- 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 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.

He is exalted, the King is exalted on high; I will praise Him. He is exalted, for ever exalted and I will praise His name!

He is the Lord; for ever His truth shall reign. Heaven and earth rejoice in His holy name. He is exalted, the King is exalted on high. All to Jesus I surrender,
 all to Him I freely give;
 I will ever love and trust Him,
 in His presence daily live.

I surrender all, I surrender all, all to Thee, my blessed Saviour, I surrender all.

2 All to Jesus I surrender, humbly at His feet I bow; worldly pleasures all forsaken, take me, Jesus, take me now.

I surrender all...

All to Jesus I surrender, make me, Saviour, wholly Thine; let me feel the Holy Spirit, truly know that Thou art mine.

I surrender all...

4 All to Jesus I surrender, Lord, I give myself to Thee; fill me with Thy love and power, let Thy blessing fall on me.

I surrender all...

5 All to Jesus I surrender, now I feel the sacred flame; oh, the joy of full salvation! Glory, glory to His name!

I surrender all...

- 1 Have Thine own way, Lord, have Thine own way; Thou art the potter, I am the clay; mould me and make me after Thy will, while I am waiting, yielded and still.
- 2 Have Thine own way, Lord,
 have Thine own way;
 search me and try me, Master, today.
 Whiter than snow, Lord, wash me just now,
 as in Thy presence humbly I bow.
- 3 Have Thine own way, Lord,
 have Thine own way;
 wounded and weary, help me, I pray.
 Power, all power, surely is Thine;
 touch me and heal me, Saviour divine.
- 4 Have Thine own way, Lord,
 have Thine own way;
 hold o'er my being absolute sway;
 fill with Thy Spirit till all shall see
 Christ only, always, living in me.

Oh, kneel me down again Here at Your feet Show me how much You love Humility

Oh, Spirit be the star That leads me to The humble heart of love I see in You

'Cause You are the God of the broken The friend of the weak You wash the feet of the weary Embrace the ones in need

And I want to be like You Jesus To have this heart in me You are the God of the humble You are the humble King

Oh, kneel me down...

Oh, Spirit be the...

You are the God of the broken The friend of the weak You wash the feet of the weary Embrace the ones in need

And I want to be like...

You are the God...

And I want to be like...

You are the God of the humble You are the humble King

- 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.
- 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.
- 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.
- 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.
- 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.