

Comfort, Comfort All My People

Christian Worship #11 Text: Johannes Olearius, Tune: *Trente quatre Pseaumes de David*
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“Comfort, comfort all my people;
Speak of peace,” so says our God.
“Comfort those who sit in darkness,
Groaning from their sorrows’ load.
Speak to all Jerusalem
Of the peace that waits for them;
Tell them that their sins I cover,
That their warfare now is over.”

All their sins our God will pardon,
Blotting out each dark misdeed;
All that well deserve his anger
He no more will see or heed.
They have suffered many days;
Now their shame has passed away.
God will change their hurt and sadness
Into overflowing gladness.

John the Baptist’s voice is crying
In the desert far and near,
Calling people to repentance
For the kingdom now is here.
Oh that warning cry obey!
Now prepare for God a way;
Let the valleys rise to meet him
And the hills bow down to greet him.

Amazing Grace- How Sweet the Sound

Christian Worship #379 Text: John Newton, Tune: *Columbian Harmony*

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.

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

T'was 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;
It was grace that brought me safe this far,
And grace will lead me home.

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'd first begun.

Take My Life and Let It Be

Christian Worship #469 Text: Frances R. Havergal, Tune: William Havergal

Take my life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Take my moments and my days; let them flow in endless praise.

Take my hands and let them move at the impulse of your love.
Take my feet and let them be swift and beautiful for thee.

Take it all, Lord. Take it all!
Take it all, Lord. Take it all!

Take my voice and let me sing always, only for my King.
Take my lips and let them be filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold; not a thing would I withhold.
Take my intellect and use every power as you choose.

Take it all, Lord. Take it all!
Take it all, Lord. Take it all!

Take my love, my Lord, I pour at your feet its treasure store.
Take myself and I will be ever, only, all for thee.

Go to Dark Gethsemane

Christian Worship #104 Text: James Montgomery, Tune: Richard Redhead

Go to dark Gethsemane,
All who feel the tempter's power
Your Redeemer's conflict see.
Watch with him one bitter hour
Turn not from his griefs away
Learn from Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall
View the Lord of life arraigned.
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, pain, or loss
Learn from him to bear the cross.

Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" hear him cry
Learn from Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay
All is solitude and gloom.
Who has taken Him away?
Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes.
Savior, teach us so to rise.

Oh, Come, Oh, Come, Emmanuel

Christian Worship #23 Text: Latin hymn, c. 12th century, Tune: Plainsong melody, 15th century

Oh come, Oh come, Emmanuel, and ransom captive Israel
That mourns in lonely exile here until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to you, O Israel!

Oh come, you Rod of Jesse, free your own from Satan's tyranny
From depths of hell your people save, and give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to you, O Israel!

Oh come, you Key of David, come, and open wide our heavenly home.
Make safe the way that leads on high, and close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to you, O Israel!

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

Christian Worship #433 Text: Edward Hopper, Tune: John E. Gould

Jesus, Savior, pilot me over life's tempestuous sea.
Unknown waves before me roll, hiding rock and treacherous shoal.
Chart and compass come from thee: Jesus, Savior, pilot me

Though the sea be smooth and bright, sparkling with the stars of night,
And my ship's path be ablaze with the light of golden days,
Still I know my need of thee. Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

When you stayed behind to pray, your disciples fought the waves,
Crying out to see your form walk on water through the storm.
Calming fears, you stilled the sea. Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child, you can hush the oceans wild.
Violent waves obey your will when you say to them, "Be still."
Wondrous sovereign of the sea- Jesus Savior pilot me

When at last I near the shore and the fearful breakers roar,
I will reach that holy land. When I falter, take my hand.
May I hear you say to me, "Fear not! I will pilot thee."

Beautiful Savior

Christian Worship #369 Text: *Münsterisch Gesangbuch*, Münster, Tune: Silesian folk tune, 19th century

Oh, my savior, you are beautiful- like the sparkling stars on high...

Beautiful Savior, King of creation,
Son of God and Son of Man!
Truly I'd love thee, truly I'd serve thee,
Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.

Fair are the meadows, fair are the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming spring
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
He makes our sorrowing spirit sing.

Oh, my Savior, you are beautiful- like the sparkling stars on high.
My Savior, you are beautiful- shining brighter than the angels in the sky.

Beautiful Savior, Lord of the nations,
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor, praise, adoration
Now and forevermore be Thine!

What a Friend We Have in Jesus

Christian Worship #411 Text: James Montgomery, Tune: *The Whole Book of Psalmes*, London

What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit, oh what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged- take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness- take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden, cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge- take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do your friends despise, forsake you? Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In his arms he'll take and shield you; you will find a solace there.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Christian Worship #105 Text: attr. Bernard of Clairvaux, Tune: Hans Leo Hassler

O sacred head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded, with thorns your only crown,
O sacred head, no glory now from your face does shine;
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call you mine.

Men mock you and they taunt you, they smite your countenance,
Though mighty worlds will fear you and run before your glance.
How pale you are with anguish, with such abuse and scorn!
Your eyes with pain now languish that once were bright as morn!

My burden in your passion, Lord, you have borne for me,
For it was my transgression, my shame, on Calvary.
I cast me down before you; wrath is my rightful lot.
Have mercy, I implore you; Redeemer, leave me not!

Where can I find the language to thank you, dearest Friend,
For this, your dying sorrow, your suffering without end?
Oh, make me yours forever, and keep me strong and true;
Lord, let me never, ever outlive my love for you.

My Song is Love Unknown

Christian Worship #110 Text: Samuel Crossman, Tune: John N. Ireland

My song is love unknown, my Savior's love to me,
Love to the loveless shown that they might lovely be.
Oh, who am I that for my sake
My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?

He came from heaven's throne salvation to bestow,
But they disowned him; few the longed-for Christ would know!
This is my friend, my friend indeed,
Who at my need his life did spend!

Palm branches pave his way, and his sweet praises ring,
Resounding all the day Hosannas to the King.
Then, "Crucify!" is all their breath,
And for His death they thirst and cry.

Why, what has my Lord done to cause this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run and gave the blind their sight.
What injuries! Yet they are why
The Lord Most High so cruelly dies.

With angry shouts they rave; lead my dear Lord away.
A murderer they save; the Prince of Life they slay.
Yet willingly he bears the shame,
And by his name his foes are freed.

There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood

Christian Worship #112 Text: William Cowper, Tune: Lowell Mason

There is a fountain filled with blood- Immanuel was slain-
And sinners who are washed therein lose every guilty stain,
Lose every guilty stain.

The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day
And there have I, as vile as he, washed all my sins away,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, your precious blood will never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God be saved and sin no more,
Be saved and sin no more.

Ever since by faith I saw the stream your flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme and shall be till I die,
And shall be till I die.

When this poor lispng, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing your power to save,
I'll sing your power to save.

A Great and Mighty Wonder

Christian Worship #36 Text: Germanus, Tune: *Alte Catholische Geistliche Kirchengeseng*, Koln

A great and mighty wonder, a glorious mystery

A virgin bears an infant who veils his deity.

Repeat the hymn again:

“To God on high be glory and peace on earth to men.”

The Word becomes incarnate and yet remains on high,

And cherubim sing anthems to shepherds from the sky.

Repeat the hymn again:

“To God on high be glory and peace on earth to men.”

And as they sing your monarch, those bright angelic bands,

Rejoice valleys and mountains, and oceans clap your hands.

Repeat the hymn again:

“To God on high be glory and peace on earth to men.”

All idols then shall perish and Satan’s lying cease,

And Christ shall raise his scepter, decreeing endless peace.

Repeat the hymn again:

“To God on high be glory and peace on earth to men.”

How Great Thou Art

Christian Worship #256 Text: Stuart W. K. Hine, Tune: Swedish Folk tune

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Chorus:

Then sings my soul, my Savior-God, to thee,
“How great thou art! How great thou art!”
Then sings my soul, my Savior-God, to thee,
“How great thou art! How great thou art!”

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

(Chorus)

When Christ will come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy will fill my heart!
And I will bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim: "My God, how great thou art!"

(Chorus)