

Praise the Lord: Ye Heavens Adore Him

17

All you have made will praise you, O LORD; your saints will extol you. Ps. 145:10

1. Praise the Lord: ye heav'n's a - dore him; praise him, an - gels, in the height;
 2. Praise the Lord, for he is glo - rious; nev - er shall his prom - ise fail;
 3. Wor - ship, hon - or, glo - ry, bless - ing, Lord, we of - fer un - to thee;

sun and moon, re - joice be - fore him; praise him all ye stars and light.
 God hath made his saints vic - to - rious; sin and death shall not pre - vail.
 young and old, thy praise ex - press - ing, in glad hom - age bend the knee.

Praise the Lord, for he hath spo - ken; worlds his might - y voice o - beyed:
 Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; hosts on high, his pow'r pro - claim;
 All the saints in heav'n a - dore thee; we would bow be - fore thy throne;

laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken for their guid - ance hath he made.
 heav'n and earth and all cre - a - tion, laud and mag - ni - fy his name.
 as thine an - gels serve be - fore thee, so on earth thy will be done.

Chords: Γ B \flat , F \flat , B \flat , Gm, F, C \flat , F, Gm \flat , F \flat , Gm, C \flat Em \flat , Dsus \flat D, F \flat , B \flat , Gm, B \flat Γ D \flat , Cm \flat , B \flat , F, B \flat Γ

463

A Debtor to Mercy Alone

He who began a good work in you will carry it on to completion until the day of Christ Jesus. Phil. 1:6

1. A debt - or to mer - cy a - lone, of cov - e - nant mer - cy I sing;
 2. The work which his good - ness be - gan, the arm of his strength will com - plete;
 3. My name from the palms of his hands e - ter - ni - ty will not e - raise;

nor fear, with your righ - teous - ness on, my per - son and of - f'ring to bring.
 his prom - ise is yea and a - men, and nev - er was for - feit - ed yet.
 im - pressed on his heart it re - mains, in marks of in - del - i - ble grace.

The ter - rors of law and of God with me can have noth - ing to do;
 Things fu - ture, nor things that are now, nor all things be - low or a - bove,
 Yes, I to the end shall en - dure, as sure as the ear - nest is giv'n;

my Sav - ior's o - be - dience and blood hide all my trans - gres - sions from view.
 can make him his pur - pose for - go, or sev - er my soul from his love.
 more hap - py, but not more se - cure, the glo - ri - fied spir - its in heav'n.

Jesus Sinners Doth Receive

473

This man welcomes sinners and eats with them. Luke 15:2

1. "Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive"; word of sur - est con - so - la - tion;
 2. On God's grace we have no claim, yet to us his pledge is giv - en;
 3. When a help - less lamb doth stray, af - ter it, the Shep - herd, press - ing
 4. Oh, how blest it is to know: were as scar - let my trans - gres - sion,
 5. Now my con - science is at peace, from the Law I stand ac - quit - ted;

word all sor - row to re - lieve, word of par - don, peace, sal - va - tion!
 he hath sworn by his own name, o - pen are the gates of heav - en.
 • thro' each dark and dan - g'rous way, brings it back, his own pos - sess - ing.
 it shall be as white as snow by thy blood and bit - ter pas - sion;
 Christ hath pur - chased my re - lease and my ev - ery sin re - mit - ted.

Naught like this can com - fort give: "Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive."
 Take to heart this word and live: "Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive."
 • Je - sus seeks thee, O be - lieve: "Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive."
 for these words I now be - lieve: "Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive."
 Naught re - mains my soul to grieve— "Je - sus sin - ners doth re - ceive."

Let Thy Blood in Mercy Poured

429

Offer your bodies as living sacrifices, holy and pleasing to God—this is your spiritual act of worship. Rom. 12:1

1. Let thy blood in mer - cy poured, let thy gra - cious
 2. Thou didst die that I might live; bless - ed Lord, thou
 3. By the thorns that crowned thy brow, by the spear wound
 4. Wilt thou own the gift I bring? All my pen - i -

bod - y bro - ken, be to me, O gra - cious Lord,
 cam'st to save me; all that love of God could give,
 and the nail - ing, by the pain and death, I now
 tence I give thee; thou art my ex - alt - ed King,

REFRAIN

of thy bound - less love the to - ken.
 Je - sus by his sor - rows gave me. Thou didst give thy -
 claim, O Christ, thy love un - fail - ing.
 of thy match - less love for - give me.

self for me, now I give my - self to thee.

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

647

Your name is like perfume poured out. Song of Sol. 1:3



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds in a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, and calms the trou - bled breast;
3. Dear Name! the rock on which I build, my shield and hid - ing place,
4. Je - sus, my Shep - herd, Broth - er, Friend, my Proph - et, Priest, and King,



- It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, and drives a - way his fear.
'tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, and to the wea - ry rest.
my nev - er - fail - ing trea - s'ry filled with bound - less stores of grace;
my Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, ac - cept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
and cold my warmest thought;
but when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
6. Till then I would thy love proclaim
with every fleeting breath;
and may the music of thy name
refresh my soul in death.