



TRINITY
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Trinity Presbyterian Church

Love God. Love People. Love Fort Worth

Trinity Presbyterian Church

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Come Thou Fount of every blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Words: Robert Robinson; Music: Folk Tune

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
'Til life's storm is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
I, helpless, hang on Thee;
Leave, oh leave me not alone,
Support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
In the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, are all I want,
Here more than all I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
For all eternity.

Words: Charles Wesley; Music: Greg Thompson

His Mercy is More

What love could remember, no wrongs we have done
Omniscient, all-knowing, He counts not their sum
Thrown into a sea without bottom or shore
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more

What patience would wait as we constantly roam
What Father so tender is calling us home
He welcomes the weakest, the vilest, the poor
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more

Praise the Lord
His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness
New every morn'
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more

What riches of kindness He lavished on us
His blood was the payment His life was the cost
We stood 'neath a debt we could never afford
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more

*Praise the Lord
His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness
New every morn'
Our sins they are many, His mercy is more*

Words & Music: Matt Papa, Matt Boswell

Abide with Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers, fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, abide with me.

Thou on my head, in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious, and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, though I oft left Thee,
On to the close Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence, every passing hour.
What but Thy grace, can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless
Ills have no weight, tears lose their bitterness
Where is thy sting death? Where grave thy victory?
I triumph still, abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross, before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, Lord, abide with me.

Words: Henry Lyte & Justin Smith; Music: Jeff Bourque

Be Thou My Vision

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art.
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom, and Thou my true word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and always:
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of Heaven, my treasure Thou art.

High King of Heaven, my victory won,
May I reach Heaven's joys, O bright Heaven's sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O ruler of all.

Words & Music: Traditional Irish Text & Folk Tune

Hast Thou Heard, Him Seen, Him Known Him

Hast thou heard Him, seen Him, known Him?
Is not thine a captured heart?
Chief among ten thousand own Him,
Joyful choose the better part.

*Captivated by His beauty,
Worthy tribute haste to bring.
Let His peerless worth constrain thee,
Crown Him now unrivaled King.*

What can strip the seeming beauty,
From the idols of the earth?
Not a sense of right or duty,
But the sight of peerless worth. (*Chorus*)

'Tis that look that melted Peter,
'Tis that face that Stephen saw,
'Tis that heart that wept with Mary,
Can alone from idols draw. (*Chorus*)

Words: Ora Rowan; Music: Joel Littlepage

Give Reviving

Father for Thy promised blessing,
Still we plead before Thy throne
For the times of sweet refreshing,
Which can come from Thee alone
Blessed earnest, Thou hast given,
But in these we would not rest
Blessings still with Thee are hidden,
Pour them forth and make us blest!

Prayer ascendeth to Thee ever,
Answer! Father, answer prayer
Bless oh bless each, weak endeavor,
Blood-bought pardon to declare
Wake Thy slumbering, children wake them,
Bid them to Thy harvest go
Blessings O our Father make,
Round their steps let blessings flow.

Let no people be forgotten,
Let Thy showers on all descend
That in one loud blessed anthem,
Millions may in triumph blend
Give reviving, give refreshing,
Give the looked-for Jubilee
To Thyself may crowds be pressing,
Bringing glory unto Thee.

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Give reviving, give refreshing,
Give the looked-for Jubilee
To Thyself may crowds be pressing,
Bringing glory unto Thee.

Words: Albert Midlane, Chelsey Scott; Music: Chelsey Scott, Aaron Sands

Jesus I My Cross Have Taken

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee.
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought or hoped or known.
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior, too.
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
O while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

Man may trouble and distress me
Twill but drive me to thy breast
Life with trials hard may press me
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest
Oh tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me.
Oh twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Soul, then know thy full salvation
Rise o'er sin and fear and care
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Fathers smiles are thine,
Think that Jesus died to win thee,
Child of heaven, canst thou repine.

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer.
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide us there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Words: Henry Lyte; Music: Mozart (alt. by Bill Moore)

Psalm 126

Our mouths they were filled, filled with laughter;
Our tongues they were loosed, loosed with joy.
Restore us, O Lord! Restore us, O Lord!

*Although we are weeping,
Lord, help us keep sowing
The seeds of Your Kingdom
for the day You will reap them!
Your sheaves we will carry;
Lord, please do not tarry!
All those who sow weeping
will go out with songs of joy!*

The nations will say, "He has done great things!"
The nations will sing songs of joy.
Restore us, O Lord! Restore us, O Lord!

(Chorus 2x)

Words & Music: Bifrost Arts

We Will Feast in the House of Zion

We will feast in the house of Zion.

We will sing with our hearts restored.

"He has done great things," we will say together.

We will feast and weep no more.

We will not be burned by the fire,

He is the Lord our God.

We are not consumed by the flood

Upheld, protected, gathered up. (*Chorus*)

In the dark of night before the dawn,

My soul be not afraid.

For the promised morning, o how long?

O God of Jacob be my strength. (*Chorus*)

Every vow we've broken and betrayed

You are the faithful one.

And from the garden to the grave

Bind us together bring shalom. (*Chorus*)

Words & Music: Sandra McCracken and Joshua Moore