

18 Thou, the God Who Changes Never

KIMBRO • 8.7.8.7.D.

Gregory H. Munger • 1962

Reginald C. Kimbro, b. 1962

1. Thou, the God Who chang-es nev-er; Thou, Whose glo-ry is Thine own
 2. Christ-E-ter-nal Son of Glo-ry-Christ-In-car-nate Son of Man
 3. Thou Who didst send out Thy Spir-it; Thou Who didst give life to me

Yes-ter-day, to-day, for-ev-er, Sits in heav'n up-on the throne
 An-gels who in heav'n a-dore Thee, On earth view sal-va-tion's plan
 Grace now reigns where once sin's death did; Right-eous-ness has set me free

Thine own pre-sence- E-den grac-ing; Walk-ing there in cool of day.
 Thine own work of law's per-fec-tion; This o-bed-i-ence counts for me,
 Thou Who wilt lead in-to glo-ry, Bring-ing with Thee man-y sons;

Our first head this bliss for-sak-ing, Sin's cruel reign steals all a-way.
 Thine own suf-f'ring con-dem-na-tion; That God's wrath I ne'er would see.
 Saved by grace I now im-plore Thee, Show me more what Thou hast done.

And Can It Be?

SAGINA • L.M.D.

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844

1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest in the
 2. 'Tis mys-tery all! Th'Im-mor - tal dies! Who can ex - plore His
 3. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove- So free, so in - fi -
 4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay Fast bound in sin and
 5. No con-dem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and all in

Sav-iour's blood? Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who
 strange de-sign? In vain the first-born ser - aph tries To sound the
 nite His grace- Hum-bled Him-self in match-less love And bled for
 na - ture's night; Thine eye dif-fused a quick-'ning ray, I woke, the
 Him, is mine! A - live in Him, my liv - ing Head, And clothed in

Him to death pur - sued? A - maz-ing love! how can it be Tha
 depths of love di - vine! 'Tis mer-cy all! let earth a - dore, Let
 Ad - am's help-less race; 'Tis mer-cy all, im - mense and free, For
 dun - geon flamed with light; My chains fell off, my heart was free, I
 right - eous - ness di - vine, Bold I ap-proach th'e - ter - nal throne, And

Thou, my God, shouldst die for me? A - maz-ing love! how
 an - gel minds in - quire no more. 'Tis mer - cy all! let
 O my God, it found out me! 'Tis mer - cy all, im
 rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee. My chains fell off, my
 claim the crown, through Christ my own. Bold I ap-proach th'
 1. A - maz-ing love!



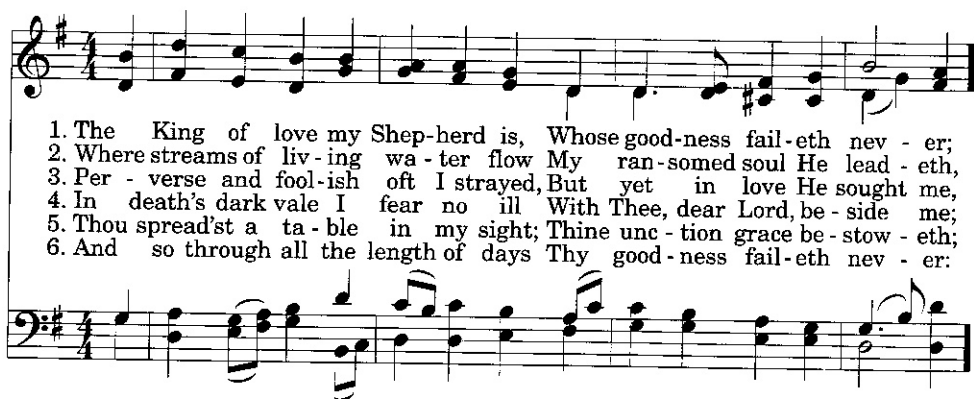
can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 earth a - dore, Let an - gel minds in - quire no more.
 mense and free, For, O my God, it found out me!
 heart was free, I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee.
 ter - nal throne, And claim the crown, through Christ my own.
 How can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me.

The King of Love My Shepherd Is 336

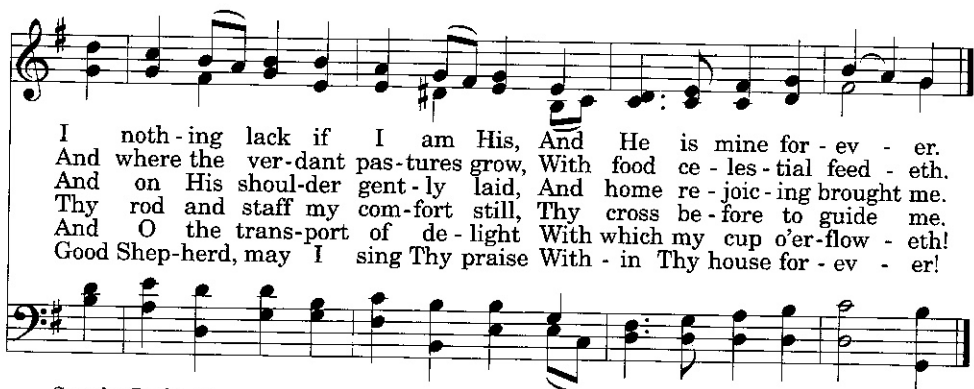
DOMINUS REGIT ME • 8.7.8.7.

Henry W. Baker, 1821-1877

John B. Dykes, 1823-1876



1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev - er;
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My ran-somed soul He lead - eth,
 3. Per - verse and fool-ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;
 5. Thou spread'st a ta - ble in my sight; Thine unc - tion grace be - stow - eth;
 6. And so through all the length of days Thy good-ness fail-eth nev - er.



I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
 And where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 And on His shoul-der gent - ly laid, And home re - joic - ing brought me.
 Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
 And O the trans-port of de-light With which my cup o'er-flow - eth!
 Good Shep-herd, may I sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er!

How Firm a Foundation

FOUNDATION • 11.11.11.11.

Joseph Funk's

Rippon's Selection of Hymns, 1787

Genuine Church Music, 1832

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
 2. "In ev - 'ry con - di - tion - in sick - ness, in health,
 3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed,
 4. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,
 5. "When through fier - y tri - als thy path - way shall lie,
 6. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose,

Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent Word!
 In pov - er - ty's vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth;
 For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
 The riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow,
 My grace all - suf - fi - cient shall be thy sup - ply;
 I will not, I will not de - sert to his foes;

What more can He say than to you He hath said,
 At home or a - broad, on the land, on the sea,
 I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 For I will be with thee, thy tri - als to bless,
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign
 That soul, though all hell should en - deav - or to shake,

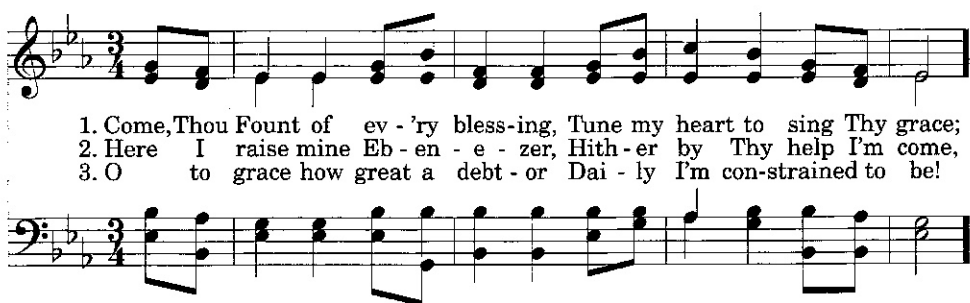
To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
 As days may de - mand, shall thy strength ev - er be.
 Up - held by My gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
 And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
 Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
 I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 243

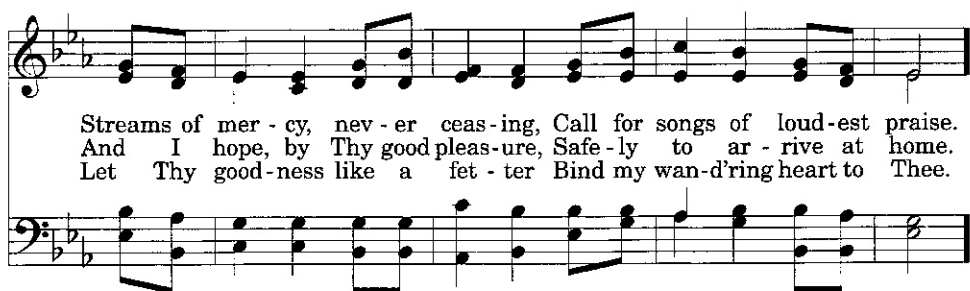
NETTELTON • 8.7.8.7.D.

Robert Robinson, 1735-1790

John Wyeth, 1770-1858



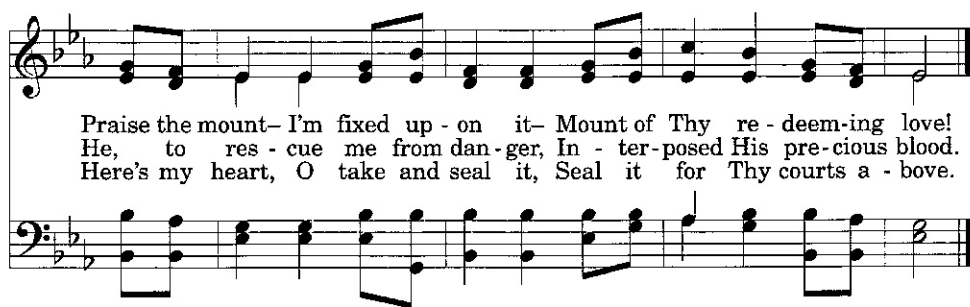
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come,
 3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm con-strained to be!



Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
 Let Thy good-ness like a fet-ter Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee.



Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
 Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



Praise the mount-I'm fixed up-on it-Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love!
 He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.