



Redeemer Hymnal for Community Groups

2023-2024

Front Cover

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Inside Covers

Ordinary Time banners by Luci Rader, 2023

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Hymns & Songs

Arranged and compiled by Josie Aalsma and Nathan Partain

*Stay with me,
Remain here with me,
Watch and pray.
Watch and pray.*

COMMUNAUTE DE TAIZÉ, 1984

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**Hymns and Songs
for Ordinary Time**

Abide in me

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

Abide in me, O Lord, and I in Thee,
From this good hour, oh, 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 heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

Abide in me; there have been moments blest
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power;
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 come.

All Hail the power of Jesus' Name

words Edward Perronet, 1779-1780; vs. 4 John Rippon, 1787, Public Domain; music Oliver Holden, 1793; Public Domain

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

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.

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

All Those who Sow Weeping—Psalm 126

Isaac Wardell, 2012

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.

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.

All You Do is Good

Nathan Partain, 2015

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 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.
And all you do is good, and all you do is good.

You release every captive, cut the shackles from slaves
Those who hate you, you ransom, Give you 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.
And all you do is good, and 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
Flowing over with healing, inexhaustible might.
You in us, we in you, the delight of 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.
And all you do is good, and all you do is good.

Amazing Grace

words: John Newton and John Rees (verse 5); music: American folk tune

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear The hour I first believed.

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

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

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

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

Anywhere with Jesus

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

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.

Arise, My Soul, Arise

words, Charles Wesley, 1742, Public Domain; music and chorus, Kevin Twit, 1996, UBP

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

Arise (*Arise*) Arise (*Arise*) Arise, Arise my soul arise
Arise (*Arise*) Arise (*Arise*) Arise, Arise my soul arise
Shake off your guilty fears and rise

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

Arise (*Arise*) Arise (*Arise*) Arise, Arise my soul arise
Arise (*Arise*) Arise (*Arise*) Arise, Arise my soul arise
Shake off your guilty fears and rise

Five bleeding wounds He bears received on Calvary
They pour effectual prayers they strongly plead for me
“Forgive Him OH Forgive” they cry, “Forgive Him OH Forgive” they cry
“Nor let that ransomed sinner die”

Arise (*Arise*) Arise (*Arise*) Arise, Arise my soul arise
Arise (*Arise*) Arise (*Arise*) Arise, Arise my soul arise
Shake off your guilty fears and rise

My God is reconciled His pardoning 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

Be Still My Soul

words: Katharina A. von Schlegel, 1752; tr. Jane L. Borthwick, 1855; music: Finlandia, Jean Sibelius, 1899

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.

Be Thou My Vision

Ancient Irish poem and melody, 8th cent; tr. Mary E. Byrne, 1905; Public Domain, arr. Greg Johnson

Be thou my vision O Lord of my Heart
Not 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

Riches I heed not nor man's empty praise
Thou my 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 heavens joys, Oh bright Heav'ns sun
Heart of my own heart whatever befall
Still be my vision, Oh ruler of all

Beautiful Savior

Stuart Townend

All my days, I will sing this song of gladness.
Give my praise to the Fountain of delights;
For in my helplessness you heard my cry,
And waves of mercy poured down on my life.

I will trust in the cross of my Redeemer;
I will sing of the blood that never fails,
Of sins forgiven, of conscience cleansed,
Of death defeated and life without end.

Beautiful Savior, Wonderful Counselor, clothed in majesty, Lord of history,
You're the Way the Truth, the Life,
Star of the Morning, glorious holiness, you're the Risen One, Heaven's Champion,
And You reign, You reign, over all.

I long to be, where the praise is never ending;
Yearn to dwell where the glory never fades,
Where countless worshipers will share one song;
And cries of "worthy" will honor the Lamb!

Beautiful Savior, Wonderful Counselor, clothed in majesty, Lord of history,
You're the Way the Truth, the Life,
Star of the Morning, glorious holiness, you're the Risen One, Heaven's Champion,
And You reign, You reign, over all.

Beautiful Savior, Wonderful Counselor, clothed in majesty, Lord of history,
You're the Way the Truth, the Life,
Star of the Morning, glorious holiness, you're the Risen One, Heaven's Champion,
And You reign, You reign, over all.

Before The Throne Of God Above

words: by Charitie Lees Bancroft (1841-1892); alternate words and music: by Vikki Cook, 2006

Before the throne of God above, I have a strong, a perfect plea,
A great High Priest whose name is "Love," Who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is graven on His hands, My name is written on His heart;
I know that while in heav'n He stands no tongue can bid me thence depart.
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair, and tells me of the guilt within,
upward I look and see Him there Who made an end to all my sin.
Because the sinless Savior died, my sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the Just, is satisfied to look on him and pardon me.
to look on him and pardon me.

Behold him there! the risen Lamb, my perfect, spotless Righteousness,
the great unchange - a - ble I AM, the King of glory and of grace!
One with Himself I cannot die, My soul is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high, with Christ, my Savior and my God
with Christ, my Savior and my God

One with Himself I cannot die, My soul is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high, with Christ, my Savior and my God
with Christ, my Savior and my God

Behold

Natalie Taylor Leonhardt, 2020

The empty filled, the wounded healed, The broken back together
The poor are blessed, the weary rest, We will dance forever.

The blinded see, the chained are free, The doubtful now believer.
The outcast known, the orphan home, You are my Redeemer.

Behold, behold, behold what Love can do!
Behold, behold, he's making all things new.

The lost return, the voiceless heard, The mourner now rejoicing.
The mountains shake, the world awake, Creation all composing.

The sad untrue, the earth renewed, The song has found its singer.
The darkness light, the dead alive, You are my Redeemer.

Behold, behold, behold what Love can do!
Behold, behold, he's making all things new.

Behold, behold, behold what Love can do!
Behold, behold, he's making all things new.

We've been struck down, we're not destroyed.
We've sown in tears, we'll reap in joy.
My eyes are open, My eyes are open.

Behold, behold, behold what Love can do!
Behold, behold, he's making all things new.

Behold, behold, behold what Love can do!
Behold, behold, he's making all things new.

Behold, behold, behold what Love can do!
Behold, behold, he's making all things new.

Blessed Assurance

By Fanny Crosby & Phoebe Knapp

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit washed in His blood.

Refrain:

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.

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.

Break Forth O Light

Nathan Partain, 2016

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,
Until you arrive, until you arrive, until 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,
Until you arrive, until you arrive, until 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,
Until you arrive, until you arrive, until you arrive.

Bring your Sick

Nathan Partain, 2014

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 embrace.

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.

By His Wounds (You are Healed)

Nathan Partain, 2015

Jesus prayed late in the garden, He was fighting for our souls
Against the dread that tried to shake him from the path where he must go
The torment of separation, made his pores to burst with blood
'Cause for us to be brought close, He must be cast out from his God.

By his wounds you are healed
By his nails your sin is gone
By his blood you have been washed, O Lord
By his groans, by his tears
You are healed.

Jesus bore their accusations, never opening his mouth
Not defending, not rebuking, Never speaking for himself
Knowing with the smallest gesture, He could swarm his angels down
But for us, our King was beaten, stripped and wore the thorny crown

By his wounds you are healed
By his nails your sin is gone
By his blood you have been washed, O Lord
By his groans, by his tears
You are healed.

Jesus hung by nails and gasping, Did not curse or burn in wrath
He put on all the shame and madness, that had drove his bride to death
He forgave his wicked captors, He forgave the contrite thief
And alone our Jesus bore our sins, And died upon the tree

By his wounds you are healed
By his nails your sin is gone
By his blood you have been washed, O Lord
By his groans, by his tears
You are healed.

By his wounds you are healed
By his nails your sin is gone
By his blood you have been washed, O Lord
By his groans, by his tears
You are healed.

A Child of God

Nathan Partain, 2011

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 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 my 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 been 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.

The Church's One Foundation

words: Samuel Stone; music: Brian Moss © 1996 Parson John Publishing

The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ her Lord,
She is His new creation by water and the Word.
From heaven 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 every nation, yet one over 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 every 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.

Come, Holy Ghost

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

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.

Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord

*words: Martin Luther, 1524, from 11th cent. Antiphon; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855; music:
Nathan Partain, 2000*

women A—lle—luia

men Alleluia

women A—lle—luia

all Come, Holy Spir-it, 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 your saints unite
Of every land and every tongue;
This to your praise, O Lord, be sung.

women A—lle—luia

men Alleluia

women A—lle—luia

all 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.

women A—lle—luia

men Alleluia

women A—lle—luia

all 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.

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Words Robert Robinson, 1758, Public Domain; Additional verse Bradford Brown

Come, thou Fount of ev'ry 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 wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger interposed his precious blood.

Oh, that day when freed from sinning I shall see Thy lovely face,
Clothed then in the blood-washed linen how I'll sing Thy wondrous grace
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry take my ransomed soul away;
Send Thine angels now to carry me to realms of endless day.

O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace now, like a fetter, bind my wand'ring 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.

Here's my heart, here's my heart...
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts above.

Come, Ye Sinners

words: Joseph Hart, 1712-1768; music: Traditional American Melody, Walker Southern Harmony, 1835

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.

Come Ye Souls By Sin Afflicted

words: Joseph Swain, 1792, (Alt Twit); music: by Kevin Twit, 2013

Come ye souls by, sin afflicted, bowed with fruitless, sorrow down;
By the broken, law convicted, Through the cross, behold the crown;
Look to Jesus; Look to Jesus; Look to Jesus;
Mercy flows through Him alone.

Take His easy, yoke and wear it; Love will make your, obedience sweet;
Christ will give you, strength to bear it, While His grace, shall guide your feet
Safe to glory, Safe to glory, Safe to glory,
Where His ransomed captives meet.

Blessed are the, eyes that see Him, Blest the ears that, hear His voice;
Blessed are the, souls that trust Him, And in Him, alone rejoice;
His commandments, His commandments, His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

Sweet as home to, pilgrims weary, Light to newly, opened eyes,
Like full springs in, deserts dreary, Is the rest, the cross supplies;
All who taste it, All who taste it, All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

Look to Jesus; Look to Jesus; Look to Jesus;
Mercy flows through Him alone.

Crown Him with Many Crowns

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

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 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.

The Day Of The Lord—Psalm 37

Wendell Kimbrough, 2017

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!

Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

words: Anne Steele, 1716-1778; music: Kevin Twit, ©1998 Kevin Twit Music

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 oh! 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
Oh 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

Deliverance is a Song of Peace

Nathan Partain, 2017

Deliverance is a song of peace, Untying the tongue in the laugh of a child.
Only one touch can calm the soul, The gentle Restorer who sets free to be known.
Restorer who sets free to be known.

Resurrection releases until death comes undone,
In the fire of His favor, in the passion of his love.
There's rush, yes, there's a current, from the graces of his blood,
That pulls you deep into the healing affections of the triune God.

Forgiveness is a tender kiss, A water of gladness you can cup in your hands.
No burden, no weapon remains, but freedom will flourish where blessing commands.
Freedom where blessing commands.

Resurrection releases until death comes undone,
In the fire of His favor, in the passion of his love.
There's rush, yes, there's a current, from the graces of his blood,
That pulls you deep into the healing affections of the triune God.

In the voice of Christ Jesus, in the draw of his embrace,
There's the fullest sweet dimension of the Father's true face,
There's a movement, there's a stirring, in the Spirit's caress,
The eternally regiving of the very first breath.

Holiness is a freedom dance, A fragrance the spills from the fields of delight.
His splendor in embers of glass, So rooted in heaven, they fill the earth with His life.
They fill the earth with His life.

Draw Near—Psalm 69

Wendell Kimbrough, 2017

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!

Establish the Work of Our Hands

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

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!"

Fairest Lord Jesus

words: 17th century German hymn; music: Silesian folk song

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 glo-ry, joy and crown.

Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fair-er, 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 heaven 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.

Farther Along

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

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.

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 sister/brother/beloved, 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
When we pass through the beautiful gate.

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

Soon we will see our dear, loving Savior,
Hear the last trumpet sound through the sky;
Then we will meet those gone on before us,
Then we shall know and understand why.

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

Father, Long Before Creation

Words from a Chinese Hymn Translated by Francis Jones, Andrew Osenga (c) 2005 The Velvet Eagle Admin. by The Loving Company.

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.

Fill Thou My Life

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

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 my days.
Praise, all my life, all 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 my days.
Praise, all my life, all 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 my days.
Praise, all my life, all 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 my days.
Praise, all my life, all my days.

For His Own Sake

Nathan Partain, 2014

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 but no rain.
I have lost to the fire, storm and locust
And woke up to find all of my land left in shame

Still each morning, at noon and in evening, I will trust my Lord and bless his name.
Never seeking the gain but the Giver, So 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, at noon and in evening, I will trust my Lord and bless his name.
Never seeking the gain but the Giver, So I love him for nothing but for his own sake

I have learned that this world is not truest,
There's a 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, at noon and in evening, I will trust my Lord and bless his name.
Never seeking the gain but the Giver, So I love him for nothing but for his own sake

From Depths of Woe—Psalm 130 (Martin Luther)

Words & Music: Martin Luther

From depths of woe I raise to Thee The voice of lamentation;
Lord, turn a gracious ear to me And hear my supplication;
If Thou iniquities dost mark, Our secret sins and misdeeds dark,
O who shall stand before Thee?

To wash away the crimson stain, Grace, grace alone availeth;
Our works, alas! are all in vain; In much the best life faileth:
No man can glory in Thy sight, All must alike confess Thy might,
And live alone by mercy.

Therefore my trust is in the Lord, And not in mine own merit;
On Him my soul shall rest, His Word Upholds my fainting spirit:
His promised mercy is my fort, My comfort, and my sweet support;
I wait for it with patience.

What though I wait the livelong night, And till the dawn appeareth,
My heart still trusteth in His might; It doubteth not nor feareth:
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed, Ye of the Spirit born indeed;
And wait till God appeareth.

From Depths of Woe—Psalm 130 (Kevin Twit)

Words Public Domain UBP

From the depths of woe I raise to Thee a voice of lamentation;
Lord, turn a gracious ear to me And hear my supplication;
If Thou iniquities dost mark, Our secret sins and misdeeds dark,
O who shall stand before Thee? *O who shall stand before Thee?*
O who shall stand before Thee? *O who shall stand before Thee?*

To wash away the crimson stain, Grace, grace alone availeth;
Our works, alas! Are all in vain; In much the best life faileth;
No man can glory in Thy sight, All must alike confess Thy might,
And live alone by mercy. *And live alone by mercy.*
And live alone by mercy. *And live alone by mercy.*

Therefore my trust is in the Lord, And not in mine own merit;
On him my soul shall rest, his Word Upholds my fainting spirit:
His promised mercy is my fort, My comfort and my sweet support;
I wait for it with patience. *I wait for it with patience.*
I wait for it with patience. *I wait for it with patience.*

What though I wait the live-long night, And till the dawn appeareth,
My heart still trusteth in his might; It doubteth not nor feareth;
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed, Ye of the Spirit born indeed;
And wait 'till God appeareth. *And wait 'till God appeareth.*
And wait 'till God appeareth. *And wait 'till God appeareth.*

Though great our sins and sore our woes His grace much more aboundeth;
His helping love no limit knows, Our utmost need it soundeth.
Our Shepherd good and true is He, Who will at last His Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow. *From all their sin and sorrow.*
From all their sin and sorrow. *From all their sin and sorrow.*

Give Me Jesus

based on spiritual; arr: Fernando Ortega, 1999

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

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

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

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

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

Give to the Wind Thy Fears

words: Paul Gerhardt, Translated: John Wesley; Nathan Partain, July 1, 2010

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

Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
Then shalt thou, wandering, own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand.
How wise, how strong His hand.

Far, far above thy thought,
His counsel shall appear
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear
That caused thy needless fear

Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears the way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
Soon end in joyous day.

The Glory of His Name

Nathan Partain, 2003

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 Gospel is All I Have

words and music Nathan Partain, 2004, UBP

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

words: Thomas Chisholm, 1866-1960; music: William M. Runyan 1870-1957

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 spring-time 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!

He Bears my Soul

Nathan Partain, 2014

The wolves outside are hunting and the dark of night is full
And in my heart a wilder 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 breath anymore
I see no hope tomorrow, all 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 thinking patterns, my inner man he wove
See, I can't explain, I can't deny cause 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, and 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 thinking patterns, my inner man he wove
See, I can't explain, I can't deny cause yet somehow I know...He bears my soul.

I stumble through the woods just like a fugitive 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 stray 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 thinking patterns, my inner man he wove
See, I can't explain, I can't deny cause yet somehow I know...He bears my soul.

He Cannot Be Stopped

Nathan Partain, 2017

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! No, 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! No, 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! No, He cannot be stopped.

He Was Wounded

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

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!

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

Hold thou my hand

words and music: Nathan Partain, 2002, UBP

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.

Holy, Holy, Holy!

words Reginald Heber (1783-1826); music John Bacchus Dykes (composed 1861)

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 shall 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!

How Deep the Father's Love for Us

Stuart Townend, 1995

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 the 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 pow'r'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

How Firm a Foundation

words: John Rippon, 1787; music: by Joseph Funk, 1832

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 thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.”

“When through fiery trials thy pathway 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 hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his 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.”

How Great Thou Art

words and arr. Stuart K. Hine, 1949; renewed 1981, Manna Music, Inc.; UBP CCLI #105650

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy pow'r throughout the universe displayed.

Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:
How great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:
How great thou art, how great thou art!

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.

Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:
How great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:
How great thou art, how great thou art!

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, my God, how great thou art.

Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:
How great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to thee:
How great thou art, how great thou art!

I Am One of Those

Nathan Partain, 2009

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 hide just 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,
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,
But Jesus broke inside and there unlocked my shackles,
And to set me free, he died and took my place.

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 covered up my shame.

I Am Trusting Thee

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

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.

I Asked the Lord

words: John Newton, 1725-1807 (alt. Laura Taylor). Music: Laura Taylor. ©2004 double v music

I asked the Lord that I might grow, In faith and love and every grace
Might more of His salvation know, And seek more earnestly His face

Twas He who taught me thus to pray, And He I trust has answered prayer
But it has been in such a way. As almost drove me to despair

I hoped that in some favored hour, At once He'd answer my request,
And by His love's constraining power, Subdue my sins and give me rest

Instead of this He made me feel, The hidden evils of my heart
And let the angry powers of Hell Assault my soul in every part

Yea more with His own hand He seemed, Intent to aggravate my woe
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed, Cast out my feelings, laid me low

Lord why is this, I trembling cried, Wilt Thou pursue thy worm to death?
"Tis in this way" The Lord replied "I answer prayer for grace and faith"

"These inward trials I employ, From self and pride to set thee free
And break thy schemes of earthly joy That thou may seek thy all in me,

I Belong to Jesus

words M. Fraser, Public Domain; music Nathan Partain, July 26, 2005, UBP

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; Blessèd, be the thought!
With His own most precious blood, he my soul has 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're I'll stand
With my precious Savior there in the glory land.

I Have Plans for You

Nathan Partain, 2015

You say, “Lord, Why am I here? Why is this happening? Do you not see?”
Hear my word, for I have named you and I have called you, unto to me.
You say, “Lord, how I struggle. How I’m troubled. How long will this last?”
Hear my word, I am still working, and ‘til I am finished, I will not rest.

I have plans for you, I have plans for you,
Not to harm you, No, but only to bless.
I have plans for you, I have plans for you,
And nothing will 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’ll cover and keep 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, No, but only to bless.
I have plans for you, I have plans for you,
And nothing will stop me, from bringing them to pass.

You think I’m so far from you, though I never part from you,
So sure I’ve forgotten you, even while I’m leading you,
Fearful that I’m done with you, as my Spirit carries you
Oh the cost, the blood, my son for you, see my love laid bare and know...

I have plans for you, I have plans for you,
Not to harm you, No, but only to bless.
I have plans for you, I have plans for you,
And nothing will stop me, from bringing them to pass.

I Know that My Redeemer Lives

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

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!

I Love the Lord with All my Heart

Nathan Partain, 2015

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, 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 though troubles tempt, My heart to doubt his will.
I wrestle with my wayward mind, Until my soul is still.

All I want is you, All my springs in you
All my strength and good, All my drink and all my food, All I want is you
All my hope is you, All my joy is you
In 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 all my food, All I want is you
All my hope is you, All my joy is you
In 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's new again.

I Need Jesus

Nathan Partain, Nov. 5, 2012

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.

I Need Thee Every Hour

Annie S. Hawks, 1872

I need Thee every hour, most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.
I need Thee, O I need Thee; Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour, stay Thou nearby;
Temptations lose their power when Thou art nigh.
I need Thee, O I need Thee; Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour, in joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide, or life is in vain.
I need Thee, O I need Thee; Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour; teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises in me fulfill.
I need Thee, O I need Thee; Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour, most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed, Thou bless'd Son.
I need Thee, O I need Thee; Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Savior, I come to Thee.

I Will Believe the Lord

Nathan Partain, November 12, 2005, UBP

I will believe the Lord. His word fore'er endures;
Though nations change from king to king while ages shape the earth,
I will believe the Lord through trouble unforeseen,
His word sustains my very life, steadfast eternally.

Yes, I'll believe, Yes, I'll believe, Yes, I'll believe the Lord,
His every word, His every word, His every word is True.
And when I hear, And when I hear, And when I hear his voice.
I will come close, I'll follow him and what he says, I'll do.
I will come close, I'll follow him and what he says, I'll do.

I will believe the Lord whate'er the world may say,
Though people toss as winds of thought rush in and out like waves.
I will believe the Lord, foundation of all truth,
That through the storm, held by his grace, yeah, I shall not be moved.

Yes, I'll believe, Yes, I'll believe, Yes, I'll believe the Lord,
His every word, His every word, His every word is True.
And when I hear, And when I hear, And when I hear his voice.
I will come close, I'll follow him and what he says, I'll do.
I will come close, I'll follow him and what he says, I'll do.

Oh Lord I believe! Help my unbelief!
Through trouble unforeseen; steadfast eternally.
Foundation of all truth; yeah I shall not be moved.

I will believe the Lord and no exception make.
I will not hear the words I like while troubling words forsake.
I will believe the Lord though even friends may scorn
The wisest of the world are dead, while fools are being reborn.

Yes, I'll believe, Yes, I'll believe, Yes, I'll believe the Lord,
His every word, His every word, His every word is True.
And when I hear, And when I hear, And when I hear his voice.
I will come close, I'll follow him and what he says, I'll do.
I will come close, I'll follow him and what he says, I'll do.

I Will Sing of My Redeemer

words Phillip Bliss, 1976 music Luke Morton, 2005

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.

Immortal Invisible

words, Public Domain; music , 2005, UBPCDDG

Immortal, Invisible God only Wise
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes
Most Glorious, Most holy the ancient of days
Almighty, victorious your great name we praise

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light
Nor wanting, Nor wasting, Thou Rulest in might
Thy Justice like Mountains High Soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love

To all life thou givest to both great and small
In all life thou livest the true life of all
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree
And wither and perish but naught changest thee

Great Father of Glory Pure Father of light
Thine angels adore thee all veiling their sight
All praise we would render O help us to see
'Tis only the splendor of light hideth Thee

In Christ Alone

Keith Getty and Stuart Townend, 2001

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!

In Tenderness He Sought Me

words: W. Spencer Walton, 1894, music: Joseph Partain, 2010

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.

Refrain:

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!

(Refrain)

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.

(Refrain)

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.

(Refrain)

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.

(Refrain)

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.

In the Secret of His Presence

words: Ellen L. Goreh, 1883; music: Chris Minor, 2004

In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares Do ever vex me, and my trials lay me low;
but when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I go,
To the secret place I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;
There my Savior rests beside me, and we hold communion sweet:
If I tried, I could not utter what He says when there we meet,
What He says when there we meet.

Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
Oh, how patiently He listens! and my sorrowed soul He cheers:
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false Friend He would be,
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see,
Of the sins which He must see.

And whene'er I leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
I must bring and bear the image of my Master in my face,
Of my Master in my face.

It is Well With My Soul

words: Horatio G. Spafford, 1873, music: Philip P. Bliss, 1876

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

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

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

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

It's God who Saves

Nathan Partain, 2013

Like all God's prophets, His kings and judges
Were thieves and killers, adult'rous 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 breath 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
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

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 I must hold fast,
Or keep love fervent
I'm lost already, my love unsteady.
But once redemption, was won its 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

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

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, 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 into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of distress to jubilant psalm, Jesus, I come to Thee.
Jesus I come to thee

Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair into raptures above,
Upward for aye on wings like a dove, Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come...

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

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

©2001 Bill Moore Music. Words: Henry Lyte. Music: Bill Moore.

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.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

words: Charles Wesley, 1740; music: Nathan Partain, 2008

Jesus, Lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide, till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide; O receive my soul at last!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name, I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am; Thou art full of truth and grace.

Other refuge have I none; hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone, still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed, all my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head with the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound; make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.

Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord, He is trustworthy and faithful to his word,
Holy, Holy, Holy Comforter, Hold me, Keep me, Help my soul endure.

Jesus is Mine

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

Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie, Jesus is mine!
Dark is the 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, oh, loved and blest, welcome sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast, Jesus is mine!

Jesus Lives and So Shall I

words Christian F. Gellert (1715-1769), 1744, Public Domain; music Nathan Partain, 2003, UBP

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.

Jesus Paid it All

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

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

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.

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

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

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

○ Praise the One who paid my debt and raised this life up from the dead!
○ Praise the One who paid my debt and raised this life up from the dead!

○ Praise the One who paid my debt and raised this life up from the dead!
○ Praise the One who paid my debt and raised this life up from the dead!

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

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

And when before the throne, I stand in Him complete,
Jesus died my soul to save, my lips shall still repeat

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

Jesus Thy Blood and Righteousness

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

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.

Jesus Thy Boundless Love to Me

*words: Paul Gerhardt, 1653, translated from German to English by John Wesley, 1739; music:
Nathan Partain, August 3, 2011*

Jesus, Thy boundless love to me, No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart with Thee, And reign without a rival there.
To Thee alone, dear Lord, I live; Myself to Thee, dear Lord, I give.
Myself to Thee, dear Lord, I give.

O, grant that nothing in my soul, May dwell but Thy pure love alone!
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole, My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
All coldness from my heart remove; My every act, word, thought, be love.
My every act, word, thought, be love.

This love unwearied I pursue, And dauntlessly to Thee aspire.
Oh, may Thy love my hope renew, Burn in my soul like heavenly fire!
And day and night be all my care, To guard this sacred treasure there.
To guard this sacred treasure there.

O that I, as a little child, May follow Thee, and never rest
Till sweetly Thou hast breathed Thy mild, And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be, Till I become as one with Thee.
Till I become as one with Thee.

In suffering be Thy love my peace, In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease, Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be Thou my guide, And save this soul, for whom you died.
And save this soul, for whom you died.

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

words: Henry van Dyke in 1907; music: Ludwig van Beethoven, Symphony No. 9, 1824

Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee, God of glory, Lord of love;
Hearts unfold like flowers 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 heaven 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.

God of Glory, pow'r and mercy, all creation praises thee;
We, thy creatures, would adore thee, now and through eternity.
Saved to magnify thy goodness, grant us strength to do thy will
With our acts as with our voices thy commandments to fulfill.

Just As I Am

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

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 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.

Let the Whole Creation Cry

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

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!

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!

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!

Look Ye Saints! The Sight is Glorious

words: Thomas Kelly, 1809; music and additional words: Nathan Partain, 2014

Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious:
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Now O Jesus Christ, our King and our Savior
Let your love and pow'r rain down

Crown the Savior! angels, crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Now O Jesus Christ, our King and our Savior
To this dust, your kingdom bring

Sinners in their derision scorned Him,
And thus mocked the Savior's true claim;
Saints and angels worship around Him,
Shouting his glories, praising His name;

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what peace that sight affords!
Our dear Jesus Christ, our King and our Savior
Be our joy forevermore

The Long Way Down

Nathan Partain, 2015

In heaven, in the precious trinity,
There the stars sang out together in the young eternity.
His was beauty, His was infinite strength,
Yet the Father, Son and Spirit set to save humanity.

Our Creator, what appalling mystery.
How the Breath of Life, the Word of Truth became a human being
Found in weakness, loved his God obediently.
The Almighty, lowest servant, came to wash his people's feet.

It's the long way down,
That the Light of light from heaven, midst the filth of men be found.
It's the long way down,
Not caring for his splendor he took, the long way down.

Rejected, even by his family,
People used, misunderstood and scorned him as a novelty.
They beat him, hating his authority,
Yelling, "Crucify this Christ, we do not want him as our king!"

It's the long way down,
His the body broken for us, his the cup for us poured out
It's the long way down,
The Most Holy died for sinners, It's the long way down.

Through the humiliation, in the deepest of realms
Jesus was raised victorious, over sin and death and hell
Every knee'll bow before him, every tongue'll bless his name
We were raised with him, to heav'n above
To the praise of his enduring love.

The LORD is All That's Good—Psalm 136

Nathan Partain, 2000

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.
To raise us from death unto life.

The Lord is King

words Josiah Conder, 1824, Public Domain; music Nathan Partain, 2003, UBP

The Lord is King! Lift up thy 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.

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 My Joy

Nathan Partain, July 29th, 2008

The Lord is my Joy, the Lord is my Joy
When all that I have is lost, 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 The Lord is my rock.

The Lord is my delight, the Lord is my delight
Above all the joys of life, 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 when 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 when 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 am yours then all is right
(Repeat)

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

words: Wilhelm II of Sachsen-Weimar, 1651; Trans. Catherine Winkworth, 1863; music: Nathan Partain, 2000

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.

The Lord will Provide

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

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 foes all unite,
Just one thing secures us, whatever betide,
His Spirit assures us, "The Lord will provide."

leader And this promise remains,
all **Our Lord has redeemed us, Our Lord will provide**
leader Through all ages unchanged,
all **Our Lord has redeemed us, Our Lord will provide**
leader In all our want, in our pain,
all **Our Lord has redeemed us, Our Lord will provide**
leader Faithful through 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 shall never obtain,
But when such suggestions, our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

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

Man of Sorrows

Crocker Matthew Philip, Ligertwood Brooke, 2015

Man of sorrows, Lamb of God by His own betrayed;
The sin of man and wrath of God has been on Jesus laid.

Silent as He stood accused; beaten, mocked and scorned;
Bowing to the Father's will, He took a crown of thorns.

Oh, that rugged cross My salvation,
Where Your love poured out over me;
Now my soul cries out, "Hallelujah,"
Praise and honor unto Thee.

Sent of heaven, God's own Son, to purchase and redeem;
And reconcile the very ones who nailed Him to that tree.

Oh, that rugged cross My salvation,
Where Your love poured out over me;
Now my soul cries out, "Hallelujah,"
Praise and honor unto Thee.

Oh, that rugged cross My salvation,
Where Your love poured out over me;
Now my soul cries out, "Hallelujah,"
Praise and honor unto Thee.

Now my debt is paid, it is paid in full;
By the precious blood that my Jesus spilled;
Now the curse of sin has no hold on me;
Whom the Son sets free, Oh, is free indeed.

Now my debt is paid, it is paid in full;
By the precious blood that my Jesus spilled;
Now the curse of sin has no hold on me;
Whom the Son sets free, Oh, is free indeed.

See the stone is rolled away; behold the empty tomb.
Hallelujah, God be praised; He's risen from the grave.

More Love O Christ to Thee

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

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.

My Help, My God—Psalm 42

Sandra McCracken, 2015

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!

My Hope is Built on Nothing Less

words Edward Mote, 1834, music William Bradbury, 1863

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.

Nearer My God to Thee

Lyrics by Sarah F. Adams, music by Lowell Mason

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 grief's 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!

Nothing But the Blood of Jesus

Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

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

Oh! 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.

Oh! 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.

Oh! 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.

Oh! 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 Breath of Life

words Bessie P. Head, 1914, Public Domain; chorus and music Nathan Partain, 2001, UBP

O Breath of life, come sweeping through, Revive thy church with life and pow'r;
O Breath of life, come, cleanse, renew, And fit thy Church to meet this hour.

O Wind of God, come bend us, break, Till humbly we confess our need;
Then in thy tenderness remake, Revive, restore, for this we plead.

Breathe. Breathe.
All creation falls as you draw near. Breathe.

O Breath of love, come breathe within, Renewing thought and will and heart;
Come, Love of Christ, afresh to win, Revive thy Church in every part.

Breathe. Breathe.
All creation falls as you draw near. Breathe.

O Heart of Christ, once crushed for us, 'Tis there we find our strength and rest;
Our broken, contrite hearts solace, And let thy waiting Church be blest.

Breathe. Breathe.
All creation falls as you draw near. Breathe.

Breathe. Breathe.
All creation falls as you draw near. Breathe.

O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

words: Charles Wesley, 1739

O for a thousand tongues to sing my great redeemers 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 prisoners 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.

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 redeemers praise
The glories of my God and King, the triumphs of his grace

O Lord Come Make Us Whole—Psalm 90

Nathan Partain and Phil and Sarah Majorins, 2021

You have been our dwelling place through all the generations
You have cherished us by name before the earth's foundation
Father, we fall in your presence, nothing is hidden in your sight.
Father, without your forgiveness, we are consumed beneath your might.

Have mercy! Hear your children call. O Lord come make us whole!
Come Holy Spirit fill us all! O Lord come make us whole!
Restore the fellowship we lost. O Lord come make us whole!
Return to us, or we turn to dust, O Lord.

Ages pass before your face, the nations sprout and wither.
You remain as shadows fade, and glories turn to vapor.
Father, we fight, but our labor is like a striving in the sand.
Father, we bow and we're waiting, if only you would make us stand.

Break through the bonds that veil our clouded minds,
Your favor rest, your joy in us revive,
Grant us that we would number right, each day a living sacrifice,
Partaking now in our eternal life.

Have mercy! Hear your children call. O Lord come make us whole!
Come Holy Spirit fill us all! O Lord come make us whole!
Restore the fellowship we lost. O Lord come make us whole!
Return to us, or we turn to dust, O Lord.

Father, we seek your compassion, the loving kindness of your name.
Father, we turn in repentance, you have redeemed, will you remake?

O Love that Will Not Let Me Go

words: George Matheson. music: Christopher Miner. ©1997 Christopher Miner Music

O Love that will not let me go, I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe, That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O light that followest all my way, I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray, That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain, I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain, And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

O The Deep Deep Love of Jesus

words: Public Domain; music: 2005, UBP

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, never more.
How he watches o're his loved ones, died to call them all His own;
How for them he intercedeth, watcheth o'er them from the throne.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus, love of every love the best!
'Tis an ocean full of blessing, 'tis a haven sweet of rest!
O the deep, deep love of Jesus, 'tis a heaven of heavens to me;
And it lifts me up to glory, for it lifts me up to Thee!

On Jordan's Stormy Banks

words: Samuel Stennett, 1727-1795; music: Christopher Miner ©1997 Christopher Miner Music

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

All 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.

One Thing I Have Asked—Psalm 27

Nathan Partain, 2016

The Lord is my salvation and my light whom shall I fear?
He is my refuge, He's my strong defense.
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.
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.
Whose glory has no end.

In your mercy hear my cry, Your dear presence do not hide
Though mother, father may forsake
The Lord 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 upon the Lord be strong and let your heart take courage
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.
Whose glory has no end.

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

words: Henry F. Lyte, 1834, based on Psalm 103; music: Nathan Partain, 2000

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!

Praise the Savior Now and Ever

words: Venantius Fortunatus, ca. 530-609, Tr. by Augustus Nelson, 1863-1949; music: Attr. to William Moore, 1825, arr. Benedict/Bradham 2005 (c) 2006 Cardiphonia Music

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 to the Lord the Almighty

words: Joachim Neander; Tr. C. Winkworth; music: 17th century German tune: Lobe den Herren, 1665

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 over all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen how thy desires ever 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 for e'er we adore Him.

Let the Amen sound from His people again,
Gladly for e'er we adore Him.

Rejoice the Lord is King!

Words: Charles Wesley, 1744 / Music: Nathan Partain, 2003

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!

Rock of Ages

words: Augustus Montague Toplady, 1763; music; James Ward, 1984 Intro:

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 power.

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 hand 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.

Sing to the Lord—Psalm 96

Bruce Benedict, www.cardiphonia.com © 2005 Cardiphonia Music

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

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;

Some Day the Silver Cord will Break

words: Fanny Crosby, 1891; music: Nathan Partain, 2014

Some day the silver cord will break, and I no more as now shall sing;
But oh, the joy when I shall wake, within the palace of the King!

And I shall see Jesus face to face,
And I'll tell the story—
All His grace, All His grace. All His Grace.

Some day my earthly house will fall. And I can't tell how soon 'twill be;
But this I know—my All in All, has now a place in Heav'n for me.

And I shall see Jesus face to face,
And I'll tell the story—
All His grace, All His grace. All His Grace.

Some day, when fades the golden sun, beneath the rosy tinted west,
My blessed Lord will say, "Well done!", and I shall enter into rest.

And I shall see Jesus face to face,
And I'll tell the story—
All His grace, All His grace. All His Grace.

Steadfast

Sandra McCracken, 2016

I will build my house, whether storm or drought,
On the rock that does not move.
I will set my hope, In your love, O Lord,
And your faithfulness will prove,

You are steadfast, steadfast.
You are steadfast, steadfast.

By the word you spoke, all the starry host,
Are called out by name each night.
In your watchful care I will rest secure,
As you lead us with your light.

You are steadfast, steadfast.
You are steadfast, steadfast.

No, I will not trust in the strength of kings,
On your promise I will stand.
I will shout for joy, I will raise my voice,
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

You are steadfast, steadfast.
You are steadfast, steadfast.

In the moment of emptiness, all was fulfilled,
In the hour of darkness, your light was revealed,
In the presence of death, your life was affirmed,
In the absence of holiness, you are still God.

The Strength that you Give

Nathan Partain, 2016

Father, you give me comfort, when my anxious fears arise.
Telling me gently I'm helpless, to change one hour of my life.

Jesus, teach me your sabbath. When all my struggles are weighing me down.
When I cannot stop working, Til I can figure everything out.
Exhaust my reason, my effort, thwart my control, for in this you bless.
Show me how grace can't be given, 'til I stop and rest.

So don't take away my troubles, I want a peace that won't break.
Cause if you only make me happy, I'm never gonna use my faith.
So don't give me only good times, I want eternal content.
So I can sing through all my trials and rejoice in suffering,
In the strength that you give. In the strength that you give.

Spirit, lead me to worship. You turn my head and you lift my eyes.
Giving me visions of Heaven, Where my Father's face is kind
Filled with the deepest thanksgiving, sincerest prayers and tender new songs
The earth may be crumbling and failing, yet my love grows more strong.

So don't take away my troubles, I want a peace that won't break.
Cause if you only make me happy, I'm never gonna use my faith.
So don't give me only good times, I want eternal content.
So I can sing through all my trials and rejoice in suffering,
In the strength that you give. In the strength that you give.

Take My Life and Let it Be

words: Frances Havergal, 1874; music: Louis Hérold, 1839.

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

There is a Fountain Filled with Blood

Words Public Domain UBP

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 power
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 stam-m'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,
Then in a no-bler, sweet-er 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 no-bler, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

This Breaks my Heart of Stone

words: Charles Wesley, 1749; music: Benj Pocta, 2006

Jesus let thy pitying eye, call back a wandering sheep.
False to Thee like Peter, I Could I, like Peter, weep.
Let me be by grace restored; on me be all it's freeness shown.
Turn and look upon me Lord; and break my heart of stone.
And break my heart of stone.

Savior, Prince, enthroned above, repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love, the humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored, a portion of Thy love unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord, and break my heart of stone.
And break my heart of stone.

Look, as when Thy pitying eye, was closed that we might live;
“Father,” at the point to die, my Savior cried, “forgive!”
Surely, with that dying word, He turns, and looks, and cries, “‘Tis done!”
O my bleeding, loving Lord, this breaks my heart of stone!
This breaks my heart of stone!
This breaks my heart of stone!
This breaks my heart of stone!

Thy Mercy My God

text: John Stocker; music: Sandra McCracken

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

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

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

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

All praise to the Spirit whose whisper divine
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine!

'Tis So Sweet to Trust In Jesus

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

'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, Will be with me to the end.

To God be the Glory

words: Fanny J. Crosby, 1875; music: William H. Doane, 1875

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

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Let the earth hear His voice!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the people rejoice!
O come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,
And give Him the glory, great things He has done.

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

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Let the earth hear His voice!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the people rejoice!
O come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,
And give Him the glory, great things He has done.

Great things He has taught us, great things He has done,
And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;
But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our 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!
O come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,
And give Him the glory, great things He has done.

The Touch of His Hand

Words: Jessie B. Pounds 1913 Music: Nathan Partain 2002

There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my Friend divine;
But though the darkness hide, He is there to guide By the touch of His hand on mine.

Oh, the touch of His hand on mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
There is grace There is power, in this trying hour, In the touch of His hand on mine.

There are times, when I'm tired of this toilsome road, for the ways of the world I would pine;
But He draws me back to the upward track By the touch of His hand on mine.

Oh, the touch of His hand on mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
There is grace There is power, in this trying hour, In the touch of His hand on mine.

When the way is dim, and I cannot see Through the mist of His wise design,
How my glad heart yearns and my faith returns By the touch of His hand on mine.

Oh, the touch of His hand on mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
There is grace There is power, in this trying hour, In the touch of His hand on mine.

We Need to Hear Your Word—Psalm 119:33-40

Nathan Partain, 2020

Train our hearts to love what you command
We let go of our perception 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.

Lord, we need to hear your word, Lord, 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.

Turn us back, we try to fill ourselves.
Show the emptiness fulfillment is outside your perfect will,
O how easily like sheep deceived without their shepherds voice.
Make alive in us your scripture, melody against the noise.

Lord, we need to hear your word, Lord, 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.

Father, help our souls to hear you,
Spirit, by your power, break through,
Jesus, live in us and make true all you've said.

Lord, we need to hear your word, Lord, 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.

We Shall See

Nathan Partain, 2016

We shall sing with hearts on fire. We shall rise and not be ashamed.
We shall look and all be radiant. We shall see him face to face.
The whole world of despair is not worth being compared to what we shall see.

Though we wait, the garden groaning, Cut down by greed, used up, bereft.
What death has taken, or curse has ruined, Jesus has turned, upon its head.

We shall sing with hearts on fire. We shall rise and not be ashamed.
We shall look and all be radiant. We shall see him face to face.
The whole world of despair is not worth being compared to what we shall see.

Though we wait, the children hunger, The weak enslaved, the voiceless poor.
The weeping lasts, throughout the long night, Jesus shall come, like joyous morn.

We shall sing with hearts on fire. We shall rise and not be ashamed.
We shall look and all be radiant. We shall see him face to face.
The whole world of despair is not worth being compared to what we shall see.

Though we outwardly seem ,to be wasting away,
Instead inwardly we, are more new day by day.
Though we don't see Him now, yet our hearts still believe.
And our hope cannot die, til our joy is complete.

Though we wait, our souls complicit, Our selfish bent, our seed of war,
In death Christ drowned, our sin and killed it, And from the grave, we were reborn.

We shall sing with hearts on fire. We shall rise and not be ashamed.
We shall look and all be radiant. We shall see him face to face.
The whole world of despair is not worth being compared to what we shall see.

We Will Feast

Sandra McCracken and Josh Moore, 2015

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.

Weak and Helpless, Yet Believing

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1910; Music: Mark Ribera, May 2011

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 no where 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 oer;
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!

What a Fellowship (Leaning on the Everlasting Arms)

Words: Anthony Showalter, Elisha Hoffman 1887; Music: Anthony J. Showalter

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.

When I See the Blood

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

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 Survey

words Isaac Watts; Public Domain; music American folk tune; Gregorian chant arr. Lowell Mason

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 'ere 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.

Will Your Anchor Hold?

words: Priscilla J. Owens, 1882; music: Nathan Partain, 2002

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep, grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love
In the Savior's love.

It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand,
For 'tis well secured by the Savior's hand;
Though the tempest rage and the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep, grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love
In the Savior's love.

When our eyes behold through the gath'ring night
The city of gold, our harbor bright,
We shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore,
With the storms all past forevermore.

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep, grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love
In the Savior's love.

With All of Our Strength

Nathan Partain, 2016

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.
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.
Where we have power, the Most High we will fear.
Where there's need of 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.

Wonderful Grace of Jesus

words: Haldor Lillenas, 1918 / alt. lyrics and refrain: Nathan Partain, 2011; music: Nathan Partain, 2011

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?

Yet Not I But Through Christ in me

CityAlight - Jonny Robinson, Michael Farren, and Rich Thompson

What gift of grace is Jesus my redeemer
There is no more for heaven now to give
He is my joy, my righteousness, and freedom
My steadfast love, my deep and boundless peace

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus
For my life is wholly bound to His
Oh how strange and divine, I can sing all is mine
Yet not I, but through Christ in me

The night is dark but I am not forsaken
For by my side, the Savior He will stay
I labor on in weakness and rejoicing
For in my need, His power is displayed

To this I hold, my Shepherd will defend me
Through the deepest valley He will lead
Oh the night has been won, and I shall overcome
Yet not I, but through Christ in me

You Have Redeemed My Soul

Don Chaffer, 1999

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 Were Not My People

Nathan Partain, 2014

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

You, you were not my people, but I called you my own
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, but I gently drew

You, you were not my people, but I called you my own
You, you had been so hateful, I brought you to my home
You, your own hands shed my blood, I have made you mine
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

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

Your Beloved is Ready

Nathan Partain, 2013

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 fight for control, She has waived every right that she holds
She wiped out all the debts that she'd demanded from others
Cause she knew that she'd 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 so highly,
That 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

Music by Wendell Kimbrough, Isaac Wardell, and Paul Zach

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.

For 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.

For 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.

Your Ways and Not My Ways

Nathan Partain, 2016

My will, O Lord, my deepest need, to you I give
For what I'd seek, and what I'd gain, is foolishness
When I fight against your voice with hardened heart
I am lost, toyed with and I stumble in the dark.

I want your ways and not my ways, I want your plans and not my plans
Cause when you bless it's so much more than I could ask

You turn in me, and from my earth bring loving fruit
O Spirit breathe, abide in me and I in you.
O bind your heart to mine and never leave
And Jesus keep me ever at your feet

I want your ways and not my ways, I want your plans and not my plans
Cause when you bless it's so much more than I could ask
I want your will and not my will, I want your time and not my time
Cause when your work is done, it's beautiful and right.

When you call me, I'll obey and won't resist.
Every part and every reach of me says "yes"

I want your ways and not my ways, I want your plans and not my plans
Cause when you bless it's so much more than I could ask
I want your will and not my will, I want your time and not my time
Cause when your work is done, it's beautiful and right.

I do not know how but i can taste, That I will weep and laugh with praise
Because it pleases you to overwhelm with grace.



Hymns and Songs for Advent

Ah! Holy Jesus

words: Johann Heermann, 1630; music: Herzliebster Jesu, Johann Cruger, 1640; arr. Sarah Majorins and Nathan Partain, 2022

Ah, holy Jesus, how hast thou offended,
That man to judge thee hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided, by thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.

Who was the guilty who brought this upon thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone thee.
'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied thee:
I crucified thee.

For me, kind Jesus, was thine incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation:
Thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay thee,
I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee;
Think on thy pity and thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.

Angels We have Heard on High

French traditional carol; English paraphrase by James Chadwick, 1862

Angels we have heard on high sweetly singing o'er the plains,
And the mountains in reply echoing their joyous strains.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, why this jubilee? Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be which inspire your heavenly song?

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Come to Bethlehem and see Christ whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee, Christ the Lord, the newborn King.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

See within the manger laid, Jesus, Lord of heav'n and earth,
Lend your voices, lend your aid, to proclaim the Savior's birth!

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Raising up the banner high, all the heav'ns proclaimed him nigh,
He was promised, He has come, let us sing to God's own Son.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Arise and Shine, Your Light has Come

Nathan Partain, 2015

Angels shout and fill the heavens, Still we feel the trembling hum.
For the King of all creation, Long-awaited He has come
Go like shepherds' humble stature, Not in pomp but earnest fear,
Seek the child and bear your witness, Tell the Hope of all is here.

Arise, shine, your Light has come!
Behold He rises like the dawn.
O hear the gathered nations sing,
Rejoice! Adore Him! Christ our King! O Arise!

O receive like Mary, Joseph, Wonder at this glorious sight.
See by faith, the angel's ver'ty: This poor child is Light of light.
Herods will be always hunting, Some by slander, some by sword.
Stand steadfast, O dear believers, Holding out the living word

Arise, shine, your Light has come!
Behold He rises like the dawn.
O hear the gathered nations sing,
Rejoice! Adore Him! Christ our King! O Arise!

Watch and wait and keep affection, Stir your hope and faith and love.
Soon you'll see your vindication, Coming in the clouds above.
Praise and glory now and ever, In this world and that to come
Quick the city, down from heaven, Jesus calls His bride, "Come home!"

Arise, shine, your Light has come!
Behold He rises like the dawn.
O hear the gathered nations sing,
Rejoice! Adore Him! Christ our King! O Arise!

Canticle of The Turning

words Rory Cooney, UBP; music, UBP

My soul cries out with a joyful shout That the God of my heart is great,
And my spirit sings of the wondrous things That you bring to the ones who wait.
You fixed your sight on your servant's plight, And my weakness you did not spurn,
So from east to west shall my name be blest. Could the world be about to turn?

My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your justice burn.
Wipe away all tears, for the dawn draws near, And the world is about to turn!

From the halls of pow'r to the fortress tow'r, Not a stone will be left on stone.
Let the king beware for your justice tears Ev'ry tyrant from his throne.
The hungry poor shall weep no more, For the food they can never earn;
There are tables spread, ev'ry mouth be fed, For the world is about to turn.

My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your justice burn.
Wipe away all tears, for the dawn draws near, And the world is about to turn!

Though I am small, my God my all, You work great things in me,
And your mercy will last from the depths of the past To the end of the age to be.
Your very name puts the proud to shame, And to those who would for you yearn,
You will show your might, put the strong to flight For the world is about to turn.

My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your justice burn.
Wipe away all tears, for the dawn draws near, And the world is about to turn!

Come Thou Long Expected Jesus

words Charles Wesley, 1744, UBP; music Nathan Partain, 2002, UBP

Come, Thou long expected Jesus Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation, Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation, Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver, Born a child and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever, Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all sufficient merit, Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Come, Thou long expected Jesus Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation, Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation, Joy of every longing heart.

The First Noel

English Traditional 1833

The first Noel, the angel did say, was to certain poor shepherds, in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep on a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel; born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star shining in the east beyond them far;
And to the earth it gave great light and so it continued both day and night.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel; born is the King of Israel.

And by the light of that same star three wise men came from the country far;
To seek for a King was their intent, and to follow the star wherever it went.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel; born is the King of Israel.

This star drew nigh to the northwest; o'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay, right over the place where Jesus lay.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel; born is the King of Israel.

Then entered in those wise men three, fell reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence their gold and myrrh and frankincense.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel; born is the King of Israel.

Then let us all with one accord sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heav'n and earth of naught, and with his blood mankind has bought.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel; born is the King of Israel.

Go Tell It on the Mountain

Go, tell it on the mountain, Over the hills and everywhere
Go, tell it on the mountain, That Jesus Christ is born.

While shepherds kept their watching Over silent flocks by night
Behold throughout the heavens There shone a holy light.

Go, tell it on the mountain, Over the hills and everywhere
Go, tell it on the mountain, That Jesus Christ is born.

The shepherds feared and trembled, When lo! above the earth,
Rang out the angels chorus That hailed the Savior's birth.

Go, tell it on the mountain, Over the hills and everywhere
Go, tell it on the mountain, That Jesus Christ is born.

Down in a lowly manger The humble Christ was born
And God sent us salvation That blessed Christmas morn.

Go, tell it on the mountain, Over the hills and everywhere
Go, tell it on the mountain, That Jesus Christ is born.

God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen

words and music, Public Domain; UBP

God rest ye merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Savior was born on Christmas Day;
To save us all from Satan's power when we were gone astray.

O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy;
O tidings of comfort and joy.

From God our heavenly Father a blessed angel came;
And unto certain shepherds brought tidings of the same;
How that in Bethlehem was born the Son of God by name.

O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy;
O tidings of comfort and joy.

"Fear not, then," said the angel, "Let nothing you afright
This day is born a Savior of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him from Satan's power and might."

O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy;
O tidings of comfort and joy.

Now to the Lord sing praises all you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas all others doth deface.

O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy;
O tidings of comfort and joy.

Good Christians Now Rejoice

words, Public Domain; music , 2005, UBP

Good Christians now, rejoice with heart and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say: Jesus Christ is born today;
Ox and ass before Him bow; and He is in the manger now.
Christ is born today! Christ is born today!

Good Christians now, rejoice, with heart and soul and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss: Jesus Christ was born for this!
He has opened the heavenly door, and man is blest forevermore.
Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!

Good Christians now, rejoice, with heart and soul and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave: Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all, to gain His everlasting hall.
Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

words and music, Public Domain; UBP

Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
With th'angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King!"

Christ, by highest heav'n adored; Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time, behold Him come, Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; Hail th'incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell, Jesus our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King!"

Hail the heav'n born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die.
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the newborn King!"

In the Bleak Midwinter

Words: Christina Rossetti, 1872; Music: Cranham, Gustav T. Holst, 1906 (MIDI, score).; written by: Keith Getty and Stuart Townend

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him, nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away when He comes to reign.
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
But His mother only, in her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the beloved with a kiss.

What can I give Him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give Him: give my heart.

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly

words: Traditional carol in Spiewniczek Piesni Koscielne, 1908 translated from Polish to English by Edith M. Reed, 1921. music: W. Zlobie Lezy, Polish carol

Infant holy, Infant lowly, for His bed a cattle stall;
Oxen lowing, little knowing, Christ the Babe is Lord of all.
Swift are winging angels singing, noels ringing, tidings bringing:
Christ the Babe is Lord of all. Christ the Babe is Lord of all.

Flocks were sleeping, shepherds keeping vigil till the morning new
Saw the glory, heard the story, tidings of a Gospel true.
Thus rejoicing, free from sorrow, praises voicing, greet the morrow:
Christ the Babe was born for you. Christ the Babe was born for you.

Infant holy, Infant lowly, for His bed a cattle stall;
Oxen lowing, little knowing, Christ the Babe is Lord of all.
Swift are winging angels singing, noels ringing, tidings bringing:
Christ the Babe is Lord of all. Christ the Babe is Lord of all.

Swift are winging angels singing, noels ringing, tidings bringing:
Christ the Babe is Lord of all. Christ the Babe is Lord of all.

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

words Edmund H. Sears, 1849; music Richard S. Willis, 1850

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their strings of gold:
“Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heav’n’s all gracious King.”
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies, they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heav’nly music floats
O’er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hov’ring wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds,
The blessèd angels sing.

And ye, beneath life’s crushing weight,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours,
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest on Christ your heavy load,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hast’ning on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heav’n and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace, their King,
And the whole world send back the song,
Which now the angels sing.

Joy Has Dawned

Keith Getty & Stuart Townend, 2004

Joy has dawned upon the world, promised from creation
God's salvation now unfurled, hope for ev'ry nation.
Not with fanfares from above, not with scenes of glory,
But a humble gift of love, Jesus born of Mary.

Sounds of wonder fill the sky with the songs of angels
As the mighty Prince of Life shelters in a stable.
Hands that set each star in place, shaped the earth in darkness,
Cling now to a mother's breast, vuln'erable and helpless.

Shepherds bow before the Lamb, gazing at the glory;
Gifts of men from distant lands prophesy the story.
Gold a King is born today, incense God is with us,
Myrrh His death will make a way, and by His blood He'll win us.

Son of Adam, Son of heaven, given as a ransom;
Reconciling God and man, Christ, our mighty champion!
What a Savior! What a Friend! What a glorious myst'ry!
Once a babe in Bethlehem, now the Lord of hist'ry.

Joy to the World

words and music, Public Domain; 2005, UBP

Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven, and heaven, and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Savior reigns! Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, repeat, the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found,
Far as, far as, the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love,
And wonders, wonders, of His love.

Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

words Liturgy of St. James, 4th cent.; tr. Gerard Moultrie, 1864, Public Domain; music French carol melody; UBP

Let all mortal flesh keep silence,
And with fear and trembling stand;
Ponder nothing worldly-minded,
For with blessing in his hand
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
Our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary,
As of old on earth he stood;
Lord of lords, in human nature,
In the body and the blood,
He will give to all the faithful
His own self for heav'nly food.

Rank on rank the host of heaven
Spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of light descendeth
From the realms of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish
As the darkness clears away.

At his feet the six-winged seraph;
Cherubim, with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to his presence,
As with ceaseless voice they cry,
“Alleluia, allelu—ia, Alleluia, Lord Most High!”
“Alleluia, allelu—ia, Alleluia, Lord Most High!”

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

German Hymn, 15th Century

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming from tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming as men of old have sung.
It came a flow'ret bright, amid the cold of winter, when half spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas fore-told it, the Rose I have in mind,
with Mary we behold it, the Virgin Mother kind.
To show God's love aright, she bore to men a Savior, when half spent was the night.

This flow'r, whose fragrance tender with sweet-ness fills the air,
dispels with glorious splendor the dark-ness everywhere.
True man, yet very God, from sin and death he saves us, and lightens every load.

O Savior, child of Mary, who felt our human woe;
O Savior, King of glory, who dost our weakness know,
Bring us at length, we pray, to the bright courts of heaven and to the endless day.

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

words Anonymous, 9th cent.; tr. John M. Neale, 1851

O come, O come, Emmanuel, And ransom captive Is-ra-el,
That mourns in lonely exile here Until the Son of God appear.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free, Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save, And give them vict'ry over the grave.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, thou Day-spring, come and cheer Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night And death's dark shadows put to flight.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Desire of nations, bind In one the hearts of a---ll mankind;
Bid Thou our sad divi----sions cease, And be Thyself our Ki---ng of Peace.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O Come All Ye Faithful

words and music, 2005, Public Domain; UBP

O come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O Come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem.
Come and behold Him, born the King of angels;

O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation;
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above!
Glory to God, glory in the highest;

O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Child, for us sinners poor and in the manger,
We would embrace Thee, with love and awe;
Who would not love Thee, loving us so dearly?

O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be all glory giv'n;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

O Holy Night

Words: Placide Cappeau, 1847 translated from French to English by John S. Dwight (1812-1893).

Music: Adolphe C. Adam (1803-1856)

O holy night, the stars are brightly shining;
It is the night of the dear Savior's birth!
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope, the weary soul rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices!
O night divine, O night when Christ was born!
O night, O holy night, O night divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand.
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here came the wise men from Orient land.
The King of kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our Friend!
He knows our need—to our weakness is no stranger.
Behold your King; before Him lowly bend!
Behold your King; before Him lowly bend!

Truly He taught us to love one another;
His law is love and His Gospel is peace.
Chains shall He break for the slave is our brother
And in His Name all oppression shall cease.
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we,
Let all within us praise His holy Name!
Christ is the Lord! O praise His name forever!
His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim!
His pow'r and glory evermore proclaim!

O Little Town of Bethlehem

Words: Phillips Brooks, 1867, Music: Lewis H. Redner, 1868

O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth, The everlasting Light.
The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary, And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep, Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together, Proclaim the holy birth
And praises sing to God, the King, And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently, The wondrous Gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts, The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem, Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sins and enter in, Be born to us today.
We hear the Christmas angels, The great glad tidings tell:
Oh, come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel!

O Savior, Rend the Heavens Wide

words from a German spiritual song; tr. Martin L. Seltz music Nathan Partain, 2003, UBP

O Savior, rend the heavens wide;
Come down, come down with mighty stride;
Unlock the gates, the doors break down
Unbar the way to heavens crown.

O Morning Star, O radiant Sun,
When will our hearts behold your dawn?
O Sun, arise; without your light
We grope in gloom and dark of night

Sin's dreadful doom upon us lies;
Grim death looms fierce before our eyes.
Oh, Come lead us, with mighty hand
Through exile to the promised land.

There shall we all our praises bring
Ever to you, our Savior King;
There shall we laud you and adore
Forever and forever more.
Forever and forever more.
Forever and forever more.

O Savior of our Fallen Race

words: Christe Redemptor Omnium, Latin office hymn, circa 6th Century. music, Nathan Partain, 2014

O Savior of our fallen race, O Brightness of the Father's face,
O Son who shared the Father's might, Before the world knew day or night,
O Jesus, very Light of light, Our constant star in sin's deep night:
Now hear the prayers your people pray, Throughout the world this holy day.

Remind us Lord of life and grace, How once, to save our fallen race,
You put our human vesture on, And came to us as Mary's son.
Today, as year by year its' light, Brings to our world a promise bright
One precious truth outshines the sun: Salvation comes from you alone.

For from the Father's throne you came, His banished children to reclaim;
And earth and sea and sky revere, The love of Him who sent you here.
And we are jubilant today, For you have washed our guilt away.
O hear the glad new song we sing, On this, the birth of Christ our King!

O Savior of our fallen race, The world will see your radiant face
For you who came to us before, Will come again and all restore.
Let songs of praise your name adorn, O Christ, Redeemer, virgin-born
Whom with the Father we adore, And Holy Spirit evermore.

Of the Father's love begotten

words: Aurelius Prudentius, 5th Century (Corde natus ex parentis) music: Divinum Mysterium, Sanctus trope, 11th Century

Of the Father's love begotten, ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega, He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been, And that future years shall see,
Evermore and Evermore

This is He Whom heav'n taught singers Sang of old with one accord;
Whom the scriptures of the prophets promised in their faithful word;
Now He shines, the long expected, Let creation praise its Lord
Evermore and Evermore

O ye heights of heaven adore Him; angel hosts, His praises sing;
Powers, dominions, bow before Him, and extol our God and King!
Let no tongue on earth be silent, Every voice in concert sing
Evermore and Evermore

Christ, to Thee with God the Father, and, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn and chant with high thanksgiving, and unwearied praises be:
Honor, glory, and dominion, and eternal victory
Evermore and Evermore

Once in Royal David's City

words and music Public Domain UBP

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Savior holy.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above,
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When, like stars, his children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

Savior of the Nations, Come

words: Ambrose, 4th., and Martin Luther, 1523; tr. Calvin Seerveld, 1984 (c) music: Enchiridia, Erfurt, 1524; arr. Bruce Benedict (c) 2009 Cardiphonia Music

Savior of the nations, come, show yourself, the virgins son.
Marvel, heaven, wonder earth, that our God chose such a birth.

Not by human power or seed did the woman's womb conceive;
Only by the Spirit's breath was the Word of God made flesh.

Mary then was found with child, still a virgin, chaste and mild.
God had favored her with grace to receive the Prince of Peace.

Christ laid down his majesty, passed through dark Gethsemane.
Though he left his Father's home, Christ now sits on God's own throne.

Christ in glory intercede for your creature's suff'ring need.
Let your resurrecting power soon complete the vict'ry hour.

Praise to you, O Lord, we sing. Praise to Christ, our newborn King!
With the Father, Spirit, one, let your lasting kingdom come.

Silent Night

words Joseph Mohr, c. 1818; vs. 1 & 3 tr. John F. Young, 1863; music Franz Gruber, 1820

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and Child.
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight;
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ the Savior is born,
Christ the Savior is born!

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light;
Radiant beams from Thy holy face.
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Silent night, holy night.
Wondrous star, lend thy light;
With the angels let us sing,
Alleluia to our King;
Christ the Savior is born,
Christ the Savior is born!

Sing We Now of Christmas

Trad. French Carol

Sing we now of Christmas, Noel sing we here!
Listen to our praises, to the Babe so dear.
Sing we Noel, the King is born, Noel!
Sing we now of Christmas, sing we all Noel!

Shepherds on the hillside heard the angels sing:
Glory, honor, praises to the infant King.
Sing we Noel, the King is born, Noel!
Sing we now of Christmas, sing we all Noel!

In the town they found Him; Son of Mary mild.
Sleeping in a manger was the Holy Child.
Sing we Noel, the King is born, Noel!
Sing we now of Christmas, sing we all Noel!

Wise Men sought and found Him, treasures did they bring;
Bowing down they worshiped Christ, the King of Kings
Sing we Noel, the King is born, Noel!
Sing we now of Christmas, sing we all Noel!

Thou Who Wast Rich

words: Frank Houghton; music: French Carol Melody, Arr. by Charles Kitson, 1930

Thou who wast rich beyond all splendor,
All for love's sake becamest poor;
Thrones for a manger didst surrender,
Sapphire paved courts for stable floor.
Thou who wast rich beyond all splendor,
All for love's sake becamest poor.

Thou who are God beyond all praising,
All for love's sake becamest man;
Stooping so low, but sinners raising,
Heav'nward by thine etern--al plan.
Thou who are God beyond all praising,
All for love's sake becamest man.

Thou who art love beyond all telling,
Savior and King, we worship thee.
Emmanuel, within us dwelling,
Make us what thou would have us be.
Thou who art love beyond all telling,
Savior and King, we worship thee.

What Child is this?

trad. English carol, 16th cent.; adapt. William C. Dix, 1865; Public Domain

What Child is this who, laid to rest On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet, While shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King, Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
Haste, haste, to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Mary.

Why lies He in such mean estate Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here The silent Word is pleading.
Nails, spear shall pierce Him through, The cross be borne for me, for you.
Hail, hail the Word made flesh, The Babe, the Son of Mary.

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh, Come peasant, king to own Him;
The King of kings salvation brings, Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise a song on high, The virgin sings her lullaby.
Joy, joy for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Mary.

Raise, raise a song on high, The virgin sings her lullaby.
Joy, joy for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Mary.



**Hymns and Songs
for Eastertide**

Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed

words: Isaac Watts, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, 1707; music: Irish Traditional Arr. Bruce Benedict, 2004

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 my self 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?

Christ the Lord is Risen Today

words Charles Wesley, 1739, Public Domain; music Anonymous, 1708, Public Domain

Christ, the Lord, is ris'n today, Al—leluia!
Sons of men and angels say; Al—leluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high; Al—leluia!
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, reply. Al—leluia!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Al—leluia!
Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Al—leluia!
Death, in vain, forbids his rise; Al—leluia!
Christ hath opened Paradise. Al—leluia!

Lives again, our glorious King; Al—leluia! Where,
O death, is now thy sting? Al—leluia!
Once he died, our souls to save; Al—leluia!
Where thy victory, O grave? Al—leluia!

Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven; Al—leluia!
Praise to thee by both be given; Al—leluia!
Thee we greet triumphant now; Al—leluia!
Hail, the Resurrection, thou! Al—leluia!

O Sacred Head Now Wounded

words Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153; tr. James W. Alexander, 1830; Hans L. Hassler, 1601

O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded with thorns, Thine only crown;
O Sacred head what Glory! What Bliss 'Till now was thine
Yet though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered, was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression, but Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor, vouch safe to me Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow to thank Thee, dearest friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever, and should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never outlive my love to Thee.

My shepherd, now receive me; my guardian, own me Thine.
Great blessings Thou didst give me, O source of gifts divine.
Thy lips have often fed me with words of truth and love;
Thy Spirit oft hath led me to heavenly joys above.

The joy can ne'er be spoken, above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken, I thus with safety hide.
When soul and body languish, oh, leave me not alone,
But take away mine anguish by virtue of Thine own!

Stricken, Smitten and Afflicted

words Thomas Kelly, 1804, Public Domain; music Wo ist Jesus, mein Verlangen, 1850, Public Domain

Stricken, smitten and afflicted, See him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ, by man rejected; Yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he!
'Tis the long expected prophet, David's Son, yet David's Lord;
By his Son God now has spoken: 'Tis the true and faithful Word.

Tell me, ye who hear him groaning, Was there ever grief like his?
Friends through fear his cause disowning, Foes insulting his distress:
Many hands were raised to wound him, None would interpose to save;
But the deepest stroke that pierced him Was the stroke that Justice gave.

Ye who think of sin but lightly, Nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view its nature rightly, Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the Sacrifice appointed! See who bears the awful load!
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed, Son of Man and Son of God.

Here we have a firm foundation, Here the refuge of the lost.
Christ's the Rock of our salvation, His the Name of which we boast.
Lamb of God for sinners wounded! Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded, Who on him their hope have built.

Up from the Grave

Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

Lo, in the grave he lay, Jesus my Savior
Waiting the coming day, Jesus my Lord.

Up from the grave he arose! With a mighty triumph o'er his foes.
He arose a victor from the dark domain, and he lives forever with his saints to reign!
He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!

Vainly they watch his bed, Jesus my Savior.
Vainly they seal the dead, Jesus my Lord.

Up from the grave he arose! With a mighty triumph o'er his foes.
He arose a victor from the dark domain, and he lives forever with his saints to reign!
He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!

Death cannot keep its prey, Jesus my Savior.
He tore the bars away, Jesus my Lord

Up from the grave he arose! With a mighty triumph o'er his foes.
He arose a victor from the dark domain, and he lives forever with his saints to reign!
He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!

Were You There?

African-American Spiritual, 1899, additional lyrics: Nathan Partain, 2018

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble,
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they stripped him of his clothes?
Were you there when they stripped him of his clothes?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they stripped him of his clothes?

Were you there when they mocked the King of kings?
Were you there when they mocked the King of kings?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they mocked the King of kings?

Were you there when our sin on him was laid?
Were you there when our sin on him was laid?
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble.
Were you there when our sin on him was laid?

Were you there when he washed us in his grace?

What Wondrous Love is This

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul,
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb, I will sing.
To God and to the Lamb Who is the great "I Am";
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing;
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

Until your kingdom come, we will pray, we will pray
Until your kingdom come, we will pray
Until your kingdom come, we await heav'n's only Son
Lord, that your will be done, we will pray, we will pray
Lord, that your will be done, we will pray.

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on;
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on.
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be;
And through eternity, I'll sing on, I'll sing on;
And through e-ter-ni-ty, I'll sing on.



REDEEMER
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1505 N Delaware St | Suite 200 | Indianapolis, Indiana

(317) 238-5487