

## Shout to the Lord

My Jesus, my Savior,  
Lord, there is none like You;  
All of my days  
I want to praise  
the wonders of Your mighty love.

My Comfort, my Shelter,  
Tower of refuge and strength.  
Let every breath, all that I am,  
never cease to worship You.

Chorus:  
Shout to the Lord, all the earth, let us sing  
Power and majesty, praise to the King!  
Mountains bow down and the seas will roar  
at the sound of Your name.  
I sing for joy at the work of Your hands,  
Forever I'll love You, forever I'll stand;  
Nothing compares to the promise I have in You!

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Lord, there is none like You;  
All of my days  
I want to praise  
the wonders of Your mighty love.

My Comfort, my Shelter,  
Tower of refuge and strength.  
Let every breath, all that I am,  
never cease to worship You.

(Chorus) x 2

Nothing compares to the promise I have in You!

*More Songs for Praise & Worship #16*  
*Text: Darlene Zschech*  
*Music: Darlene Zschech*  
*CCLI # 1406918*

## And Can It Be that I Should Gain

And can it be that I should gain  
an interest in the Savior'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?  
Amazing love! How can it be  
that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

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!  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
for O my God, it found out me!

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.  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

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 th' eternal throne,  
and claim the crown, through Christ my own.  
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,  
and claim the crown, through Christ my own.

*The United Methodist Hymnal Number 363*  
*Text: Charles Wesley, 1707-1788*  
*Music: Thomas Campbell*  
*Tune: SAGINA, Meter: 88.88.88 with Repeat*

## More Love to Thee, O Christ

More love to thee, O Christ, more love to thee!  
Hear thou the prayer I make on bended knee.  
This is my earnest plea: More love, O Christ, to  
thee;  
more love to thee, more love to thee!

Once earthly joy I craved, sought peace and rest;  
now thee alone I seek, give what is best.  
This all my prayer shall be: More love, O Christ,  
to thee;  
more love to thee, more love to thee!

Let sorrow do its work, come grief and pain;  
sweet are thy messengers, sweet their refrain,  
when they can sing with me: More love, O  
Christ, to thee;  
more love to thee, more love to thee!

Then shall my latest breath whisper thy praise;  
this be the parting cry my heart shall raise;  
this still its prayer shall be: More love, O Christ,  
to thee;  
more love to thee, more love to thee!

*The United Methodist Hymnal Number 453*  
*Text: Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1818-1878*  
*Music: William H. Doane, 1832-1915*  
*Tune: MORE LOVE TO THEE, Meter: 64.64.66.44*

## The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy  
name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on  
earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our  
daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we  
forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us  
not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, For  
thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory  
forever. Amen

## When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

When I survey the wondrous cross  
on which the Prince of Glory died;  
my richest gain I count but loss,  
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
save in the death of Christ, my God;  
all the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
sorrow and love flow mingled down.  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
that were an offering far too small;  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.

*The United Methodist Hymnal Number 298*  
*Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*  
*Music: Lowell Mason, 1792-1872*  
*Tune: HAMBURG, Meter: LM*