

### **I Waited Patiently for God #98**

I waited patiently for God until He heard my cry; He pulled me up from death's deep pit and out of miry clay; He set my feet upon a rock; my footsteps He restored. He put a new song in my mouth that men may praise the Lord.

How blessed is the man who puts his confidence in God, who turns not to the proud, or men whose way is fraud. For God alone does mighty deeds and sets His thoughts on me; I could not count His wondrous works, for they are great indeed.

Great sacrifice and costly gifts the Lord has not desired; a heart that loves to do His will is all He has required. For Christ fulfilled God's perfect law and kept all His commands; a body God prepared for Him to do as He had planned.

Like Him, I love to do Your Word and keep Your holy law; Your people hear my mouth speak forth Your truth and steadfast love; Lord, I have sung Your faithfulness; salvation I proclaimed; from telling all Your righteousness, my lips have not restrained.

Then You, O Lord, will not withhold Your mercy now from me; Your steadfast love and faithfulness will all my safety be. For countless evils close me 'round; my sins sweep o'er my head; iniquities pursue my soul and fill my heart with dread.

Be pleased, O Lord to rescue me; come quickly to my aid! Make all my enemies draw back, and let them be dismayed. Since I am poor and weak, O Lord, be mindful of my need. May all who seek You now rejoice, for You will save indeed!

### **I Hear the Words of Love #119**

I hear the words of love; I gaze upon the blood; I see the mighty sacrifice, and I have peace with God.

'Tis everlasting peace, sure as Jehovah's name; 'tis stable as His steadfast throne, for evermore the same.

The clouds may go and come, and storms may sweep the sky, this blood-bought friendship changes not; the cross is ever nigh.

My love is oft-time low; my joy still ebbs and flows; but peace with Him remains the same; no change Jehovah knows.

I change—He changes not; the Christ can never die; His love not mine the resting place; His truth, not mine, the tie.

### **The Look**

I saw one hanging on a tree in agony and blood, who fixed His loving eyes on me as near His cross I stood. And never till my dying breath will I forget that look; it seemed to charge me with His death, though not a word He spoke. Forever etched upon my mind is the look of Him who died, the Lamb I crucified. And now my life will sing the praise of pure atoning grace, that looked on me and gladly took my place.

My conscience felt and owned the guilt and plunged me in despair. I saw my sins His blood had spilt, and helped to nail Him there. But with a second look He said, "I freely all forgive. This blood is for your ransom paid; I died that you might live." Forever etched upon my mind is the look of Him who died, the Lamb I crucified. And now my life will sing the praise of pure atoning grace, that looked on me and gladly took my place.

Thus, while His death my sin displays for all the world to view, such is the mystery of grace: it seals my pardon, too. With pleasing grief and mournful joy, my spirit now is filled, that I should such a life destroy, yet live by Him I killed. Forever etched upon my mind is the look of Him who died, the Lamb I crucified. And now my life will sing the praise of pure atoning grace, that looked on me and gladly took my place.