

## It Is Well with My Soul

Horatio G. Spafford, 1873

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,  
When sorrows like sea billows roll;  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

*Refrain:*

It is well with my soul,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!—  
My sin, not in part but the whole,  
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:  
If Jordan above me shall roll,  
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life  
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,  
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;  
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!  
Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul!

And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;  
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,  
Even so, it is well with my soul.

## Amazing Grace

John Newton, 1779

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,  
His Word my hope secures;  
He will my Shield and Portion be,  
As long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we'd first begun.

## His Eye Is on the Sparrow

Civilla D. Martin, 1905

Why should I feel discouraged, why should the shadows  
come,  
Why should my heart be lonely, and long for heav'n and  
home,  
When Jesus is my portion? My constant Friend is He:  
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;  
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

### *Refrain:*

I sing because I'm happy, I sing because I'm free,  
For His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

"Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear,  
And resting on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears;  
Though by the path He leadeth, but one step I may see;  
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;  
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Whenever I am tempted, whenever clouds arise,  
When songs give place to sighing, when hope within me  
dies,  
I draw the closer to Him, from care He sets me free;  
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;  
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

## Just as I Am

Charlotte Elliott, 1835

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

## **When I Survey**

Isaac Watts, 1707

When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God!  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## **Great Is Thy Faithfulness**

Thomas Chisholm, 1925

Great Is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father!  
There is no shadow of turning with Thee;  
Though changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not  
As Thou hast been Thou forever wilt be.

Refrain:

Great Is Thy faithfulness,  
Great Is Thy faithfulness,  
Morning by morning new mercies I see;  
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided  
Great is Thy Faithfulness, Lord unto me!

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,  
Sun, moon, and stars in their courses above,  
Join with all nature in manifold witness  
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy, and love.

Pardon for Sin and a peace that endureth,  
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide,  
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow  
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

## **Before the Throne of God Above**

Charitie Lees Bancroft, 1863

Before the throne of God above  
I have a strong, a perfect plea,  
a great High Priest, whose name is Love  
who ever lives and pleads for me.  
My name is graven on His hands,  
my name is written on His heart;  
I know that while in heav'n He stands  
no tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair  
and tells me of the guilt within,  
upward I look, and see Him there  
who made an end of all my sin.  
Because the sinless Savior died,  
my sinful soul is counted free,  
for God the just is satisfied  
to look on Him and pardon me.

Behold Him there! the risen Lamb!  
my perfect, spotless righteousness,  
the great unchangeable I AM"  
the King of glory and of grace!  
One with Himself, I cannot die;  
my soul is purchased by His blood;  
my life is hid with Christ on high,  
with Christ my Savior and my God.

## Jesus Paid it All

Elvina M. Hall, 1865

I hear the Savior say,  
“Thy strength indeed is small;  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in Me thine all in all.”

*Refrain:*

Jesus paid it all,  
All to Him I owe;  
Sin had left a crimson stain,  
He washed it white as snow.

For nothing good have I  
Whereby Thy grace to claim;  
I'll wash my garments white  
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

And now complete in Him,  
My robe, His righteousness,  
Close sheltered 'neath His side,  
I am divinely blest.

Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy pow'r, and Thine alone,  
Can change the \*leper's spots  
And melt the heart of stone.

When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
“Jesus died my soul to save,”  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

And when before the throne  
I stand in Him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.

## In Christ Alone

Keith Getty & Stuart Townend, 2002

In Christ alone my hope is found;  
He is my light, my strength, my song;  
This cornerstone, this solid ground,  
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.  
What heights of love, what depths of peace,  
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease!  
My comforter, my all in all—  
Here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, Who took on flesh,  
Fullness of God in helpless babe!  
This gift of love and righteousness,  
Scorned by the ones He came to save.  
Till on that cross as Jesus died,  
The wrath of God was satisfied;  
For ev'ry sin on Him was laid—  
Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,  
Light of the world by darkness slain;  
Then bursting forth in glorious day,  
Up from the grave He rose again!  
And as He stands in victory,  
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me;  
For I am His and He is mine—  
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death—  
This is the pow'r of Christ in me;  
From life's first cry to final breath,  
Jesus commands my destiny.  
No pow'r of hell, no scheme of man,  
Can ever pluck me from His hand;  
Till He returns or calls me home—  
Here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand.”