

Lord, With Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee (Th #80)

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
for the bliss thy love bestows,
For the pard'ning grace that save me,
and the peace that from it flows.
Help, O God, my weak endeavor; this dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never can my love be warmed to
praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
wretched wand'rer far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
from the paths of death away.
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
bade the blood-stained cross appear.

Praise, thy Savior God that drew thee to that cross, new life to give,
Held a blood-sealed pardon to thee,
bade thee look to him and live.

Praise the grace whose threats alarmed thee,
roused thee from thy fatal ease;
Praise the grace whose promise warmed thee,
praise the grace that whispered peace.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
deign thy suppliant's pray'r to bless.
Let thy love, my soul's chief treasure,
love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
let my life show forth thy praise.

Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise (TH #38)

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unchanging 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.

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!

Worthy Is The Lamb (B pg. 59)

Thank You for the cross, Lord
Thank You for the price You paid
Bearing all my sin and shame
In love You came and gave amazing grace

Thank You for this love, Lord
Thank You for the nail-pierced hands
Washed me in Your cleansing flow
Now all I know Your forgiveness and embrace

Chorus:

Worthy is the Lamb
Seated on the throne
Crown You now with many crowns
You reign victorious
High and lifted up
Jesus Son of God
The Darling of Heaven crucified
Worthy is the Lamb
Worthy is the Lamb

“Worthy Is The Lamb” words and music by Darlene Zschech
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Joyful, Joyful (B pg. 37-38)

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 the day!

All Thy works with joy surround Thee,
Earth and heaven reflect Thy rays,
Stars and angels sing around Thee,
Center of the 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 of divine.



Mortals, join the happy chorus,
Which the morning stars began;
Father love is reigning o'er us,
Brother love binds man to man.
Ever singing, march we onward,
Victors in the midst of strife,
Joyful music leads us Sonward
In the triumph song of life.

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You Are My King (B pg. 60)

I'm forgiven because you were forsaken
I'm accepted; You were condemned
I'm alive and well,
Your Spirit is within me
Because You died and rose again.

Amazing love, how can it be
That you, my King, would die for me?
Amazing love, I know it's true;
It's my joy to honor You, in all I do,
I honor You.

You are my King, You are my King.

Jesus, You are my King, Jesus, You are my King.

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Jesus! What A Friend For Sinners! (TH #498)

Jesus! What a Friend for sinners! Jesus! Lover of my soul;
Friends may fail me, foes assail me, he, my Savior, makes me
whole.

Refrain

Hallelujah! What a Savior! Hallelujah! What a Friend!
Saving, helping, keeping, loving, he is with me to the end.

Jesus! What a strength in weakness! Let me hide myself in him;
Tempted, tried, and sometimes failing, he, my strength, my vict'ry
wins.

Refrain

Jesus! What a help in sorrow! While the billows o'er me roll,
Even when my heart is breaking, he, my comfort, helps me soul.

Refrain

Jesus! What a guide and keeper! While the tempest still is high,
Storms about me, night o'ertakes me, he, my pilot, hears my cry.

Refrain

Jesus! I do now receive him, more than all in him I find;
He hath granted me forgiveness, I am his, and he is mine.

Refrain