

Som en hjort skriger efter vand  
Så længes jeg efter Dig, min Gud  
Du er den, som mit hjerte attrår  
Og jeg vil kun prise dig

Der er kraft i din stærke hånd  
Kun til dig overgi'r jeg min ånd  
Du er den, som mit hjerte attrår  
Og jeg vil kun prise dig.

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You are my strength when I am weak  
You are the treasure that I seek  
You are my all in all  
Seeking You as a precious jewel  
Lord, to give up I'd be a fool  
You are my all in all

Jesus, Lamb of God  
Worthy is Your name  
Jesus, Lamb of God  
Worthy is Your name

Taking my sin, my cross, my shame  
Rising up again I bless Your name  
You are my all in all  
When I fall down You pick me up  
When I am dry You fill my cup  
You are my all in all

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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 thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;  
thou wilt find a solace there.

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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'd first begun.

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Let the weak say I am strong.  
Let the poor say I am rich.  
Let the blind say I can see.  
It's what the Lord has done in me.

Hosanna, Hosanna  
to the Lamb that was slain.  
Hosanna, Hosanna.  
Jesus died and rose again.

Into the river I will wade.  
There my sins are washed away.  
From the heaven's mercy stream  
of the Saviour's love for me.

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Turn your eyes upon Jesus  
Look full in His wonderful face  
And the things of earth will grow strangely dim  
In the light of His glory and grace.