

Give us Clean Hands

We bow our hearts, we bend our knees, O Spirit come make us humble
We turn our eyes from evil things, O Lord we cast down our idols

Give us clean hands, give us pure hearts, let us not lift our souls to another
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O God let us be a generation that seeks, that seeks your face O God of Jacob
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Blessed Assurance

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

Chorus:

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.

Perfect submission, perfect delight, visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels, descending, bring from above, echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

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.

This is My Father's World

This is my father's world and to my listening ears
All nature sings, and round me rings the music of the spheres

This is my father's world, I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas His hand the wonders wrought

This is my father's world, the birds their carols raise
The morning light, the lily white declare their maker's praise

This is my father's world, He shines in all that's fair
In the rustling grass, I hear him pass, He speaks to me everywhere

This is my father's world, oh, let me never forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong God is the ruler yet

This is my father's world, the battle is not done
Jesus who died shall be satisfied and earth and heaven be one.