

All Creatures of Our God and King

All you have made will praise you, O LORD: your saints will extol you. Ps. 145:10

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1. All crea - tures of our God and King, lift up your voice and
 2. Thou rush - ing wind that art so strong, ye clouds that sail in
 3. Thou flow - ing wa - ter, pure and clear, make mu - sic for thy
 4. And all ye men of ten - der heart, for - giv - ing oth - ers,
 5. Let all things their Cre - a - tor bless, and wor - ship him in

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with us sing al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Thou burn - ing
 heav'n a - long, O praise him, al - le - lu - ia! Thou ris - ing
 • Lord to hear, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Thou fire so
 take your part, O sing ye, al - le - lu - ia! Ye who long
 hum - ble - ness, O praise him, al - le - lu - ia! Praise, praise the

sun with gold - en beam, thou sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam,
 morn in praise re - joice, ye lights of eve - ning, find a voice,
 • mas - ter - ful and bright, that giv - est man both warmth and light,
 pain and sor - row bear, praise God and on him cast your care,
 Fa - ther, praise the Son, and praise the Spir - it, three in one,

O praise him, O praise him, al - le - lu - ia,

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al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

In Christ Alone

1. In Christ a - lone my hope is found, he is my light, my strength, my
 2. In Christ a - lone! Who took on flesh, full-ness of God in help - less
 3. There in the ground his bod - y lay, light of the world by dark - ness
 4. No guilt in life, no fear in death: this is the pow'r of Christ in

song; this cor - ner - stone, this sol - id ground, firm through the
 babel! This gift of love and righ - teous - ness, scorned by the
 slain; then burst - ing forth in glo - rious day, up from the
 me. From life's first cry to fin - al breath, Je - sus com -

fier - est drought and storm. What heights of love, what depths of peace,
 ones he came to save. 'Til on that cross as Je - sus died,
 grave he rose a - gain! And as he stands in vic - to - ry,
 mands my des - ti - ny. No pow'r of hell, no scheme of man,

when fears are stilled, when striv - ings cease! My com - for -
 the wrath of God was sat - is - fied; for ev - 'ry
 sin's curse has lost its grip on me; for I am
 can ev - er pluck me from his hand; 'til he re -

ter, my all in all— here in the love of Christ I stand.
 sin on him was laid— here in the death of Christ I live.
 his and he is mine— bought with the pre - cious blood of Christ.
 turns or calls me home— here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand.

Keith Getty and Stuart Townend

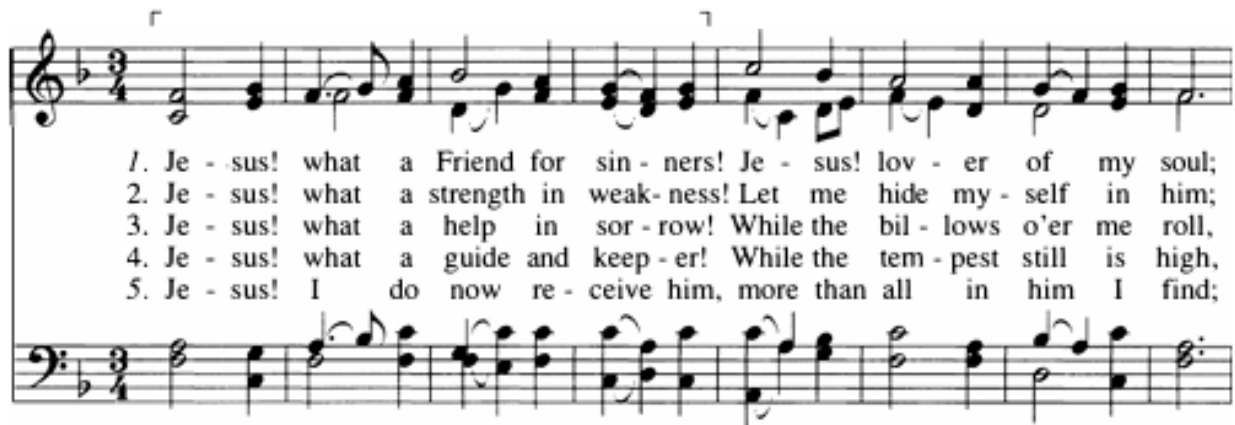
IN CHRIST ALONE L.M.D.
 Keith Getty and Stuart Townend
 arr. Ruth Coleman

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Jesus! What a Friend for Sinners!

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A friend of ... "sinners." Matt. 11:19



1. Je - sus! what a Friend for sin - ners! Je - sus! lov - er of my soul;
 2. Je - sus! what a strength in weak - ness! Let me hide my - self in him;
 3. Je - sus! what a help in sor - row! While the bil - lows o'er me roll,
 4. Je - sus! what a guide and keep - er! While the tem - pest still is high,
 5. Je - sus! I do now re - ceive him, more than all in him I find;



friends may fail me, foes as - sail me, he, my Sav - ior, makes me whole.
 tempt - ed, tried, and some - times fail - ing, he, my strength, my vic - t'ry wins.
 • e - ven when my heart is break - ing, he, my com - fort, helps my soul.
 storms a - bout me, night o'er - takes me, he, my pi - lot, hears my cry.
 he hath grant - ed me for - give - ness, I am his, and he is mine.

REFRAIN



Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Friend!



Sav - ing, help - ing, keep - ing, lov - ing, he is with me to the end.

Be Thou My Vision

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Whatever was to my profit I now consider loss for the sake of Christ. Phil. 3:7

Unison

1. Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart; naught be all
 2. Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word; I ev - er
 3. Be thou my bat - tle shield, sword for my fight; be thou my
 4. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise, thou mine in -
 5. High King of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won, may I reach

else to me, save that thou art— thou my best thought by
 with thee and thou with me, Lord; thou my great Fa - ther,
 • dig - ni - ty, thou my de - light, thou my soul's shel - ter,
 her - i - tance, now and al - ways: thou and thou on - ly,
 heav - en's joys, O bright heav'n's Sun! Heart of my own heart, what -

day or by night, wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 I thy true son; thou in me dwell - ing, and I with thee one.
 • thou my high tow'r: raise thou me heav'n-ward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.
 first in my heart, High King of heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.
 ev - er be - fall, still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Ancient Irish poem, ca. 8th cent.
 Tr. by Mary E. Byrne, 1905
 Versified by Eleanor H. Hull, 1912

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 Traditional Irish melody
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