

### **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.