

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
my great Redeemer's praise, x 2  
the glories of my God and King,  
the triumphs of His grace! x 3
- 2 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,  
that bids our sorrows cease;  
'tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.
- 4 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,  
new life the dead receive,  
the mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
the humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,  
your loosened tongues employ:  
ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
and leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 6 My gracious Master, and my God,  
assist me to proclaim,  
to spread through all the earth abroad,  
the honours of Thy name.

*Give thanks with a grateful heart,  
give thanks to the Holy One;  
give thanks because He's given  
Jesus Christ, His Son.*

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And now let the weak say 'I am strong',  
let the poor say 'I am rich',  
because of what the Lord has done for us;

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Give thanks

Wonderful Grace,  
that gives what I don't deserve,  
pays me what Christ has earned,  
then lets me go free,  
Wonderful grace,  
that gives me the time to change,  
washes away the stains  
that once covered me.

*And all that I have  
I lay at the feet  
of the wonderful Saviour  
who loves me.*

Wonderful love,  
that held in the face of death,  
breathed in its latest breath  
forgiveness for me.  
Wonderful love,  
whose power can break every chain,  
giving us life again,  
and setting us free.

*And all that I...*

Wonderful power  
my Lord risen from the dead  
forging the way ahead  
with new eyes I see  
Wonderful power  
a new life for me to claim  
Jesus the Saviour reigns  
and His power holds me

*And all that I...*

- 1 And can it be that I should gain  
an interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died He for me, who caused His pain?  
For me, who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! how can it be  
that Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!
- 2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:  
who can explore His strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
to sound the depths of love divine.  
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,  
let angel minds inquire no more.
- 3 He left His Father's throne above –  
so free, so infinite His grace –  
emptied Himself of all but love,  
and bled for Adam's helpless race.  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;  
for, O my God, it found out me!
- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray –  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
my chains fell off, my heart was free.  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
and clothed in righteousness divine,  
bold I approach the eternal throne,  
and claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
all consuming fire is in Your gaze.  
Jesus, I want You to know  
I will follow You all my days.  
For no-one else in history is like You,  
and history itself belongs to You.  
Alpha and Omega, You have loved me,  
and I will share eternity with You.

*It's all about You, Jesus,  
and all this is for You,  
for Your glory and Your fame.  
It's not about me,  
as if You should do things my way;  
You alone are God,  
and I surrender to Your ways.*

*Rejoice, rejoice! Christ is in you –  
the hope of glory in our hearts.  
He lives, He lives!  
His breath is in you.  
Arise! A mighty army we arise!*

- 1 Now is the time for us to march upon the land –  
into our hands He will give the ground we claim;  
He rides in majesty to lead us into victory,  
the world shall see that Christ is Lord.

*Rejoice, rejoice...*

- 2 God is at work in us, His purpose to perform –  
building a kingdom of power not of words;  
where things impossible  
by faith shall be made possible:  
let's give the glory to Him now.

*Rejoice, rejoice...*

- 3 Though we are weak,  
His grace is everything we need –  
we're made of clay, but this treasure is within;  
He turns our weaknesses into His opportunities,  
so that the glory goes to Him.

*Rejoice, rejoice...  
We arise! We arise! We arise!*