

- 1 Blessèd assurance, Jesus is mine:  
O what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God;  
born of His Spirit,  
washed in His blood.

*This is my story, this is my song,  
praising my Saviour all the day long;  
this is my story, this is my song,  
praising my Saviour all the day long.*

- 2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
visions of rapture burst on my sight;  
angels descending, bring from above  
echoes of mercy, whisper of love.

*This is my story...*

- 3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;  
watching and waiting, looking above,  
filled with His goodness,  
lost in His love.

*This is my story...*

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As I look at the beauty around me  
Your Name cries out in everything I see  
Your voice calls out in all of Creation  
In witness to the power that you bring  
In witness to the power that you bring

*Your power was seen in the Resurrection  
Your power was seen in the healing of the lame  
Blind eyes were opened at the touch of Your hand  
And evil fled at the mention of Your Name*

Without a vision many people perish  
All rituals replace the heart  
Ignite our purpose to follow where You're leading  
To run the race and continue for the prize  
To run the race and continue for the prize

*Your power was...*

Holy Spirit fan us into flame  
Let compassion flow through us every day  
Holy Spirit fan us into flame  
Let compassion flow through us every day

Your Word says that we'll do greater things  
That You'll be with us to the end of time  
You sent Your Spirit to dwell within us  
Your power not ours living through us as we run  
Your power not ours living through us as we run

*Your power was...*

*Your power was...  
And evil fled at the mention of Your Name*

*Holy Spirit fan us into flame  
Let compassion flow through us every day  
Let compassion flow through us every day (slowing down)*

- 1 Meekness and majesty,  
manhood and deity,  
in perfect harmony,  
the man who is God:  
Lord of eternity  
dwells in humanity,  
kneels in humility  
and washes our feet.

*Oh, what a mystery,  
meekness and majesty:  
bow down and worship,  
for this is your God,  
this is your God!*

- 2 Father's pure radiance,  
perfect in innocence,  
yet learns obedience  
to death on a cross:  
suffering to give us life,  
conquering through sacrifice;  
and, as they crucify,  
prays 'Father, forgive.'

*Oh what a mystery...*

- 3 Wisdom unsearchable,  
God the invisible,  
Love indestructible  
in frailty appears.  
Lord of infinity,  
stooping so tenderly,  
lifts our humanity  
to the heights of His throne.

*Oh what a mystery...*  
.....  
*this is your God! (repeat)*

- 1     What a friend we have in Jesus,  
      all our sins and griefs to bear!  
      What a privilege to carry  
      everything to God in prayer!  
      O what peace we often forfeit,  
      O what needless pain we bear –  
      all because we do not carry  
      everything to God in prayer!
  
- 2     Have we trials and temptations?  
      Is there trouble anywhere?  
      We should never be discouraged:  
      take it to the Lord in prayer!  
      Can we find a friend so faithful,  
      who will all our sorrows share?  
      Jesus knows our every weakness –  
      take it to the Lord in prayer!
  
- 3     Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
      cumbered with a load of care?  
      Precious Saviour still our refuge,  
      take it to the Lord in prayer!  
      Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
      Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
      In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
      thou wilt find a solace there.

- 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.

- 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,  
the 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...