Before Jehovah's Awesome Throne

Shout for joy to the LORD, all the earth. Worship the LORD with gladness; come before him with joyful songs. Ps. 100:1, 2

1. Before Jehovah's awesome throne, all nations, bow with
   sacred joy; know that the Lord is God alone, he can
cor-rected us men; and when like wan-d'ring sheep we strayed, he brought us
  mor-tal frame; what last-ing hon-or shall we rear, al-might-y
voices raise; and earth, with her ten thou-sand tongues, shall fill your
  ty your love; firm as a rock your truth must stand, when roll-ing

2. His sov-ereign pow'r, with-out our aid, made us of dust and
  sa-cred joy; know that the Lord is God alone, he can
formed us men; and when like wan-d'ring sheep we strayed, he brought us
  mor-tal frame; what last-ing hon-or shall we rear, al-might-y
voices raise; and earth, with her ten thou-sand tongues, shall fill your
  ty your love; firm as a rock your truth must stand, when roll-ing

3. We are his peo-ple, we his care, our souls and all our
  de-troy— he can cre-a-te, and he de-
to his fold a-gain— he brought us to his fold a-gain.
  Mak-er, to your name?— al-might-y Mak-er, to your name?
courts with sound-ing praise— shall fill your courts with sound-ing praise.
  years shall cease to move—when roll-ing years shall cease to move.

4. We'll crowd your gates with thank-ful songs, high as the heav'n's our

5. Wide as the world is your com-mand, vast as e-ter-ni-

From Psalm 100
Isaac Watts, 1705, 1719
St. 1 alt. by John Wesley; alt. 1961, 1990, mod.

PARK STREET L.M. rep.
Frederick M. A. Veniuk, ca. 1810, arr.
Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution
or famine or nakedness or danger or sword? Rom. 8:35

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly,
2. Other refuge have I none, hangs my helpless soul on thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than all in thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, grace to cover all my sin;

while the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high:
leave, ah! leave me not alone, still support and comfort me!
raise the fallen, cheer the faint, heal the sick, and lead the blind.
let the healing streams abound; make and keep me pure within:

hide me, O my Savior, hide, till the storm of life is past:
All my trust on thee is stayed, all my help from thee I bring:
Just and holy is thy name; I am all unrighteousness:
thou of life the fountain art, freely let me take of thee:

safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!
cover my defenseless head with the shadow of thy wing.
false and full of sin I am, thou art full of truth and grace.
spring thou up within my heart, rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740
Joseph Parry, 1879