

- 1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
to His feet thy tribute bring;  
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
who like thee His praise should sing?  
    Praise Him! Praise Him!  
    Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise the everlasting King.
  
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour  
to our fathers, in distress;  
praise Him still the same for ever,  
slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
    Praise Him! Praise Him!  
    Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Glorious in His faithfulness.
  
- 3 Father-like He tends and spares us;  
well our feeble frame He knows;  
in His hands He gently bears us,  
rescues us from all our foes.  
    Praise Him! Praise Him!  
    Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Widely as His mercy flows.
  
- 4 Angels help us to adore Him;  
ye behold Him face to face;  
sun and moon, bow down before Him;  
dwellers all in time and space.  
    Praise Him! Praise Him!  
    Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise with us the God of grace.

- 1 Tell me the stories of Jesus  
I love to hear;  
things I would ask Him to tell me  
if He were here;  
scenes by the wayside,  
tales of the sea,  
stories of Jesus,  
tell them to me.
- 2 First let me hear how the children  
stood round His knee;  
that I may know of His blessing  
resting on me;  
words full of kindness,  
deeds full of grace,  
signs of the love found  
in Jesus' face.
- 3 Tell me, in words full of wonder,  
how rolled the sea,  
tossing the boat in a tempest  
on Galilee.  
Jesus then doing  
His Father's will,  
ended the storm saying  
'Peace, peace, be still.'
- 4 Into the city I'd follow  
the children's band,  
waving a branch of the palm-tree  
high in my hand;  
worshipping Jesus,  
yes, I would sing  
loudest hosannas,  
for He is King!
- 5 Show me that scene in the garden,  
of bitter pain;  
and of the cross where my Saviour  
for me was slain;  
and, through the sadness,  
help me to see  
how Jesus suffered  
for love of me.
- 6 Gladly I'd hear of His rising  
out of the grave,  
living and strong and triumphant,  
mighty to save:  
and how He sends us  
all men to bring  
stories of Jesus,  
Jesus, their King.

- 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 Lord, I come before Your throne of grace;  
I find rest in Your presence  
And fullness of joy.  
In worship and wonder  
I behold Your face,  
Singing what a faithful God have I.

*What a faithful God have I,  
What a faithful God.  
What a faithful God have I,  
Faithful in every way.*

- 2 Lord of mercy, You have heard my cry;  
Through the storm You're the beacon,  
My song in the night.  
In the shelter of Your wings,  
Hear my heart's reply,  
Singing what a faithful God have I.

*What a faithful...*

- 3 Lord all sovereign, granting peace from heaven,  
Let me comfort those who suffer  
With the comfort You have given.  
I will tell of Your great love for as long as I live,  
Singing what a faithful God have I.

*What a faithful...*

Only by grace can we enter,  
Only by grace can we stand;  
Not by our human endeavour,  
But by the blood of the Lamb.  
Into Your presence You call us,  
You call us to come.  
Into Your presence You draw us,  
And now by Your grace we come,  
Now by Your grace we come.

Lord, if You mark our transgressions,  
Who would stand?  
Thanks to Your grace we are cleansed  
By the blood of the Lamb.  
(Repeat)