

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.

Our God, Our Help In Ages Past (TH #30)

Our God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home:

Under the shadow of your throne your saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is your arm alone, and our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, or earth received her frame,
From everlasting you are God, to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in your sight are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood, with all their lives and cares,
Are carried downward by your flood, and lost in foll'wing years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream dies at the op'ning day.

Our God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come:
O be our guard while troubles last, and our eternal home.

God Will Take Care Of You (TH #134)

Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you;
Beneath his wings of love abide, God will take care of you.

Chorus

God will take care of you, through every day, o'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.

Through days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of
you;
When dangers fierce your path assail, God will take care of you.

All you may need he will provide, God will take care of you;
Trust him and you will be satisfied, God will take care of you.

No matter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Lean, weary one, upon his breast, God will take care of you.

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross
The emblem of suffering and shame
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain

Chorus

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 that 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

In the old rugged cross stained with blood so divine
Such a wonderful beauty I see
For it was on that old cross Jesus suffered and died
To pardon and sanctify me

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true
Its shame and reproach gladly bear
Then He'll call me someday to my home far away
Where His glory forever I'll share

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God Moves In A Mysterious Way (TH #128)

God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines of never failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs, and works in sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; the clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break in blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, but trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence he hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast, unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err, and scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain.