**To God be the glory**

To God be the glory, great things He hath done,

So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,

Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,

And opened the life-gate that all may go in.

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,*

*Let the earth hear His voice;*

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,*

*Let the people rejoice;*

*Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,*

*And give Him the glory; great things He hath done.*

Oh, perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,

To every believer the promise of God;

The vilest offender who truly believes,

That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,*

*Let the earth hear His voice;*

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,*

*Let the people rejoice;*

*Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,*

*And give Him the glory; great things He hath done.*

Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done,

And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;

But purer, and higher, and greater will be

Our wonder, our rapture when Jesus we see.

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,*

*Let the earth hear His voice;*

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,*

*Let the people rejoice;*

*Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,*

*And give Him the glory; great things He hath done.*

**Turn your eyes upon Jesus**

Turn your eyes upon Jesus

O soul, are you weary and troubled?

No light in the darkness you see?

There’s light for a look at the Saviour,

And life more abundant and free.

*Turn your eyes upon Jesus,*

*Look full in His wonderful face,*

*And the things of earth will grow strangely dim,*

*In the light of His glory and grace.*

Through death into life everlasting

He passed, and we follow Him there;

Over us sin no more hath dominion

For more than conquerors we are!

*Turn your eyes upon Jesus,*

*Look full in His wonderful face,*

*And the things of earth will grow strangely dim,*

*In the light of His glory and grace.*

**How deep the Father’s love for us**

How deep the Father’s love for us,

How vast beyond all measure,

That He should give His only Son

To make a wretch His treasure.

How great the pain of searing loss –

The Father turns His face away,

As wounds which mar the Chosen One

Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,

My sin upon His shoulders;

Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice

Call out among the scoffers.

It was my sin that held Him there

Until it was accomplished;

His dying breath has brought me life –

I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,

No gifts, no power, no wisdom;

But I will boast in Jesus Christ,

His death and resurrection.

Why should I gain from His reward?

I cannot give an answer;

But this I know with all my heart –

His wounds have paid my ransom.