

At The Cross

By Isaac Watts (1707)

Alas! and did my Savior bleed
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Refrain

At the cross, at the cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day!

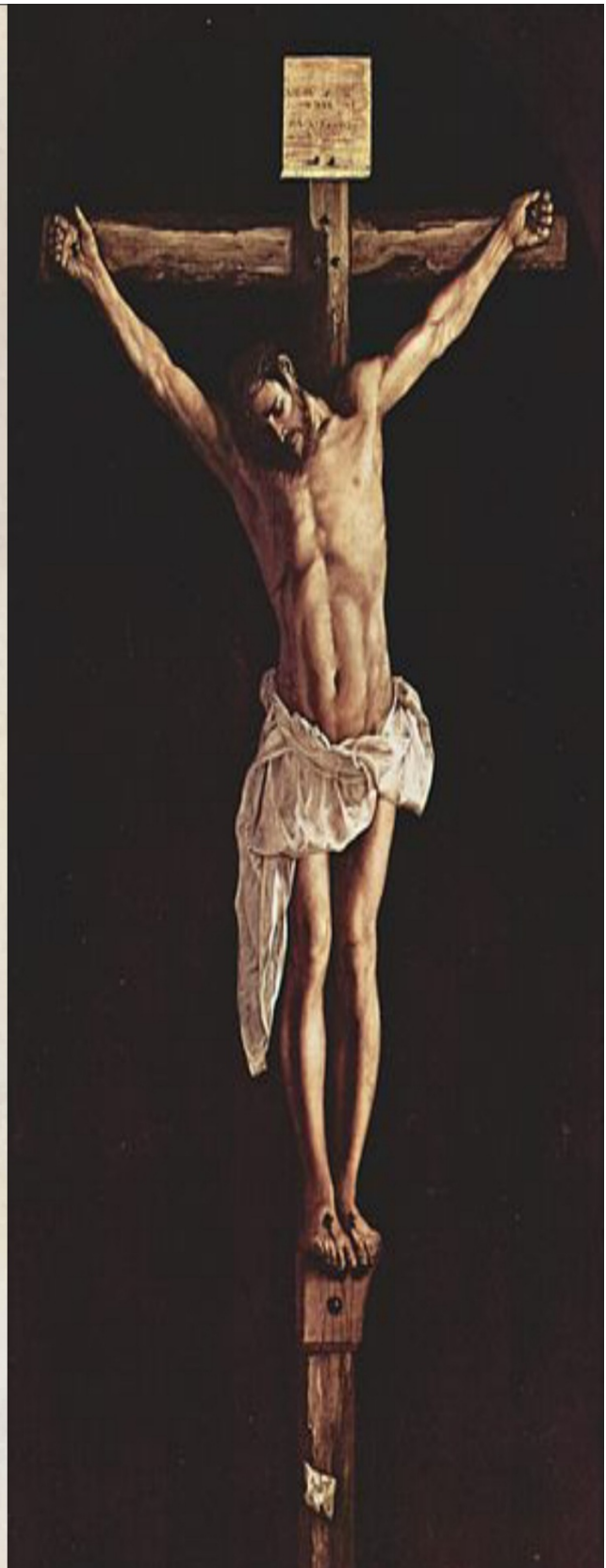
Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine
And bathed in its own blood
While the firm mark of wrath
divine;
His soul in anguish stood.

Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness
hide
And shut its glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
died,
For man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away
'Tis all that I can do.



Near the Cross

by Fanny J. Crosby (1869)

Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain
Free to all, a healing stream
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

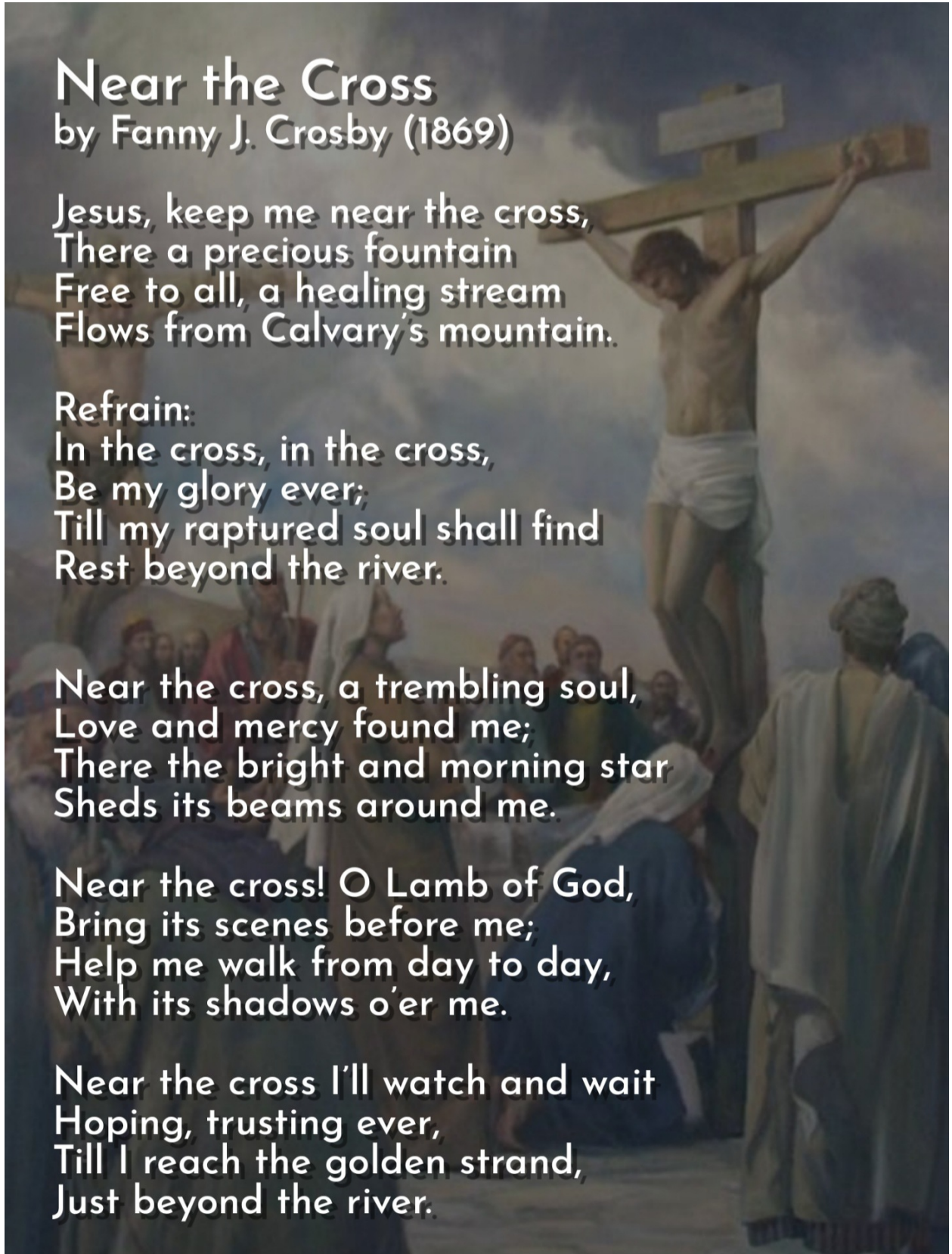
Refrain:

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.

Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

Near the cross I'll watch and wait
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.



To God Be the Glory

by Fanny Crosby (1875)

**To God be the glory great things He has done!
So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,
Who yielded His life an atonement for sin
And opened the life gate that all may go in.**

Refrain

**Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let the earth hear His voice!
Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let the people rejoice!
O come to the Father thro' Jesus, the Son,
And give Him the glory great things He has done!**

**O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood—
To every believer, the promise of God.
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.**

**Great things He has taught us; great things He has done,
And great our rejoicing thro' Jesus, the Son.
But purer and higher and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.**

How Great Thou Art

By Carl Gustav Boberg (O Store Gud in 1885)

(Translated by Stuart K. Hine into English with additional verses in 1931)

**O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.**

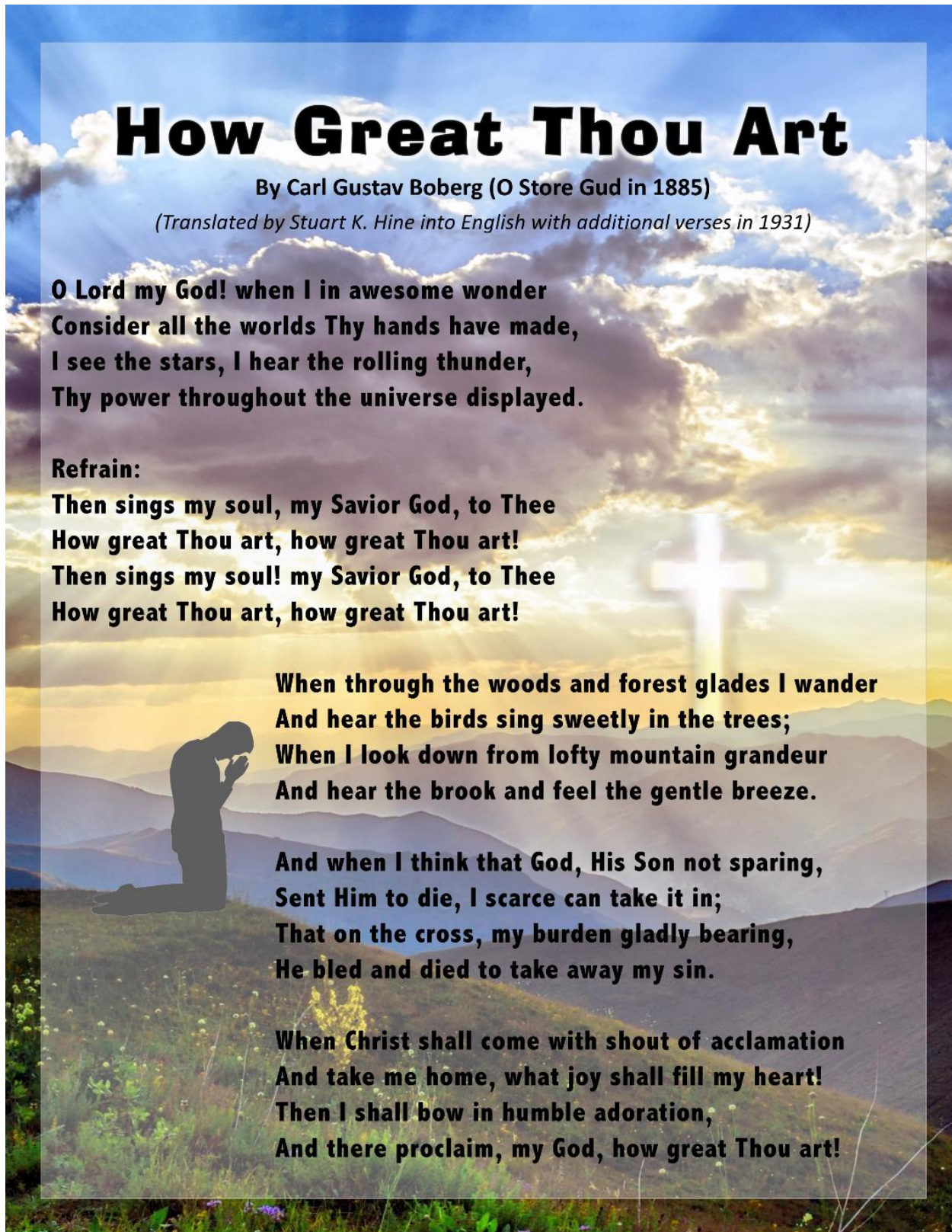
Refrain:

**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!**

**When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze.**

**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.**

**When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!**



Living for Jesus

Living for Jesus, a life that is true,
Striving to please Him in all that I do;
Yielding allegiance, glad-hearted and free,
This is the pathway of blessing for me.

Refrain:

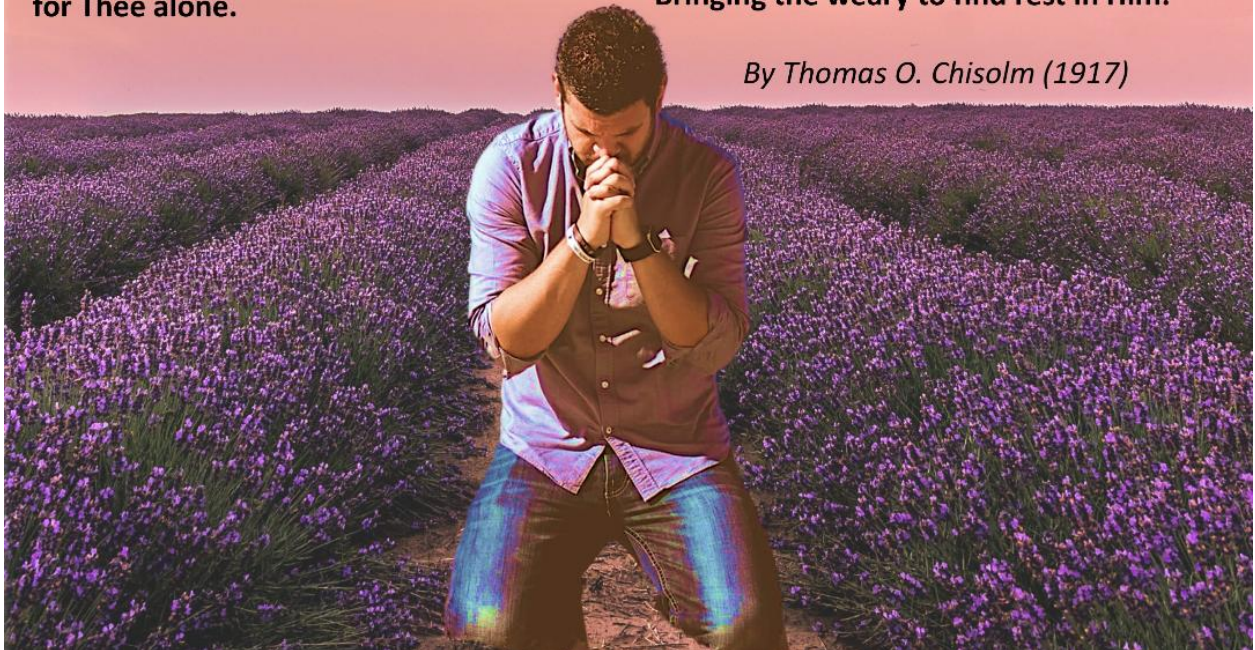
O Jesus, Lord and Savior, I give myself to
Thee,
For Thou, in Thy atonement, didst give
Thyself for me;
I own no other Master, my heart shall be
Thy throne;
My life I give, henceforth to live, O Christ,
for Thee alone.

Living for Jesus Who died in my place,
Bearing on Calv'ry my sin and disgrace;
Such love constrains me to answer His call,
Follow His leading and give Him my all.

Living for Jesus, wherever I am,
Doing each duty in His holy Name;
Willing to suffer affliction and loss,
Deeming each trial a part of my cross.

Living for Jesus through earth's little while,
My dearest treasure, the light of His smile;
Seeking the lost ones He died to redeem,
Bringing the weary to find rest in Him.

By Thomas O. Chisolm (1917)



When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

By Isaac Watts (1707)

When I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

When I Say Goodbye

- J.C. O'Hair

When to this world I say goodbye,
Whether Christ shall come or I shall die;

I shall not fear my future state,
Nor yet resign my soul to fate;

'Tis neither boast no carnal pride
Nor natural worth I have inside;

My trust is not in human creeds,
Nor in my good religious deeds.

If man, by works, could heaven gain,
Then 'tis true, Christ died in vain.

There was no power on earth could save,
Nor offer hope beyond the grave.

Salvation is from heaven above;
God's book declares that God is love.

God loved the world and sent His Son
To die for sinners, for every one.

Christ tasted death for every man:
It was God's own redemption plan.

On Calvary's cross the debt was paid,
For there on Christ our sins were laid.

In death the Saviour bowed His head,
There His precious blood was shed.

God has for sin no other cure.
By Christ's shed blood the way is sure.

When Christ had put our sin away,
In Joseph's tomb His body lay.

But on the third day Christ arose
To conquer thereby all His foes;

Then He ascended through the sky
To take His Father's throne on high.

Now in the Father's presence there
Unceasing is the Saviour's prayer.

Still He prays, "All Thine are Mine,"
Forever kept by power Divine.

Christ promised to prepare a place
For all who will receive His grace.

Some day the age of grace will end;
The Lord from heaven shall descend.

The dead in Christ will hear the shout,
And from their graves they will come out.

The living saints shall with them rise,
And meet the Saviour in the skies;

And we shall then His glory see,
And like the Saviour we shall be.

When we reach our heavenly home,
Throughout the ages yet to come,

God's grace in Christ the saints shall know,
For God has promised this to show.

Eternal life, God's gift, is free
'Tis all by grace for you and me.

So in God's Word I rest my case,
Trusting His unfailing grace.

God cannot lie, His word is sure;
And in His Son I am secure,

Because Christ's work has satisfied,
And by that work I'm justified.

God has pardoned every sin;
My hope of glory, Christ within.

I am prepared my God to meet,
For in His Son I am complete,

And sealed unto redemption day.
So if by death, or I'm caught away.

I shall not fear my future state,
But, loving Christ, I'll serve and wait.