

I Love to Tell the Story

UMH 156

I love to tell the story of unseen things above,
of Jesus and his glory, of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story, because I know 'tis true;
it satisfies my longings as nothing else can do.

I love to tell the story, 'twill be my theme in glory,
to tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story; more wonderful it seems
than all the golden fancies of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story, it did so much for me;
and that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.

Refrain

I love to tell the story; 'tis pleasant to repeat
what seems, each time I tell it, more wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story, for some have never heard
the message of salvation from God's own holy Word.

Refrain

I love to tell the story; for those who know it best
seem hungering and thirsting to hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song,
'twill be the old, old story that I have loved so long.

Refrain

We Walk by Faith

TFWS 2196

We walk by faith, and not by sight:
No gracious words we hear
of him who spoke as none e'er spoke,
but we believe him near.

We may not touch his hands and side,
nor follow where he trod;
yet in his promise we rejoice,
and cry, "My Lord and God!"

Help then, O Lord, our unbelief,
and may our faith abound;
to call on you when you are near,
and seek where you are found.

That when our life of faith is done
in realms of clearer light
we may behold you as you are
in full and endless sight.

We walk by faith, and not by sight:
No gracious words we hear
of him who spoke as none e'er spoke,
but we believe him near.

Precious Lord, Take My Hand
UMH 474

Precious Lord, take my hand,
lead me on, let me stand,
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;
through the storm, through the night,
lead me on to the light:
Take my hand, precious Lord,
lead me home.

When the way grows drear,
precious Lord, linger near,
when my life is almost gone,
hear my cry, hear my call,
hold my hand lest I fall:
Take my hand, precious Lord,
lead me home.

When the darkness appears
and the night draws near,
and the day is past and gone,
at the river I stand,
guide my feet, hold my hand:
Take my hand, precious Lord,
lead me home.

Grace, grace, God's grace,
grace that will pardon and cleanse within;
grace, grace, God's grace,
grace that is greater than all our sin!

Grace Greater Than Our Sin
UMH 365 refrain