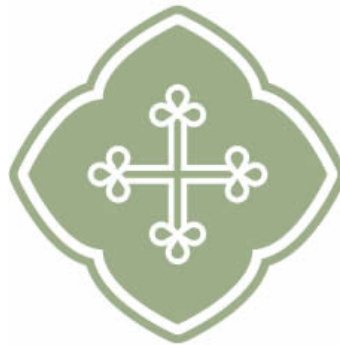




Fort Worth Presbyterian Church



**TRINITY**  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

**Hymn Sing April 6, 2020**

## **Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven**

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
To His feet thy tribute bring.  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me His praise should sing?  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favor  
To our fathers in distress.  
Praise Him still the same forever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
praise Him, praise Him,  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish  
Blows the wind and it is gone  
But while mortals rise and perish  
God endures unchanging on  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise the high eternal One

Fatherlike He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He Knows.  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
praise Him, praise Him,  
Widely as His mercy goes.

Angels help us to adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,  
Dwellers all in time and space.  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise with us the God of grace.

Words by Henry Lyte

### **By Thy Mercy**

Jesus, Lord of life and glory,  
Bend from heaven thy gracious ear;  
While our waiting souls adore thee,  
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:

From the depth of nature's blindness,  
From the hardening power of sin,  
From all malice and unkindness,  
From the pride that lurks within,

By thy mercy, O deliver us, good Lord  
By thy mercy, O deliver us, good Lord, good Lord.

When temptation sorely presses,  
In the day of Satan's power,  
In our times of deep distresses,  
In each dark and trying hour.

When the world around is smiling,  
In the time of wealth and ease,  
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,  
In the day of health and peace. (Refrain)

In the weary hours of sickness,  
In the times of grief and pain,  
When we feel our mortal weakness,  
When all human help is vain.

In the solemn hour of dying,  
In the awful judgment day,  
May our souls, on thee relying,  
Find thee still our Rock and Stay. (Refrain)

Words by James John Cummins

## Jesus, I Come

Out of my bondage, sorrow and night,  
Jesus, I come; Jesus I come.

Into Thy freedom, gladness and light,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of my sickness into Thy health,  
Out of my wanting and into Thy wealth,  
Out of my sin and into Thyself,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of my shameful failure and loss,  
Jesus, I come; Jesus, I come.  
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.  
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm,  
Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,  
Out of distress into jubilant psalm,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of unrest and arrogant pride,  
Jesus, I come; Jesus, I come.  
Into Thy blessed will to abide,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.  
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love,  
Out of despair into raptures above,  
Upward forever on wings like a dove,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,  
Jesus, I come; Jesus, I come.  
Into the joy and light of Thy home,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.  
Out of the depths of ruin untold,  
Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,  
Ever Thy glorious face to behold,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Words by William True Sleeper

## **Psalm 73**

Surely God is good  
To all the pure in heart  
But as for me, my feet had almost slipped  
I nearly lost my grip  
For I envied, the arrogant  
They are free, from my burdens

Surely I, in vain,  
Have kept my, my heart pure  
And surely they are strong and free from trials  
While I am so confused  
Then I entered Your holy place  
Then I saw their destiny

Surely, they're cast down  
As those on slippery ground  
As dreams fade when we wake, so they become  
Completely swept away  
In my heart I was arrogant  
Like a beast before You

Yet always You are near  
You guide me by Your Word  
And always, my Lord God, You are my strength  
My portion You will be  
You're my refuge, my Sovereign Lord  
I will sing of Your awesome deeds

Words and Music by Kevin Twit

## **How Long?**

How long? Will You turn Your face away?  
How long? Do You hear us when we pray?  
On and on, still we walk this pilgrim way - How long?

How long 'til Your children find their rest?  
How long 'til You draw them to Your breast?  
We go on holding to Your promises - How long?

'Til You wipe away the tears from ev'ry eye  
'Til we see our home descending from the sky  
Do we wait in vain? Jesus, give us hope again!

How long 'til Your word will still the storm?  
How long 'til You bare Your mighty arm?  
How we groan 'til You snatch us from the thorns - How long? (Refrain)

How long? Sweet the dawn that ends the race.  
How long? Weak our hearts but strong our legs.  
Looking on - great that cloud of witnesses! How long? (Refrain)

Words & Music: Isaac Wardell

## Psalm 46

God is our refuge, our strength and our shield,  
An ever-present help.  
We will not fear though the earth gives way  
And the mountains crash into the sea.

There is a river whose streams will make glad  
The city of our most High King.  
God is within her, and she will not fail,  
He helps her at break of the day.

Nations in uproar, men's kingdoms, they fall,  
He speaks and the earth melts away.  
The worst we imagine the strongest of storms,  
Our fortress, it will still remain.

There is a river whose streams will make glad  
The city of our most High King.  
God is within her, and she will not fail,  
Listen and hear the Lord say:

"Be still and know that I am God."

Come, let us see what the Lord has done,  
the ruins He brings to the earth.  
He makes wars to cease to the ends of the earth,  
He shatters the bow and the spear.



There is a river whose streams will make glad  
The city of our most High King.  
God is within her, and she will not fail,  
Listen and hear the Lord say:

“Be still and know that I am God.”

By Mike Crawford 2009, Altered by Isaac Wardell 2010

### **Poor Sinner, Dejected with Fear**

Poor sinner, dejected with fear,  
Unbosom thy mind to the Lamb;  
No wrath on His brow He does wear,  
Nor will He poor mourners condemn;  
His arm of omnipotent grace  
Is able and willing to save;  
A sweet and a permanent peace  
He'll freely and faithfully give.

Come just as thou art, with thy woe,  
Fall down at the feet of the Lamb;  
He will not, He cannot say, “Go”,  
But surely will take out thy stain  
A fountain is opened for sin,  
And thousands its virtues have proved  
He'll take thee, and plunge thee therein,  
And wash thee from filth in His blood.

The soul that on Jesus relies,  
He'll never, no never deceive;  
He freely and faithfully gives  
More blessings than we can conceive;  
Yea, down to old age He will keep,  
Nor will He forsake us at last;  
He knows and is known by His sheep;  
They're His, and He will hold them fast.

Words by William Gadsby

### **I Asked the Lord**

I asked the Lord that I might grow  
In faith and love and every grace  
Might more of His salvation know  
And seek more earnestly His face

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray  
And He I trust has answered prayer  
But it has been in such a way  
As almost drove me to despair

I hoped that in some favored hour  
At once He'd answer my request  
And by His love's constraining power  
Subdue my sins and give me rest

Instead of this He made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart  
And let the angry powers of Hell  
Assault my soul in every part

Yea more with His own hand He seemed  
Intent to aggravate my woe  
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,  
Cast out my feelings, laid me low

Lord why is this, I trembling cried  
Wilt Thou pursue thy worm to death?  
"Tis in this way" The Lord replied  
"I answer prayer for grace and faith "

"These inward trials I employ  
From self and pride to set thee free  
And break thy schemes of earthly joy  
That thou mayest seek thy all in me,  
That thou mayest seek thy all in me."

Words by John Newton

### **Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah**

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land.  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me now and evermore;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow;  
Let the fire and cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through.  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.  
Songs of praises, I will ever give to Thee;  
Songs of praises, I will ever give to Thee.

Land me safe on Canaan's side  
Bid my anxious fears, bid my anxious fears  
Land me safe on Canaan's side  
Bid my anxious fears, bid my anxious fears, goodbye

Words by William Williams

## All Must Be Well

Through the love of God our Savior, All will be well  
Free and changeless is His favor, All is well  
Precious is the blood that healed us  
Perfect is the grace that sealed us  
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us  
All must be well

Though we pass through tribulation, All will be well  
Ours is such a full salvation, All is well  
Happy still in God confiding  
Fruitful if in Christ abiding  
Steadfast through the Spirit's guiding  
All must be well

We expect a bright tomorrow; All will be well  
Faith can sing through days of sorrow, All is well  
On our Father's love relying  
Jesus every need supplying  
Yes in living or in dying  
All must be well

Words by Mary Bowley Peters

## A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

A mighty fortress is our God,  
A Bulwark never failing;  
Our Helper He amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing;  
For still our ancient Foe  
Doth seek to work us woe;  
His craft and pow'r are great,  
And armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing;  
Were not the right Man on our side,  
The Man of God's own choosing;  
Dost ask who that may be:  
Christ Jesus it is He;  
Lord Sabbaoth His name,  
From age to age the same,  
And He must win the battle.

And though this world with devils filled,  
Should threaten to undo us  
We will not fear for God hath willed,  
His truth to triumph through us  
The Prince of Darkness grim,  
We tremble not for him  
His rage we can endure,  
For lo his doom is sure  
One little word shall fell him.

That Word above all earthly pow'r,  
No thanks to them abideth;  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
Through Him who with us sideth;  
Let goods and kindred go,  
This mortal life also;  
The body they may kill;  
God's truth abideth still,  
His kingdom is forever!

Words by Martin Luther