

Psalm 23 (MP1008)

1 The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me lie in pastures green.
He leads me by the still, still waters,
His goodness restores my soul.

*And I will trust in You alone,
and I will trust in You alone,
for Your endless mercy follows me,
Your goodness will lead me home.*

2 He guides my ways in righteousness,
and He anoints my head with oil,
and my cup, it overflows with joy,
I feast on His pure delights.

And I will trust . . .

3 And though I walk the darkest path,
I will not fear the evil one,
for You are with me, and Your rod and staff
are the comfort I need to know.

And I will trust . . .

There is a higher throne (MP1116)

1 There is a higher throne
than all this world has known,
where faithful ones from every tongue
will one day come.
Before the Son we'll stand,
made faultless through the Lamb;
believing hearts find promised grace:
salvation comes.

*Hear heaven's voices sing,
their thunderous anthem rings
through emerald courts and sapphire
skies,
their praises rise.
All glory, wisdom, power,
strength, thanks and honour are
to God, our King who reigns on high
for ever more.*

2 And there we'll find our home,
our life before the throne;
we'll honour Him in perfect song
where we belong.
He'll wipe each tear-stained eye,
as thirst and hunger die;
the Lamb becomes our Shepherd King:

we'll reign with Him.
Hear heaven's voices sing . . .

When peace like a river (MP757)

1 When peace like a river attendeth my
way,
when sorrows like sea-billows roll;
whatever my lot You have taught me to
say,

'It is well, it is well with my soul.'
*It is well with my soul;
it is well, it is well with my soul.*

2 Though Satan should buffet, if trials
should come,
let this blessed assurance control,
that Christ has regarded my helpless
estate,
and has shed His own blood for my
soul.

It is well . . .

3 My sin – O the bliss of this glorious
thought –
my sin – not in part – but the whole
is nailed to His cross; and I bear it no
more;
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my
soul.

It is well . . .

4 For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence
to live!
If Jordan above me shall roll,
no pang shall be mine, for in death as in
life

You will whisper Your peace to my soul.
It is well . . .

5 But Lord, it's for You – for Your coming
we wait,
the sky, not the grave, is our goal:
O trump of the angel! O voice of the
Lord!

Blessèd hope! blessèd rest of my soul.
It is well . . .