



All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

By Edward Perronet, 1780

All hail the power 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.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye 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.

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.



Amazing Grace

By John Newton, 1779

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.

T'was 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.



Be Thou My Vision

By Dallan Forgaill, Mary E. Byrne & Eleanor H. Hull, 1912

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.

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 Heaven's sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my Vision, still be my Vision,
Be Thou my Vision, O Ruler of all.



Blessed Assurance

By Frances J. Crosby, 1873

Blessed Assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his spirit, washed in His blood.

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

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

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

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

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

By Robert Robinson, 1758

PCome 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 Thy redeeming love.

Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring 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 O 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, Lord take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.



Don't You Cry for Me

Unknown

Well my eyes are getting tired
And my soul is weak and worn
And my journey's almost over;
I'm going home to see my Lord.

Ooooh – Ooooh

Don't you cry for me
I'm going over to that crystal sea.

Well my Savior, He is waiting
Over on the peaceful shore
In a moment, I'll be going
His face to behold forever more.

Ooooh – Ooooh

Don't you cry for me
I'm going over to that crystal sea.

Well dear sisters and dear brothers
I'll meet you on the streets of gold
Where we will walk with mighty angels
And talk with saints of old.

Ooooh – Ooooh

Don't you cry for me
I'm going over to that crystal sea.

Ooooh – Ooooh

Don't you cry for me
I'm going over to that crystal sea.



He Keeps Me Singing

By Luther B. Bridgers, 1910

There's within my heart a melody;
Jesus whispers sweet and low,
"Fear not, I am with you, peace, be
still,"
In all of life's ebb and flow.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus
Sweetest name I know,
Fills my every longing,
Keeps me singing as I go.

All my life was wrecked with sin and
strife,
Discord filled my heart with pain,
Jesus swept across the broken strings,
Stirr'd the slumb'ring chords again.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus
Sweetest name I know,
Fills my every longing,
Keeps me singing as I go.

Soon He's coming back to welcome
me
Far beyond the starry sky;
I shall wing my flight to worlds
unknown,
I shall reign with Him on high.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus
Sweetest name I know,
Fills my every longing,
Keeps me singing as I go.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus
Sweetest name I know.



Jesus Is Lord of All

By Leroy McClard

Jesus is Savior and Lord of my life
My hope, my glory, my all;
Wonderful Master in joy and in strife,
On Him, you too, may call.

Jesus is Lord of all,
Jesus is Lord of all,
Lord of my thoughts
And my service each day,
Jesus is Lord of all.

Blessed Redeemer, all glorious King,
Worthy of rev'rence I pay;
Tribute and praises I joyfully bring
To Him, the Life, the Way.

Jesus is Lord of all,
Jesus is Lord of all,
Lord of my thoughts
And my service each day,
Jesus is Lord of all.

Will you surrender your all to Him
now?
Follow his will and obey,
Crown Him as Sov'reign, before His
throne bow;
Give Him your heart today.

Jesus is Lord of all,
Jesus is Lord of all,
Lord of my thoughts
And my service each day,
Jesus is Lord of all.



My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

By Edward Mote, 1834

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 seems to hide His
face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high 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 He shall come with trumpet
sound,
O may I then in Him be found
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand;
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand.



His Eye Is On The Sparrow

by Civilla D. Martin, 1905

Why should I feel discouraged?
Why should the shadows come?
Why should my heart be lonely
And long for heaven and home,
When Jesus is my portion?
My constant friend is he:
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me.

I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free,
For his eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me.

"Let not your heart be troubled,"
His tender word I hear,
And resting on His goodness,
I lose my doubt and fear;
Though by the path he leadeth
But one step I may see:
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me.

I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free,
For his eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me.

Whenever I am tempted,
Whenever clouds arise,
When song gives place to sighing,
When hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to Him;
From care He sets me free:
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me.

I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free,
For his eye is on the sparrow,
And I know he watches me.



Great is Thy Faithfulness (1/2)

By Thomas O. Chisholm, 1923

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

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

Summer and winter, and springtime and
harvest;
Sun, moon, and stars in their courses
above
Join with all nature in manifold witness,
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy, and
love.

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!

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



Great is Thy Faithfulness (2/2)

By Thomas O. Chisholm, 1923

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!

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!
Great is Thy faithfulness!
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me!



Fairest Lord Jesus

By Anonymous, 17th Century

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

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still are 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 is the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host:
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

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



My Jesus I Love Thee

By William R. Featherstone, 1864

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.

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
And singing Thy praises before Thee I'll bow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.



Near to the Heart of God

By Cleland Boyd McAfee, 1903

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

O Jesus, blest Redeemer,
Sent from the heart of God,
Hold us, who wait before Thee,
Near to the heart of God.

There is a place of comfort sweet,
Near to the heart of God,
A place where we our Savior meet,
Near to the heart of God.

O Jesus, blest Redeemer,
Sent from the heart of God,
Hold us, who wait before Thee,
Near to the heart of God.

There is a place of full release,
Near to the heart of God,
A place where all is joy and peace,
Near to the heart of God.

O Jesus, blest Redeemer,
Sent from the heart of God,
Hold us, who wait before Thee,
Near to the heart of God.



Nearer, Still Nearer

By Mrs. C. H. Morris

Nearer, still nearer, close to Thy heart,
Draw me, my Savior, so precious Thou art.
Fold me, oh fold me close to Thy breast;
Shelter me safe in that haven of rest,
Shelter me safe in that haven of rest.

Nearer, still nearer, nothing I bring,
Naught as an offr'ing to Jesus my King –
Only my sinful, no contrite heart;
Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart,
Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.

Nearer, still nearer, while life shall last,
Till safe in glory my anchor is cast;
Through endless ages, ever to be
Nearer, my Savior, still nearer to Thee,
Nearer, my Savior, still nearer to Thee.



O for a Thousand Tongues

By Charles Wesley, 1739

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of your name.

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 canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.



Rock of Ages

By Augustus Toplady, 1776

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

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

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



Sweet Hour of Prayer

By W. W. Walford, 1845

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By Thy return, sweet hour prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!
The joys I feel, the bliss I share
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for Thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Savior shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for Thee, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for Thee, sweet hour of prayer!



'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

By Louisa M. R. Stead, 1882

Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take Him at His word;
Just to rest upon His promise,
Just to know, "Thus saith 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!

Oh, how sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust His cleansing blood;
Just 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!



To God Be the Glory

By Fanny Crosby, 1875

To God be the glory, great things he
hath done;
So loved He the world that He gave us
His son,
Who yielded His life an atonement for
sin,
And opened the life-gate that all may
go in.

Praise the lord, praise the lord, let the
earth hear his voice!
Praise the lord, praise the lord, let the
people rejoice!
Oh, come to the Father through Jesus
the son,
And give Him the glory, great things He
hath done.

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

Praise the lord, praise the lord, let the
earth hear his voice!
Praise the lord, praise the lord, let the
people rejoice!
Oh, come to the Father through Jesus
the son,
And give Him the glory, great things He
hath done.

Great things he hath taught us, great
things he hath done,
And great our rejoicing through Jesus
the Son;
But purer, and higher and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus
we see.

Praise the lord, praise the lord, let the
earth hear his voice!
Praise the lord, praise the lord, let the
people rejoice!
Oh, come to the Father through Jesus
the son,
And give Him the glory, great things He
hath done.



Trust and Obey

By John H. Sammis, 1887

When we walk with the Lord
In the light of His Word,
What a glory he sheds on our way!
While we do his good will,
He abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.

Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

Not a burden we bear,
Not a sorrow we share,
But our toil He doth richly repay;
Not a grief or a loss,
Not a frown or a cross,
But is blessed if we trust and obey.

Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit by His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do,
Where He sends we will go;
Never fear, only trust and obey.

Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.



Victory in Jesus

Unknown

I heard an old, old story,
How a Savior came from glory,
How He gave His life on Calvary
To save a wretch like me.
I heard about His groanings,
Of His precious blood's atoning,
Then I repented of my sins
And won the victory.

Oh victory in Jesus,
My Savior forever,
He sought me and bought me
With His redeeming blood
He loved me ere I knew Him
And all my love is due Him
He plunged me to victory
Beneath the cleansing flood.

I heard about His healing,
Of His cleansing power revealing,
How He made the lame to walk again
And caused the blind to see,
And then I cried, "Dear Jesus,
Come and heal my broken spirit,"
And somehow Jesus came
And brought to me the victory.

Oh victory in Jesus,
My Savior forever,
He sought me and bought me
With His redeeming blood
He loved me ere I knew Him
And all my love is due Him
He plunged me to victory
Beneath the cleansing flood.

I heard about a mansion
He has built for me in glory,
And I heard about the streets of gold
Beyond the crystal sea,
About the angels singing,
And the old redemption story,
And some sweet day I'll sing up there
The song of victory.

Oh victory in Jesus,
My Savior forever,
He sought me and bought me
With His redeeming blood
He loved me ere I knew Him
And all my love is due Him
He plunged me to victory
Beneath the cleansing flood.



What a Friend We Have in Jesus

By Joseph Medlicott Scriven, 1855

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, 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 you;
You will find a solace there.