

- 1 I, the Lord of sea and sky,
I have heard My people cry;
All who dwell in dark and sin
My hand will save.
I, who made the stars of night,
I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear My light to them?
Whom shall I send?

*Here I am, Lord.
Is it I, Lord?
I have heard You calling in the night.
I will go, Lord,
If You lead me;
I will hold Your people in my heart.*

- 2 I, the Lord of snow and rain,
I have borne My people's pain;
I have wept for love of them –
They turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone,
give them hearts for love alone;
I will speak My word to them.
Whom shall I send?

Here I am...

- 3 I, the Lord of wind and flame,
I will tend the poor and lame,
I will set a feast for them –
My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide
till their hearts are satisfied;
I will give My life to them.
Whom shall I send?

Here I am...

- 1 Father, I place into Your hands
 the things that I can't do.
 Father, I place into Your hands
 the times that I've been through.
 Father, I place into Your hands
 the way that I should go,
 for I know I always can trust You.

- 2 Father, I place into Your hands
 my friends and family.
 Father, I place into Your hands
 the things that trouble me.
 Father, I place into Your hands
 the person I would be,
 for I know I always can trust You.

- 3 Father, we love to seek Your face,
 we love to hear Your voice.
 Father, we love to sing Your praise,
 and in Your name rejoice.
 Father, we love to walk with You
 and in Your presence rest,
 for we know we always can trust You.

- 4 Father, I want to be with You
 and do the things You do.
 Father, I want to speak the words
 that You are speaking too.
 Father, I want to love the ones
 that You will draw to You.
 For I know that I am one with You.

- 1 I will sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me.
How He left His home in glory
For the cross of Calvary.
I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray,
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.
- 2 I was bruised, but Jesus healed me;
Faint was I from many a fall;
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me,
But He freed me from them all.
Days of darkness still come o'er me,
Sorrow's paths I often tread,
But the Saviour still is with me;
By His hand I'm safely led.
- 3 He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Made for grace by glory complete
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

- 1 Lord of all hopefulness,
Lord of all joy,
whose trust, ever child-like,
no cares could destroy;
be there at our waking,
and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord,
at the break of the day.
- 2 Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
whose strong hands were skilled
at the plane and the lathe;
be there at our labours,
and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord,
at the noon of the day.
- 3 Lord of all kindness,
Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome,
Your arms to embrace;
be there at our homing,
and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord,
at the eve of the day.
- 4 Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
whose voice is contentment,
whose presence is balm;
be there at our sleeping,
and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord,
at the end of the day.

- 1 I stand amazed in the presence
of Jesus the Nazarene,
and wonder how He could love me,
a sinner, condemned, unclean.

*How marvellous! how wonderful!
and my song shall ever be:
How marvellous! how wonderful!
is my Saviour's love for me!*

- 2 For me it was in the garden
He prayed – 'Not My will, but Thine';
He had no tears for His own griefs,
but sweat drops of blood for mine.

How marvellous!...

- 3 He took my sins and my sorrows,
He made them His very own;
He bore the burden to Calvary,
and suffered, and died alone.

How marvellous!...

- 4 When with the ransomed in glory
His face I at last shall see,
'twill be my joy through the ages
to sing of His love for me.

How marvellous!...

My Jesus, my Saviour,
Lord, there is none like You.
All of my days I want to praise
The wonders of Your mighty love.
My comfort, my shelter,
tower of refuge and strength,
let every breath, all that I am,
never cease to worship You.

*Shout to the Lord all the earth, let us sing
power and majesty, praise to the King.
Mountains bow down
and the seas will roar
at the sound of Your name.
I sing for joy at the work of Your hands.
For ever I'll love You, for ever I'll stand.
Nothing compares to the promise
I have in You.*