

I'm But a Stranger Here

Christian Worship #417 Text: Thomas R. Taylor, Tune: Arthur S. Sullivan

I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home.
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
'Round me on every hand.
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Safe though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home.
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast.
I will reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

There at my Savior's side,
Heaven is my home.
I will be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best
And there, I too, shall rest.
Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home.
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand.
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Down By the Riverside

African-American Spiritual

I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside, down by the riverside.
Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside.
Ain't gonna study war no more.

Chorus:

I ain't gonna study war no more,
Ain't gonna study war no more,
Ain't gonna study war no more.
I ain't gonna study war no more,
Ain't gonna study war no more,
Ain't gonna study war no more.

I'm gonna put on my golden shoes
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside, down by the riverside.
Gonna put on my golden shoes
Down by the riverside.
Ain't gonna study war no more.

(Chorus)

I'm gonna put on my long white robe
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside, down by the riverside.
Gonna put on my long white robe
Down by the riverside.
Ain't gonna study war no more.

(Chorus)

I'm gonna talk with the Prince of Peace
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside, down by the riverside.
Gonna talk with the Prince of Peace
Down by the riverside.
Ain't gonna study war no more.

(Chorus)

A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth

Christian Worship #100 Text: Paul Gerhardt, Tune: Wolfgang Dachstein

A Lamb goes uncomplaining forth, our guilt and evil bearing
And laden with the sins of earth, none else the burden sharing.
Goes patient on, grows weak and faint, to slaughter led without complaint,
That spotless life to offer,
Bears shame and stripes, and wounds and death,
Anguish and mockery, and says "Willing all this I suffer."

This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great Friend, the Lamb of God, our Savior;
Him God the Father chose to send to gain for us His favor.
"Go forth, My Son," the Father said, "and free my children from their dread
From guilt and condemnation.
The wrath and stripes are hard to bear,
But by your passion they will share the fruit of your salvation."

"Yes, Father, yes, most willingly I'll bear what you command me.
My will conforms to your decree; I'll do what you have asked me."
O wondrous Love, what have you done! The Father offers up His Son,
Desiring our salvation.
O Love, how strong you are to save!
You make his bed within the grave who built the earth's foundation.

Nearer, My God, to Thee

Text: Sarah F. Adams, Tune: Lowell Mason

Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
Though it may be a cross that raises me;
Still all my song shall be nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts bright with your praise,
Out of my bitter tears, eternity I'll raise;
So by my sorrows be nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing, cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

Just As I Am, Without One Plea

Christian Worship #397 Text: Charlotte Elliott, Tune: William B. Bradbury

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that your blood was shed for me,
And that you bid me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To you whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yes, all I need in you to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, you will receive,
Will welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because your promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, your love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be yours, yes, yours alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Lord of Glory, You Have Bought Us

Christian Worship #486 Text: Eliza S. Alderson, Tune: Rowland H. Prichard

Lord of glory, you have bought us
With your lifeblood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
And with that have freely given
Blessings countless as the sand
To the unthankful and the evil
With your own unsparing hand.

Grant us hearts, dear Lord to give you
Gladly, freely, of your own.
With the sunshine of your goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by you at length believe
That more happy and more blessed
'Tis to give than to receive.

Lord of glory, you have bought us
With your lifeblood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice.
Give us faith to trust you boldly,
Hope to stay our souls on you;
But, oh, best of all your graces,
With your love our love renew.

Be Still, My Soul

Christian Worship #415 Text: Catharina A. von Schlegel, Tune: Jean J. C. Sibelius
Arranged: Jayne Nitz 2001, 2009

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 guided the past.
Your hope, your confidence in him, let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall shine brightly at last.
Be still, my soul; oh, the waves and winds still know
His voice who ruled them while he lived here below.

Be still, my soul; though dearest friends depart
And all is darkened in the vale of your tears;
Then you will better know his love, and 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, he takes away.

Be still, my soul; the hour is hast'ning on
When we shall be forever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief, and fear are finally gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul; when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet our Lord at last.

I Know It Was the Blood

African-American Spiritual

I know it was the blood.
I know it was the blood.
I know it was the blood for me.
One day when I was lost, he died upon the cross.
And I know it was the blood for me.

They nailed him to the cross.
They nailed him to the cross.
They nailed him to the cross.
They nailed him to the cross for me.
One day when I was lost, he died upon the cross.
And I know it was the blood for me.

They pierced him in his side.
They pierced him in his side.
They pierced him in his side for me.
One day when I was lost, he died upon the cross.
And I know it was the blood for me.

He never said a mumblin' word.
He never said a mumblin' word.
He never said a mumblin' word, for me.
One day when I was lost, he died upon the cross.
And I know it was the blood for me.

He hung his head and died.
He hung his head and died.
He hung his head and died for me.
One day when I was lost, he died upon the cross.
And I know it was the blood for me.

He's coming back again.
He's coming back again.
He's coming back again for me.
One day when I was lost, he died upon the cross.
He's coming back again for me.

I know it was the blood for me.

Christ the Life of All the Living

Christian Worship #114 Text: Ernst C. Homburg, Tune: Das grosse Cantional, Darmstadt

Christ, the Life of all the living,
Christ, the Death of death, our foe,
Who, yourself for me once giving
To the darkest depths of woe-
Through your sufferings, death, and merit
I eternal life inherit.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, dearest Jesus, unto thee.

You have borne the suffering only
That my wounds might all be whole;
You have suffered, sad and lonely,
Rest to give my weary soul;
Yes, the curse of God enduring,
Blessing to me securing.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, dearest Jesus, unto thee.

You have suffered men to bruise you
That from pain I might be free;
Falsely did your foes accuse you-
So I gain security.
Comfortless your soul did languish
Just to comfort in my anguish.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, dearest Jesus, unto thee.

You have suffered great affliction
And have borne it patiently,
Even death by crucifixion,
Fully to atone for me.
And you chose to be tormented
That my death should be prevented.
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, dearest Jesus, unto thee.

Then, for all that brought my pardon,
For your sorrows deep and sore,
For your anguish in the garden,
I will thank you evermore,
Thank you for your groaning, sighing,
For your bleeding and your dying,
For that last triumphant cry, I will praise you, Lord, on high.

Lord Jesus Christ, You Have Prepared

Christian Worship #312 Text: Samuel Kinner, Tune: Peter Sohren

Lord Jesus Christ, you have prepared this feast for our salvation;
It is your body and your blood, and at your invitation
As weary souls, with sin oppressed, we come to you for needed rest,
For comfort and for pardon.

Yet, Savior, you are not confined to any habitation,
But you are present everywhere and with your congregation.
Firm as a rock this truth shall stand, unmoved by any daring hand
Or subtle craft and cunning.

We eat this bread and drink this cup, your precious Word believing
That your true body and your blood our lips are here receiving.
This Word remains forever true; there's not a thing you cannot do,
For you, Lord, are almighty

Though reason cannot understand, yet faith this truth embraces:
Your body, Lord, is everywhere at once in many places.
I leave to you how this can be; your Word is still enough for me;
I trust its truth unfailing.

Lord, I believe what you have said; help me when doubts assail me.
Remember that I am but dust, and let my faith not fail me.
Your supper in this vale of tears refreshes me and stills my fears
And is my priceless treasure.

Take the World, but Give Me Jesus

Christian Worship #355 Text: Fanny J. Crosby, Tune: J. Paul Williams

Take the world, but give me Jesus!
All its joys are but a name.
But his love abides forever,
Through eternal years the same.

Refrain:

Oh, the height and depth of mercy;
Oh, the length and breadth of love!
Oh, the fullness of redemption,
Pledge of endless life above!

Take the world, but give me Jesus,
Sweetest comfort of my soul.
With my Savior watching o'er me,
I can sing, though billows roll.

(Refrain)

Take the world, but give me Jesus!
Let me view his constant smile.
Then throughout my pilgrim journey
Light will cheer me all the while.

(Refrain)

Take the world, but give me Jesus!
In his cross my trust will be
Till with clearer, brighter vision
Face to face my Lord I see.

(Refrain)

Have Thine Own Way, Lord

Text: Adelaide Pollard, Tune: George Stebbins

Have thine own way, Lord! Have thine own way!
You are the Potter, I am the clay.
Mold me and make me after your will,
While I am waiting, yielded and still.

Have thine own way, Lord! Have thine own way!
Search me and try me, Master, today!
Wash me just now, Lord, wash me just now,
As in thy presence humbly I bow.

Have thine own way, Lord! Have thine own way!
Wounded and weary, help me, I pray!
Power, all power, surely is Thine!
Touch me and heal me, Savior divine.

Have thine own way, Lord! Have thine own way!
Hold o'er my being absolute sway!
Fill with your Spirit 'till all shall see
Christ only, always, living in me.

Abide With Me

Christian Worship #588 Text: Henry F. Lyte, Tune: William H. Monk

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide.
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see;
You stay the same, oh Lord, abide with me.

I need your presence every passing hour.
What but your grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like yourself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with you at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, your victory?
I triumph still, if you abide with me.

Hold up your cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Just a Closer Walk with Thee

Traditional Gospel Song

I am weak, but you are strong.
Jesus, keep me from all wrong.
I'll be satisfied as long
As I walk, let me walk close to thee.

Refrain:

Just a closer walk with thee,
Grant it, Jesus, is my plea.
Daily walking close to thee:
Let it be, dear Lord, let it be.

Through this world of toil and snares,
If I falter, Lord, who cares?
Who with me my burden shares?
None but thee, dear Lord, none but thee.

(Refrain)

When my feeble life is o'er,
Time for me will be no more.
Guide me gently, safely o'er
To your kingdom shore, to your shore.

(Refrain)

What Wondrous Love Is This

Christian Worship #120 American Folk Hymn

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this
That caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul,
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul!

When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul for my soul,
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul.

To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb,
Who is the great I AM,
With millions hand in hand, I will sing, I will sing,
With millions hand in hand, I will sing.

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on;
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on.
And when from death I'm free
I'll sing His love for me,
And through eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And through eternity I'll sing on.

Now the Light Has Gone Away

Christian Worship #593 Text: Francis R. Havergal, Tune: Liederbuch für Kleinkinder-Schulen,
Kaiserworth

Now the light has gone away;
Father, listen while I pray,
Asking you to watch and keep
And to send me quiet sleep.

Jesus, Savior, wash away
All that has been wrong today.
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like thee.

Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to thee.
Oh, bring me and all I love
To your happy home above.

Now my evening praise I give:
You tasted death that I might live.
All my blessings come from thee.
Oh, how good you are to me!

You, my best and kindest Friend,
You will love me to the end.
Let me love you more and more,
Always better than before.