

- 1 To God be the glory! great things He hath 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.

*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,
through Jesus the Son
and give Him the glory;
great things He hath done!*

- 2 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.

Praise the Lord...

- 3 Great things He hath taught us,
great things He hath done,
and great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;
but purer, and higher, and greater will be
our wonder, our rapture, when Jesus we see.

Praise the Lord...

- 1 Amazing Grace how sweet the sound,
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found;
 Was blind, but now I see.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved;
 How precious did that grace appear
 The hour I first believed!

- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
 His Word my hope secures;
 He will my Shield and Portion be,
 As long as life endures.

- 5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess, within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.

- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine;
 But God, Who called me here below,
 Will be forever mine.

- 7 When we've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we'd first begun

- 1 How deep the Father's love for us,
 how vast beyond all measure,
 that He should give His only Son
 to make a wretch His treasure.
 How great the pain of searing loss –
 the Father turns His face away,
 as wounds which mar the Chosen One
 bring many sons to glory.

- 2 Behold the man upon a cross,
 my sin upon His shoulders;
 ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
 call out among the scoffers.
 It was my sin that held Him there
 until it was accomplished;
 His dying breath has brought me life –
 I know that it is finished.

- 3 I will not boast in anything,
 no gifts, no power, no wisdom;
 but I will boast in Jesus Christ,
 His death and resurrection.
 Why should I gain from His reward?
 I cannot give an answer;
 but this I know with all my heart –
 His wounds have paid my ransom.

- 1 What kind of love is this,
 that gave itself for me?
 I am the guilty one,
 yet I go free.
 What kind of love is this?
 A love I've never known.
 I didn't even know His name,
 what kind of love is this?

- 2 What kind of man is this,
 that died in agony?
 He who had done no wrong
 was crucified for me.
 What kind of man is this,
 who laid aside His throne
 that I may know the love of God?
 What kind of man is this?

- 3 By grace I have been saved,
 it is the gift of God.
 He destined me to be His son,
 such is His love.
 No eye has ever seen,
 no ear has ever heard,
 nor has the heart of man conceived,
 what kind of love is this?

- 1 I will offer up my life
in spirit and truth,
pouring out the oil of love
as my worship to You.
In surrender I must give
my every part;
Lord, receive the sacrifice
of a broken heart.

*Jesus, what can I give,
what can I bring
to so faithful a friend,
to so loving a King?
Saviour, what can be said,
What can be sung
as a praise of Your name
for the things You have done?
Oh, my words could not tell,
not even in part,
Of the debt of love that is owed
by this thankful heart.*

- 2 You deserve my every breath
for You've paid the great cost;
giving up Your life to death,
even death on a cross.
You took all my shame away,
there defeated my sin,
opened up the gates of heaven,
and have beckoned me in.

Jesus, what can I give...

- 1 Take my life, and let it be
consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
take my moments and my days,
let them flow in ceaseless praise.

- 2 Take my hands, and let them move
at the impulse of Thy love;
take my feet, and let them be
swift and beautiful for Thee.

- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing
always, only, for my King;
take my lips, and let them be
filled with messages from Thee.

- 4 Take my silver and my gold,
not a mite would I withhold;
take my intellect, and use
every power as Thou shalt choose.

- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
it shall be no longer mine:
take my heart, it is Thine own;
it shall be Thy royal throne.

- 6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
at Thy feet its treasure store:
take myself, and I will be
ever, only, all, for Thee.

In Christ alone my hope is found,
He is my light, my strength, my song;
this Cornerstone, this solid Ground,
firm through the fiercest drought and storm,
What heights of love, what depths of peace,
when fears are stilled, when strivings cease!
My Comforter, my all in all,
here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone! – who took on flesh,
fullness of God in helpless Babe!
This gift of love and righteousness,
scorned by the ones he came to save;
till on that cross as Jesus died,
the wrath of God was satisfied –
for every sin on Him was laid;
here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,
Light of the world by darkness slain;
then bursting forth in glorious Day
up from the grave He rose again!
And as He stands in victory
sin's curse has lost its grip on me,
for I am His and He is mine –
bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,
this is the power of Christ in me;
from life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man,
can ever pluck me from His hand;
till He returns or calls me home,
here in the power of Christ I'll stand!