

*TFWS No. 2009* O God Beyond All Praising

- 1 O God beyond all praising, we worship you today  
and sing the love amazing that songs cannot repay;  
for we can only wonder at every gift you send,  
at blessings without number and mercies without end:  
We lift our hearts before you and wait upon your Word,  
we honor and adore you, our great and mighty Lord.
  
- 2 Then hear, O gracious Savior, accept the love we bring,  
that we who know your favor may serve you as our king;  
and whether our tomorrows be filled with good or ill,  
we'll triumph through our sorrows and rise to bless you still:  
To marvel at your beauty and glory in your ways,  
and make a joyful duty our sacrifice of praise.

## Hymn No. 550     Christ, from Whom All Blessings Flow

- 1     Christ, from whom all blessings flow,  
      perfecting the saints below,  
      hear us, who thy nature share,  
      who thy mystic body are.
  
- 2     Join us, in one spirit join,  
      let us still receive of thine;  
      still for more on thee we call,  
      thou who fillest all in all.
  
- 3     Move and actuate and guide,  
      diverse gifts to each divide;  
      placed according to thy will,  
      let us all our work fulfill;
  
- 4     Never from thy service move,  
      needful to each other prove;  
      use the grace on each bestowed,  
      tempered by the art of God.
  
- 5     Many are we now, and one,  
      we who Jesus have put on;  
      there is neither bond nor free,  
      male nor female, Lord in thee.
  
- 6     Love, like death, hath all destroyed,  
      rendered all distinctions void;  
      names and sects and parties fall;  
      thou, O Christ, art all in all!

## Hymn No. 410    I Want a Principle Within

- 1    I want a principle within  
      of watchful, godly fear,  
      a sensibility of sin,  
      a pain to feel it near.  
      I want the first approach to feel  
      of pride or wrong desire,  
      to catch the wandering of my will,  
      and quench the kindling fire.
  
- 2    From thee that I no more may stray,  
      no more thy goodness grieve,  
      grant me the filial awe, I pray,  
      the tender conscience give.  
      Quick as the apple of an eye,  
      O God, my conscience make;  
      awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
      and keep it still awake.
  
- 3    Almighty God of truth and love,  
      to me thy power impart;  
      the mountain from my soul remove,  
      the hardness from my heart.  
      O may the least omission pain  
      my reawakened soul,  
      and drive me to that blood again,  
      which makes the wounded whole.