

Grace Welcomes You

March 10, 2024

O For A Thousand Tongues To Sing

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

To God all glory, praise, and love
Be now and ever giv'n;
By saints below and saints above,
The church in earth and heav'n.

Text: Charles Wesley Music: Carl Gläser

Psalm 96 (O Sing a New Song)

O sing a new song to the LORD;

All earth sing to the LORD.

Sing to the LORD,

And bless His name;

"He saves!" each day proclaim.

His glory to all nations show;

His deeds let peoples know.

O families of earth, ascribe

All glory to the LORD.

All strength ascribe unto the LORD;

Give glory due His name.

Come to the LORD, into His courts,

And bring an offering.

The LORD is great, great praise He's due.

He's feared above all gods.

For people's gods mere idols are;

The LORD the heavens made.

Before Him honor, majesty,

And strength and splendor dwell.

Be Still, My Soul

Be still, my soul; the Lord is on your side;
bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
leave to your God to order and provide;
in ev'ry change he faithful will remain.

Be still, my soul; your best, your heav'nly friend
through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul; your God will undertake
to guide the future as he has the past;
your hope, your confidence, let nothing shake;
all now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul; the waves and winds still know
his voice who ruled them while he lived below.

Be still, my soul; when dearest friends depart
and all is darkened in the vale of tears,
then you will better know his love, his heart,
who comes to soothe your sorrows and your fears.

Be still, my soul; your Jesus can repay
from his own fullness all he takes away.

Be still, my soul; the hour is hast'ning on
when we shall be for - ever with the Lord,
when disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still my soul; when change and tears are past,
all safe and blesséd we shall meet at last.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
'Til life's storm is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
I helpless, hang on Thee;
Leave, oh leave me not alone,
Support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
In the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, are all I want,
Here more than all I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
For all eternity.

The Look

I saw one hanging on a tree
In agony and blood
Who fixed his loving eyes on me
As near his cross I stood
And never till my dying breath
Will I forget that look
It seemed to charge me with his death
Though not a word he spoke

My conscience felt and owned the guilt
And plunged me in despair
I saw my sins his blood had spilt
And helped to nail him there
But with a second look he said
“I freely all forgive
This blood is for your ransom paid
I died that you might live.”

Forever etched upon my mind
Is the look of Him who died
The Lamb I crucified
And now my life will sing the praise
Of pure atoning grace
That looked on me and
Gladly took my place

Thus while his death my sin displays
For all the world to view
Such is the mystery of grace
It seals my pardon too
With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled
That I should such a life destroy
Yet live by Him I killed

Forever etched upon my mind
Is the look of Him who died
The Lamb I crucified
And now my life will sing the praise
Of pure atoning grace
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Original words by John Newton (1725-1807), music and add. words by Bob Kauflin.

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Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we've first begun.

Text: John Newton Tune: NEW BRITIAN, from William Walker's "The Southern Harmony"