

My Hope Is in the Lord

Norman J. Clayton, b. 1903

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1. My hope is in the Lord Who gave Him-self for me, And
 2. No mer - it of my own His an - ger to sup - press. My
 3. And now for me He stands Be - fore the Fa - ther's throne. He
 4. His grace has planned it all, 'Tis mine but to be - lieve, And

REFRAIN

paid the price of all my sin at Cal - va - ry.
 on - ly hope is found in Je - sus' right - eous - ness. For me He died, For
 shows His wounded hands, and names me as His own. For me He died,
 rec - og - nize His work of love and Christ re - ceive.

me He lives, And ev - er - last - ing life and light He free - ly gives.
 For me He lives,

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Offertory Hymn Words What Grace Is This!

Out from heaven's palaces,
 splendor-filled and bright,
 Came the King and He came to bring
 to the world new life and light.

What grace is this that
 brought my Savior down,
 That made Him leave His
 glorious throne & crown.
 The one who made the earth, the sky, & sea,
 Who put the stars in every galaxy!
 What condescension, oh how can it be!
 What shame He suffered, oh what agony!
 And then the death He died,
 for sinners crucified!
 What grace is this! What grace is this!

Oh the boundless Grace of God,
 seen in Christ the Lord,

Greater than all the sin of man
 and it's freely now outpoured.

By this grace we're daily kept
 as we walk life's way;
 Some day we'll our Savior see,
 What a wondrous, happy day.

What grace is this that
 brought my Savior down,
 That made Him leave His
 glorious throne & crown.
 The one who made the earth, the sky, & sea,
 Who put the stars in every galaxy!
 What condescension, oh how can it be!
 What shame He suffered, oh what agony!
 And then the death He died,
 for sinners crucified!

What grace is this! What grace is this!
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My Faith Has Found a Resting Place

Lidie H. Edmunds

NO OTHER PLEA C.M.D.
 Norwegian melody

1. My faith has found a rest - ing place - Not in de - vice nor creed:
 2. E - nough for me that Je - sus saves - This ends my fear and doubt;
 3. My heart is lean - ing on the Word - The writ - ten Word of God;
 4. My great Phy - si - cian heals the sick - The lost He came to save;

I trust the Ev - er - liv - ing One - His wounds for me shall plead.
 A sin - ful soul I come to Him - He'll nev - er cast me out.
 Sal - va - tion by my Sav - ior's name - Sal - va - tion thro' His blood,
 For me His pre - cious blood He shed - For me His life He gave.

Refrain

I need no oth - er ar - gu - ment, I need no oth - er plea; It

is e - nough that Je - sus died, And that He died for me.

John 6:37; Acts 2:21; 4:12; 2 Cor. 5:21; Col. 1:19-22; Heb. 9:11-15; 1 Pet. 1:17-19.

5. Forever here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side,
 This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Saviour died."

And Can It Be?

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners - of whom I am the worst.
1 Timothy 1:15

1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest
2. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove, So free, so
3. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay, Fast bound in
4. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and

in the Sav - ior's blood? Died He for me, who caused His
in - fi - nite His grace! Emp - tied Him - self of all but
sin and na - ture's night. Thine eye dif - fused a quick - 'ning
all in Him, is mine! A - live in Him, my liv - ing

pain? For me who Him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing
love, And bled for Ad - am's help - less race. 'Tis mer - cy
ray. I woke; the dun - geon flamed with light! My chains fell
Head, And clothed in righ - teous - ness di - vine, Bold I ap -

love! how can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst
all, im - mense and free, For, O my God, it
off; my heart was free. I rose, went forth, and
proach th'e - ter - nal throne And claim the crown, thro'

WORDS: Charles Wesley, 1738
MUSIC: Thomas Campbell, 1825

SAGINA
8.8.8.8.8.8. w. Ref.

Refrain

die for me? A - maz - ing love! how can it
found out me! 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and
fol - lowed Thee. My chains fell off; my heart was
Christ, my own. Bold I ap - proach th'e - ter - nal

1. A - maz - ing love! how
2. 'Tis mer - cy all, im -
3. My chains fell off; my
4. Bold I ap - proach th'e -

be free, That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
free. For, O my God, it found out me!
throne And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my own.

can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
mense and free, For, O my God, it found out me!
heart was free. I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee.
ter - nal throne And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my own.