

Open The Eyes Of My Heart

Open the eyes of my heart, Lord
open the eyes of my heart;
I want to see You,
I want to see You.

Open the eyes of my heart, Lord
open the eyes of my heart;
I want to see You,
I want to see You.

To see You high and lifted up,
Shining in the light of Your glory.
Pour out Your power and love as we
sing,
Holy, holy, holy.

Open the eyes of my heart, Lord
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More Songs for Praise & Worship 2 #57
Text: Paul Baloche
Music: Paul Baloche
CCLI # 2298355

God of Grace and God of Glory

1. God of grace and God of glory,
on thy people pour thy power;
crown thine ancient church's story;
bring her bud to glorious flower.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
for the facing of this hour,
for the facing of this hour.

2. Lo! the hosts of evil 'round us
scorn thy Christ, assail his ways!
Fears and doubts too long have
bound us;
free our hearts to work and praise.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
for the living of these days,
for the living of these days.

3. Cure thy children's warring
madness,
bend our pride to thy control;
shame our wanton, selfish gladness,
rich in things and poor in soul.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
lest we miss thy kingdom's goal,
lest we miss thy kingdom's goal.

4. Save us from weak resignation
to the evils we deplore;
Let the search for thy salvation
be our glory evermore.
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,
serving thee whom we adore,
serving thee whom we adore.

The United Methodist Hymnal Number 577
Text: Harry Emerson Fosdick, 1878-
Music: John Hughes, 1873-1932
Tune: CWM RHONDDA, Meter: 87.87.87

Jesu, Jesu

Refrain:
Jesu, Jesu
fill us with your love
show us how to serve
the neighbors we have from you.

1. Kneels at the feet of his friends,
silently washes their feet,
Master who acts as a slave to them.
(refrain)

2. Neighbors are rich and poor,
neighbors are black and white,
neighbors are near and far away.
(refrain)

3. These are the ones we should
serve,
these are the ones we should love;
all these are neighbors to us and
you.
(refrain)

4. Loving puts us on our knees,
serving as though we are slaves,
this is the way we should live with
you.
(refrain)

5. Kneel at the feet of our friends,
silently washing their feet,
this is the way we should live with
you.
(refrain)

The United Methodist Hymnal Number 432
Text: Tom Colvin, 1969
Music: Ghana Folk song; arr. by Tom Colvin,
1969; harm. by Charles H. Webb, 1987
Tune: CHEREPONI, Meter: Irr. with Refrain

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in Heaven,
hallowed be thy name. Thy
kingdom come, thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven. Give us
this day our daily bread; and
forgive us our trespasses as we
forgive those who trespass against
us. Lead us not into temptation, but
deliver us from evil, For thine is the
kingdom and the power and the
glory forever. Amen

In Christ Alone

In Christ alone, my hope is found;
He is my light, my strength, my song;
This cornerstone, this solid ground,
firm through the fiercest drought and
storm;
What heights of love, what depths of
peace,
When fears are stilled, when strivings
cease;
My Comforter, my All in all,
Here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, Who took on flesh,
Fullness of God in helpless babe;
This gift of love and righteousness,
Scorned by the ones He came to
save;
'Til on that cross, as Jesus died,
The wrath of God was satisfied,
For every sin on him was laid;
Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,
Light of the world by darkness slain;
Then bursting forth in glorious day,
Up from the grave He rose again;
And as He stands in victory,
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me;
For I am His, and He is mine,
Bought with the precious blood of
Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,
This is the pow'r of Christ in me;
From life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny;
No pow'r of hell, no scheme of man
Can ever pluck me from his hand;
'Til He returns or calls me home,
Here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand.

'Til He returns or calls me home,
Here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand.

The United Methodist Hymnal Number 141
Text: Caroline V. Sandell-Berg, 1832-1903; trans. by
Ernst W. Olson, 1870-1958
Music: Swedish melody
Tune: TRYGGARE KAN INGEN VARA, Meter: LM

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory
of the coming of the Lord;
he is trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are
stored;
he hath loosed the fateful
lightning
of his terrible swift sword;
his truth is marching on.

Refrain:
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

3. He has sounded forth the
trumpet
that shall never call retreat;
he is sifting out the hearts of men
before his judgment seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer
him;
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
(Refrain)

5. He is coming like the glory
of the morning on the wave,
he is wisdom to the mighty,
he is honor to the brave;
so the world shall be his
footstool,
and the soul of wrong his slave.
Our God is marching on.
(Refrain)

The United Methodist Hymnal Number 717
Text: Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1910
Music: USA campmeeting tune
Tune: BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC,
Meter: 15 15 15.6 with Refrain