

Sunday Morning, November 9

How Great Thou Art

1. 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 thro' out
the universe displayed.

Chorus

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!

2. When thro' the woods
and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds
sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down from
lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook
and feel the gentle breeze.

Chorus

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!

3. And when I think
that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die,
I scarce can take it in,
That on the cross,
my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

Chorus

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!

4. 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.

Chorus

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 Can It Be

1. And can it be that I should gain
An int'rest in the Savior's blood?
Died He for me,
who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God,
shouldst die for me?

Chorus

Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God,
shouldst die for me?

2. He left His Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite His grace!
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me.

Chorus

Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God,
shouldst die for me?

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

Chorus

Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God,
shouldst die for me?

4. No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown,
thru Christ my own.

Chorus

Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God,
shouldst die for me?

It Is Well With My Soul

1. 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.

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

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

3. 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!

Chorus

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

4. And, Lord, haste the day
when my 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.

Chorus

It is well (it is well)
With my soul (with my soul)
It is well, it is well with my soul.
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Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow

Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow; Praise Him, all creatures here
below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly
host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost. Amen.

Sunday Evening

Blest Be The Tie That Binds

1. Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3. When we assunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again.

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I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2. I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,

Her hymns of love and praise.

5. Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rise Up, O Church Of God

1. Rise up, O Church of God!
Have done with lesser things;
Give heart and mind and
soul and strength
To serve the King of kings.

2. Rise up, O Church of God!
His kingdom tarries long;
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

3. Rise up, O sons of God!
The Church for you doth wait,
Her strength unequal to her task,
Rise up, and make her great!

4. Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod;
As followers of the Son of Man,
Rise up, O Church of God!

I Love To Tell The Story

1. I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story
Because I know 'tis true;

It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

Chorus

I love to tell the story!
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2. I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word.

Chorus

I love to tell the story!
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

3. I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
to hear it like the rest.
And when in scenes of glory
I sing the new, new song;
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

Chorus

I love to tell the story!
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.
