

- 1 O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder
consider all the works Thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
thy power throughout the universe displayed;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
how great Thou art, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,
how great Thou art, how great Thou art!*

- 2 When through the woods and forest glades I wander
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze;

Then sings my soul...

- 3 And when I think that God His Son not sparing,
sent Him to die – I scarce can take it in,
that on the cross my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin:

Then sings my soul...

- 4 When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
and take me home – what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration
and there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

Then sings my soul...

- 1 All heaven declares,
the glory of the risen Lord;
who can compare
with the beauty of the Lord?
Forever He will be
the Lamb upon the throne;
I gladly bow the knee,
and worship Him alone.

- 2 I will proclaim
the glory of the risen Lord,
who once was slain
to reconcile man to God.
Forever You will be
the Lamb upon the throne;
I gladly bow the knee,
and worship You alone.

- 1 We three kings of Orient are;
bearing gifts we travel afar
field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star.

*O-oh star of wonder, star of light,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.*

- 2 Born a king on Bethlehem's plain,
gold I bring to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never,
over us all to reign.

O star of wonder...

- 3 Frankincense to offer have I;
incense owns a Deity nigh;
prayer and praising, voices raising,
worshipping God on high

O star of wonder...

- 4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
breathes a life of gathering gloom;
sorrowing sighing, bleeding, dying,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

O star of wonder...

- 5 Glorious now behold Him arise;
King and God and sacrifice:
Alleluia, Alleluia sounds
through the earth and skies.

O star of wonder...

Long ago, so far away
Three travellers, their gifts did bring
to the lowly birthing place
of the child who would be King

As they journeyed through the night
A lone Bright Star appeared to them
Guiding them along their way
The lone Bright Star of Bethlehem

Turn your eyes to the starry skies
You can see it from afar
Shine your light on this night of nights
And we will follow you, as you lead us to
The newborn King, Bright Star

As Jesus in His manger lay
His mother, Mary holding Him
His stable filled with the light of love
The lone Bright Star shone over them

And all around the world tonight
As we gather to rejoice in Him
May your light of faith and hope shine bright
Your own bright star that shines within

Turn your eyes to the starry skies
You can see it from afar
Shine your light on this night of nights
And we will follow you, as you lead us to
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Turn your eyes to the starry skies
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- 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 All my days I will sing
this song of gladness,
Give my praise to the Fountain
of delights;
For in my helplessness
You heard my cry,
And waves of mercy
poured down on my life.
- 2 I will trust in the cross
of my Redeemer,
I will sing of the blood that never fails,
of sins forgiven,
of conscience cleansed,
of death defeated and life without end.

*Beautiful Saviour,
wonderful Counsellor,
clothed in majesty, Lord of history,
You're the way, the truth, the life.
Star of the morning, glorious in holiness,
You're the risen One,
heaven's champion,
and You reign, You reign over all!*

- 3 I long to be where the praise
is never-ending,
yearn to dwell where the glory
never fades,
where countless worshippers
will share one song,
and cries of 'worthy'
will honour the Lamb!

Beautiful Saviour...