed or weighed down with duty;
I am filled with release that Christ did all for me.

I'm a child of God, and love is my freedom;
I can ask anything of my Father the King.
I'm an heir, I'm adopted, and my brother is Jesus;
I'm a child of God, and my soul is at peace.

I stand up in faith, cause I fear no longer,
And I pray and wait for God to provide;
I lean all of my weight on him who is able,
And I set aside every effort of mine.

I'm a child of God, and love is my freedom;
I can ask anything of my Father the King.
I'm an heir, I'm adopted, and my brother is Jesus;
I'm a child of God, and my soul is at peace.

I know now, I'm safe, cause nothing can harm me
Or break in and take what's stored up for me;
I need not to cling to dead helpless idols;
They no longer can hold any comfort for me.

I'm a child of God, and love is my freedom;
I can ask anything of my Father the King.
I'm an heir, I'm adopted, and my brother is Jesus;
I'm a child of God, and my soul is at peace.

Abide in Me

Abide in me, O Lord, and I in thee,
From this good hour, O leave me nevermore;
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The lifelong bleeding of the soul be o'er.
Abide in me, o'ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul, as thine, calm and divine.

We raise our voices to the Father. He hears our prayers through his Son.
We are enabled by his Spirit. Let your name be hallowed, let your kingdom come.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay,
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heav'n's own sweetness seems around it thrown.
Abide in me; there have been moments blest
When I have heard thy voice and felt thy pow'r;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

We raise our voices to the Father. He hears our prayers through his Son.
We are enabled by his Spirit. Let your name be hallowed, let your kingdom come.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
Fulfill at once thy precept and my prayer:
Come and abide in me and I in thee.

We raise our voices to the Father. He hears our prayers through his Son.
We are enabled by his Spirit. Let your name be hallowed, let your kingdom...

We raise our voices to the Father. He hears our prayers through his Son.
We are enabled by his Spirit. Let your name be hallowed, let your kingdom come.

words: Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1855; chorus and music: Nathan Partain, 2002

Alas and Did My Savior Bleed?

Alas! And did my Savior bleed and did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?
Was it for crimes that I had done he groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide and shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died, for man the creature's sin.
Thus might I hide my blushing face while his dear cross appears?
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, and melt my eyes in tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away 'tis all that I can do.
Alas! And did my Savior bleed and did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?

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Would he devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?
Was it for crimes that I had done he groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

music: Irish Traditional; arr: Bruce Benedict, 2004; words: Isaac Watts, 1707

All Creatures of Our God and King

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!

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 evening, find a voice,
O praise him, O praise him,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

And child of God with 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!

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!

words: Francis of Assisi, c. 1225; trans.: William Draper, 1919; music: Lasst Uns Erfreuen, 1623; Public Domain

All Hail the Power

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!

You chosen seed of Israel's race,
You ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
the wormwood and the gall,
go spread your trophies at his feet,
and crown him Lord of all,
go spread your trophies at his feet,
and crown him Lord of all,

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him, all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all;
To him, all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

words: Edward Perronet, 1779–1780; vs. 4: John Rippon, 1787; music: Oliver Holden, 1793

All Those Who Sow Weeping

Our mouths they were filled, filled with laughter.
Our tongues they were loosed, loosed with joy.
Restore us, O Lord.
Restore us, O Lord.

Although we are weeping,
Lord, help us keep sowing,
The seeds of Your Kingdom,
For the day you will reap them.
Your sheaves we will carry,
Lord, please do not tarry.
All those who sow weeping will go out with songs of joy.

The nations will say, "He has done great things!"
The nations will sing songs of joy.
Restore us, O Lord.
Restore us, O Lord.

Although we are weeping,
Lord, help us keep sowing,
The seeds of Your Kingdom,
For the day you will reap them.
Your sheaves we will carry,
Lord, please do not tarry.
All those who sow weeping will go out with songs of joy.

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Although we are weeping,
Lord, help us keep sowing,
The seeds of Your Kingdom,
For the day you will reap them.
Your sheaves we will carry,
Lord, please do not tarry.
All those who sow weeping will go out with songs of joy.
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All You Do is Good

You are full of compassion and abounding in love,
You create things from nothing, call what's not though it was.
You are light with no shadow, with no shifting or change.
You turn weeping to dancing and despair into thanks.

You are good and all you do is good.
You are good and all you do is good.
You are good and all you do is good, all you do is good,
All you do is good.

You release every captive, cut the shackles from slaves
Those who hate you, you ransom, give your blood for their shame.
With the bent stem, you're tender, shield the smoldering flame
You bring home the unwanted, call the lost back by name.

You are good and all you do is good.
You are good and all you do is good.
You are good and all you do is good, all you do is good,
All you do is good.

You lift up, you, you revive, you, you restore, you, you increase, you,
You anoint, you, you fill up, you, you spill out, you, you release, you,
You make grow, you, you bring forth, you, you call out, you, you set free, it's
Who you are. It's who you were. It's who you will always be.

Your life is eternal, not in measure but kind
Running over with healing, inexhaustible might
You in us, and we in you, the delight in your face.
Resting here we enjoy you, and our joy is your praise.

You are good and all you do is good.
You are good and all you do is good.
You are good and all you do is good, all you do is good,
All you do is good.

Nathan Partain, 2015

Amazing Grace

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.

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've first begun.

words: John Newton, 1779; vs. 4: Anonymous, 1829; music: James P. Carrell & David S. Clayton, 1831; Public Domain

And Can it Be?

And can it be that I should gain,
An int'rest in the Savior'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?

Amazing love! How can it be,
That thou, my God, should die for me?

He left his Father's throne above,
)So free, so infinite his grace!)
Humbled himself (so great his love!)
And bled for all his chosen race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me.

Amazing love! How can it be,
That thou, my God, should die for me?

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

Amazing love! How can it be,
That thou, my God, should die for me?

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 th'eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

Amazing love! How can it be,
That thou, my God, should die for me?

Anywhere with Jesus

Anywhere with Jesus I will surely go,
Anywhere he leads me in this world below;
Anywhere without him dearest joys would fade;
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

Anywhere I will follow, anywhere I will go;
Anywhere, with him beside me, he is there upon the throne.
Anywhere I will follow, anywhere I will go;
Anywhere, fearing only him and him alone.

Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone;
Other friends may fail me, he is still my own;
Though his hand may lead me through the darkest days,
Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.

Anywhere I will follow, anywhere I will go;
Anywhere, with him beside me, he is there upon the throne.
Anywhere I will follow, anywhere I will go;
Anywhere, fearing only him and him alone.

Anywhere with Jesus, e'en the farthest seas,
Telling souls in darkness of salvation free;
Ready as he summons me to walk or stay,
Anywhere with Jesus he will show the way.

Anywhere I will follow, anywhere I will go;
Anywhere, with him beside me, he is there upon the throne.
Anywhere I will follow, anywhere I will go;
Anywhere, fearing only him and him alone.

Anywhere with Jesus I will surely go,
Anywhere he leads me in this world below;
Anywhere without him dearest joys would fade;
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

words: Jessie B Pounds, 1887/Helen Alexander, 1915; chorus words/music: Nathan Partain, 2003

Approach my Soul the Mercy Seat

Anywhere with Jesus I will surely go,
Anywhere he leads me in this world below;
Anywhere without him dearest joys would fade;
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

Anywhere I will follow, anywhere I will go;
Anywhere, with him beside me, he is there upon the throne.
Anywhere I will follow, anywhere I will go;
Anywhere, fearing only him and him alone.

Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone;
Other friends may fail me, he is still my own;
Though his hand may lead me through the darkest days,
Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.

Anywhere I will follow, anywhere I will go;
Anywhere, with him beside me, he is there upon the throne.
Anywhere I will follow, anywhere I will go;
Anywhere, fearing only him and him alone.

Anywhere with Jesus, e'en the farthest seas,
Telling souls in darkness of salvation free;
Ready as he summons me to walk or stay,
Anywhere with Jesus he will show the way.

Anywhere I will follow, anywhere I will go;
Anywhere, with him beside me, he is there upon the throne.
Anywhere I will follow, anywhere I will go;
Anywhere, fearing only him and him alone.

Anywhere with Jesus I will surely go,
Anywhere he leads me in this world below;
Anywhere without him dearest joys would fade;
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

words: Jessie B Pounds, 1887/Helen Alexander, 1915; chorus words/music: Nathan Partain, 2003

Arise, My Soul, Arise

Arise, my soul, arise! Shake off your guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice in my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands, before the throne my surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

Refrain:

Arise! Arise! Arise, arise my soul, arise!
 Arise! Arise!
Arise! Arise! Arise, arise my soul, arise!
 Arise! Arise!
Shake off your guilty fears and rise.

He ever lives above, for me, to intercede,
His all redeeming love, his precious blood to plead,
His blood atoned for every race, his blood atoned for every race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

(Refrain)

Five bleeding wounds he bears, received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers, they strongly plead for me.
“Forgive him, O forgive,” they cry, “Forgive him, O forgive,” they cry,
“Nor let that ransomed sinner die!”

(Refrain)

My God is reconciled, his pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child, I can no longer fear;
With confidence, I now draw nigh, with confidence, I now draw nigh,
And “Father, Abba, Father” cry.

(Refrain)

words: Charles Wesley, 1742; music: Kevin Twit, 1996

Be Still My Soul

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side.
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain.
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change, He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
To guide the future, as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
His voice Who ruled them while He dwelt below.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
When we shall be forever with the Lord.
When disappointment, grief and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

music: Finlandia, Jean Sibelius, 1899

Be Thou my Vision

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.

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 with me dwelling and I with thee one.

Be thou my battle-shield, sword for my fight;
Be thou my dignity, thou my delight,
Thou my soul's shelter, thou my high tower,
Raise thou me heavenward, O pow'r of my pow'r.

Riches I heed not, nor 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.

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

Ancient Irish poem and melody, 8th cent; trans.: Mary E. Byrne, 1905; Public Domain

Break Forth O Light

Soon at last at the dawning, we become who we are.
The redemption of Jesus through the blood of forgiveness we've spread near and far.
Yet we've never stopped seeking, for the kingdom complete.
For the hurt to be whole, for the poor to be full and the scared to be free.

Break forth O Light, O Healing rise
The earth that groaned, now leaps and cries.
The soul that yearned is satisfied.
We hold out our flame, and in hope we wait, til you arrive.

We have walked as we worshipped, in our hearts, Sabbath rest
Representing our Sovereign, who can move earth and heaven in His power to bless.
We have lived out His beauties, shown the light of his face.
Silenced every accuser, broke the chains of each burden, clothed the shameful in grace.

Break forth O Light, O Healing rise
The earth that groaned, now leaps and cries.
The soul that yearned is satisfied.
We hold out our flame, and in hope we wait, til you arrive.

Now the hour is brimming, fullness almost has come.
When the earth stands receiving, its King and his Kingdom, and Heaven comes down.
And we fully know him, by touch and by sight.
And we'll drink deep together, surrounded by splendor, increasing in life.

Break forth O Light, O Healing rise
The earth that groaned, now leaps and cries.
The soul that yearned is satisfied.
We hold out our flame, and in hope we wait, til you arrive.

Nathan Partain, 2016

Bring Christ Your Broken Life

Bring Christ your broken life, so marred by sin,
He will create anew, make whole again;
Your empty, wasted years, he will restore,
And your iniquities, remember no more.

Bring him your ev'ry care, if great or small –
Whatever troubles you, O bring it all!
Bring him the haunting fears, the nameless dread,
Your heart he will relieve, and lift up your head.

Bring him your weariness, receive his rest;
Weep out your blinding tears, upon his breast;
His love is wonderful, his pow'r is great,
And none who trust in him, will he ever forsake.

Blest Savior of us all! Almighty Friend!
His presence shall be ours, unto the end;
Without him life would be, how dark, how drear!
But with him morning breaks, and heaven is near!

words: Thomas Chisholm, 1935; music: Joseph N. Partain, 2009

Bring Your Sick

Bring your sick, your restless fevered, filled with anxious shaking moans,
Who would kill for some relief from, all the itching in their bones.
Who still search for some elixir, that could ease their gasping breath,
Some sweet drink to drive the poison, from the writhing in their head.

Bring your wounded, all your broken, who can't stand up on their own.
Who are weak beyond dignity, who will never become strong.
They will only need more helping, each investment is a loss.
Yes, bring all those who could never, return any of their cost

Jesus Christ, says "Gather to me, all you lost, you poor, you dead!
I'm your sacrifice, your ransom, I was given in your stead.
I have found you, freed you, healed you, my compassion you can trust,
I redeem the undeserving, I am generous with my love.

Bring your fearful, bring your cowards, bring your hiding cornered strays.
Those who fly at every shadow, those who run without a chase.
Bring the cursed, abused, neglected, who have lived their lives in caves,
Who distrust the light as darkness, while they long to be embraced.

Jesus Christ, says "Gather to me, all you lost, you poor, you dead!
I'm your sacrifice, your ransom, I was given in your stead.
I have found you, freed you, healed you, my compassion you can trust,
I redeem the undeserving, I am generous with my love.

Bring your bound, the souls imprisoned, bullied by the threat of pain,
Who have tried and tried for freedom, but have always failed escape.
Those who live with their aggressor, whisp'ring doubts into their ear,
Who dare not hope on a savior, lest they be crushed by despair.

Jesus Christ, says "Gather to me, all you lost, you poor, you dead!
I'm your sacrifice, your ransom, I was given in your stead.
I have found you, freed you, healed you, my compassion you can trust,
I redeem the undeserving, I am generous with my love.

The Church's One Foundation

The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation by water and the Word;
From heav'n, he came and sought her to be his holy bride;
With his own blood, he bought her and, for her life, he died.

Elect from ev'ry nation, yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation one Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses, partakes one holy food,
And to one hope, she presses, with ev'ry grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder, we see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder, by heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keeping; their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping shall be the morn of song.

Yet she on earth hath union with God the Three in One
And mystic sweet communion with those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy! Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly, on high may dwell with thee.

words: Samuel J. Stone, 1866; music: Brian Moss; Parson John Publishing, 1996

Come Holy Ghost

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest, and in our hearts, take up thy rest;
Come with thy grace and heav'nly aid,
To fill our hearts which thou hast made,
To fill our hearts which thou has made.

O Comforter, to thee we cry, thou heav'nly gift of God most high;
Thou fount of life and fire of love,
And sweet anointing from above,
And sweet anointing from above.

Be not afraid, where you go, there I am with you.
Be not afraid, where you go, there I am with you.

O Holy Ghost, through thee alone, know we the Father and the Son;
Be this our firm unchanging creed,
That thou dost from them both proceed,
That thou dost from them both proceed.

Be not afraid, where you go, there I am with you.
Be not afraid, where you go, there I am with you.

Praise we the Lord, Father and Son, and Holy Spirit with them one;
And may the Son on us bestow,
All gifts that from the Spirit flow,
All gifts that from the Spirit flow.

Be not afraid, where you go, there I am with you.
Be not afraid, where you go, there I am with you.
Be not afraid, where you go, there I am with you.
Be not afraid, where you go, there I am with you.
Be not afraid, where you go, there I am with you.
Be not afraid, where you go, there I am with you
All gifts that from the Spirit flow.
All gifts that from the Spirit flow.

words: Veni, Creator Spiritus attr. Rhabanus Maurus, 776-856; additional chorus: Ray Mills, 2005;
music: Bruce Benedict and Ray Mills, 2005, © 2006 Cardiphonia Music, and Raymond G. Mills

Come Holy Spirit God and Lord

Alleluia (echo) Alleluia Alleluia

Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord!
Let all your graces be outpoured,
On each believer's mind and heart,
Your fervent love to us impart.

Lord, by the brightness of your light,
You, in the faith, do men unite,
Of every land and every tongue;
This to your praise, O Lord, be sung.

Alleluia (echo) Alleluia Alleluia

From every error keep us free;
Let none but Christ our master be,
That we in living faith abide
In him, with all our might confide.

Lord, by your pow'r prepare each heart
And to the weakness strength impart,
That bravely here we may contend
Through life, and death to you ascend.

Alleluia (echo) Alleluia Alleluia

words: Martin Luther, 1524, from 11th cent. antiphon; trans.: Catherine Winkworth, 1855; music: Nathan Partain, 2000

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I've come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed his precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

O that day when freed from sinning,
I shall see thy lovely face;
Clothed then in my blood washed linen,
How I'll sing thy sovereign grace!

words: Robert Robinson, 1758; music: "Nettleton" from John W'yeth, 1813

Come Ye Sinners

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus, ready, stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.

Come ye thirsty, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry 'til you're better,
You will never come at all.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.

I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in his arms;
In the arms of my dear savior,
O, there are ten thousand charms.

In the arms of my dear savior,
O, there are ten thousand charms.

words: Joseph Hart, 1835; music: RESTORATION, trad American Melody Walker's Southern Harmony, 1835

Crown Him With Many Crowns

Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! How the heav'nly anthem drowns all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of life, who triumphed o'er the grave,
Who rose victorious to the strife for those He came to save.
His glories now we sing, who died, and rose on high
Who died eternal life to bring, and lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of peace, whose pow'r a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, and all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end; and round his piercéd feet
Fair flow'rs of paradise extend their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of love; behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of heav'n, one with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through Him giv'n, from his eternal throne,
To Thee be endless praise, for Thou for us hast died;
Be Thou, O Lord, through endless days, adored and magnified.

words: Matthew Bridges, 1851, Public Domain; music: George J. Elvey, 1868, Public Domain

The Day of the Lord (Psalm 37)

It's not long till the boastful are silenced and shamed.
It's not long till the wealth of the wicked's reclaimed.
And the ones who have waited with eyes on the Lord
Will shine like the sun forevermore!
It's not long till the day of the Lord!

Just be still and be faithful and dwell in the land.
Put your trust in the Savior and cling to his hand.
When your heart burns with anger for all that is wrong,
Do not let the dark steal your song.
It's not long till the day of the Lord!

It's not long till the day of the Lord,
it's not long till the day of the Lord!
Everything that is broken will soon be restored.
It's not long till the day of the Lord!

Do not fear for the wicked with weapons of war,
For the Lord is the shelter and strength of the poor.
And our God comes with laughter, let Him be your joy.
The power of the sword, he'll destroy.
It's not long till the day of the Lord!

It's not long till the day of the Lord,
it's not long till the day of the Lord!
Everything that is broken will soon be restored.
It's not long till the day of the Lord!

It's not long till the day of the Lord,
it's not long till the day of the Lord!
Everything that is broken will soon be restored.
It's not long till the day of the Lord!

Wendell Kimbrough, 2017

Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

Dear refuge of my weary soul, on thee when sorrows rise,
On thee when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
To thee I tell each rising grief, for thou alone canst heal;
Thy Word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

But O! When gloomy doubts prevail, I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail and all my hopes decline.
Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust.
And still my soul would cleave to thee
Though prostrate in the dust.

Hast thou not bid me seek thy face, and shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace be deaf when I complain?
No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer.
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there.

Thy mercy seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will and wait beneath thy feet.
Thy mercy seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will and wait beneath thy feet.

words: Anne Steele, 1716-1778, music: Kevin Twit, 1998; UBP CCLI #105650

Draw Near (Psalm 69)

The flood around me is rising; the water's up to my neck.
My voice is worn out from crying. O Lord, please send me your help!

Draw near to my soul, O Lord!
Draw near to my soul, O Lord!

My flesh and blood no more own me; my fam'ly's no more my home.
They hide their eyes from my grieving; they stop their ears from my groans.

Draw near to my soul, O Lord!
Draw near to my soul, O Lord!

I asked them all for some comfort; I begged, but there was no bread.
They gave me food that was poison; with wine, they left me for dead.

Draw near to my soul, O Lord!
Draw near to my soul, O Lord!

Wendell Kimbrough, 2017

Establish the Work of Our Hands

If You don't build it, we labor in vain,
Without Your Spirit, we stand with no strength.
I know my life is passing away,
but the works of Your hands
are what will remain.
Let the favor of the Lord rest upon us.

○ Lord, establish the work of our hands!
○ Lord, establish the work of our hands!

Teach us to number the length of our days,
Pour out Your power, we'll pour out Your praise.
Teach us to run, to finish the race,
for only what's done in love will remain.
Let the favor of the Lord rest upon us.

○ Lord, establish the work of our hands!
○ Lord, establish the work of our hands!

Just as it is above, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"
Your will on earth be done, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"
Until the day you come, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"
Lord Jesus reign through us, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

Aaron Keyes, Sandra McCracken, Orlando Palmer, Madison Cunningham, Liz Vice, Paul Zach, and Isaac Wardell, 2017

Fairest Lord Jesus

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature,
Son of God and Son of Man,
Thee will I cherish, thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crown.

Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight
And all the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

Beautiful Savior! Lord of all the nations!
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor, praise, adoration,
Now and forever more be thine.

words: Munster Gesangbuch, 1677; trans.: Joseph Seiss, 1873;

music: Schlesische Volkslieder, 1842; arr. Nathan Partain, 2001; UBP CCLI #105650

Farther Along

Tempted and tried, we're oft made to wonder
Why it should be thus all the day long,
While there are others living about us,
Never molested, though in the wrong.

Farther along we'll know all about it,
Farther along we'll understand why;
Cheer up my brother, live in the sunshine,
We'll understand it all by and by.

When death has come and taken our loved ones,
It leaves our home so lonely and drear,
Then do we wonder why others prosper
Living so wicked year after year.

Farther along we'll know all about it,
Farther along we'll understand why;
Cheer up my brother, live in the sunshine,
We'll understand it all by and by.

Faithful til death, said our loving Master
A few more days to labor and wait,
Toils of the road will then seem as nothing
As we sweet through the beautiful gate.

Farther along we'll know all about it,
Farther along we'll understand why;
Cheer up my brother, live in the sunshine,
We'll understand it all by and by.

W.B. Stevens and J.R. Baxter, 1911

Father, Long Before Creation

Father long before creation,
Thou hadst chosen us in love,
And that love so deep, so moving,
Draws us close to Christ above.
Still it keeps us, still it keeps us
Firmly fixed in Christ alone.

Though the world may change its fashion,
Yet our God is e'er the same;
His compassion and his cov'nant,
Through all ages will remain.
God's own children, God's own children
Must forever praise his name.

God's compassion is my story,
Is my boasting all the day;
Mercy free and never failing,
Moves my will, directs my way.
God so loved us, God so loved us
That his only Son he gave.

Loving Father now before thee,
We will ever praise thy love,
And our songs will sound unceasing,
'Til we reach our home above,
Giving glory, giving glory
To our God and to the Lamb;

Giving glory, giving glory,
To our God and to the Lamb.

words: Chinese Hymn; trans.: Francis Jones; Andrew Osenga, 2005
The Velvet Eagle Sings (ascap); admin. by The Loving Company

Fill Thou my Life

Fill thou my life, O Lord my God, in every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim, thy being and thy ways.
Not for the lip of praise alone, nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up, of praise in every part!
Praise all my life, all of my days. Praise all my life, all of my days.

Praise in the common words I speak, life's common looks and tones,
In fellowship in hearth and board, with my beloved ones;
Not in the temple crowd alone, where holy voices chime,
But in the silent paths of earth, the quiet rooms of time.
Praise all my life, all of my days. Praise all my life, all of my days.

Fill every part of me with praise; let all my being speak,
Of thee and of thy love, O Lord, poor though I be, and weak.
So shalt thou, Lord, from me, e'en me, receive the glory due;
And so shall I begin on earth, the song forever new.
Praise all my life, all of my days. Praise all my life, all of my days.

So shall each fear, each fret, each care, be turned into a song,
And every winding of the way, the echo shall prolong;
So shall no part of day or night, from sacredness be free;
But all my life, in every step, be fellowship with thee.
Praise all my life, all of my days. Praise all my life, all of my days.

words: Horatius Bonar, 1866; music: Nathan Partain, 2004

For All the Saints

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee, by faith, before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.
Alleluia, allelu!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
Alleluia, allelu!

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

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

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

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

words: William Walsham How, 1864; music: Chris Minor, 1997

For His Own Sake

I have seen the bright birth of the morning.
I have worked through the sweat of the day.
I have laughed as the summer rains poured down from heaven and
I've harvested oceans of grain.
I have worked and I've worked and had nothing.
I have prayed and I've prayed with no rain.
I have lost to the fire, storm and locust and
Woke up to find all my land left in shame.
Still each morning and noon and in evening,
I will trust my Lord and bless his name.
Not seeking the gain but the Giver,
So that I love him for nothing but for his own sake.

I have made the mistake that my blessing,
Means the favor of God on my ways,
And thought every hardship, his anger against me and
Cried out in darkness for grace.
Now I know that his favor is steadfast,
He has anchored my soul in his peace,
So that suffering is now just the pangs of my hunger,
To know the embrace of my King.
Still each morning and noon and in evening,
I will trust my Lord and bless his name.
Not seeking the gain but the Giver,
So that I love him for nothing but for his own sake,

I have learned that this world is not truest.
That there's hope held securely beyond and
Since Jesus has suffered through my own destruction,
I entrust my all to my God.
I have seen deepest loss bring rejoicing,
Seen a mother with her stillborn sing praise,
I have seen those abused and those ravaged by sickness,
Through tears and in anguish give thanks.
Still each morning and noon and in evening,
I will trust my Lord and bless his name.
Not seeking the gain but the Giver,
So that I love him for nothing but for his own sake.

Give me Jesus

In the morning when I rise,
In the morning when I rise,
In the morning when I rise, give me Jesus.

Chorus:

Give me Jesus, give me Jesus
You can have all this world,
But give me Jesus.

And when I am alone,
And when I am alone,
And when I am alone, give me Jesus.

Chorus

And when I come to die,
Oh when I come to die,
And when I come to die, give me Jesus.

Chorus

arr.: Fernando Ortega

Give to the Wind Thy Fears

Give to the wind thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, thy tears,
God will lift up... God will lift up...
God will lift up thy head.

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command,
So will you own his way.
How wise, how strong... how wise, how strong...
How wise, how strong his hand.

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he has wrought.
That caused thy need... that caused thy need...
That caused thy needless fear.

Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou his time; this night
Soon end in joy... soon end in joy...
Soon end in joyous day!

words Paul Gerhardt, 1656; music Nathan Partain, 2010

The Glory of His Name

Let my whole soul bloom like a morning flower,
Spread out my arms to sing my Maker's praise;
And let that sound, a flock of birds, come pouring.
The rivers rise and flood their rocky banks;
The flute o'erflows, the drum o'erflows, the voice o'erflows
The glory of his name.

Then breaks my soul, a mighty clap of thunder;
The pillars shake, the heav'ns begin to fall;
The mountains split, a world of fear and wonder.
The dark is day, the forest stripped and bare;
The wise laid low, all might laid low, all thoughts made known
The glory of his name.

Yet in my soul his calm is ever speaking,
Through every hour, against the violence there.
He is the King, though all I see is dying;
When all has passed, his word will still be there.
The earth rejoice, the sea rejoice, his saints rejoice
The glory of his name.

The earth rejoice, the sea rejoice, his saints rejoice
The glory of his name.

Nathan Partain, 2003

The Gospel is All I Have

The gospel is all I have. The gospel is all I have.
No well-kept, presentable life to display.
The gospel is all I have.

The gospel is all I have. The gospel is all I have.
No courage. No virtuous bold use of faith.
The gospel is all I have.

Well, the Lord God Almighty leapt down from the sky,
And he made himself nothing and served till he died,
So that I, just a beggar, at the Judgement might cry,
“The gospel is all I have!”

The gospel is all I have. The gospel is all I have.
No merit to offer. No excuses to make.
The gospel is all I have.

Well, the Lord God Almighty leapt down from the sky,
And he made himself nothing and served till he died,
So that I, just a beggar, at the Judgement might cry,
“The gospel is all I have!”

The gospel is all I have. The gospel is all I have.
No clever, persuasive words I could say.
No debt I could work off. No bribe I could pay.
No goodness. No promise of love that won't fade.
The gospel is all I have.

Well, the Lord God Almighty leapt down from the sky,
And he made himself nothing and served till he died,
So that I, just a beggar, at the Judgement might cry,
“The gospel is all I have!”
“The gospel is all I have!”

Great is Thy Faithfulness

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 has 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.

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!

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!

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!

words: Thomas Chisholm, 1923; music: William Runyan, 1923; Hope Publishing

Hallelujah! What A Savior!

Man of Sorrows! What a name, for the Son of God, who came,
Ruined sinners to reclaim. Hallelujah! What a Savior!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude, in my place, condemned, he stood,
Sealed my pardon with his blood. Hallelujah! What a Savior!

Guilty, vile, and helpless we; spotless Lamb of God was he;
“Full atonement!” Can it be? Hallelujah! What a Savior!

Lifted up was he to die; “It is finished!” was his cry;
Now in heav’n exalted high. Hallelujah! What a Savior!

When he comes, our glorious King, all his ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we’ll sing: Hallelujah! What a Savior!
Hallelujah! What a Savior!

Philip P. Bliss, 1875

He Bears My Soul

The wolves outside are hunting and the dark of night is full,
And in my heart a wild fear that I cannot control.
I'm helpless to get out, I feel I'm drowning all alone,
Yet in my great distress I pray, and there He bears my soul.

This house was left abandoned, I sleep curled up on the floor,
My mind caves in with sorrows till I can't breathe anymore.
I see no hope tomorrow, the joy of life is cold,
By fingertips I hang from faith and there He bears my soul.

My Lord shall never cease to stand with blood to intercede,
His Spirit groans in patient love and ceaseless prays for me.
He knows my way of thinking, my inner man he wove.
See, I can't explain, I can't deny and yet somehow I know,
He bears my soul.

I call but there's no answer and my straining voice grows weak.
I'm sick of the hypocrisy of those who claim belief.
This sparrow seems forgotten,
My match is burning low,
In doubt and dissolution even there He bears my soul.

My Lord shall never cease to stand with blood to intercede,
His Spirit groans in patient love and ceaseless prays for me.
He knows my way of thinking, my inner man he wove.
See, I can't explain, I can't deny and yet somehow I know,
He bears my soul.

I stumble through the woods without a place to go, I roam.
I distrust all directions of what's right except my own.
I've given up at godliness,
I break each contrite oath,
I kick and hate and fall again and there He bears my soul.

My Lord shall never cease to stand with blood to intercede,
His Spirit groans in patient love and ceaseless prays for me.
He knows my way of thinking, my inner man he wove.
See, I can't explain, I can't deny and yet somehow I know,
He bears my soul.

He Cannot Be Stopped

Who could halt the morning, springing from his Word?
Day of first creation, dawn of human birth,
Fall could not undo him, sin could not throw off,
He has saved his people, he cannot be stopped.

Jesus Christ our savior, Son of Man and God.
Perfect lamb begotten, healing in his blood.
Though the world rejected, through the horrid cross,
Death could not restrain him, he cannot be stopped.

He cannot be stopped, no He cannot be stopped
Raise the dead in beauty, clothe the worlds in love,
Til his whole creation, joys in what he's wrought.
Glory! Hallelujah! He cannot be stopped.

In his resurrection, all he sanctifies,
Sinners gathered to him, wretches made alive.
From the farthest reaches, of the darkest lot,
He redeems the wicked, He cannot be stopped.

He cannot be stopped, no He cannot be stopped
Raise the dead in beauty, clothe the worlds in love,
Til his whole creation, joys in what he's wrought.
Glory! Hallelujah! He cannot be stopped.

When I fall so shameful, when I can't look up.
All I see is darkness, all I know is loss.
When I yield defeated, He speaks ever soft,
"You are my dear child, I cannot be stopped."

He cannot be stopped, no He cannot be stopped
Raise the dead in beauty, clothe the worlds in love,
Til his whole creation, joys in what he's wrought.
Glory! Hallelujah! He cannot be stopped.

He Was Wounded

He was wounded for our transgressions,
He bore our sins in his body on the tree;
For our guilt, he gave us peace,
From our bondage gave release,
And with his stripes, and with his stripes,
And with his stripes, our souls are healed.

He was numbered among transgressors,
We did esteem him forsaken by his God;
As our sacrifice, he died,
That the law be satisfied,
And all our sin, and all our sin,
And all our sin was laid on him.

We had wandered, we all had wandered,
Far from the fold of “the Shepherd of the sheep”;
But he sought us where we were,
On the mountains bleak and bare,
And bro’t us home, and bro’t us home,
And bro’t us safely home to God.

Who can number his generation?
Who shall declare all the triumphs of his cross?
Millions, dead, now live again,
Myriads follow in his train!
Victorious Lord, victorious Lord,
Victorious Lord and coming King!

Victorious Lord, victorious Lord,
Victorious Lord and coming King!

words: Thomas O. Chisholm, 1920; music: Joseph N. Partain, 1977

Hold Thou my Hand

Hold thou my hand; so weak I am, and helpless,
I dare not take one step without thy aid;
Hold thou my hand; for then, O loving Savior,
No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

Hold thou my hand, and closer, draw me closer,
To thy dear self, my hope, my joy, my all;
Hold thou my hand, lest haply I should wander,
And, missing thee, my trembling feet should fall.

Hold thou my hand; the way is dark before me,
Without the sunlight of thy face divine;
But when by faith, I catch its radiant glory,
What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!

Hold thou my hand, that when I reach the margin,
Of that lone river thou didst cross for me,
A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

Hold thou my hand; so weak I am, and helpless,
I dare not take one step without thy aid;
I dare not take one step without thy aid.

words: Fanny Crosby, 1879; music: Nathan Partain, 2003

Holy, Holy, Holy

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning, our song shall rise to thee.
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Who wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea.
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

words: Reginald Heber, 1826; music: John B. Dykes, 1860; Public Domain

How Deep the Father's Love for Us

How deep the Father's love for us;
How vast beyond all measure,
That he would 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.

Behold the Man upon a cross,
My guilt 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.

I will not boast in anything:
No gifts, no powr's, 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.

How deep the Father's love for us;
How vast beyond all measure,
That he would give his only Son
To make a wretch his treasure.

Stuart Townend, 1995

How Firm a Foundation

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent Word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen and help thee, and cause thee to stand
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through fiery trials thy pathways shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

words: John Rippon, 1787; attr.: John Keene, Kirkham, and John Keith; music: Joseph Funk, 1832; Public Domain

How Vast the Benefits

How vast the benefits divine which we in Christ possess!
We are redeemed from guilt and shame and called to holiness.
But not for works which we have done, or shall hereafter do,
Hath God decreed on sinful men salvation to bestow.

The glory, Lord, from first to last, is due to thee alone;
Aught to ourselves we dare not take, or rob thee of thy crown.
Our glorious Surety undertook to satisfy for man,
And grace was given us in him before the world began.

This is thy will, that in thy love we ever should abide;
That earth and hell should not prevail to turn thy Word aside.
Not one of all the chosen race but shall to heav'n attain,
Partake on earth the purposed grace and then with Jesus reign.

words: Augustus M. Toplady, 1774; music: Holly Dutton, 2002

I am a Poor Wayfaring Stranger

I am a poor wayfaring stranger,
While traveling through this world of woe.
Yet there's no sickness, toil nor danger
In that bright world to which I go.
I'm going there to see my Father;
I'm going there no more to roam.

I'm only going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather round me;
I know my way is rough and steep.
But golden fields lie out before me,
Where God's redeemed shall ever sleep.
I'm going there to see my mother,
She said she'd meet me when I come.

I'm only going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

I'll soon be free from every trial,
My body sleep in the churchyard;
I'll drop the cross of self denial
And enter on my great reward.
I'm going there to see my Savior,
To sing his praise forevermore.

I'm only going over Jordan,
I'm only going over home.

words & music: folk spiritual; arr.: Richard W. Adams, 1998

I am One of Those

I am one of those, at the table not invited,
And, to all here at the feast, it's very plain;
I cannot hide in etiquette or conversation,
But Christ himself sent word to me and so I came.

I am one of those who was dead and fully buried,
And I still bear every stigma of decay;
There is no way I can cover what I've been through,
'Cause when Jesus called, I came fresh from the grave.

Though the world may number me among the foolish,
I think Jesus Christ is all I need to know,
Jesus suffered and paid blood to buy the lowest of the low.
Hallelujah! Amen! That's me! Yes, I am one of those!

I am one of those, who was a leper and contagious,
The deformities and scars I have today;
Yet while I was vile with sickness, Jesus loved me,
And he healed, restored, and, through and through, remade.

I am one of those who was doomed to death in prison,
And I've done more evil things than I could say;
Jesus broke inside and there unlocked my shackles,
And, to set me free, he died and took my place.

Though the world may number me among the foolish,
I think Jesus Christ is all I need to know,
Jesus suffered and paid blood to buy the lowest of the low.
Hallelujah! Amen! That's me! Yes, I am one of those!

I am one of those, who was hard to love and ugly,
Self-righteous critical religion was my stain.
So I ran to Christ to wash and be discovered;
Jesus called me out and he covered up my shame.

Though the world may number me among the foolish,
I think Jesus Christ is all I need to know,
Jesus suffered and paid blood to buy the lowest of the low.
Hallelujah! Amen! That's me! Yes, I am one of those!

I am Trusting Thee

I am trusting thee, thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only thee;
Trusting thee for full, full salvation,
Great and free, great and free,
Trusting only thee.

I am trusting thee, thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting thee to make, make me holy
By thy blood, by thy blood,
Trusting only thee.

I am trusting thee, thee to guide me;
Thou alone shall lead;
Thou provide and tend every day and hour
All I need, all I need,
Trusting only thee.

I am trusting thee, thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall;
I am trusting thee, thee forever
And for all, and for all,
Trusting only thee.

words: Frances R. Havergal, 1874; music: Nathan Partain, 2003

I Belong to Jesus

I belong to Jesus
I am not my own.
All I have and all I am
Shall be his alone.
I belong to Jesus
He is Lord and King,
Reigning in my inmost heart,
Over everything.

I belong to Jesus
Blessed, be the thought!
With his own most precious blood
Has my soul been bought.
I belong to Jesus
He has died for me;
I am his, and he is mine,
Through eternity.

I belong to Jesus
He will keep my soul,
When the deathly waters dark,
Round about me roll.
I belong to Jesus;
And fore'er I'll stand,
With my precious Savior there,
In his glorious land.

words: M. Fraser; music: Nathan Partain, 2005

I Have Plans for You

You say, “Lord, Why am I here? Why is this happening? Do you not see?”
Hear my word, I have named you, I have called you, unto me.

You say, “Lord, how I struggle. How I’m troubled. How long will this last?”
Hear my word, I have not stopped working, and ‘til I am finished, I will not rest.

I have plans for you, I have plans for you, not to harm you, but for you to bless,
I have plans for you, I have plans for you,
And nothing can stop me from bringing them to pass.

You say, “Lord, I am so frightened. I am so lonely. I am exposed.”
Hear my word, Lo, I am with you, I will not leave you, wherever you go.

You say, Lord, how I have fallen, I am a failure, I am defeated.
Hear my word, I am your savior, I am your victor, and I’ve trampled down death.

I have plans for you, I have plans for you, not to harm you, but for you to bless,
I have plans for you, I have plans for you,
And nothing can stop me from bringing them to pass.

You say, “Lord, I am disfigured. I am ruined. I am worthless.”
Hear my word, I have ordained, I have raised, my answer is “yes.”

I have plans for you, I have plans for you, not to harm you, but for you to bless,
I have plans for you, I have plans for you,
And nothing can stop me from bringing them to pass.

And nothing can stop me, I have plans for you.
And nothing can stop me, I have plans for you.

Nathan Partain, 2015

I Know that My Redeemer Lives

I know that my Redeemer lives, Glory Hallelujah!
What comfort this sweet sentence gives, Glory Hallelujah!

Shout on, pray on, we're gaining ground, Glory Hallelujah!
The dead's alive, and the lost is found, Glory Hallelujah!

He lives, he lives, who once was dead, Glory Hallelujah!
He lives, my everlasting Head, Glory Hallelujah!

Shout on, pray on, we're gaining ground, Glory Hallelujah!
The dead's alive, and the lost is found, Glory Hallelujah!

He lives to crush the fiends of hell; Glory Hallelujah!
He lives and doth within me dwell; Glory Hallelujah!

Shout on, pray on, we're gaining ground, Glory Hallelujah!
The dead's alive, and the lost is found, Glory Hallelujah!

He lives to bless me with His love; Glory Hallelujah!
He lives to plead my cause above; Glory Hallelujah!

Shout on, pray on, we're gaining ground, Glory Hallelujah!
The dead's alive, and the lost is found, Glory Hallelujah!

He lives all glory to his name; Glory Hallelujah!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same; Glory Hallelujah!

Shout on, pray on, we're gaining ground, Glory Hallelujah!
The dead's alive, and the lost is found, Glory Hallelujah!

Shout on, pray on, we're gaining ground, Glory Hallelujah!
The dead's alive, and the lost is found, Glory Hallelujah!

words: Samuel Medley, 1775; music: F. C. Wood, 1850

I Need Jesus

Well, I was lost inside confusion and a nightmare of a dream,
I did not know which god to turn to or if it were up to me,
Until some simple words were spoken that I gratefully received,
And just one prayer sprang up within me and I started whispering,
I need Jesus. Oh, I need Jesus. I need Jesus. Oh, I need Jesus.

But soon I found that sweet salvation just uncovered all my need.
That sin and me, like blood and ink, were all mixed up inseparably,
And that it's not my deeds or branches but the roots of my whole tree,
That are so rotten full of hatred, that for me to merely breath,
I need Jesus. Oh, I need Jesus. I need Jesus. Oh, I need Jesus.

See, I had thought, one day, more holy or mature that I would be,
That I'd lead others on to righteousness and teach the blind to see.
Instead, I've found each day I'm frightened just how evil I can be,
And now I feel the most at home with all the perverts and unclean 'cause
I need Jesus. Oh, I need Jesus. I need Jesus. Oh, I need Jesus.

I keep on looking for some reason I should raise my self-esteem,
'Cause all my gifts and all my efforts must sure add up to something,
But then again, again with tears of joy, I'm brought down to my knees,
Here at the foot of him who died for me I'm stripped of everything and,
I need Jesus. Oh, I need Jesus. I need Jesus. Oh, I need Jesus.

Now I say, "Glory! Hallelujah!" I'm so glad to be redeemed!
To be so desperate for Jesus and so gloriously weak,
I do not ever want to stray from the Community of Need
O may I never leave dependence or forsake my Food and Drink,
I need Jesus. Oh, I need Jesus. I need Jesus. Oh, I need Jesus.

Nathan Partain, Nov. 5, 2012

I Will Not Be Silent

Amid the desperate hour, when earthly stores run out,
Caught up in snares where dark despairs flood through the doors of doubt.
Its there that Jesus issues, a power scarce believed,
It shakes the heart, it breaks the bonds and makes the soul to sing.

So many times I've witnessed, too many to ignore,
His Spirit, touch a vicious wound and call a garden forth.
So gather the assembly, as Jesus stirs my breath,
I'll shout and leap, rejoice and weep for he pulls me from death!

I will not be silent. I will not keep still.
I will not hold back my Lord, when his sweet Spirit fills.
I will not betray him, to serve some human will.
No, I will not be silent. No, I will not keep still.

This is not proud defiance; no self-reliant roar,
This is the sound of children freed from fear to love their Lord.
A boldness flows from Jesus, a calm and humble might.
That will withstand though hell or man, should try to choke their light.

I will not be silent. I will not keep still.
I will not hold back my Lord, when his sweet Spirit fills.
I will not betray him, to serve some human will.
No, I will not be silent. No, I will not keep still.

○ may I not grow quiet or limply drag my faith,
Or be deceived that I'm naïve to be so full of praise.
○ may I share the privilege of all who bear the scars,
From holding onto Christ through pain while singing in the dark.

I will not be silent. I will not keep still.
I will not hold back my Lord, when his sweet Spirit fills.
I will not betray him, to serve some human will.
No, I will not be silent. No, I will not keep still.

I Will Sing of My Redeemer

I will sing of my Redeemer,
And his wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross, he suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In his boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

Sing, oh sing, of my Redeemer, with his blood, he purchased me.
On the cross, he sealed my pardon, paid the debt and made me free.

I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory he giveth,
Over sin and death and hell.

Sing, oh sing, of my Redeemer, with his blood, he purchased me.
On the cross, he sealed my pardon, paid the debt and made me free.

I will sing of my Redeemer,
And his heav'nly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God with him to be.

Sing, oh sing, of my Redeemer, with his blood, he purchased me.
On the cross, he sealed my pardon, paid the debt and made me free.

Sing, oh sing, of my Redeemer, with his blood, he purchased me.
On the cross, he sealed my pardon, paid the debt and made me free.

words: Phillip Bliss, 1976; music: Luke Morton, 2005

I'll Fly Away

Some bright morning, when this life is o'er,
I'll fly away;
To that home on God's celestial shore,
I'll fly away.

I'll fly away, Oh Glory! I'll fly away!
When I die, hallelujah, by and by, I'll fly away!

When the shadows of this life have gone,
I'll fly away;
Like a bird from these prison walls, I'll fly,
I'll fly away.

I'll fly away, Oh Glory! I'll fly away!
When I die, hallelujah, by and by, I'll fly away!

Oh how glad and happy when we meet,
I'll fly away;
No more cold iron shackles on my feet,
I'll fly away.

I'll fly away, Oh Glory! I'll fly away!
When I die, hallelujah, by and by, I'll fly away!

Just a few more weary days and then,
I'll fly away;
To a land where joys will never end,
I'll fly away.

I'll fly away, Oh Glory! I'll fly away!
When I die, hallelujah, by and by, I'll fly away!

A. E. Brumley, 1931

In Christ Alone

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.

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 every sin on him was laid:
Here in the death of Christ, I live.

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.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,
This is the power of Christ in me.
From life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man,
Can ever pluck me from his hand.
Till he returns or calls me home,
Here in the power of Christ, I'll stand!

No power of hell, no scheme of man,
Can ever pluck me from his hand.
Till he returns or calls me home,
Here in the power of Christ, I'll stand!

In Tenderness He Sought Me

In tenderness, he sought me, weary and sick with sin,
And, on his shoulders, brought me into his flock again,
While angels in his presence sang, until the courts of heaven rang.

Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me!
Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold, wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!
Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

He washed the bleeding sin-wounds, and poured in oil and wine;
He whispered to assure me, "I've found you, you are mine;"
I never heard a sweeter voice, it made my aching heart rejoice.

Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me!
Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold, wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!
Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

He pointed to the nail-prints, for me his blood was shed;
A mocking crown so thorny, was placed upon his head:
I wondered what he saw in me, to suffer such deep agony.

Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me!
Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold, wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!
Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

I'm sitting in his presence, the sunshine of his face,
While with adoring wonder, his blessings I retrace.
It seems as if eternal days are far too short to sound his praise.

Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me!
Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold, wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!
Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

So while the hours are passing, all now is perfect rest;
I'm waiting for the morning, the brightest and the best,
When he will call us to his side, to be with him, his spotless Bride.

Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me!
Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold, wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!
Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

It is Well

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, thou has taught me to say,
“It is well, it is well with my soul.”

It is well, with my soul;
 It is well, with my soul;
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Tho’ Satan should buffet, tho’ trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control:
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate
And has shed his own blood for my soul.

It is well, with my soul;
 It is well, with my soul;
It is well, it is well with my soul.

My sin - O 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!

It is well, with my soul;
 It is well, with my soul;
It is well, it is well with my soul.

And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend;
“Even so,” it is well with my soul.

It is well, with my soul;
 It is well, with my soul;
It is well, it is well with my soul.

It is well, with my soul;
 It is well, with my soul;
It is well, it is well with my soul.

It's A Lovely Wait

I've seen great beauty in the starlit sky,
In the sweep of music, in my lover's eyes
But it has no weight apart from you.
I've sought for comfort, and I've scrounged for rest,
And I've searched for someway I could be content,
But the land is wanton, without you.

I've known man's glory, just how it lasts,
With its fading flower and its withering grass
Cause There's nothing living, without you
I found innocence was stained, all the gold was lead,
I drank the ocean but I thirst again.
Cause the heart is restless without you.

So, I eat the dust, I wear the ash
I bear the hunger, I keep the fast
It's a lovely wait, to be with you.
I cry out in losses and I wait through wars,
But I know my Portion, my great Reward
It's a lovely wait, to be with you.

I'm across from Canaan I'm looking in,
At the beautiful splendor of the Promised land
But I will not enter, without you.
There is no affection, there is no feast,
There is no pleasure, there is no peace,
No, there is no heaven, without you.

So, I eat the dust, I wear the ash
I bear the hunger, I keep the fast
It's a lovely wait, to be with you.
I cry out in losses and I wait through wars,
But I know my Portion, my great Reward
It's a lovely wait, to be with you.

Nathan Partain, 2015

It's God Who Saves

Like all God's prophets, his kings and judges,
Were thieves and killers, adulterous liars,
That he had chosen, to show his greatness.
Just like those heroes, by grace he called me,
So dead in my sin, it's him I boast in,
I breathe but only, through faith in Jesus.

And oh what joy and bliss, to enter Sabbath rest.

It's God who saves, not I, it's God who justifies.
He calls, he makes holy, it's God who saves, not I.

Christ came to me who, had hated God and
Was bent to chaos, and served destruction,
In love he died, and he paid my pardon.
And then he raised me, with him in union,
A wretch adopted, triune affection,
Eternal power, and love unyielding.

And oh what joy and bliss, to enter Sabbath rest.

It's God who saves, not I, it's God who justifies.
He calls, he makes holy, it's God who saves, not I.
It's God who saves, not I, it's God who is my life.
All I bring is nothing, it's God who saves, not I.

If my salvation, to me was trusted,
If we must hold fast, or keep love fervent,
I'm lost already, my love unsteady.
But once redemption, is won it's finished,
His sure deposit, his steadfast Spirit,
From grace beginning, to grace unending.

And oh what joy and bliss, to enter Sabbath rest.

It's God who saves, not I, it's God who justifies.
He calls, he makes holy, it's God who saves, not I.
It's God who saves, not I, it's God who is my life.
All I bring is nothing, it's God who saves, not I.

Jesus, I Come to Thee

Out of my bondage, sorrow and night,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into thy freedom, gladness and light,
Jesus, I come to thee.
Out of my sickness and into thy health,
Out of my want and into thy wealth,
Out of my sin and into thyself,
Jesus, I come to thee.
Jesus, I come to thee.

Out of my shameful failure and loss,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into the glorious gain of thy cross,
Jesus, I come to thee.
Out of earth's sorrows and into thy balm,
Out of life's storms and into thy calm,
Out of distress into jubilant psalm,
Jesus, I come to thee.
Jesus, I come to thee.

Out of unrest and arrogant pride,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into thy blessed will to abide,
Jesus, I come to thee.
Out of the depths of ruin untold,
Into the peace of thy sheltering fold,
Ever thy glorious face to behold,
Jesus, I come to thee.
Jesus, I come to thee.

words: William T. Sleeper, 1887; music: Nathan Partain, 2000

Jesus, I My Cross have Taken

Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow thee.
Destitute, despised, forsaken, thou from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition, all I've sought or hoped or known.
Yet how rich is my condition! God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me, they have left my Savior, too.
Human hearts and looks deceive me; thou art not, like them, untrue.
O while thou dost smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me, show thy face, and all is bright.

Man may trouble and distress me, 'twill but drive me to thy breast.
Life with trials hard may press me; heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me while thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, were that joy unmixed with thee.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure, come disaster, scorn, and pain.
In thy service, pain is pleasure, with thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba Father, I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather; all must work for good to me.

Soul, then know thy full salvation, rise o'er sin and fear and care,
Joy to find in every station, something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee, think what Father's smiles are thine,
Think that Jesus died to win thee, child of heaven, canst thou repine.

Haste thee on from grace to glory, armed by faith, and winged by prayer.
Heaven's eternal days before thee, God's own hand shall guide us there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission, soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition, faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

words: Henry F. Lyte, 1824; music: Bill Moore

Jesus is Mine

Fade, fade, each earthly joy: Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie: Jesus is mine!
Dark is this wilderness,
Earth has no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless: Jesus is mine!

Tempt not my soul away: Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay: Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born for but one brief day,
Pass from my heart away: Jesus is mine!

Farewell, ye dreams of night: Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning bright: Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied: Jesus is mine!

Farewell, mortality: Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity: Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast: Jesus is mine!

words: Jane C. Bonar, 1843; music: Nathan Partain, 2003

Jesus Lives and So Shall I

Jesus lives and so shall I.
Death, thy sting is gone forever:
He, who deigned for me to die,
Lives, the bands of death to sever.
He shall raise me with the just;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.
He shall raise me with the just.

Jesus lives and reigns supreme;
And, his kingdom still remaining,
I shall also be with him,
Ever living, ever reigning.
God has promised; be it must:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.
God has promised; be it must.

Jesus lives and by his grace,
Vict'ry o'er my passions giving,
Pow'r to cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to his glory living.
The weak he raises from the dust;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.
The weak he raises from the dust.

Jesus lives and death is now
But my entrance into glory.
Courage! then, my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of life before thee;
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just
Jesus is the Christian's Trust.
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just.
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just.

words: Christian F. Gellert, 1744; music: Nathan Partain, 2003

Jesus Paid it All

I hear the Savior say,
“Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.”

Refrain:

Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim;
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

And now complete in Him,
My robe, His righteousness,
Close sheltered 'neath His side,
I am divinely blest.

Lord, now indeed I find
Thy pow'r, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots
And melt the heart of stone.

When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
“Jesus died my soul to save,”
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

words: Elvira M. Hall; music: John T. Grape

Jesus Thy Blood and Righteousness

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved, through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

So I join with the song of the Lord's redeemed.
And I praise with the throngs at the throne of my King!
Oh the might! Oh the fear! Oh the mercy that's His,
In the blood of his Son and the grace that it gives.

This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change, its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

So I join with the song of the Lord's redeemed.
And I praise with the throngs at the throne of my King!
Oh the might! Oh the fear! Oh the mercy that's His,
In the blood of his Son and the grace that it gives.

O let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness.

So I join with the song of the Lord's redeemed.
And I praise with the throngs at the throne of my King!
Oh the might! Oh the fear! Oh the mercy that's His,
In the blood of his Son and the grace that it gives.

words: Nikolaus L. von Zinzendorf, 1739; music: Nathan Partain, 2010

Joyful, Joyful

Joyful, joyful, we adore thee,
God of glory, Lord of love;
Hearts unfold like flow'rs before thee,
Opening to the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;
Drive the dark of doubt away;
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day!

All thy works with joy surround thee,
Earth and heav'n reflect thy rays,
Stars and angels sing around thee,
Center of unbroken praise.
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
Flowery meadow, flashing sea,
Singing bird and flowing fountain
Call us to rejoice in thee.

Thou art giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blessed,
Wellspring 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.

words: Henry van Dyke, 1907; music: Ludwig van Beethoven, 1822; ad.: Edward Hodges, 1824; Public Domain

Just as I Am

Just as I am, without one plea, but that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not, to rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about, confused, conflicted, full of doubts,
Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamb I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all in Thee I need to find, O Lamb I come.

Just as I am I come,
Receiving all you've done
And covered in your blood,
I'm held within your love.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown, hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine and Thine alone, O Lamb I come.
Just as I am, Thou will receive, will welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb I come.

Just as I am I come,
Receiving all you've done
And covered in your blood,
I'm held within your love.

You've won for me full forgiveness, just as I am O Lamb I come.
Set free from fear, I can confess, just as I am O Lamb I come.
I leave my rags of righteousness, just as I am O Lamb I come.
For now I wear your Holiness, just as I am O Lamb I come.

Just as I am I come,
Receiving all you've done
And covered in your blood,
I'm held within your love.

You've won for me full forgiveness, just as I am O Lamb I come.
Set free from fear, I can confess, just as I am O Lamb I come.
I leave my rags of righteousness, just as I am O Lamb I come.
For now I wear your Holiness, just as I am O Lamb I come.

words: Charlotte Elliott, 1835/alt.lyrics: Nathan Partain, 2011; music: Nathan Partain, 2011

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms.

O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
O how bright the path grows from day to day,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms.

Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms.

words: Anthony Showalter, Elisha Hoffman, 1887; music: Anthony J. Showalter

Let the Whole Creation Cry

Let the whole creation cry: Alleluia!
Glory to the Lord on high! Alleluia!
Heav'n and earth, awake and sing: Alleluia!
God is good and therefore King!
Praise him, all ye hosts above, ever bright and fair in love,
Sun and moon, lift up your voice, night and stars in God rejoice,
God rejoice, Alleluia! Alleluia!

Warriors fighting for the Lord, Alleluia!
Prophets burning with his Word, Alleluia!
Those to whom the arts belong, Alleluia!
Add their voices to the song.
Men and women, young and old, raise the anthem manifold,
And let children's joyful hearts, in this worship shout their parts,
Shout their parts, Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Let the whole creation cry: Alleluia!
Glory to the Lord on high! Alleluia!
Heav'n and earth, awake and sing: Alleluia!
God is good and therefore King!
From the earth to heavens shore, let the mighty chorus roar,
"Holy, holy, holy One; glory be to God alone,
God alone!" Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

words: Stopford A. Brooke, 1881; music: Bruce Benedict, 2006

Look There! The Christ!

Look there! The Christ, our Brother, comes,
Resplendent from the cursed tree,
And what he brings in his hurt hands
Is life on life for you and me.

Joy! Joy!
Joy to the world and all therein.
Joy! Joy!
Joy to the world and all in this good day's dawning.

Good Jesus Christ, inside his pain,
Looked down Golgotha's stony slope
And let the blood flow from his flesh
To fill the springs of living hope.

Joy! Joy!
Joy to the world and all therein.
Joy! Joy!
Joy to the world and all in this good day's dawning.

Good Jesus Christ, our Brother, died
In darkest hurt upon the tree
To offer us the worlds of light
That live inside the Trinity.

Joy! Joy!
Joy to the world and all therein.
Joy! Joy!
Joy to the world and all in this good day's dawning.

words: John Bennett, 1920; music: Nathan Partain, 2003

The Lord is All That's Good (Psalm 136)

The Lord is all that's good.
He is the Power of powers.
He is the Beauty of beauties.
He is the Fear of fears.
He alone is the Author of wonders.
His thoughts are like the universe;
His care spread the earth on the water.
He's the truth of the day. He's the hope through the night.

His love endures forever. He is steadfast. He is faithful.
His love endures forever. He is a fortress. He is more than able
To make us stand pure in his sight.

He crushed the head of death,
Delivered us from the reach of his hand.
With his mighty arm, he made us a path,
A way through the deep, we walk on dry land.
While Pharaoh is damned to darkness,
He guides us through the wilderness.
He breaks every scepter, makes low every name.
In us, he has planted his kingdom, his flame.

His love endures forever. He is steadfast. He is faithful.
His love endures forever. He is a fortress. He is more than able
To make us like stars in the night.

He never forgets our weakness.
He spares us from the enemy.
He strengthens our soul with the breath of his mouth.
Give thanks to the Lord of heaven. Cry out!

His love endures forever. He is steadfast. He is faithful.
His love endures forever. He is a fortress. He is more than able.

His love endures forever. He is steadfast. He is faithful.
His love endures forever. He is a fortress. He is more than able
To raise us from death unto life.

The Lord is King

The Lord is King! Lift up your voice,
O earth and all ye heav'ns, rejoice!
From world to world, the joy shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

Sing his praise, sing his praise,
Lord of lords, Ancient of Days;
Sing his praise, sing his praise,
All your days, all your days.

The Lord is King! Who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

Sing his praise, sing his praise,
Lord of lords, Ancient of Days;
Sing his praise, sing his praise,
All your days, all your days.

The Lord is King! Bow down you must;
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature sing his praise.

Sing his praise, sing his praise,
Lord of lords, Ancient of Days;
Sing his praise, sing his praise,
All your days, all your days.

words: Josiah Conder, 1824; music: Nathan Partain, 2003; UBP CCLI #105650

The Lord is my Joy

(All) The Lord is my joy, the Lord is my joy,
When all that I have is lost, I find
The Lord is my joy.

The Lord is my strength, the Lord is my strength,
When I am too weak to go on, I find
The Lord is my strength.

My all in all is he, my healing King,
My Master tends to me, for him, my soul shall sing.

The Lord is my rock, the Lord is my rock,
When all I have faith in fails, I find
The Lord is my rock.

The Lord is my delight, the Lord is my delight,
Above all the joys of life, I find
The Lord is my delight.

My all in all is he, my breath, my song.
In him, I have everything; to him, my soul belongs.

(Women) I wait, and wait upon you, to come for me in rescue.
Give strength, my heart is failing, yet still, my lips will praise you. *(Repeat)*

(Men) And with his wings he covers me, he keeps his watch while I'm asleep,
I offer all my plans and dreams, I give my savior everything.
And with his wings he covers me, he keeps his watch while I'm asleep,
I offer all my plans and dreams.

(All) You who gave your only son, I dare not doubt your steadfast love.
Come, I beg you take my life, if I am yours then all is right.

You who gave your only son, I dare not doubt your steadfast love.
Come, I beg you take my life, if I am yours then all is right.

My all in all is he, my dearest friend.
I put my trust in him; on him, my soul depends.

Lord Jesus Christ Be Present Now

Lord Jesus Christ, be present now,
Our hearts in true devotion bow;
Thy Spirit send with grace divine
And let thy truth within us shine.
Lord Jesus Christ, be present now.

Unseal our lips to sing thy praise,
Our souls to thee in worship raise;
Make strong our faith, increase our light
That we may know thy name aright.
Lord Jesus Christ, be present now.

Until we join the hosts that cry,
“Holy art thou, O Lord, Most High!”
And in the light of that blest place
Fore’er behold thee face to face.
Lord Jesus Christ, be present now.

Glory to God the Father, Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
To thee, O blessed Trinity,
Be praise throughout eternity!
Lord Jesus Christ, be present now.

words: Duke Wilhelm II, 1651; trans.: Catherine Winkworth, 1863; music: Nathan Partain, 2001

The Lord Will Provide

The birds, without garner or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust God for our bread.
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied
Just as long as it's written, "The Lord will provide."

Though troubles assail us and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail us and all foes unite,
Just one thing secures us, whatever betide,
His Spirit assures us, "The Lord will provide."

Chorus

And this promise remains,
Our Lord has redeemed us, Our Lord will provide
Through all ages unchanged,
Our Lord has redeemed us, Our Lord will provide
In our want, in our pain,
Our Lord has redeemed us, Our Lord will provide
Faithful all of our days.

When Satan assails us to stop up our path,
And courage all fails us, we stand but by faith.
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart glad'ning gospel, "The Lord will provide."

We're told we are weak, and our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we never shall obtain,
But when such suggestions, our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

Chorus

No strength of our own and no goodness we claim;
Yet, since we have known of the Savior's great Name,
We run to this strong tow'r and for safety we hide:
For the Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of His grace shall comfort us through,
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

Chorus

words: John Newton, 1775, alt words and refrain: Nathan Partain; music: Nathan Partain, 2012

Marvelous Grace of Our Loving Lord

Marvelous grace of our loving Lord,
Grace that exceeds our sin and our guilt,
Yonder on Calvary's mount outpoured,
There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.

Grace, grace, God's grace, grace that will pardon and cleanse within;
Grace, grace, God's grace, grace that is greater than all our sin!

Sin and despair, like the sea waves cold,
Threaten the soul with infinite loss;
Grace that is greater—yes, grace untold—
Points to the refuge, the mighty cross.

Grace, grace, God's grace, grace that will pardon and cleanse within;
Grace, grace, God's grace, grace that is greater than all our sin!

Dark is the stain that we cannot hide;
What can avail to wash it away?
Look! there is flowing a crimson tide;
Whiter than snow you may be today.

Grace, grace, God's grace, grace that will pardon and cleanse within;
Grace, grace, God's grace, grace that is greater than all our sin!

Marvelous, infinite, matchless grace,
Freely bestowed on all who believe!
You that are longing to see his face,
Will you this moment his grace receive?

Grace, grace, God's grace, grace that will pardon and cleanse within;
Grace, grace, God's grace, grace that is greater than all our sin!

words: Julia H. Johnston, 1910; music: Daniel B. Towner, 1910; Hope Publishing, 1938

More Love, O Christ

More love, O Christ, to thee, more love to thee;
Hear thou the prayer I make, on bended knee.
This is my earnest plea, more love, O Christ, more love, O Christ,
This is my earnest plea, more love, O Christ, more love, O Christ, to thee,
More love, O Christ, to thee.

Once earthly joy I craved, sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek; give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be, more love, O Christ, more love, O Christ,
This all my prayer shall be, more love, O Christ, more love, O Christ, to thee,
More love, O Christ, to thee.

Let sorrow do its work, send grief and pain:
Sweet are thy messengers, sweet their refrain.
When they can sing with me, more love, O Christ, more love, O Christ,
When they can sing with me, more love, O Christ, more love, O Christ, to thee,
More love, O Christ, to thee.

Then shall my final breath, whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry, my heart shall raise.
This still my prayer shall be, more love, O Christ, more love, O Christ,
This still my prayer shall be, more love, O Christ, more love, O Christ, to thee,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love, O Christ, to thee.

words: Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, 1856; music: Nathan Partain, 2001

My Help, My God (Psalm 42)

Why are you so full of heaviness?
Why are you disquieted within?
O my soul, O my soul.

As the deer longs for the water brooks,
So my soul it longs, it thirsts for you.
O my God, O my God.

Put your trust in God, I will yet give thanks to him.
Put your trust in God, I will yet give thanks to him.
Put your trust in God, I will yet give thanks to him.
My help, my God!

Deep calls unto deep like ocean waves,
All your floods and rapids on me break.
Oh my soul, O my soul.

I will say unto my God, my strength,
“How is it you have forgotten me?
O how long? O how long?”

Put your trust in God, I will yet give thanks to him.
Put your trust in God, I will yet give thanks to him.
Put your trust in God, I will yet give thanks to him.
My help, my God!

Yahweh grants his kindness in the day
Through the night his song, it is with me.
Oh my God, O my God.

Put your trust in God, I will yet give thanks to him.
Put your trust in God, I will yet give thanks to him.
Put your trust in God, I will yet give thanks to him.
My help, my God!

Sandra McCracken, 2015

My Hope is Built on Nothing Less

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest upon unchanging grace;
In every rough and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
All other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, his covenant, his blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my Hope and Stay.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
All other ground is sinking sand.

When I shall launch in worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in him;
Dressed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
All other ground is sinking sand.

words: Edward Mote 1834, music: William Bradbury 1863

My Jesus, I Love Thee

My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;
For thee, all the follies of sin I resign.
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art thou;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I love thee because thou hast first loved me
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree.
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death;
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath;
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow:
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow:
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

words: William R. Featherstone, 1864; music: Adoniram J. Gordon, 1876; Public Domain

Nearer My God To Thee

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!
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!
There let the way appear, steps unto Heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me, in mercy given;
Jesus, you beckon me nearer, my God, to Thee.

Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
Then, with Thy Spirit's 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!
There in my Father's home, safe and at rest,
There in my Savior's love, perfectly blest;
Age after age to be, nearer my God to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

words: Sarah F. Adams, 1805-1848; music: Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus

What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

O precious is the flow, that makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, nothing but the blood of Jesus.

For my pardon, this I see, nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing this my plea, nothing but the blood of Jesus.

O precious is the flow, that makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Nothing can for sin atone, nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Naught of good that I have done, nothing but the blood of Jesus.

O precious is the flow, that makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, nothing but the blood of Jesus.

This is all my hope and peace, nothing but the blood of Jesus.
This is all my righteousness, nothing but the blood of Jesus.

O precious is the flow, that makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Now by this I'll overcome, nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Now by this I'll reach my home, nothing but the blood of Jesus.

O precious is the flow, that makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know, nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Robert Lowry, 1876; Public Domain

O For a Closer Walk with God

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his Word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of grace!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known—
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne
And worship only thee.
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.

words: William Cowper, 1772; music: Nathan Partain, 2002

O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Look unto him, you nations, own.
Your God, you fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
Glory to God, and praise and love,
Be ever, ever given,
By saints below and saints above,
The church in earth and heaven.

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.
O for a thousand tongues to sing,
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!!

words: Charles Wesley, 1739; music: Carl G. Glaser, 1828; arr.: Lowell Mason, 1839; Public Domain

O The Deep Deep Love of Jesus

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free!
Rolling as a mighty ocean
In its fullness over me.
Underneath me, all around me
Is the current of thy love;
Leading onward, leading homeward
To thy glorious rest above.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus!
Spread his praise from shore to shore:
How he loveth, ever loveth,
Changeth never, nevermore;
How he watches o'er his loved ones,
Died to call them all his own;
How for them intercedeth,
Watcheth o'er them from the throne.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,
Love of ev'ry love the best!
'Tis an ocean vast of blessing,
'Tis a haven sweet of rest.
O the deep, deep love of Jesus!
'Tis a heav'n of heav'ns to me;
And it lifts me up to glory,
For it lifts me up to thee.

words: Samuel Trevor Francis, 1875; music: Thomas John Williams, 1890; Public Domain

On Jordan's Stormy Banks

On Jordan's stormy banks, I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

O'er all those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

I am bound. I am bound. I am bound for the promised land;
I am bound. I am bound. I am bound for the promised land.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

I am bound. I am bound. I am bound for the promised land.
I am bound. I am bound. I am bound for the promised land.

When I shall reach that happy place,
I'll be forever blest,
For I shall see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest.

I am bound. I am bound. I am bound for the promised land.
I am bound. I am bound. I am bound for the promised land.

I am bound. I am bound. I am bound for the promised land.
I am bound. I am bound. I am bound for the promised land.

words: Theodulph of Orleans, c. 820; trans.: John M. Neale, 1851; music: Chris Minor, 2003

One Thing I Have Asked (Psalm 27)

The Lord is my salvation and my light whom shall I fear?
He is my refuge, He's my strong defense.
Though foes rise up against me, they will fall, though war surrounds me,
Yet my heart in Him is confident.

One thing I have asked the Lord, that I will seek,
That I may dwell within his house to be with him.
All my days to gaze upon his beauty,
And to find new joys in him whose glory has no end.

In the day of trouble he will hide me he will shelter me
Under the cover of his tent.
He will lift me high upon a rock, above my enemies,
In victory he lifts my head.

One thing I have asked the Lord, that I will seek,
That I may dwell within his house to be with him.
All my days to gaze upon his beauty,
And to find new joys in him whose glory has no end.

In your mercy hear my cry.
Your dear presence do not hide.
Though mother, father may forsake,
The Lord will take me in, the Lord will keep me safe.

I believe that I shall look upon the goodness of the Lord
Among the land of those who live.
Wait now for the Lord be strong and let your heart take courage
And do not doubt but wait for him.

One thing I have asked the Lord, that I will seek,
That I may dwell within his house to be with him.
All my days to gaze upon his beauty,
And to find new joys in him whose glory has no end.

Only in God (Psalm 62)

Only in God is my soul at rest, in him comes my salvation;
He only is my rock, my strength, and my salvation.

My stronghold, my Savior, I shall not be afraid at all;
My stronghold, my Savior, I shall not be moved.

Only in God is found safety, when my enemy pursues me.
Only in God is found glory, when I am found weak and found lowly.

My stronghold, my Savior, I shall not be afraid at all;
My stronghold, my Savior, I shall not be moved.

Only in God is my soul at rest, in him comes my salvation.

John Michael Talbot; Birdwing Music, 1980

Peace, Perfect Peace

Peace, perfect peace,
In this dark world of sin?
Now the blood of Jesus
Whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace,
With sorrows surging 'round?
Here on Jesus' bosom
Only peace is found.

Hallelujah. Hallelujah. Hallelujah.

It is enough:
Earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus will call us
To heav'n's perfect peace.

Hallelujah. Hallelujah. Hallelujah.

words Edward H. Bickersteth, Jr., 1875; Nathan Partain, 2001

Praise my Soul the King of Heaven (Psalm 103)

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, to his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, who, like me, his praise should sing?
Come and worship, come and worship, praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favor, to our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same forever, slow to chide and swift to bless.
Come and worship, come and worship, glorious in his faithfulness.

God our Father tends and spares us, well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands, he gently bears us, rescues us from all our foes.
Come and worship, come and worship, widely as his mercy goes.

Angels, help us to adore him, ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him, dwellers all in time and space.
Come and worship, come and worship, praise with us the God of grace!

Come and worship, come and worship, praise with us the God of grace!

words: Henry F. Lyte, 1834; music: Nathan Partain, 2000

Praise the Savior Now and Ever

Praise the Savior, now and ever; praise him, all beneath the skies;
Prostrate lying suff'ring, dying on the cross, a sacrifice.
Vict'ry gaining, life obtaining, now in glory, he doth rise.

Man's work faileth, Christ's availeth; he is all our righteousness;
He, our Savior, has forever set us free from dire distress.
Through his merit, we inherit light and peace and happiness.

Sin's bond severed, we're delivered; Christ has bruised the serpent's head;
Death no longer is the stronger, hell itself is captive led.
Christ has risen from death's prison; o'er the tomb he light has shed.

For his favor, praise forever, unto God the Father, sing;
Praise the Savior, praise him ever, Son of God, our Lord and King.
Praise the Spirit; through Christ's merit, he doth us salvation bring.

Praise the Savior, praise him ever, Son of God, our Lord and King.
Praise the Spirit; through Christ's merit, he doth us salvation bring.

words: Venantius Fortunatus, ca. 530-609, Tr. by Augustus Nelson; music: attr. to William Moore, 1825; arr.: Benedict/Bradham, 2005

Praise to the Lord the Almighty

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;
Join me in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen how thy desires e'er 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, 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 fore'er we adore him.

Let the amen sound from his people again,
Gladly fore'er we adore him.

words: Joachim Neander, 1680; trans.: Catherine Winkworth, 1863; music: Lobe den Herren, 1665

Rejoice! The Lord is King

Rejoice, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Rejoice, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, I say, rejoice!

Jesus, the Savior, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains
He took his seat above;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, I say, rejoice!

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, I say, rejoice!

Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, I say, rejoice!

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, I say, rejoice!
Rejoice, I say, rejoice!

words: Charles Wesley, 1744; music: Nathan Partain, 2003

Rise Up

For the lonely and forgotten,
for the weary and distressed,
For the refugee and orphan,
and for all who are oppressed,
For the stranger who is pleading
while insulted and despised,
Will You rise? Will You rise?

Rise up! Rise up!
The earth will fear the Lord
when You avenge the poor.
May Your kingdom come, O rise up!

Hear how Rachel, she is weeping.
How she will not be consoled.
And the children in our keeping,
are their bodies bought and sold?
And the watchmen, he is sleeping.
Do You see them with Your eyes?
Will You rise? Will You rise?

Rise up! Rise up!
The earth will fear the Lord
when You avenge the poor.
May Your kingdom come, O rise up!

As Your will is done in heaven,
Let it now be done below
Let Your daily bread be given,
Let Your kingdom come and grow
Lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us, we cry
Will You rise? Will You rise?

Rise up! Rise up!
The earth will fear the Lord
when You avenge the poor.
And bare Your holy arm
to keep them safe from harm,
May Your kingdom come, O rise up!

Isaac Wardell, 2016 with the verse melody based on a melody by Evan Mazunik

Rock of Ages

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,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill thy Law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know?
Could my tears forever flow?
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and thou alone.

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 my 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.

words: Augustus M. Toplady, 1776; music: Thomas Hastings, 1830

Sing to the Lord a New Song (Psalm 96)

Sing to the Lord, a new song;
Sing to the Lord, all the earth.
Sing to the Lord, bless his name:
Proclaiming his gospel anew.

Tell of his glory among all the nations,
His marvelous deeds to the world.
For great is the Lord and most worthy of praise,
Feared and adored above all.

Ascribe to the Lord, O people and nations,
Ascribe to the Lord honor and strength.
Ascribe to the Lord, the glory his name is due;
Worship the Lord in the splendor of his holiness.

Say to the nations, "The Lord reigns."
The world he has made it is sure;
He sits in his place as a righteous judge,
Before all the heavens and earth.

Tell of his glory among all the nations,
His marvelous deeds to the world.
For great is the Lord and most worthy of praise,
Feared and adored above all.

Ascribe to the Lord, O people and nations,
Ascribe to the Lord honor and strength.
Ascribe to the Lord, the glory his name is due;
Worship the Lord in the splendor of his holiness.

Worship the Lord

In the splendor of his holiness.

Worship the Lord

In the splendor of his holiness.

Worship the Lord in the splendor of his holiness.

Take Me Further

Take me further, further than I've ever known, further than I'd want to go.
Overwhelm me, pour out more than I contain, more than my strength could sustain.
I am frightened, you will let me be deceived, you will tire of my need.
Help me know you, you are never false or harsh,
You are tender toward the broken of heart.

Make me humble, heal my wounded guarded soul, turn my bitterness to hope.
Give me wisdom, stretch my faith and confidence, worship through obedience.
Cross my boundaries, beyond what my zeal could last, do what I'm too scared to ask.
Lose my caution, lead me so far from my path,
There's no way I could ever get back.

Take me further, when I falter do not stop, carry when I can't go on,
Draw me nearer, I've no option, only you, make my one desire come true.
Jesus, you're my treasure, more than earthly joys or wealth, more than even life itself
Jesus, there's no limit, to what I'd lose if you I gain,
At any cost, come do whatever it takes.

Nathan Partain, 2016

Take My Life and Let it Be Consecrated

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated Lord, to thee.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee,
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from thee,
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee,
Ever, only, all for thee.

words: Frances R. Havergal, 1874; music: Henri A. Cesar Malan, 1827

Tell Out my Soul

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord!
Unnumbered blessings give my spirit voice;
Tender to me the promise of his Word;
In God, my Savior, shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his name!
Make known his might, the deeds his arm has done;
His mercy sure, from age to age, the same,
His holy name, the Lord, the Mighty One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might!
Powers, dominions lay their glory by;
Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight,
The hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of his Word!
Firm is his promise and his mercy sure;
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord
To children's children and forevermore!

words: Timothy Dudley-Smith; Hope Publishing, 1962; music: Holly Dutton, 2001

There is a Fountain

There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains;
Lose all their guilty stains, lose all their guilty stains,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see, that fountain in his day,
And there have I, though vile as he, washed all my sins away;
Washed all my sins away, washed all my sins away,
And there have I, though vile as he, washed all my sins away.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream, thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die;
And shall be till I die, and shall be till I die,
Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood, shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed church of God, be saved to sin no more;
Be saved to sin no more, be saved to sin no more,
Till all the ransomed church of God, be saved to sin no more.

When this poor lisp'ing, stamm'ring tongue lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
I'll sing thy pow'r to save, I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

words: William Cowper, 1771; music: Lowell Mason, 1830; Public Domain

Tis So Sweet

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
And to take him at his Word;
Just to rest upon his promise,
And to know, "Thus says the Lord!"

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him! How I've proved him o'er and o'er.
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust him more!

O how sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust his cleansing blood;
And in simple faith to plunge me
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood!

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him! How I've proved him o'er and o'er.
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust him more!

Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease;
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life and rest, and joy and peace.

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him! How I've proved him o'er and o'er.
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust him more!

I'm so glad I learned to trust thee,
Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend;
And I know that thou art with me,
Wilt be with me to the end.

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him! How I've proved him o'er and o'er.
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust him more!

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him! How I've proved him o'er and o'er.
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus! O for grace to trust him more!

words: Louisa M. R. Stead, 1882; music: William J. Kirkpatrick

We Are Not Overcome

Flesh will fail and bones will break;
theives will steal, the earth will shake,
Night will fall, the light will fade;
The Lord will give and take away:

Because of God's great Love, we are not overcome!
Because of God's great Love, we are not overcome!

Put no trust in the earth,
in the sod you stand upon.
Flowers fade into dust;
The Lord will make a place for us.

Because of God's great Love, we are not overcome!
Because of God's great Love, we are not overcome!

Have no fear for your life,
Turn your cheek! Turn your cheek!
Bear the yoke of love and death;
The Lord will give all life and breath.

Because of God's great Love, we are not overcome!
Because of God's great Love, we are not overcome!

Robert Heiskell and Isaac Wardell, 2013

We Need to Hear Your Word

Train our hearts to love what you command.

We let go of our perceptions,

As you lead us by the hand.

Every foreign step we trust you,

As we follow further on.

As you give us your desire,

We obey with all we are.

Oh we need to hear your word.

Oh we need to hear your word.

Please don't let your branches wither or your children die for thirst,

Oh we need to hear your word.

Turn us back, we try to heal ourselves.

Show the emptiness fulfillment is

Outside your perfect will.

Oh how easily like sheep deceived

Without their shepherd's voice.

Make alive in us your scripture,

Melody against the noise.

Oh we need to hear your word.

Oh we need to hear your word.

Please don't let your branches wither or your children die for thirst,

Oh we need to hear your word.

Father, help our souls to hear you.

Spirit, by your power, break through.

Jesus, live in us and make true all you've said.

Oh we need to hear your word.

Oh we need to hear your word.

Please don't let your branches wither or your children die for thirst,

Lord, we need to hear your word.

Lord, we need to hear your word.

We Will Feast

We will feast in the house of Zion. We will sing with our hearts restored.
“He has done great things,” we will say together.
We will feast, and weep no more.

We will not be burned by the fire; He is the Lord our God.
We are not consumed by the flood—upheld, protected, gathered up.

We will feast in the house of Zion. We will sing with our hearts restored.
“He has done great things,” we will say together.
We will feast, and weep no more.

In the dark of night before the dawn, my soul be not afraid;
For the promised morning, Oh how long! O God of Jacob, be my strength!

We will feast in the house of Zion. We will sing with our hearts restored.
“He has done great things,” we will say together.
We will feast, and weep no more.

Every vow we’ve broken and betrayed, You are the faithful One;
And from the garden to the grave, bind us together, bring shalom.

We will feast in the house of Zion. We will sing with our hearts restored.
“He has done great things,” we will say together.
We will feast, and weep no more.

Sandra McCracken and Josh Moore, 2015

Weak and Helpless, Yet Believing

O my Savior, I am weary!
Let my cry to Thee ascend
While in humble supplication
Now before Thy throne I bend!

Weak and helpless, yet believing,
Casting all my care on Thee,
I am hoping, trusting, praying;
Have compassion, Lord, on me!

O my Savior, tho' unworthy,
I have nowhere else to go;
Thou canst pardon my transgressions,
Thou canst wash me white as snow!

Weak and helpless, yet believing,
Casting all my care on Thee,
I am hoping, trusting, praying;
Have compassion, Lord, on me!

O my Savior, by Thy Spirit
Thou hast called me o'er and o'er;
Now repentant I am coming;
Lord, my wand'ring soul restore!

Weak and helpless, yet believing,
Casting all my care on Thee,
I am hoping, trusting, praying;
Have compassion, Lord, on me!

O my Savior, do not leave me
Here to perish at Thy throne;
In Thy tender, loving mercy
Cleanse and make me all Thine own!

Weak and helpless, yet believing,
Casting all my care on Thee,
I am hoping, trusting, praying;
Have compassion, Lord, on me!

words: Fanny Crosby (1820-1915); music: Mark Ribera, 2011

What a Friend We Have in Jesus

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 will find a solace there.

Blessed Savior, thou hast promised, thou wilt all our burdens bear;
May we ever, Lord, be bringing all to thee in earnest prayer.
Soon in glory bright unclouded, there will be no need for prayer;
Rapture, praise, and endless worship will be our sweet portion there.

words: Joseph M. Scriven, 1855; music: Erie, Charles C. Converse, 1868

When I See the Blood

Christ our Redeemer died on the cross,
Died for the sinner, paid all his due.
Sprinkle your soul with the blood of the Lamb,
And I'll pass over you.

Chiefest of sinners, Jesus can save;
All he has promised, surely he'll do.
Wash in the fountain where sinners can bathe,
And I'll pass over you.

When I see the blood of my Holy One,
My wrath shall be quenched, my judgments be through.
When I see the blood of my only Son,
Yes, I will pass over you.

Judgment is coming, all will be there,
Each one receiving justly his due.
Hide in the saving, sin-cleansing blood,
And I'll pass over you.

When I see the blood of my Holy One,
My wrath shall be quenched, my judgments be through.
When I see the blood of my only Son,
Yes, I will pass over you.

O great compassion! O boundless love!
Now crowned with power, Jesus is true;
Find peace and shelter under his blood,
And I'll pass over you.

When I see the blood of my Holy One,
My wrath shall be quenched, my judgments be through.
When I see the blood of my only Son,
Yes, I will pass over you.

When I see the blood of my only Son,
Yes, I will pass over you.

words: John G. Foote, Elisha A. Hoffman, 19th cent.; music: Nathan Partain, 2004

When I Survey

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 a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707; arr.: Lowell Mason, 1824; Public Domain

With All My Heart

I love the Lord with all my heart, his blessings never end,
Like water rolling from a fount, his Spirit is within.
I love the Lord though troubles tempt, my heart to doubt his will.
I wrestle with my wayward mind, until my soul is still.

I love the Lord, he first loved me, before his name, I knew
His life, his death, for me his blood, healed my deserved wounds.
I love the Lord with all my heart that I had more to give.
My bliss to lose all that I have, just to be found in him.

All I want is you, all my springs in you,
All my strength and good, all my drink and food,
All I want is you.
All my hope is you, all my joy is you,
All I've sought and searched, in heaven and on earth,
All I want is you. All I want is you.

I love the Lord with all my heart, his presence I adore
I want to linger in this place, and worship evermore
I love the Lord and I will sing, I lift my hands and voice.
My heart now brims with thankfulness, in his love, I rejoice.

All I want is you, all my springs in you,
All my strength and good, all my drink and food,
All I want is you.
All my hope is you, all my joy is you,
All I've sought and searched, in heaven and on earth,
All I want is you. All I want is you.

I love the Lord with all my heart, his blessings never end,
Each morning as I search them out,
His beauty is new again.

Nathan Partain, 2015

With All of Our Strength

Our life, no more owning, we were bought at a price
Living not for our own will, but for you, our Lord Christ.
We renounce each allegiance, race and national pride.
We are now of the one true King, and His Kingdom of Light.

So now where we find violence, we are called to defend.
And where humiliation, we cover the offense.
Where there is injustice, the weak is our cause.
And wherever a debtor owes, we pay all of their cost.

For to quench, in your name, those who thirst is to bring you a drink.
And to care for the lonely and sick, is to tend to your need.
As we mend and we make, as we serve and create,
It's the substance of praise we now sing.
Lord, we love you, not just heart and soul but with all of our strength.

Where there are young ones, we protect and hold dear.
And where we have power, there we govern with fear.
And where there needs labor, there the burdens we'll bear.
And where we find brokenness, we will work to repair.

For to quench, in your name, those who thirst is to bring you a drink.
And to care for the lonely and sick, is to tend to your need.
As we mend and we make, as we serve and create,
It's the substance of praise we now sing.
Lord, we love you, not just heart and soul but with all of our strength.
Lord, we love you with all of our strength. Lord, we love you with all of our strength.
Lord, we love you.

So there is no effort, no errand too small.
Each action a moment, to answer your call.
So in every mercy and in all that we do,
Is your love shown to others and our affections for you.

For to quench, in your name, those who thirst is to bring you a drink.
And to care for the lonely and sick, is to tend to your need.
As we mend and we make, as we serve and create,
It's the substance of praise we now sing.
Lord, we love you, not just heart and soul but with all of our strength.
Lord, we love you with all of our strength. Lord, we love you with all of our strength.
We love you, we love you not just heart and soul but with all of our strength.

With Broken Heart and Contrite Sigh

With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me.
O God, be merciful to me.
O God, set me free.

I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed,
Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.
O God, be merciful to me.
O God, set me free.

Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.
O God, be merciful to me.
O God, set me free.

Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.
O God, be merciful to me.
O God, set me free.

And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

words: Cornelius Elven, 1852; music: Nathan Partain, 2013

The Wonderful Grace of Jesus

The wonderful grace of Jesus, greater than all my sin;
How shall my tongue describe it, where shall its praise begin?
Taking away my burden, setting my spirit free;
The wonderful grace of Jesus reaches me.

The wonderful grace of Jesus, reaching to all the lost,
By it I have been pardoned, saved to the uttermost,
Chains have been torn asunder, giving me liberty;
The wonderful grace of Jesus reaches me.

More patient than my fight, more faithful than my doubt,
Persistent though I run, O how his grace abounds!
Broader than my sin, deeper than my shame,
Stronger than my evil, O praise Jesus name!

The wonderful grace of Jesus, reaching the most defiled,
By its transforming power, making him God's dear child,
Purchasing peace and heaven, for all eternity;
The wonderful grace of Jesus reaches me.

More patient than my fight, more faithful than my doubt,
Persistent though I run, O how his grace abounds!
Broader than my sin, deeper than my shame,
Stronger than my evil, O praise Jesus name!

More patient than my fight, more faithful than my doubt,
Persistent though I run, O how his grace abounds!
Broader than my sin, deeper than my shame,
Stronger than my evil, O praise Jesus name!

The wonderful grace of Jesus, greater than all my sin;
How shall my tongue describe it, where shall its praise begin?

words: Haldor Lillenas, 1918; chorus and music: Nathan Partain, 2011

You Have Redeemed My Soul

You have redeemed my soul from the pit of emptiness,
You have redeemed my soul from death.
You have redeemed my soul from the pit of emptiness,
You have redeemed my soul from death.

I was a hungry child,
A dried up river.
I was a burned out forest,
And no one could do anything for me.

But you put food in my body, water in my dry bed,
And to my blackened branches,
You brought the spring time green of a new life.
And nothing is impossible for you.

You have redeemed my soul from the pit of emptiness,
You have redeemed my soul from death.
You have redeemed my soul from the pit of emptiness,
You have redeemed my soul from death.

I was a hungry child,
A dried up river.
I was a burned out forest,
And no one could do anything for me.

But you put food in my body, water in my dry bed,
And to my blackened branches,
You brought the spring time green of a new life.
And nothing is impossible for you.

You have redeemed my soul from the pit of emptiness,
You have redeemed my soul from death.
You have redeemed my soul from the pit of emptiness,
You have redeemed my soul from death.

You have redeemed my soul from the pit of emptiness,
You have redeemed my soul from death.
You have redeemed my soul from the pit of emptiness,
You have redeemed my soul from death.

You Were Not My People

You hid from me, and so I called to you,
Then you accused, so I blessed you.
Your heart was cold, so jealous was I for you,
You had contempt, I just held you.

You closed your ears, so I displayed for you,
You shut your eyes, so I fed you.
You fought but I, was patient to wait for you,
You yelled and cried, while I clothed you.

For you, you were not my people, but I called you my own.
And you, you had been so hateful, I brought you to my home.

Your mind was bent and so I sang for you,
Your feet were bound, I untied you.
You could not speak, and so I taught you to,
You were so scared, I gently drew.

For you, you were not my people, but I called you my own.
And you, you had been so hateful, I brought you to my home.
And you, your own hands shed my blood, I have made you mine,
And you, illegitimate, uncovered, now you are my child.

You spit on me, even as I kissed you,
You struck my face, while I bathed you.
You raged, I poured my spirit all over you,
You crucified, and I let you.

For you, you were not my people, but I called you my own.
And you, you had been so hateful, I brought you to my home.
And you, your own hands shed my blood, I have made you mine,
And you, illegitimate, uncovered, now you are my child.

Your Beloved is Ready

She has saved her whole heart for you Lord,
She has kept her eyes pure for you Lord,
She has waited and waited, while her hungers were raging,
To taste only the love of her Lord.

She has set her delight in you Lord,
She has stayed all her thoughts on you Lord,
She has stilled her desires, all her tossing and straying,
She has put all her hope in you Lord.

Refrain

You have washed her for the day of her wedding,
Promised yourself, by your Spirit abiding.
In the earthquakes and war, Lord, can you hear her singing?
Her arms are raised high, she is radiant and holy,
Your beloved is ready. Your beloved is ready for you.
Your beloved is ready.

She has shut out the greed of her soul.
Scoffs at scarcity, rotting and mold.
She has given so freely, to the mean and unworthy,
She's so loved that she cannot withhold

She surrendered her war for control,
She has waived every right that she holds,
She wiped out all the debts she demanded from others,
Cause she knew that she owed so much more. *(Refrain)*

She has torn up her murderous laws,
Her comparing and searching for flaws,
But you've made her so humble, holding others more highly,
For her joy has been filled to the full.

She took off her pretense for you Lord,
She confessed all her shame to you Lord,
She came out of her hiding, to be know so profoundly,
And so free she can dance for you Lord. *(Refrain)*

Your Labor is Not in Vain

Your labor is not in vain,
Though the ground underneath you is cursed and stained.
Your planting and reaping are never the same,
But your labor is not in vain.

Your labor is not unknown,
though the rocks they cry out and the sea it may groan.
The place of your toil may not seem like a home,
but your labor is not unknown.

I am with you, I am with you.
I am with you, I am with you.
For I have called you, called you by name.
Your labor is not in vain.

The vineyards you plant will bear fruit,
the fields will sing out and rejoice with the truth,
for all that is old will at last be made new:
the vineyards you plant will bear fruit.

I am with you, I am with you.
I am with you, I am with you.
For I have called you, called you by name.
Your labor is not in vain.

The houses you labored to build,
will finally with laughter and joy be filled.
The serpent that hurts and destroys shall be killed,
and all that is broken be healed.

I am with you, I am with you.
I am with you, I am with you.
For I have called you, called you by name.
Your labor is not in vain.

Wendell Kimbrough, Isaac Wardell, and Paul Zach, 2018

Your Mercy, My God

Your mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Your free grace alone from the first to the last,
Has won my affection and bound my soul fast.

Without your sweet mercy, I could not live here,
Soon sin would reduce me to utter despair;
But through your free goodness my spirits revive,
And he that first made me still keeps me alive.

Your mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by your goodness, I fall to the ground
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.

Great Father of mercies! your goodness I own,
And the covenant love of your crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine,
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine!

words: John Stocker, 1776; music: Sandra McCracken; Same Old Dress Music, 2001