

My Soul Finds Rest in God Alone #136

My soul finds rest in God alone, my Rock and my Salvation, a fortress strong against my foes; and I will not be shaken. Though lips may bless and hearts may curse, and lies like arrows pierce me, I'll fix my heart on righteousness; I'll look to Him who hears me. O praise Him, hallelujah, my delight and my reward! Everlasting, never failing; my Redeemer, my God.

Find rest, my soul, in God alone amid the world's temptations; when evil seeks to take a hold, I'll cling to my salvation. Though riches come and riches go, don't set your heart upon them. The fields of hope in which I sow are harvested in heaven. O praise Him, hallelujah, my delight and my reward! Everlasting, never failing; my Redeemer, my God.

I'll set my gaze on God alone and trust in Him completely; with every day pour out my soul, and He will prove His mercy. Though life is but a fleeting breath, a sigh too brief to measure, my King has crushed the curse of death, and I am His forever! O praise Him, hallelujah, my delight and my reward! Everlasting, never failing; my Redeemer, my God.

Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy #242

Come, ye sinners poor and needy, weak and wounded, sick and sore; Jesus ready stands to save you, full of pity, love and pow'r. I will arise and go to Jesus; He will embrace me in His arms; in the arms of my dear Savior, O there are ten thousand charms.

Come, ye thirst, come and welcome, God's free bounty glorify; true belief and true repentance, every grace that brings you nigh. I will arise and go to Jesus; He will embrace me in His arms; in the arms of my dear Savior, O there are ten thousand charms.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden, lost and ruined by the fall; if you tarry till you're better, you will never come at all. I will arise and go to Jesus; He will embrace me in His arms; in the arms of my dear Savior, O there are ten thousand charms.

Let not conscience make you linger, nor of fitness fondly dream; all the fitness He requireth is to feel your need of Him. I will arise and go to Jesus; He will embrace me in His arms; in the arms of my dear Savior, O there are ten thousand charms.

The Blood of Jesus Speaks for Me #225

The blood of Jesus speaks for me. Be still, my soul—redeeming love out of the dust of Calvary is rising to the throne above. There is no vengeance in His cry, while "It is finished!" fills the sky. Forgiveness is the final plea—the blood of Jesus speaks for me.

My heart can barely take it in, He pardons all my guilty stains. Surrender all my shame to Him, He breaks the curse of every chain. My sin is great, but greater still the boundless grace His heart reveals: a mercy deeper than the sea—the blood of Jesus speaks for me.

When my accuser makes the claim that I should die for my offense, I point him to that rugged frame, where I found life at Christ's expense. See from His hands, His feet, His side, the fountain flowing deep and wide! O hear it shout the victory—the blood of Jesus speaks for me!

O let my soul arise and sing, my confidence is not in vain! The One who fights for me is King; His hope His covenant remain. No condemnation now I dread, eternal hope is mine instead. His Word will stand; I stand redeemed—the blood of Jesus speaks for me!