

Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me
UMH 361

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee;
let the water and the blood,
from thy wounded side which flowed,
be of sin the double cure;
save from wrath and make me pure.

Not the labors of my hands
can fulfill thy law's demands;
could my zeal no respite know,
could my tears forever flow,
all for sin could not atone;
thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
simply to the cross I cling;
naked, come to thee for dress;
helpless, look to thee for grace;
foul, I to the fountain fly;
wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
when mine eyes shall close in death,
when I soar to world unknown,
see thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee.

It's Me, It's Me, O Lord
UMH 352

It's me, it's me, O Lord,
standing in the need of prayer.
It's me, it's me, O Lord,
standing in the need of prayer.

Not my brother, not my sister,
but it's me, O Lord,
standing in the need of prayer.
Not my brother, not my sister,
but it's me, O Lord,
standing in the need of prayer.

Refrain

Not the preacher, not the deacon,
but it's me, O Lord,
standing in the need of prayer.
Not the preacher, not the deacon,
but it's me, O Lord,
standing in the need of prayer.

Refrain

Not my father, not my mother,
but it's me, O Lord,
standing in the need of prayer.
Not my father, not my mother,
but it's me, O Lord,
standing in the need of prayer.

Refrain

Would I Have Answered When You Called TFWS 2137

Would I have answered when you called,
“Come, follow, follow me!”?
Would I at once have left behind
both work and family”
Or would the old, familiar round
have held me by its claim
and kept the spark within my heart
from bursting into flame?

Would I have followed where you led
through ancient Galilee,
on roads unknown, by ways untried,
beyond security?
Or would I soon have hurried back
where home and comfort drew,
where truth you taught would not disturb
the ordered world I knew?

Would I have matched my step with yours
when crowds cried, “Crucify!”
when on a rocky hill I saw
a cross against the sky?
Or would I too have slipped away
and left you there alone,
a dying king with crown of thorns
upon a terrible throne?

O Christ, I cannot search my heart
through all its tangled ways,
nor can I with a certain mind
my steadfastness appraise.
I only pray that when you call,
“Come, follow, follow me!”
you’ll give me strength beyond my own
to follow faithfully.

Blest Be the Tie UMH 557

Blest be the tie that binds
our hearts in Christian love;
the fellowship of kindred minds
is like to that above.

Before our Father’s throne
we pour our ardent prayers;
our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
our comforts and our cares.

We share each other’s woes,
our mutual burdens bear;
and often for each other flows
the sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
it gives us inward pain;
but we shall still be joined in heart,
and hope to meet again.