

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.

How Firm A Foundation (TH #94)

How firm a foundation, you saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent Word!
What more can he say than to you he has said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

"Fear not, I am with you, O be not dismayed;
For I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters I call you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with you, your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

"When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be your supply;
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume and your gold to refine.

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

"The soul that on Jesus has 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."

More About Jesus Would I Know (TH #538)

More about Jesus would I know, more of his grace to others show;
More of his saving fullness see, more of his love who died for me.

Refrain

More, more about Jesus,
More, more about Jesus,
More of his saving fullness see,
More of his love who died for me.

More about Jesus let me learn, more of his holy will discern;
Spirit of God, my teacher be, showing the things of Christ to me.

Refrain

More about Jesus; in his Word, holding communion with my Lord;
Hearing his voice in ev'ry line, making each faithful saying mine.

Refrain

More about Jesus on his throne, riches in glory all his own;
More of his kingdom's sure increase; more of his coming, Prince of Peace.

Refrain

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.