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O Come, My Soul, Bless Thou the Lord

Praise the LORD, O my soul; all my inmost being, praise his holy name. Ps. 103:1

1. O come, my soul, bless thou the Lord thy Mak - er, and all with -
 2. Good is the Lord and full of kind com - pas - sion, most slow to
 3. His love is like a fa - ther's to his chil - dren, ten - der and
 4. We fade and die like flow'rs that grow in beau - ty, like ten - der
 5. High in the heav'ns his throne is fixed for - ev - er, his king - dom

in me bless his ho - ly name; bless thou the Lord, for -
 an - ger, plen - te - ous in love; rich is his grace to
 • kind to all who fear his name; for well he knows our
 grass that soon will dis - ap - pear; but ev - er - more the
 rules o'er all from pole to pole; bless ye the Lord through

get not all his mer - cies, his par - d'ning grace and
 all that hum - bly seek him, bound - less and end - less
 • weak - ness and our frail - ty, he knows that we are
 love of God is change - less, still shown to those who
 all his wide do - min - ion, bless his most ho - ly

REFRAIN

sav - ing love pro - claim.
 as the heav'ns a - bove.
 • dust, he knows our frame. Bless him for - ev - er, won - drous in
 look to him in fear.
 name, O thou my soul.

HIS PERFECTIONS

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a vocal line with lyrics underneath. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "might, bless him, his ser - vants that in his will de - light." A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line, and a small number '7' is written above the staff at the end of the piece.

From Psalm 103
The Psalter, 1912; alt. 1961

TIDINGS 11.10.11.10.ref.
James Walch, 1875

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Not What My Hands Have Done

He saved us, not because of righteous things we had done, but because of his mercy.

Titus 3:5

1. Not what my hands have done can save my guilt - y soul;
 2. Thy work a - lone, O Christ, can ease this weight of sin;
 3. Thy grace a - lone, O God, to me can par - don speak;
 4. I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love di - vine;
 5. I praise the God of grace; I trust his truth and might;

not what my toil - ing flesh has borne can make my spir - it whole.
 thy blood a - lone, O Lamb of God, can give me peace with - in.
 • thy pow'r a - lone, O Son of God, can this sore bond - age break.
 and with un - fal - t'ring lip and heart, I call this Sav - ior mine.
 he calls me his, I call him mine, my God, my joy, my light.

Not what I feel or do can give me peace with God;
 Thy love to me, O God, not mine, O Lord, to thee,
 • No oth - er work, save thine, no oth - er blood will do;
 His cross dis - pels each doubt; I bur - y in his tomb
 'Tis he who sav - eth me, and free - ly par - don gives;

SALVATION BY GRACE

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Salvation by Grace'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff. The score ends with a fermata over the final note of the melody.

not all my prayers and sighs and tears can bear my aw - ful load.
can rid me of this dark un - rest, and set my spir - it free.
• no strength, save that which is di - vine, can bear me safe - ly through.
each thought of un - be - lief and fear, each lin - g'ring shade of gloom.
I love be - cause he lov - eth me, I live be - cause he lives.

Horatius Bonar, 1861; alt.

LEOMINSTER S.M.D.
George William Martin, 1862
Arr. by Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874

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All to Jesus I Surrender

We have left everything to follow you! Mark 10:28

C F C G⁷ Em G⁷ C F C G⁷ Em C

1. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, all to him I free - ly give;
 2. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, hum - bly at his feet I bow;
 3. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly thine;
 4. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to thee;

F C G⁷ Em G⁷ C F C G⁷ Em C

may I ev - er love and trust him, in his pres - ence dai - ly live.
 world - ly plea - sures all for - sak - en, take me, Je - sus, take me now.
 may thy Ho - ly Spir - it fill me, may I know thy pow'r di - vine.
 fill me with thy love and pow - er, let thy bless - ing fall on me.

REFRAIN
 C F C G G G⁷ C

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all.
 I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all.

F C F C/G G⁷ C 7

All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

Praise the Savior, Ye Who Know Him!

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Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever. Heb. 13:8



1. Praise the Sav - ior, ye who know him! Who can tell how much we
2. Je - sus is the name that charms us; he for con - flict fits and
3. Trust in him, ye saints, for - ev - er; he is faith - ful, chang - ing
4. Keep us, Lord, O keep us cleav - ing to thy - self and still be -
5. Then we shall be where we would be, then we shall be what we



- owe him? Glad - ly let us ren - der to him all we are and have.
arms us; noth - ing moves and noth - ing harms us while we trust in him.
• nev - er; nei - ther force nor guile can sev - er those he loves from him.
liev - ing, till the hour of our re - ceiv - ing prom - ised joys with thee.
should be; things that are not now, nor could be, soon shall be our own.



52 How Deep the Father's Love for Us

(Capo 1) G/A D G D/F# E2/G# A D D/F# G

1. How deep the Fa - ther's love for us, how
 2. Be - hold the Man up - on a cross, my
 3. I will not boast of an - y - thing: no

vast be - yond all meas - ure, That
 sin up - on His shout - ers, A
 gifts, no pow'r, wis - dom; But

He should give His on - ly Son to
 I shamed, I hear my mock - ing voice call
 I will boast in Je - sus Christ, His

make a wretch His treas - ure How
 out a - mong the scoff - ers. If
 death and res - ur - rec - tion. Why

great the pain of sear - ing loss! The
 was my sin that held Him there, un -
 should I gain from His re - ward? I

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 TOWNEND
 8.7.8.7.D. with Ending
 CCL#4254740

D/F# E2/G# A A7 D D/F# G D D/F# A7 D D/F# A/C# D G2 A sus A D

Fa - ther turns His face a - way As
 til it was ac - com - plished. His
 can - not give an - swer; But

wounds which mar the Cho - sen One bring
 dy - ing I know breath has brought me life; I
 this I know with all my heart. His

ma - ny sons to glo - ry.
 know it is fin - ished.
 wounds have paid my ran - som.

Optional Interlude or Ending
 How high, how wide, how pure, how.
 How deep the Fa - ther's love for us.

CCL# 1879045