



WITH THANKS!

**Prince of Peace Lutheran Church
Appleton, WI**

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Abide with Me

- 1 Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
heav'n's morning breaks,
and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847

Amazing Grace

- 1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me;
his word my hope secures;
he will my shield and portion be
as long as life endures.
- 5 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'd first begun.

Text: John Newton, 1725-1807, alt., sts. 1-4; anonymous, st. 5

Beautiful Savior

- 1 Beautiful Savior, King of creation,
Son of God and Son of Man!
Truly I'd love thee, truly I'd serve thee,
light of my soul, my joy, my crown.

- 2 Fair are the meadows, fair are the woodlands,
robed in flow'rs of blooming spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
he makes our sorrowing spirit sing.

- 3 Fair is the sunshine, fair is the moonlight,
bright the sparkling stars on high;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
than all the angels in the sky.

- 4 Beautiful Savior, Lord of the nations,
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor, praise, adoration,
now and forevermore be thine!

Text: Gesangbuch, Münster, 1677; tr. Joseph A. Seiss, 1823-1904

Blessed Assurance

- 1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

Refrain

This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior, all the day long:
this is my story, this is my song,
praising my Savior all the day long.

- 2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
angels descending bring from above
echoes of mercy, whispers of love. *Refrain*
- 3 Perfect submission, all is at rest;
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
watching and waiting, looking above,
filled with his goodness, lost in his love. *Refrain*

Text: Fanny J. Crosby, 1820-1915

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

- 1 Come, ye thankful people, come;
raise the song of harvest home.
All be safely gathered in
ere the winter storms begin.
God, our maker, doth provide
for our wants to be supplied.
Come to God's own temple, come,
raise the song of harvest home.
- 2 All the world is God's own field,
fruit unto his praise to yield;
wheat and tares together sown,
unto joy or sorrow grown.
First the blade, and then the ear,
then the full corn shall appear.
Lord of harvest, grant that we
wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 Even so, Lord, quickly come
to thy final harvest home.
Gather then thy people in,
free from sorrow, free from sin,
there, forever purified,
in thy garner to abide.
Come, with all thine angels, come,
raise the glorious harvest home!

Text: Henry Alford, 1810-1871, alt.

Give Thanks

Give thanks with a grateful heart,
give thanks to the Holy One,
give thanks because he's given
 Jesus Christ, his Son.

Give thanks with a grateful heart,
give thanks to the Holy One,
give thanks because he's given Jesus
 Christ, his Son.

And now let the weak say, "I am strong,"
let the poor say, "I am rich,"
because of what the Lord
 has done for us.

And now let the weak say, "I am strong,"
let the poor say, "I am rich,"
because of what the Lord has done for us.
 Give thanks!

Text: Henry Smith
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Have Thine Own Way, Lord

- 1 Have thine own way, Lord, have thine own way.
Thou art the potter, I am the clay.
Mold me and make me after thy will,
while I am waiting, yielded and still.
- 2 Have thine own way, Lord, have thine own way.
Search me and try me, Master, today.
Purer than snow, Lord, wash me just now,
as in thy presence humbly I bow.
- 3 Have thine own way, Lord, have thine own way.
Wounded and weary, help me, I pray.
Power, all power surely is thine.
Touch me and heal me, Savior divine.
- 4 Have thine own way, Lord, have thine own way.
Hold o'er my being absolute sway.
Fill with thy Spirit till all shall see
Christ only, always, living in me.

Text: Adelaide A. Pollard, 1862-1934

I Love to Tell the Story

- 1 I love to tell the story
of unseen things above,
of Jesus and his glory,
of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
because I know it's true;
it satisfies my longings
as nothing else would do.

Refrain

I love to tell the story;
I'll sing this theme in glory
and tell the old, old story
of Jesus and his love.

- 2 I love to tell the story:
how pleasant to repeat
what seems, each time I tell it,
more wonderfully sweet!
I love to tell the story,
for some have never heard
the message of salvation
from God's own holy word. *Refrain*

- 3 I love to tell the story,
for those who know it best
seem hungering and thirsting
to hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
I'll sing the old, old story
that I have loved so long. *Refrain*

Text: Katherine Hankey, 1834-1911

I Saw the Light

I wandered so aimless life filled with sin
I wouldn't let my dear Savior in
Then Jesus came like a stranger in the night
Praise the Lord I saw the light

Chorus

I saw the light I saw the light
No more in darkness no more in night
(And) now I'm so happy no sorrow in sight
Praise the Lord I saw the light

Just like a blind man I wandered along
Worries and fears I claimed for my own
Then like the blind man that God gave back his sight
Praise the Lord I saw the light. *Chorus*

I was a fool to wander and stray
Straight is the gate and narrow the way
Now I have traded the wrong for the right
Praise the Lord I saw the light. *Chorus*

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Now Thank We All Our God

- 1 Now thank we all our God
with hearts and hands and voices,
who wondrous things has done,
in whom this world rejoices;
who, from our mothers' arms,
has blest us on our way
with countless gifts of love,
and still is ours today.

- 2 Oh, may this bounteous God
through all our life be near us,
with ever joyful hearts
and blessed peace to cheer us,
and keep us all in grace,
and guide us when perplexed,
and free us from all harm
in this world and the next.

- 3 All praise and thanks to God
the Father now be given,
the Son, and Spirit blest,
who reign in highest heaven,
the one eternal God,
whom earth and heav'n adore;
for thus it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

Text: Martin Rinkhart, 1586-1649; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-1878

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of your throne
your saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is your arm alone,
and our defense is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood
or earth received its frame,
from everlasting you are God,
to endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in your sight
are like an evening gone,
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all our years away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the op'ning day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
still be our guard while troubles last
and our eternal home.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748, alt.

Praise and Thanksgiving

- 1 Praise and thanksgiving,
God, we would offer
for all things living, you have made good:
harvest of sown fields, fruits of the orchard,
hay from the mown fields,
blossom and wood.
- 2 God, bless the labor
we bring to serve you,
that with our neighbor we may be fed.
Sowing or tilling, we would work with you,
harvesting, milling
for daily bread.
- 3 Father, providing food for your children,
by Wisdom's guiding teach us to share
one with another, so that, rejoicing
with us, all others may know your care.
- 4 Then will your blessing reach ev'ry people,
freely confessing your gracious hand.
Where you are reigning, no one will hunger;
your love sustaining showers the land.

Text: Albert F. Bayly, 1901-1984, alt.
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Rock of Ages

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee;
let the water and the blood,
from thy riven side which flowed,
be of sin the double cure;
cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands
can fulfill thy law's demands;
could my zeal no respite know,
could my tears forever flow,
all for sin could not atone;
thou must save, and thou alone.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
simply to thy cross I cling.
Naked, come to thee for dress;
helpless, look to thee for grace;
foul, I to the fountain fly;
wash me, Savior, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
when mine eyelids close in death,
when I soar to worlds unknown,
see thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee.

Text: Augustus M. Toplady, 1740-1778

What a Friend We Have in Jesus

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
all our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
ev'rything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit;
oh, what needless pain we bear--
all because we do not carry
ev'rything to God in prayer!

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged--
take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness--
take it to the Lord in prayer.

- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge--
take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do your friends despise, forsake you?
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In his arms he'll take and shield you;
you will find a solace there.

Text: Joseph Scriven, 1820-1886