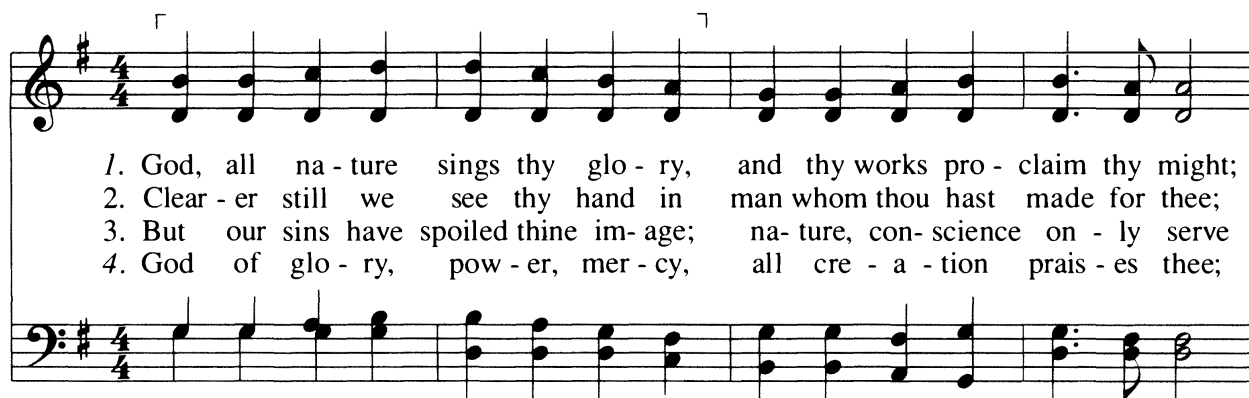


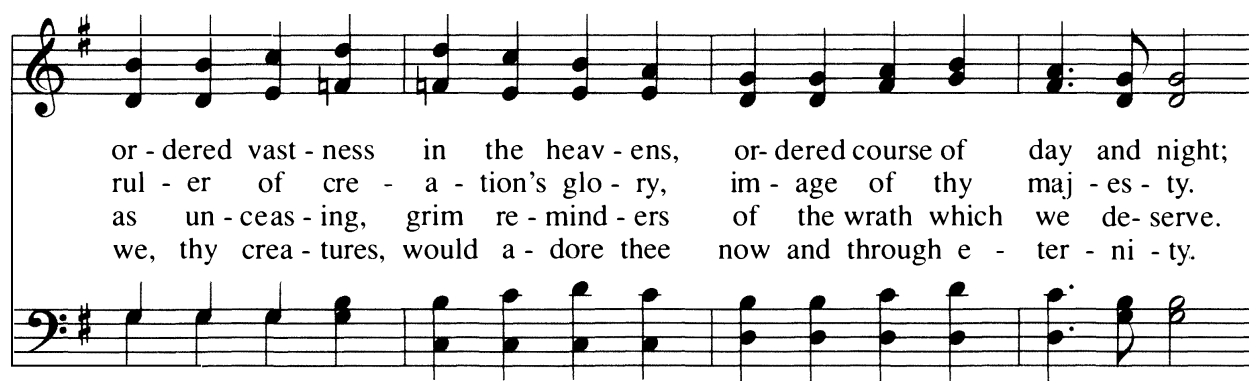
# God, All Nature Sings Thy Glory

122

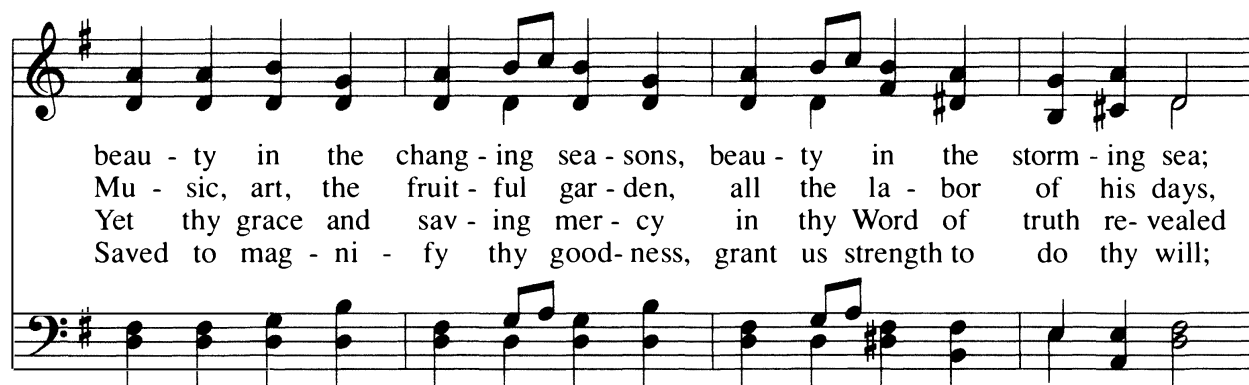
*How many are your works, O LORD! In wisdom you made them all; the earth is full of your creatures. Ps. 104:24*



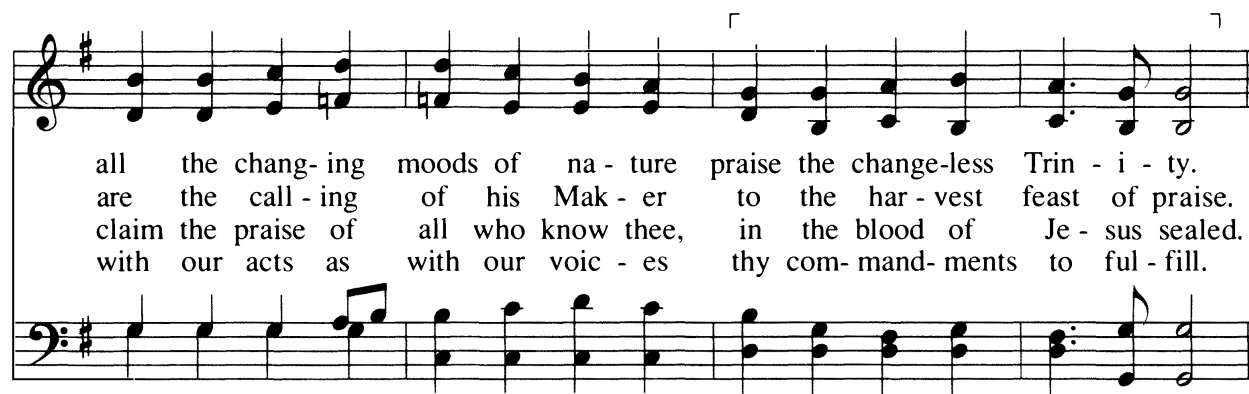
1. God, all na - ture sings thy glo - ry, and thy works pro - claim thy might;  
 2. Clear - er still we see thy hand in man whom thou hast made for thee;  
 3. But our sins have spoiled thine im - age; na - ture, con - science on - ly serve  
 4. God of glo - ry, pow - er, mer - cy, all cre - a - tion prais - es thee;



or - dered vast - ness in the heav - ens, or - dered course of day and night;  
 rul - er of cre - a - tion's glo - ry, im - age of thy maj - es - ty.  
 as un - ceas - ing, grim re - mind - ers of the wrath which we de - serve.  
 we, thy crea - tures, would a - dore thee now and through e - ter - ni - ty.



beau - ty in the chang - ing sea - sons, beau - ty in the storm - ing sea;  
 Mu - sic, art, the fruit - ful gar - den, all the la - bor of his days,  
 Yet thy grace and sav - ing mer - cy in thy Word of truth re - vealed  
 Saved to mag - ni - fy thy good - ness, grant us strength to do thy will;



all the chang - ing moods of na - ture praise the change - less Trin - i - ty.  
 are the call - ing of his Mak - er to the har - vest feast of praise.  
 claim the praise of all who know thee, in the blood of Je - sus sealed.  
 with our acts as with our voic - es thy com - mand - ments to ful - fill.

# Jesus, Lover of My Soul

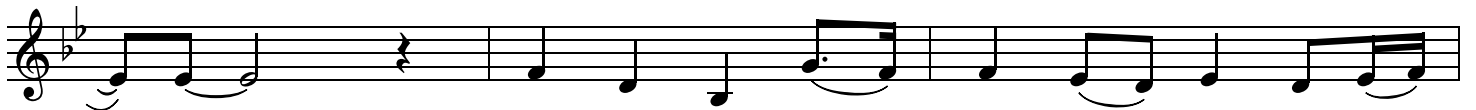
congregation

Charles Wesley

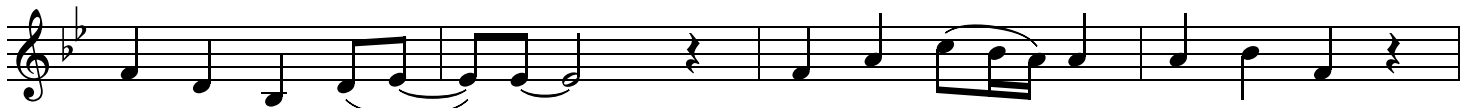
Greg Thompson



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, let me to thy bo - som
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, hangs my help - less soul on
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than all in thee I
4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, grace to cov - er all my



fly. While the near - er wa - ters roll, while the  
thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, still sup -  
find; Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, heal the  
sin; Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; make and



tem - pest still is high; Hide, me, O my Sa - vior hide,  
port and com - fort me! All my trust on thee is stayed,  
sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name;  
keep me pure with - in; Thou of life the foun - tain art,



'till the storm is past; Safe in - to the  
help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de -  
I am all un - right - eous - ness. False and full of  
let me take of thee; Spring Thou up with -



ha - ven guide, re - ceive my soul at last.  
fense - less head in the shad - ow of thy wing.  
sin I am, thou full of truth and grace.  
in my heart, to all e - ter - ni - ty.