

147B O Praise the LORD, for It Is Good

1. ¹O praise the LORD, for it is good to sing un - to our God;
 2. ²Our Lord is great, he calls by name and counts the stars of night;
 3. O praise the LORD in joy - ful song, with harp your thanks pro - claim.

⁴'tis right and pleas - ant for his saints to tell his praise a - broad.
⁵His wis - dom is un - search - a - ble, and won - drous is his might.
⁶The heav'ns a - bove he fills with clouds and show'rs the earth with rain.

⁷The LORD builds up Je - ru - sa - lem; he seeks her ex - iled sons.
⁸The LORD lifts up the poor and meek, he brings the wick - ed low.
 The LORD a - dorns the hills with grass; ⁹and gives the beasts their food.

¹⁰He binds their wounds and gen - tly heals the bro - ken - heart - ed ones.
¹¹Sing praise to him and give him thanks; and all his good - ness show.
 He hears the ra - vens when they cry, and fills their young with good.

4. ¹⁰No hu - man might, no earth - ly pride, de - lights the LORD a - bove.
 5. ¹⁴With - in your laud his peace he brings, with fin - est wheat he fills.
 6. ¹⁹His word to Ja - cob he de - clares, to them his judg - ments show;

¹¹In those who fear him he de - lights, in those who trust his love.
¹⁵His word goes swift - ly through the earth ¹⁶to clothe with snow the hills.
 to Is - ra - el, his cho - sen race, he makes his stat - utes known.

¹²O Zi - on, praise the LORD your God, his won - drous love con - fess;
 He sends the frost ¹⁷and i - cy blast, O who can stand his cold?
²⁰No oth - er na - tion is so blest; they do not know his law;

¹³He is your glo - ry and your strength, he will your chil - dren bless.
¹⁸He bids the wind to melt them all, and makes the wa - ters flow.
 O Zi - on, praise the LORD your God, his praise pro - claim with awe!

267 **O Christ, Our Hope, Our Heart's Desire**



1. O Christ, our hope, our heart's de - sire, re - demp - tion's on - ly spring!
2. How vast the mer - cy and the love which laid our sins on thee,
3. But now the bands of death are burst, the ran - som has been paid;
4. O Christ, be thou our last - ing joy, our ev - er - great re - ward!



Cre - a - tor of the world art thou, its Sav - ior and its King.
and led thee to a cru - el death, to set thy peo - ple free.
and thou art on thy Fa - ther's throne, in glo - rious robes ar - rayed.
Our on - ly glo - ry may it be to glo - ry in the Lord.



Latin hymn, ca. 8th cent.
Tr. John Chandler, 1837

BRADFORD C.M.
George Frideric Handel, 1741; arr.

How Deep the Father's Love for Us

Unison

1. How deep the Fa - ther's love for us, how vast be - yond all mea -
 2. Be - hold the man up - on a cross, my sin up - on his shoul -
 3. I will not boast in an - y - thing, no gifts, no pow'r, no wis -

sure, that he should give his on - ly Son to
 ders; a - shamed, I hear my mock - ing voice call
 dom; but I will boast in Je - sus Christ, his

make a wretch his trea - sure. How great the pain of sear - ing
 out a - mong the scof - fers. It was my sin that held him
 death and res - ur - rec - tion. Why should I gain from his re -

loss: the Fa - ther turns his face a - way as
 there un - til it was ac - com - plished; his
 ward? I can - not give an an - swer, but

wounds which mar the Cho - sen One bring man - y sons to glo - ry.
 dy - ing breath has brought me life - I know that it is fin - ished.
 this I know with all my heart: his wounds have paid my ran - som.

Stuart Townend

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TOWNEND 8.7.8.7.D.
 Stuart Townend

338 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
 3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a

Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
 death of Christ my God: all the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down: did e'er such love and
 pres - ent far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707, 1709

HAMBURG L.M.
 Gregorian chant
 Arr. Lowell Mason, 1824