

## Amazing Grace

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.

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.

## What a Friend We Have in Jesus

What a friend we have in Jesus,  
all our sins and griefs to bear!

What a privilege to carry  
everything to God in prayer!

O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
all because we do not carry  
everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?

Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged;  
take it to the Lord in prayer!

Can we find a friend so faithful  
who will all our sorrows share?

Jesus knows our every weakness;  
take it to the Lord in prayer!

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
cumbered with a load of care?

Precious Savior, still our refuge--  
take it to the Lord in prayer!

Do your friends despise, forsake you?

Take it to the Lord in prayer!

In his arms he'll take and shield you;  
you will find a solace there.

## How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the works Thy hand hath made  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

**Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art  
Then sings my soul, my Savior God to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!**

When through the woods, and forest glades I wander  
I hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees  
When I look down, from lofty mountain grandeur  
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze

But when I think, that God, His Son not sparing  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in  
That on the Cross, my burden gladly bearing  
He bled and died to take away my sin

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation  
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart  
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration  
And then proclaim: "My God, how great Thou art!"