

Praise Him Praise Him

Praise Him praise Him
Jesus our blessed Redeemer
Sing O earth His
Wonderful love proclaim

Hail Him hail Him
highest archangels in glory
Strength and honor
Give to His holy name

Like a shepherd
Jesus will guard His children
In His arms He
Carries them all day long

Praise Him praise Him
Tell of His excellent greatness
Praise Him praise Him
Ever in joyful song

Praise Him praise Him
Jesus our blessed Redeemer
For our sins He
Suffered and bled and died

He our Rock our
hope of eternal salvation
Hail Him hail Him
Jesus the Crucified

Sound His praises
Jesus who bore our sorrows
Love unbounded
Wonderful deep and strong

Praise Him praise Him
Tell of His excellent greatness
Praise Him praise Him
Ever in joyful song

Praise Him praise Him
Jesus our blessed Redeemer
Heav'nly portals
Loud with hosannas ring

Jesus Savior
Reigneth forever and ever
Crown Him crown Him
Prophet and Priest and King

Christ is coming
over the world victorious
Pow'r and glory
Unto the Lord belong

Praise Him Praise Him

Praise Him praise Him
Tell of His excellent greatness
Praise Him praise Him
Ever in joyful song

Come Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

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 Thy redeeming love

Here I raise mine Ebenezer
Hither by Thy help I'm come
And I hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home

Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wand'ring from the fold of God
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed His precious blood

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be
Let Thy grace Lord like a fetter
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee

Come Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

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

CCLI Song # 108389

John Wyeth | Robert Robinson

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What A Friend We Have In Jesus

What a Friend we have in Jesus
All our sins and griefs to bear
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer

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O what peace we often forfeit
O what needless pain we bear
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer

Have we trials and temptations
Is there trouble anywhere
We should never be discouraged
Take it to the Lord in prayer

Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share
Jesus knows our every weakness
Take it to the Lord in prayer

Are we weak and heavy laden
Cumbered with a load of care
Precious Savior still our Refuge
Take it to the Lord in prayer

What A Friend We Have In Jesus

Do your friends despise forsake you
Take it to the Lord in prayer
In His arms He'll take and shield you
You will find a solace there

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The Old Rugged Cross

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On a hill far away
Stood an old rugged cross
The emblem of suff'ring and shame

And I love that old cross
Where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

Oh the old rugged cross
So despised by the world
Has a wondrous attraction for me

For the dear Lamb of God
Left His glory above
To bear it to dark Calvary

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

In the old rugged cross
Stained with blood so divine
A wondrous beauty I see

For 'twas on that old cross
Jesus suffered and died
To pardon and sanctify me

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

To the old rugged cross

I will ever be true

It's shame and reproach gladly bear

Then He'll call me some day
To my home far away
Where His glory forever I'll share

The Old Rugged Cross

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

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When I Survey

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Isaac Watts | Ralph E. Hudson

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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 blood 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 e'er such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown

When I Survey

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