

Words of Hymns 28th February 2021

HYMN 89 Blessed Assurance Jesus is Mine

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine
Heir of salvation, purchase of God
Born of His spirit, washed in His blood

*This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Saviour all the day
long*

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2. Perfect submission, perfect
delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my
sight;
Angels descending, bring from
above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of
love.

This is my story,..

3. Perfect submission, all is at
rest
I in my Saviour, am happy and
blessed
Watching and waiting, looking
above
Filled with His goodness, lost
in His love.

This is my story,..

HYMN 988 How Deep the Father's Love for Us

1 How deep the Father's love for us,
how vast beyond all measure,
that He should give His only Son
to make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss
– the Father turns His face away,
as wounds which mar the chosen
one bring many sons to glory.

2 Behold the man upon a cross,
my sin upon His shoulders;
ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there
until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me
life – I know that it is finished.

3 I will not boast in anything,
no gifts, no power, no wisdom;
but I will boast in Jesus Christ,
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer,
but this I know with all my heart,
His wounds have paid my ransom.

HYMN 33 And Can It Be That I Should Gain

1. And can it be that I should gain
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

2. 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the firstborn seraph tries
To sound the depths of love Divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3. He left His Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite His grace;
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me.

4. Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

5. No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness Divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

HYMN 437 Lord Make Me an Instrument

1. Lord make me an instrument
An instrument of worship
I lift up my hands in Your name
Lord make me an instrument
An instrument of worship
I lift up my hands in Your name

2. I'll sing You a love-song
A love-song of worship
I'll lift up my hands in Your name
I'll sing You a love song
A love song to Jesus
I'll lift up my hands in Your name

3. Lord make us a symphony
A symphony of worship
We lift up our hands in Your name
Lord make us a symphony
A symphony of worship
We lift up our hands in Your name