

Service Hymns

What a Day That Will Be

There is coming a day when no heartaches shall come
No more clouds in the sky -- no more tears to dim the eye
All is peace forevermore, on that happy, golden shore
What a day, glorious day that will be

Refrain: What a day that will be when my Jesus I shall see
When I look upon his face, the One who saved me by His grace
When He takes me by the hand and leads me through the Promised Land
What a day, glorious day that will be.

There'll be no sorrow there, no more burdens to bear
No more sickness, no pain, no more parting over there
And forever I will be with the One who died for me
What a day, glorious day that will be.

Near the Cross

Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain;
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.

Refrain:
In the cross, in the cross
Be my glory ever,
Till my ransomed soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the Bright and Morning Star
Shed His beams around me. [Refrain]

Near the cross! O lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me. [Refrain]

Near the cross! I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever;
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river. [Refrain]

Graveside Hymns

In the Sweet By and By

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Refrain:

*In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.*

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blessed;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love
And the blessings that hallow our days.

Shall We Gather At The River

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Refrain: Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour King we own
We shall meet and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder,
consider all the worlds Thy hands have made
I see the stars; I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

Refrain: Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to Thee
How great Thou art! How great Thou art!

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze.

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.

When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation
And take me home, what joys shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suffering and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest
and best, for a world of lost sinners was slain.

Refrain: So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged cross, and
exchange it some day for a crown.

O, the old rugged cross, so despised by the
world, has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory
above, to bear it to dark Calvary.

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so
divine, a wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and
died, to pardon and sanctify me.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, its
shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day to my home far
away, when His glory forever I'll share.

Rock of Ages

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Not the labor 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.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall 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.

Count Your Blessings

When upon life's billows you are tempest tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

Chorus

Count your blessings, name them one by one;
Count your blessings, see what God hath done;
Count your blessings, name them one by one;
Count your many blessings, see what God hath
done.

Are you ever burdened with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?
Count your many blessings, ev'ry doubt will fly,
And you will be singing as the days go by.

When you look at others with their lands and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth
untold;
Count your many blessings, money cannot buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.

So, amid the conflict, whether great or small,
Do not be discouraged, God is over all;
Count your many blessings, angels will attend,
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.