

## Hymn No. 126

## Sing Praise to God

- 1 Sing praise to God who reigns above,  
the God of all creation,  
the God of power, the God of love,  
the God of our salvation.  
With healing balm my soul is filled  
and every faithless murmur stilled:  
To God all praise and glory.
  
- 2 The Lord is never far away,  
but through all grief distressing,  
an ever present help and stay,  
our peace and joy and blessing.  
As with a mother's tender hand,  
God gently leads the chosen band:  
to God all praise and glory.
  
- 3 Thus, all my toilsome way along,  
I sing aloud thy praises,  
that earth may hear the grateful song  
my voice unwearied raises.  
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart,  
both soul and body bear your part:  
To God all praise and glory.
  
- 4 Let all who name Christ's holy name  
give God all praise and glory;  
let all who own his power proclaim  
aloud the wondrous story!  
Cast each false idol from its throne,  
for Christ is Lord, and Christ alone:  
To God all praise and glory.

**Hymn No. 287**

**O Love Divine, What Hast Thou Done**

- 1 O Love divine, what hast thou done!  
The immortal God hath died for me!  
The Father's co-eternal Son  
bore all my sins upon the tree.  
Th'immortal God for me hath died:  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified!
  
- 2 Is crucified for me and you,  
to bring us rebels back to God.  
Believe, believe the record true,  
ye all are bought with Jesus' blood.  
Pardon for all flows from his side:  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified!
  
- 3 Behold him, all ye that pass by,  
the bleeding Prince of life and peace!  
Come, sinners, see your Savior die,  
and say, "Was ever grief like his?"  
Come, feel with me his blood applied:  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified!

**Hymn No. 296****Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle**

- 1 Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,  
sing the ending of the fray;  
now above the cross, the trophy,  
sound the loud triumphant lay:  
tell how Christ, the world's Redeemer,  
as a victim won the day.
  
- 2 Tell how, when at length the fullness  
of th'appointed time was come,  
Christ, the Word, was born of woman,  
left for us his heavenly home;  
showed us human life made perfect,  
shone as light amid the gloom.
  
- 3 Thus, the thirty years accomplished,  
went he forth from Nazareth,  
destined, dedicated, willing,  
wrought his work, and met his death.  
Like a lamb he humbly yielded  
on the cross his dying breath.
  
- 4 Faithful cross, thou sign of triumph,  
now for us the noblest tree,  
none in foliage, none in blossom,  
none in fruit thy peer may be;  
symbol of the world's redemption,  
for the weight that hung on thee!
  
- 5 Unto God be praise and glory:  
to the Father and the Son,  
to th'eternal Spirit honor  
wow and ever-more be done;  
praise and glory in the highest,  
while unending ages run.

**Hymn No. 299**

**When I Survey the Wondrous Cross**

- 1    When I survey the wondrous cross  
      on which the Prince of Glory died,  
      my richest gain I count but loss,  
      and pour contempt on all my pride.
  
- 2    Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
      save in the death of Christ, my God;  
      all the vain things that charm me most,  
      I sacrifice them to his blood.
  
- 3    See, from his head, his hands, his feet  
      sorrow and love flow mingled down.  
      Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
      or thorns compose so rich a crown?
  
- 4    Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
      that were an offering far too small;  
      love so amazing, so divine,  
      demands my soul, my life, my all.

**Hymn No. 295**

**In the Cross of Christ I Glory**

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
all the light of sacred story  
gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'er take me,  
hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
never shall the cross forsake me.  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
light and love upon my way,  
from the cross the radiance streaming  
adds more luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
by the cross are sanctified;  
peace is there that knows no measure,  
joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
all the light of sacred story  
gathers round its head sublime.