

1 Come sing to God, O living saints,
Sing praises to God's name.
God's anger is not permanent,
God's love will never wane.
Though tears may tarry for the night
With sighs of deepest pain,
Yet joy comes with the morning sun,
A peace that is not vain.

2 In my success I felt secure.
How good You've been to me.
I said that this is my own work,
Ascribing all to me.
But when You turned aside Your face,
My life was filled with fears.
I begged for help, to You I cried
With loud and bitter tears.

3 What good is gained by my disgrace
What profit in defeat?
My grave cannot confess Your name,
Nor praise for You repeat.
Now hear, O Lord, my plaintive cry;
Be merciful to me.
Accept my longing heart's request
And from death set me free.

4 You change my grief to joy-filled
dance,
My sorrows You destroy.
In faithfulness You hear my cry
And fill my life with joy.
And so to You my heart shall sing,
My voice Your goodness raise.
You are my God, forevermore,
My life shall sing Your praise.

1 Will you let me be your servant,
Let me be as Christ to you;
Pray that I may have the grace to
Let you be my servant, too.

2 We are pilgrims on a journey,
We are trav'lers on the road;
We are here to help each other
Walk the mile and bear the load.

3 I will hold the Christ-light for you
In the night-time of your fear;
I will hold my hand out to you,
Speak the peace you long to hear.

4 I will weep when you are weeping;
When you laugh I'll laugh with you.
I will share your joy and sorrow
'Til we've seen this journey through.

5 When we sing to God in heaven
We shall find such harmony,
Born of all we've known together
Of Christ's love and agony.

1 Jesus, thy boundless love to me
no thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
and reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone, I'd live;
myself to thee entirely give.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
may dwell, but thy pure love alone;
O may thy love possess me whole,
my joy, my treasure, and my crown!
All coldness from my heart remove;
may every act, word, thought be love.

3 O Love, how gracious is thy way!
All fear before thy presence flies;
care, anguish, sorrow melt away
where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
nothing desire, or seek, but thee.