

How great thou art

- 1 O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
consider all the works thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
thy power throughout the universe displayed :

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee,
'How great thou art ! How great thou art !'
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee,
'How great thou art ! How great thou art !'*
- 2 When through the woods and forest glades I wander
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees ;
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze :
- 3 And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,
that on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
he bled and died to take away my sin :
- 4 When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home — what joy shall fill my heart !
Then shall I bow in humble adoration
and there proclaim, 'My God, how great thou art !'

What a friend we have in Jesus

- 1 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!
- 2 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!
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, 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.

How deep the Father's love for us

- 1 How deep the Father's love for us,
how vast beyond all measure,
that he should give his only Son
to make a wretch his treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss ;
the Father turns his face away,
as wounds which mar the chosen One
bring many souls to glory.
- 2 Behold the man upon a cross,
my sin upon his shoulders ;
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held him there,
until it was accomplished ;
his dying breath has brought me life —
I know that 'it is finished.'
- 3 I will not boast in anything,
no gifts, no power, no wisdom ;
but I will boast in Jesus Christ,
his death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from his reward ?
I cannot give an answer ;
but this I know with all my heart,
his wounds have paid my ransom.

Lord of all hopefulness

- 1 Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
whose trust, ever childlike, no cares could destroy,
be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.
- 2 Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.
- 3 Lord of all kindliness, Lord of all grace,
your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.
- 4 Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.