

- 1 Good Shepherd, you know us, you call us by name,
 you lead us; we gladly acknowledge your claim.
 Your voice has compelled us; we come at your call,
 and none you have chosen will finally fall.
- 2 Good Shepherd, you warn us of robbers and thieves;
 the hireling, the wolf, who destroys and deceives;
 all praise for your promise on which we can stand,
 that no-one can snatch us from out of your hand.
- 3 Good Shepherd, you lay down your life for the sheep;
 your love is not fickle, your gift is not cheap.
 You spend your life freely, you take it again;
 you died, so we live - we are healed by your pain.
- 4 At one with the Father, you made yourself known:
 'I am the Good Shepherd', at one with your own.
 You loved us before we had heeded or heard;
 by grace we respond to your life-giving word.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
than Jesus' blood and righteousness
I dare not trust the sweetest frame
but wholly trust in Jesus' name
but wholly trust in Jesus' name

*Christ alone, cornerstone
weak made strong in the Saviour's love
Through the storm He is Lord
Lord of all*

- 2 When darkness seems to hide His face
I rest on His unchanging grace
In every high and stormy gale
my anchor holds within the veil
my anchor holds within the veil

Christ alone, cornerstone...

- 3 When he shall come
with trumpet sound
oh may I then in Him be found
Dressed in His righteousness alone
faultless stand before the throne
faultless stand before the throne

*Christ alone, cornerstone
weak made strong in the Saviour's love
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*Through the storm, He is Lord,
Lord of all*

- 1 When peace like a river attendeth my way,
 when sorrows like sea-billows roll;
 whatever my lot You have taught me to say,
 'It is well, it is well with my soul.'

*It is well with my soul;
it is well, it is well with my soul.*

- 2 Though Satan should buffet, if trials should come,
 let this blessed assurance control,
 that Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
 and has shed His own blood for my soul.

It is well...

- 3 My sin – O the bliss of this glorious thought –
 my sin – not in part – but the whole
 is nailed to His cross; and I bear it no more;
 praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

It is well...

- 4 For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live!
 if Jordan above me shall roll.
 No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
 You will whisper Your peace to my soul.

It is well...

- 5 But Lord, it's for You – for Your coming we wait,
 the sky, not the grave, is our goal:
 O trump of the angel! O voice of the Lord!
 Blessèd hope! blessèd rest of my soul.

It is well...

- 1 All I once held dear,
built my life upon,
all this world reveres,
and wars to own,
all I once thought gain
I have counted loss;
spent and worthless now,
compared to this.

*Knowing You, Jesus,
knowing You,
there is no greater thing.
You're my all,
You're the best,
You're my joy,
my righteousness,
and I love You, Lord.*

- 2 Now my heart's desire
is to know You more,
to be found in You
and known as Yours.
to possess by faith
what I could not earn,
all-surpassing gift
of righteousness.

Knowing You...

- 3 Oh, to know the power
of Your risen life,
and to know You in
Your sufferings.
to become like You
in Your death, my Lord,
so with You to live
and never die.

*Knowing You...
(Repeat Chorus)*

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!

- 1 Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art;
Thou my best thought, in the day or the night;
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.
- 2 Be Thou my wisdom, be Thou my true Word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father and I Thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.
- 3 Be Thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
be Thou my dignity, Thou my delight;
Thou my soul's shelter and Thou my strong tower:
Raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.
- 4 Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise;
Thou my inheritance, through all my days;
Thou and Thou only, the first in my heart;
Sovereign of Heaven, my treasure Thou art.
- 5 High King of Heaven, when battle is done;
Grant heaven's joys to me, bright heaven's sun;
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall;
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.