

HYMN TEXTS - JULY 24, 2022

AMAZING GRACE! HOW SWEET THE SOUND

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found, was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear the hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares, I have already come;
'tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be as long as life endures.

5 When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun,
we've no less days to sing God's praise than when we first begun.

AT THE CROSS

1 Alas, and did my Savior bleed, and did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head for sinners such as I?

Refrain

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, and the burden of my heart rolled away,
it was there by faith I received my sight, and now I am happy all the day?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown, and love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut his glories in,
when Christ the mighty maker died for man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face while Calvary's cross appears,
dissolve my heart in thankfulness, and melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe;
here, Lord, I give myself away, 'tis all that I can do.

BE THOU MY VISION

1 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.

2 Be Thou my wisdom and Thou my true word; I ever with Thee and thou with me, Lord:
Thou my soul's shelter and thou my high tower, raise Thou me heaven-ward, O Power of my power.

3 Riches I heed not, nor vain empty praise, Thou mine inheritance, now and always:
Thou and Thou only first in my heart, High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art.

4 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.