

"Precious Lord, Take My Hand" (Thomas A. Dorsey): Written after the tragic death of his wife and infant son.

1. Precious Lord, take my hand,
Lead me on, let me stand;
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;
Through the storm, through the night,
Lead me on to the light:
Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

2. When my way grows drear,
Precious Lord, linger near,
When my life is almost gone;
Hear my cry, hear my call,
Hold my hand lest I fall:
Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

3. When the darkness appears
And the night draws near,
And the day is past and gone,
At the river I stand,
Guide my feet, hold my hand:
Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

“With Hope” (Steven Curtis Chapman): The inspiration behind it was written after a family friend had lost their 8-year-old daughter, Erin Mullican, in a car crash. The travesty occurred only an hour after Erin and her family visited the Chapmans’. While grieving the loss of their daughter, the Mullicans had asked Chapman, “How do you deal with this kind of thing?”. Chapman responded, “With hope.”

This is not at all
How we thought it was supposed to be
We had so many plans for you
We had so many dreams

And now you've gone away
And left us with the memories of your smile
And nothing we can say and nothing we can do
Can take away the pain, the pain of losing you

[Chorus]

But we can cry with hope
We can say goodbye with hope
'Cause we know our goodbye
Is not the end, oh no

And we can grieve with hope
'Cause we believe with hope
There's a place where we'll see you face, again
We'll see your face again

[Verse]

And never have I known
Anything so hard to understand
And never have I questioned more
The wisdom of God's plan

But through the cloud of tears
I see the father's smile and say "Well done"
And I imagine you where you wanted most to be
Seeing all your dreams come true
'Cause now you're home and now you're free

[Chorus]

We have this hope as an anchor
'Cause we believe that everything
God promised us is true

We wait with hope
And we ache with hope
We hold on with hope
We let go with hope

I'd Rather Have Jesus (George Beverly Shea)

I'd rather have Jesus than silver or gold
I'd rather be His than have riches untold
I'd rather have Jesus than houses or lands
I'd rather be led by His nail pierced hands

Than to be a king of a best domain
And be held in sin's dread sway
I'd rather have Jesus
Than anything this world affords today

I'd rather have Jesus than worldly applause
I'd rather be faithful to His dear cause
I'd rather have Jesus than worldwide fame
Yes, I'd rather be true to His holy name

Than to be a king of a best domain
And be held in sin's dread sway
I'd rather have Jesus
Than anything this world affords today

“Knowing You Jesus” (Graham Kendrick)

[Verse 1]

All I once held dear, built my life upon
All this world reveres and wants to own
All I once thought gain, I have counted loss
Spent and worthless now, compared to this

[Chorus 1]

Knowing You, Jesus, knowing You
There is no greater thing
You're my all, You're the best
You're my joy, my righteousness
And I love You, Lord

[Verse 2]

Now my heart's desire is to know You more
To be found in You and known as Yours
To possess by faith what I could not earn
All-surpassing gift of righteousness

[Chorus 1]

[Verse 3]

Oh to know the power of Your risen life
And to know You in Your sufferings
To become like You in Your death, my Lord
So with You to live and never die

“When I Survey the Wondrous Cross” (Isaac Watts) – Focuses on Christ’s cross, a central theme in Philippians 3’s call to live for Him

[Stanza 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.

[Stanza 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.

[Stanza 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?

[Stanza 4]

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o’er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

[Stanza 5]

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

