

**"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.

