

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
is laid for your faith in his excellent word:
what more can he say than to you he hath said,
you who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

Fear not, he is with thee, O be not dismayed;
for he is thy God, and will still give thee aid:
he'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
upheld by his righteous, omnipotent hand.

In every condition, in sickness, in health,
in poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
at home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
as thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

When through the deep waters he calls thee to go,
the rivers of grief shall not thee overflow;
for he will be with thee in trouble to bless,
and sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
his grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
the flame shall not hurt thee, his only design
thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose
he will not, he will not, desert to its foes;
that soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
he'll never, no never, no never forsake.

John Rippon

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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.

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.

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.

Stuart Townsend
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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.

Isaac Watts
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***He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole world, in His hand.***

He's got the sun and the moon, in His hand,
He's got the sun and the moon, in His hand,
He's got the sun and the moon, in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hand.

*He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole world, in His hand.*

He's got the wind and the rain, in His hand,
He's got the wind and the rain, in His hand,
He's got the wind and the rain, in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hand.

*He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole world, in His hand.*

He's got the plants and the creatures, in His hand,
He's got the plants and the creatures, in His hand,
He's got the plants and the creatures, in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hand.

*He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole world, in His hand.*

He's got the past and the future, in His hand,
He's got the past and the future, in His hand,
He's got the past and the future, in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hand.

*He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole world, in His hand.*

He's got everybody here, in His hand,
He's got everybody here, in His hand,
He's got everybody here, in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hand.

*He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole wide world, in His hand,
He's got the whole world, in His hand.*

39 Jesus went out as usual to the Mount of Olives, and his disciples followed him. 40 On reaching the place, he said to them, "Pray that you will not fall into temptation."
41 He withdrew about a stone's throw beyond them, knelt down and prayed, 42 "Father, if you are willing, take this cup from me; yet not my will, but yours be done."
43 An angel from heaven appeared to him and strengthened him. 44 And being in anguish, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was like drops of blood falling to the ground.

45 When he rose from prayer and went back to the disciples, he found them asleep, exhausted from sorrow. 46 "Why are you sleeping?" he asked them. "Get up and pray so that you will not fall into temptation."

47 While he was still speaking a crowd came up, and the man who was called Judas, one of the Twelve, was leading them. He approached Jesus to kiss him, 48 but Jesus asked him, "Judas, are you betraying the Son of Man with a kiss?"

49 When Jesus' followers saw what was going to happen, they said, "Lord, should we strike with our swords?" 50 And one of them struck the servant of the high priest, cutting off his right ear.

51 But Jesus answered, "No more of this!" And he touched the man's ear and healed him.

52 Then Jesus said to the chief priests, the officers of the temple guard, and the elders, who had come for him, "Am I leading a rebellion, that you have come with swords and clubs? 53 Every day I was with you in the temple courts, and you did not lay a hand on me. But this is your hour—when darkness reigns."

54 Then seizing him, they led him away and took him into the house of the high priest. Peter followed at a distance. 55 And when some there had kindled a fire in the middle of the courtyard and had sat down together, Peter sat down with them. 56 A servant girl saw him seated there in the firelight. She looked closely at him and said, "This man was with him."

57 But he denied it. "Woman, I don't know him," he said.

58 A little later someone else saw him and said, "You also are one of them."

"Man, I am not!" Peter replied.

59 About an hour later another asserted, "Certainly this fellow was with him, for he is a Galilean."

60 Peter replied, "Man, I don't know what you're talking about!" Just as he was speaking, the rooster crowed. 61 The Lord turned and looked straight at Peter. Then Peter remembered the word the Lord had spoken to him: "Before the rooster crows today, you will disown me three times." 62 And he went outside and wept bitterly.

Who, oh Lord, could save themselves,
Their own soul could heal?
Our shame was deeper than the sea;
Your grace is deeper still.
(repeat)

And you alone can rescue,
You alone can save
You alone can lift us from the grave.
You came down to find us,
Led us out of death
To You alone belongs the highest praise

You, oh Lord, have made a way,
The great divide You healed;
For when our hearts were far away
Your love went further still
Yes, Your love goes further still

And you alone can rescue,
You alone can save.
You alone can lift us from the grave.
You came down to find us,
Led us out of death
To You alone belongs the highest praise.
To You alone belongs the highest praise.

We lift up our eyes, lift up our eyes
You're the Giver of Life
(repeat x 4)
You alone can rescue,
You alone can save.
You alone can lift us from the grave.
You came down to find us,
Led us out of death.
To You alone belongs the highest praise.
To You alone belongs the highest praise.
To You alone belongs the highest praise.

Man of Sorrows! What a name
for the Son of God, who came
ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
in my place condemned he stood;
sealed my pardon with his blood;
Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

Guilty, vile and helpless we;
Spotless Lamb of God was he:
full atonement - can it be?
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

Lifted up was he to die.
"It is finished!" was his cry;
now in heaven exalted high;
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

When he comes, our glorious King,
all his ransomed home to bring,
then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

Philip Bliss
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When I fear my faith will fail,
Christ will hold me fast;
When the tempter would prevail,
He will hold me fast.
I could never keep my hold
Through life's fearful path;
For my love is often cold;
He must hold me fast.

He will hold me fast,
He will hold me fast;
For my Saviour loves me so,
He will hold me fast.

Those he saves are his delight,
Christ will hold me fast;
Precious in his holy sight,
He will hold me fast.
He'll not let my soul be lost;
His promises shall last;
Bought by Him at such a cost;
He will hold me fast.

He will hold me fast,
He will hold me fast;
For my Saviour loves me so,
He will hold me fast.

For my life he bled and died,
Christ will hold me fast;
Justice has been satisfied;
He will hold me fast.
Raised with Him to endless life,
He will hold me fast
'Till our faith is turned to sight
When He comes at last!

He will hold me fast,
He will hold me fast;
For my Saviour loves me so,
He will hold me fast.

