**HOLY, HOLY, HOLY (#323)**

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God almighty!

 Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:

Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and mighty!

God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,

Who wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;

Only Thou art holy there is none beside Thee

Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;

Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and mighty!

God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

**HOW GREAT THOU ART (# 2)**

 O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder

 Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made,

 I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,

 Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

 **CHORUS**

 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 are, how great Thou art!

 When through the woods and forest glades I wander

 And 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;

 **(Repeat chorus)**

And 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;

 **(Repeat chorus)**

 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 there proclaim,

 My God, how great Thou art!

 **(Repeat chorus)**

**BENEATH THE CROSS OF JESUS (#253)**

Beneath the cross of Jesus
  I gladly take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty Rock
  Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
  A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
  And the burden of the day.

Upon that cross of Jesus
  Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
  Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
  Two wonders I confess,
The wonders of His glorious love,
  And my unworthiness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow
  For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
  The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
  To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
  My glory all the cross.