

1. AMAZING GRACE how sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now I'm found
Was blind, but now I see.

Thro many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;
Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we first begun.

- John Newton 1725 - 1807

2. A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

A bulwark never failing
Our helper He amid the flood
of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

- Martin Luther 1483 - 1546

3. ABIDE WITH ME, fast falls the even tide
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O Abide with me.

- Henry Lyte 1793 - 1847

4. MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY of the
coming of the Lord - He is trampling out
the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
stored. He hath loosed the fateful light-
ning of his terrible swift sword, His
truth is marching on. Glory, glory,
Hallelujah etc.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea, With a glory in His bosom
that transfigures you and me, As he died
to make men holy, let us die to make men
free, While God is marching on.
Glory, glory hallelujah, etc.

- Julia Ward Howe

5. WHEN UPON LIFE'S BILLOWS you are
tempest tossed, when you are discouraged
thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them 1
by 1, And it will surprise you what the
Lord hath done. (Repeat - Chorus)
Count your blessings, name them 1 by 1
" " " see what God hath done.
" " many " - Johnson Oatman 1856-1926

6. THERE'S A CHURCH IN THE VALLEY by the
wildwood no lovelier place in the dale,
No spot is so dear to my childhood as the
little brown church in the vale.
(Chorus) O come to the church in the
wildwood, O come to the church in the dale.
No spot is so dear to my childhood as
the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning
To list to the clear ringing bell;
Its tone so sweetly are calling
O Come to the church in the dell.

- W. S. Pitts

7. FAITH OF OUR FATHERS living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword.
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will love
both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee too as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

- Frederick Faber 1814-63

8. OUR FATHER'S GOD TO THEE, Author of
Liberty, To thee we sing: Long may our
land be bright With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

- Samuel Smith 1808-95

My native country, thee, Land of the noble,
free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks
and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.