

Worship in Song

July 21, 2024

I Love To Tell The Story

I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above
Of Jesus and His glory
Of Jesus and His love
I love to tell the story
Because I know 'tis true
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do

*I love to tell the story
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old old story
Of Jesus and His love*

I love to tell the story
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems each time I tell it
More wonderfully sweet
I love to tell the story
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word

I love to tell the story
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest
And when in scenes of glory
I sing the new new song
'Twill be the old old story
That I have loved so long

Shall We Gather At The River

Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God

*Yes we'll gather at the river
The beautiful the beautiful river
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God*

Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we ev'ry burden down
Grace our spirits will deliver
And provide a robe and crown

At the smiling of the river
Mirror of the Savior's face
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace

Soon we'll reach the shining river
Soon our pilgrimage will cease
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace

The Unclouded Day

O they tell me of a home
Far beyond the skies
O they tell me
Of a home far away
O they tell me of a home
Where no storm clouds rise
O they tell me
Of an unclouded day

*O the land of cloudless day
O the land of unclouded sky
O they tell me of a home
Where no storm clouds rise
O they tell me
Of an unclouded day*

O they tell me of a home
Where my friends have gone
O they tell me of
That land far away
Where the tree of life
In eternal bloom
Sheds its fragrance
Thro' the unclouded day

O they tell me of the King
In His beauty there
And they tell me
That mine eyes shall behold
Where He sits on the throne
That is whiter than snow
In the city
That is made of gold

O they tell me that He smiles
On His children there
And His smile
Drives their sorrows all away
And they tell me
That no tears ever come again
In that lovely land
Of unclouded day

Open My Eyes That I May See

Open my eyes that I may see
 Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me
 Place in my hands the wonderful key
 That shall unclasp and set me free

*Silently now I wait for Thee
 Ready my God Thy will to see
 Open my eyes illumine me
 Spirit divine*

Open my ears that I may hear
 Voices of truth Thou sendest clear
 And while the wave notes fall on my ear
 Everything false will disappear

Open my mouth and let me bear
 Gladly the warm truth everywhere
 Open my heart and let me prepare
 Love with Thy children thus to share

His Eye Is On The Sparrow

Why should I feel discouraged
 Why should the shadows come
 Why should my heart be lonely
 And long for heaven 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

*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 words I hear
 And resting on His goodness
 I lose my doubt and fear
 Tho' 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

Sweet By And By

*In the sweet by and by
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore
 In the sweet by and by
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore*

There's a land that is fairer than day
 And by faith we can see it afar
 For the Father waits over the way
 To prepare us a dwelling place there

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
 The melodious songs of the blest
 And our spirits shall sorrow no more
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest

To our bountiful Father above
 We will offer our tribute of praise
 For the glorious gift of His love
 And the blessings that hallow our days

The Wonderful Cross

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

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

*O the wonderful cross
 O the wonderful cross
 Bids me come and die
 And find that I may truly live
 O the wonderful cross
 O the wonderful cross
 All who gather here by grace
 Draw near and bless your name*

Were the whole realm of nature mine
 That were an offering far too small
 Love so amazing so divine
 Demands my soul, my life, my all