



Collaboration

Songs Searching For Melodies

I tried hard for a very long time to throw my life away. Like the notoriously sinful woman in Luke, chapter seven, I love much because I've been forgiven much. Yet, I find that there remains within me a coldness that keeps me from praising God and loving God with the whole-heartedness I should. Perhaps the same is true of you. Writing my little verses and my little books serves a dual purpose. First, all my writings are my offerings to my Savior – my thanks. The most and best I can do for Him is the least I should do for Him. Second, the contemplation involved makes me rehearse again and again the wondrous things God has done for me.

I'm hoping to finish a secular CD soon that will be titled, I Guess Life is Personal After All. I could have kidnapped that title and grouped the following songs beneath its umbrella. Christianity is, above all else, personal. Christ is my Savior. He died in my stead. He is not merely Lord, He is my Lord.

I doubt it's proper to call a bunch of verses Songs Searching For Melodies. "Songs" implies that there are melodies. There aren't. My friend, Morris, kindly supplied tunes for the preceding songs in this book, and I'm hopeful that Morris or someone else will put music to my little verses that follow. These are the outpourings of one old man's heart. Perhaps they will one day be mated to tunes that will edify God's people and glorify the God of the universe.

I titled this "Collaboration" because that is what I do with my dead friends like John Newton, William Cowper, C.H. Spurgeon, Thomas Watson, Thomas Brooks, et al, as I explained in the introduction. We collaborate. If you find tunes for my little verses, you, too, will be collaborating with these wonderful men now waiting for us to join them before Christ's throne. Let's collaborate.

Again, please judge my attempts charitably as I do as well as I am able, and what more can be asked of any man?


Thanks,

Bill



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Lord, Remember Me

Luke 23:42-43

You were numbered with transgressors
And emptied of Your Glory;
But at that circus of shame,
Grace was mixed with majesty.

You were stripped of Your garments
And mocked by scoffing Pharisees;
A sea of angry faces jeered
At infinite agony.

Chorus:

Your pain and shame did not deter the thief,
Faith cried out, "Lord, remember me!"
A dying Savior saved a dying thief,
What agony! What majesty!
A dying Savior saved a dying thief,
Faith cried out, "Lord, remember me!"

The thief watched as spikes were driven,
Heard You groan in misery;
Yet as You hung upon the cross,
He came to You for mercy.

He was in pain and bound to die,
But a thief was changed by grace;
The thief believed despite his pains,
Looking at Your battered face.

Chorus: Repeat



The Eternal Was A Child of Time

Rays of glory darted forth,
Love designed that sacred morn;
As the world lay in darkness,
The Light of the World was born.

A stable was His palace,
An angel choir his army;
Only shepherds came to court
To worship the Almighty.

Chorus:

The blessed Redeemer burst upon
A rebel world long out of rhyme;
The Savior napped in His mother's arms,
The Eternal was a Child of time.

The long-promised Prince arrived,
Bethlehem's virgin gave birth;
The Creator cooed softly,
Grace and mercy kissed the earth.

An Infant's cry as pure as light
Was hushed by a mother's embrace;
Omnipotence was rocked to sleep,
God had joined the human race.

Chorus: Repeat

As Divinity slept quietly,
Encircled by loving faces,
The starry chamber of silence
Was pierced by Heavenly praises.

Chorus: Repeat



How Long, O Lord?

Based on Psalm 96:11-13

Sin has shaken creation,
Men stumble beneath the load;
But saints sing freedom's song,
Their King is on the road.

Sound your trumpets, beat your drums!
Make your tambourines ring!
The Empire of Peace is near,
The earth awaits her King!

Chorus:

How long, O Lord – how long,
Until You come to earth again?
How long, O Lord – how long,
Until Your final triumph over sin?
How long, O Lord – how long,
Until history ends in victory?
How long, O Lord – how long,
Until I see you in Your glory?

The sea roars its approval,
It thunders out Christ's praise;
Every wave applauds His return,
Sensing these are the final days.

The never-slumbering winds
Hum unceasing hosannas;
The rippling trees gladly echo
Every loving stanza.

Sound your trumpets! Beat your drums!
Make your tambourines ring!
The Empire of Peace is near,
The earth awaits her King!

Chorus: Repeat





I Simply Couldn't Look Away

I laughed and gloried in my sin,
My shame was my delight;
Worthless men were my dearest friends,
My days were endless night.

Early death was a pleasing thought,
My dream was suicide;
I buried any thought of God
Beneath my sinner's pride.

But I couldn't forget the cross,
No matter how I tried;
Jesus hung between earth and sky,
I saw Him crucified.

Chorus:

He fixed His eyes on me,
I will never forget that day;
Such love, such purity,
I simply couldn't look away.
He fixed His eyes on me again,
I simply couldn't look away.

His swollen Face, His crown of thorns,
His blood and agony;
As I stared at His nail-pierced feet,
The Savior stared at me.

His look melted my mocker's heart,
I shivered in despair;
My conscience charged me with Christ's death,
My sins had nailed Him there.

My heart heaved in speechless wonder
As Jesus gazed at me;
His eyes whispered, "I forgive you,



My death will set you free.”

Chorus: Repeat



Lord, I'm Humbled By Mercy

Ezekiel 16:63

Love paid the debt I couldn't pay,
Freed me from chains of darkness;
Wonder hurries me down life's stream,
Filled with joy I can't suppress.

By faith I see You on Your throne,
Angles kneeling at Your feet;
By faith I am never alone
Singing at the Mercy Seat.

Chorus:

Lord, I'm humbled by mercy,
You endured my disgrace;
Dying love has conquered me,
I'm overwhelmed by grace.

I will never forget the day
Truth exposed my precious lies;
Your beauty melted my cold heart,
Pity opened my blind eyes.

Whatever idols I hold dear,
Rip them from my foolish hands;
When You are near, pure gold is dung,
Your presence is my promised land.

Chorus: Repeat



I Will Escape the Tempter's Snare

Inspired by verses by W. Cowper, my old friend

The waves have surged, the winds are high,
Angry clouds hang overhead;
Lightning barrels across the sky,
My heart is engulfed by dread.

Lord, out of my weakness I call,
Guard and guide me through life's gales;
My doubts have swelled, my faith is small,
I am swamped by life's travails.

Chorus:

Pilot of my soul, please speak,
Please still the boiling waves;
You are strong, and I am weak,
Only Your might can save.
Your constant love, Your faithful care,
Are all that shield me from despair;
You will hear and answer prayer!
I will escape the tempter's snare!

I'm tempest-tossed, a sorry wreck,
I wander to temptation's brink;
But Jesus mans the starboard deck,
My tiny boat will never sink.

Chorus: Repeat



History Is Your Diary*

Lord, I see Your footprints
On the seas of history;
You ride the whirlwinds of war
And calm man's waves of fury.

My fainting faith stands in awe,
There is no one like You, Lord;
Your weapons are infinite,
Hail, horns, bows, and swords.

Chorus:

History is Your diary,
A journal of grace and glory;
Wisdom fathers humility,
Your power yields victory.

Love for Your chosen people
Brought them to the promised land;
As daring saints won the battles,
But their strength flowed from Your hand.

Chorus: Repeat

*May I suggest this be sung to a tune like Scott McKenzie's, "Are You Going to San Francisco"?



The Lord Will Whisper, “You’re Home”

Eternity’s banks are close,
I can hear the shouts of glory;
The celestial kingdom nears
Where Emmanuel waits for me.

Soon I’ll hear the Savior’s voice,
See His face, and rest at His feet;
With angels shouting “Hosannas”,
I’ll approach the Mercy Seat.

Chorus:

The sweetness of the Master’s voice
Will hush Heaven’s holy choir;
The Lord will whisper, “You’re home,”
My heart will know my heart’s desire.

Far from earth’s vexing sorrows,
I’ll know the peace Christ promised me;
I’ll breathe eternally,
Free from time’s captivity.

Chorus: Repeat



When God Draws the Drapes of History

When God draws the drapes of history,
Day and night will be a memory;
The books of time will be swallowed up
By the ocean of eternity.

In the world where the sun never sets,
There will be no sooner or later;
No yesterday and no tomorrow
In the presence of our Creator.

Chorus:

Hallelujahs will echo through Heaven
To the Lamb Who reigns;
Mercy's freemen will thunder praises
To the Lamb Who was slain.

Rivers of praise will circle the globe,
Tongues will unite in humility;
Heaven will resonate forever
With hosannas to Christ's majesty.

Chorus: Repeat



Lord, Make Me A Warrior Lamb

Fear of men is a snare,
My silence is my shame;
I smile and say nothing
When fools slander Your Name.

I have forsaken my post,
Precious Jesus, forgive me;
Stir me and make me willing
To lose all for Your glory.

Chorus:

Lord, make me a warrior lamb,
A man who has weighed the cost;
Make me willing, make me willing
To be a soldier of the cross!

I blush when I should speak,
Grow quiet when scoffers laugh;
Father, make me daring,
Make me bold on Your behalf.

All men wish to be victors,
All men dream of renown;
But only Christ's warriors
Can hope to win the crown.

Chorus: Repeat



Jesus Came To Save The Guilty

Death stalked three on Golgotha,
A trio was nailed to their trees;
The Lord's eyes brimmed with pity
As He hung on Calvary.

Two thieves mocked Christ's dying hour,
But grace opened one man's eyes;
"When You come into Your Kingdom,
Lord, remember me!" he cried.

Chorus:

As darkness doused the daylight,
One thief looked to Christ for mercy;
The Savior forgave his sins,
Jesus came to save the guilty.

Remorse stung him like an asp,
The brigand's sin filled his mind;
Soon his legs would be broken,
Soon he'd leave this world behind.

The Lord's companion in death
Was moments from Paradise;
A common thief was saved by
The infinite mercy of Christ.

Chorus: Repeat



Christ Hung Between Two Thieves

Christ hung between two thieves,
With dying breaths they mocked Him;
But guilt pierced one thief's heart,
His eyes were opened to his sin.

Grace caused the thief to see
Who had perished at his side;
The sign read, "King of the Jews",
The Christ had been crucified.

Chorus:

The dying thief was clean,
Christ's blood washed his sin away;
Jesus bore God's wrath for him,
Paid the debt he couldn't pay.

Works could not save the thief,
His feet were nailed to the tree;
Trusting in Christ alone
He cried, "Lord, remember me!"

Before sunset graced the sky,
The thief was in Paradise;
A guilty soul was spared
By the Savior's sacrifice.

Chorus: Repeat



Worship and Adore

Praise is a wise man's joy,
Silence is a fool's refrain;
If our tongues refuse to sing,
Stones will celebrate His Name.

The moon booms hallelujahs
That ring 'til the break of day;
(The) stars add sweet harmonies,
Darkness cannot slow His praise.

Chorus:

Trees clap their hands to each passing breeze,
Christ's beauty brings mountains to their knees;
The lapping of waves upon the shore
Is the ocean shouting, "Worship and adore!"

Fields of flowers hum a tune,
Songbirds trill a melody;
Forests sing out, "Hosanna!"
Grasslands chant, "Glory! Glory!"

Creation's choir bursts forth
In matchless unity;
May humanity chime in,
"Holy! Holy! Holy!"

Chorus: Repeat



My Life's Story

At hell's dark door I stood,
Blinded by nature's night;
Grace opened my blind eyes,
And filled my soul with light.

Nothing to boast of but guilt,
"Prodigal" was my name;
I wasted my life foolishly,
On ease, and gold, and fame.

Chorus:

Lord, when my days are done,
When they tell my life's story;
May the praise be Yours alone,
Unstained by human glory.

Pure pity rescued me,
And placed me in the ark;
You unplugged my poor ears,
And humbled my proud heart.

May my knees always buckle,
When I hear justice roar;
May my trembling lips give thanks,
Now and forevermore.

Chorus: Repeat

The guilt was mine alone
That caused Your grisly pain;
Grace means all the world to me,
A man only God could tame.

Chorus: Repeat



It Is Finished

“It is finished” falls on my ears
Like dew falls on a flower;
“It is finished” calms all my fears,
And robs death of its power.

Death has lost its deadly sting,
The grave its pungent bouquet;
It was the Savior’s bleeding
That sweetens my parting day.

Chorus:

My soul dwells with Christ in Heaven,
My chains are loosed and now I’m free!
This mortal body shall rise again,
To a glorious eternity!

“It is finished” Christ cried out,
That dark day at Calvary;
“It is finished” will echo
Throughout the realms of glory.

Justice has sheathed its sword,
Death is the last enemy;
Sin’s final volley is spent,
Death is a saint’s victory.

Chorus: Repeat



You Denied Yourself For Me

Matthew 16:24-27

Lord, make me willing to follow,
Though my path be suffering;
Help me calculate the cost
Denying myself will bring.

Some go smiling to the scaffold,
Others stand singing at the stake;
In faith I fix my eyes on You,
Grateful to suffer for Your sake.

Chorus:

From Bethlehem to Jerusalem,
From the manger to Calvary,
Your birth and death are proof
You denied Yourself for me.

Lord, teach me to deny myself,
To lay my life down for You;
With my eyes fixed on Your cross,
Giving all is all I can do.

I have feared death all my life,
But death no longer frightens me;
If love requires I lose my life,
Lord, help me lose it willingly.

When You appear at time's end,
With the angels in Your glory,
I'll receive the Crown of Life
And know my pains were best for me.

Chorus: Repeat



Put Yourself In The Master's Hands

Mark 6:38

".....how many loaves do you have? Go and see."

Five thousand perched on the hillside,
The Lord pitied the hungry band;
A few loaves and fishes were found,
Little is much in Jesus' hands.

Feeble faith quickly bows to doubt,
Answers are hidden from its view;
The Master was calm all the while,
Jesus knew what He would do.

Chorus:

When you count your loaves and fishes,
They will be too small and too few;
Put yourself in the Master's hands,
The world will learn what God can do.

Paint history in vivid hues,
People fade into a haze;
Christ's brilliance obscures mankind,
Stars are lost in the sun's rays.

Self finds shelter beneath mercy's seat,
"Glory to God" is wisdom's theme;
When God multiplies your talents,
Humility conquers self-esteem.

Chorus: Repeat



Love Remembered Me

Luke 23:24

Christ laid aside His majesty,
Had His feet nailed to the tree,
Spread His arms along the beam
And pleaded with God for me!

Those hands, those feet were pleading
For the prideful Pharisees,
The cruel Roman soldiers,
The crucified thieves, and me!

Chorus:

Christ whispered lovingly,
“Father, forgive them,
They know not what they do.”
Love ruled on Calvary –
Father, forgive me,
I crucified Him too;
I raised the hammer,
I drove the nails
That pinned Christ to the tree –
Yet, mercy still prevails;
Love remembered me,
Love remembered me.

One drop of that precious blood
Is a chariot of mercy;
Christ’s plea for His tormentors,
“Forgive them” includes me.

Chorus: Repeat

The background of the page is a vibrant collage of musical notes and staves in various colors including blue, orange, pink, yellow, green, and purple. The notes and staves are scattered across the page, creating a festive and musical atmosphere.

Heavenly Canaan's Choir Sings

Based on Psalm 95

You can say, "The world is mine",
Hill and valley and mountain peak;
Down where secret oceans are fed,
The deeps wait for You to speak.

Men of every tongue and nation
Gather humbly before Your throne;
Earth's recesses and earth's summits
Tender praises to You alone.

Chorus:

Heavenly Canaan's choir sings
To the flutter of angel wings;
Saints' voices sweetly harmonize
With the sounds of holy heartstrings.

There is one faith, one baptism,
One Lord, and one blood-bought throng;
Our tongues should unite in hymns,
And erupt in joyous song.

Our lives should be adorned with peace,
Christ has won the eternal war;
Long after the sun's last journey,
Jesus shall reign forevermore.

Chorus: Repeat



Victory!

John 16:20-22

I raise my eyes and watch You die
That dark day at Calvary;
The Creator dying for me,
Sweet majesty in misery.

My crimes have pierced Your side,
My shame is on display;
Love led You to the cross,
Loved washed my sins away.

Your bloody head is bowed,
How can I rejoice?
Songs of conquest rise in me,
But horror stills my voice.

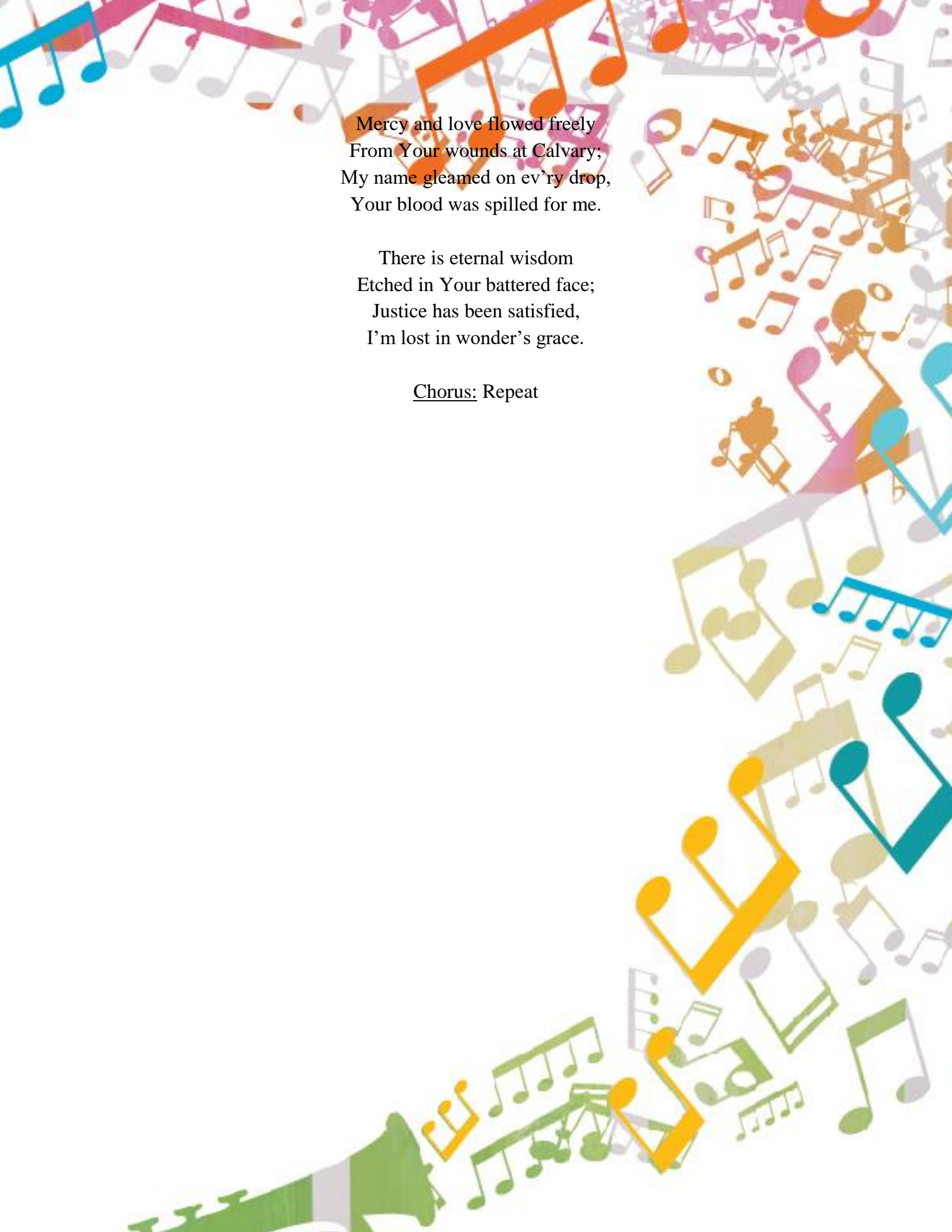
Chorus:

Victory! Victory! Victory!
Your death slew death for me!
My Savior died in battle,
Rose again to justify me!
Victory! Victory! Victory!

A kind of cruel beauty
Unfolds before my eyes;
Should I crumble in despair,
Or shout praises to the skies?

Pardon was purchased for me,
The price was Your agony;
My sorrow is mixed with joy,
Your death means freedom for me.

Chorus: Repeat



Mercy and love flowed freely
From Your wounds at Calvary;
My name gleamed on ev'ry drop,
Your blood was spilled for me.

There is eternal wisdom
Etched in Your battered face;
Justice has been satisfied,
I'm lost in wonder's grace.

Chorus: Repeat



As I Huddled In Death's Shadows

Inspired by a line in "The Serpent's Bite" by John Newton

I was scarred by Adam's fall,
And shackled by nature's night;
I stumbled through life deaf and blind,
Poisoned by the serpent's bite.

The links of my chain grew rusty,
My head lay on the dungeon floor;
But pride stifled my cry for help,
Vanity bolted the door.

Chorus:

Clouds and mists of unbelief
Drenched me with uncertainty,
Chilly hours of doubt crept near,
Packs of fear crawled over me.
As I huddled in death's shadows,
God displayed His sovereignty,
Unlocked life's door and rescued me;
Sin's prisoner darted free,
Glory! Glory! Glory!

I dreamed death's eyes stared at me,
Angels dragged me to Christ's feet;
I trembled at His majesty,
Light circled the Judgment Seat.

My sins assembled behind me,
One by one each told his story;
I was awed by my history,
Truth shines with awful beauty.

Chorus: Repeat



My Life Overflows With Mercies

If my faith was not so hollow,
I could recall love's souvenirs;
A wonderland of marvels
Lies hidden behind my tears.

A storehouse of past blessings
Assures me of Your care for me;
Jeweled bolts of gratitude
Ought to cage anxieties.

Chorus:

Lord, please forgive my feeble faith,
It blinds me to my history;
You surround Your lamb with love,
My life overflows with mercies.

A simple backward glance at life
Is enough to condemn my cares;
One thoughtful look buries my doubts
And tramples my self-despair.

Flashes of eternal glory
Sparkle in my memory;
A treasury of wonders
Confirms Your love for me.

Chorus: Repeat



Praise Springs From Humility

Based on Psalm 95

Psalms should echo across the globe
And fill the heights of creation;
Cooling streams of mercy flow
From the Rock of our salvation.

When my forehead touches the ground,
My sinful head is held too high;
Prostrate on my hands and knees,
Pride is still reluctant to die.

Chorus:

Our hearts should shiver in awe,
Praise springs from humility;
Sinai's holy fires are quenched
By Heaven's torrent of mercy.

Come let us worship and bow down,
Christ has silenced the devil's roar;
Let us kneel before our Maker,
Grace will cause a heart to soar.

Chorus: Repeat



Love Triumphed at Calvary

Draped upon the cruel cross,
Jesus took pity on me;
“They know not what they do,”
Is now my hope for mercy.

His body hung upon the tree,
But His mind was in Heaven;
Listen to His heartfelt plea,
He cries, “Father, forgive them!”

Chorus:

Infinite love sought me
While I was His enemy;
The unworthy became worthy,
Love triumphed at Calvary.
Infinite love sought me
Love triumphed at Calvary.

Oh the wonder of it all,
That a fool should find mercy;
You are a Friend to sinners,
Pity paid my penalty.

Like the thief upon the cross,
I saw that I was guilty;
Like the thief I trusted You
And cried, “Lord, remember me!”

Chorus: Repeat



Come Worship the Risen, Conquering Son*

A river of blood ran down Your cheek,
Accusers taunted but You didn't speak;
You shuddered beneath Pilate's bloody whip,
The Friend of man tasted man's friendship.

Mankind's Savior dragged man's cross up the hill,
Each staggering step was part of God's will;
Sinai thundered above Gethsemane,
Innocence died for sin on Calvary.

Chorus:

The Gospel is a wedding invitation,
Sealed with the blood of the King of Creation;
Love of God and love of self demand you come,
Come worship the risen, conquering Son.

Love drove Jesus to pay our penalty,
The Law's severity outlaws mercy;
Midday darkness concealed His victory,
Heaven's Lamb died to set hell's captives free.

Chorus: Repeat

*May I suggest a tune similar to "There Is A Fountain Filled With Blood"?



A Christian Is A Battleground

Grace and sin strive within me,
Peace is not found in this life;
A Christian is a battleground,
A man of constant angst and strife.

My reborn heart is full of grace,
My flesh hates that very thought;
I grieve then rejoice; sin then win,
And pray while the battle's fought.

Chorus:

Strange and deeply mysterious,
A Christian's twice-born state;
Believers are saints and sinners,
My love is tinged with hate –
The Sovereign Lord has promised
To be my Captain and my Friend;
Jesus will be victorious,
Grace will triumph in the end.

A stable peace, an endless war,
The days of grace, the nights of sin;
Sometimes conquest and sometimes loss,
What opposites reside within.

Some days coward, some days fighter,
One day my battles will be past;
My remaining sin will be crushed,
Grace will overcome at last.

Chorus: Repeat



“Christ Alone” Is My Creed

Faith sneers at her own strength,
Distrusts her trusted sword;
Faith rests in the living God,
Her trust is in the Lord

I weary of human pride,
I tire of man’s boasting;
My boast is in God alone,
I glory in my King.

Chorus:

Faith rests in “Jesus alone”,
“Grace alone” is my need;
Trusting in “By faith alone”,
“Christ alone” is my creed.

Hope is where a heart’s desire
And expectation meet;
Hope is faith’s younger sister,
Both sit at Jesus; feet.

Looking to Jesus alone,
Faith relies on no man;
Faith mocks man’s vaunted power,
Faith eyes the great “I AM.”

Chorus: Repeat



Jewels In Our Memories

Based on Psalm 1

The wise man meditates day and night,
He delights in the Law of the Lord;
The Lord bestows wisdom by lamplight,
Understanding is the saint's reward.

Life's careless became life's ungodly,
The ungodly soon stand in sin's way;
Sin's way hardens sinners by degree,
Until sinners throw their lives away.

Chorus:

Bright blossoms and dark green leaves
Adorn well-watered trees;
Lord, help us lock divine truths
In our hearts' treasures;
Lord, may law and grace become
Jewels in our memories.

A drop easing down a windowpane
Makes a man forget that it is rain;
Ungodly counsel promises gain,
But lies yield a wealth of pain.

The scoffer's seat appears so lofty,
But it is near the gates of hell;
The scoffer's seat will soon be empty,
Satan shone brightly before he fell.

Chorus: Repeat

The wise man meditates day and night,
He delights in the Law of the Lord;
The Lord bestows wisdom by lamplight,



Understanding is the saint's reward.

Chorus: Repeat



Who Am I?

Lord, I hated Your very Name,
Was proud to be Your enemy;
Only sovereign grace could choose
To save a heartless fool like me.

A holy flame burns inside of me,
Kindled by the Almighty's breath;
Before grace came I was legion,
Deserving of eternal death.

Chorus:

What is man, what is man,
That You would shed Your blood for him?
Who am I, who am I,
That You would die for my sin?

What a wonder is my Jesus,
Assumed man's nature as His own;
Obeyed and suffered in my place,
Now the God-Man on His throne.

With honor, holiness, and love,
I'll be clothed in eternity;
In the sparkling streets of Heaven,
I'll be robed in Christ's purity.

Chorus: Repeat

I will kneel at Your throne and sing,
With the fire only love displays;
Throns of angels will join with me,
'Til Heaven is aflame with praise.

Chorus: Repeat

*A special thanks to J. Newton, a stanza from an undetermined passage sparked these verses.



Lord, Sweet Lord, Conquer Me

Lord, please remove me from my throne,
Why should a fool rule over me?
I yearn to be Yours alone,
Self-love is mere idolatry.

Self is haughty, fierce, and wild,
A fool who thinks himself wise;
Precious Lord, tame this man-child,
Grant me a new heart and new eyes.

Chorus:

Lord, sweet Lord, conquer me,
Self loves the rebel's part;
Self-love is captivity,
Subdue my traitor's heart;
Lord I want to be free,
Lord, sweet Lord, conquer me.

Self is a cruel tyrant,
He rules with an iron hand;
Pride blinds him to all that's good,
And I suffer at his command.

Self may obtain a poor reward
And be applauded here;
But when history has ended,
How foolish self will appear.

Chorus: Repeat

Self is disguised as many things,
It often slips on modesty;
Self refuses only one gown,
It never wears humility.

Chorus: Repeat



Only A Moment Away

Chorus:

Only a moment away,
Only a moment away,
Waits of world of deep delight;
A single moment away,
A single moment away,
Waits a world drenched in light;
Only a moment away,
A single moment away,
And faith will become sight.

I will walk among the stars,
Victor over death and time;
Bliss will ooze from every pore,
Seas will pipe and winds will chime.

I will drown in pools of pleasure,
Lost in angels' rhapsodies;
Creation's concert will swell
As waves of joy wash over me.

Heaven's arbors will remind me
Of the true Vine's final hours;
Reservoirs of treasured tears
Will water Heaven's flowers.

When I am summoned before Him,
My need for faith will die;
The beauty of my Savior
Will be reflected in my eyes.

Chorus: Repeat



Love Gave His Life For Me

From a note by J. Newton

Guilt and shame have driven their nails,
Love demands a reply;
The world's Creator is God's Lamb,
He bows His head and dies.

His beaten, battered, spit-on face,
The rough-hewn, splintered tree;
All this to pay my penalty?
All this to set me free?

Chorus:

His nails and thorns pierce through my heart,
Love gave His life for me;
Oh the wonder, the mystery,
I died on Calvary.

Wounded and dead, bathed in blood,
Marvel at Christ's mercy;
The wreath of thorns, the bleeding feet,
The Lord's strange victory.

Guilt and shame have driven their nails,
Love demands a reply;
Careless sinner, come see God's Lamb,
He bows His head and dies.

Chorus: Repeat



Calvary's Stowaway

Love scoured life's alleys for me,
Love seeks love's enemies;
A rebel became a child,
A masterpiece of mercy.

How often I cursed Your Name
And mocked You to Your face;
Yet You kept me from death's grasp
And undying disgrace.

Chorus:

A flood of sin kept me in the dark,
You graciously stooped to save life's castaway;
Now I am safely within Your ark,
Proud to be one of Calvary's stowaways.

I stumbled through life's darkness,
Blind to eternity;
But pity opened my eyes,
Rescued and pardoned me.

Safe from dangers, free from fears,
I live upon Your smiles;
Lord, please keep me from old sins
And safe from Satan's wiles.

Chorus: Repeat



The Battle Is The Lord's

You are the Monarch of my soul,
The Lord of providence;
Jesus, my heart is happy
To own You as her Prince.

You scatter my enemies
So very easily;
My victories belong to You,
The sword belongs to me.

Chorus:

Faith draws the dagger,
Faith plucks the bowstring,
Faith raises the sword – (pause)
Though I often stagger,
I serve an unseen King,
The battle is the Lord's!

I am tried and tried again,
My blessed Lord knows best;
A night of bitter trials,
Then a sweet day of rest.

Chorus: Repeat



Jesus Alone Can Rescue

I laid my head on my pillow,
As I had the night before;
I awakened to discover
I had stumbled through death's door.

The Judge was robed in awful light,
Lightning bolts flashed from His eyes;
I was paralyzed by the sight
And filled with wrenching surprise.

My sins crowded around me,
They were eager to testify;
In stunned silence I listened,
It was useless to reply.

Chorus:

Jesus alone can rescue
He alone is Savior and King;
Only the Lord's death can answer
The charges justice brings.

When I heard my grisly doom,
My soul wilted in despair;
Vengeance pressed for endless woe,
The thought was more than I could bear.

I pleaded for time to change,
But justice slammed the door of grace;
I begged the hills to fall on me,
To hide me from Christ's face.

Then God's gracious spirit whispered,
"Nothing is as it seems."
Shame and wonder, joy and love
Awakened me from my dream!

Chorus: Repeat





Ecstasy Must Find A Voice

Lord, I trust in You alone,
Pardon flowed from Your side;
My wrath pursued You to Your cross,
And justice was satisfied.

Lord, I delight in Your mercy,
You made my cause Your own;
My hope is built upon this Rock,
And cannot be overthrown.

Chorus:

Lord, please accept my humble praise,
Gratitude must rejoice!
Wave after wave swells within me,
Ecstasy must find a voice!

Lord, I fear my heart is cold,
Even when my heart is on fire;
Oh that wonder would burst my chains
And wed my voice to Heaven's choir.

Lord, I see the conqueror's crown,
I can hear seraphim sing;
You gave me new ears and new eyes,
I see saints worshipping their King.

Chorus: Repeat



You Chose My Cross For Me

Matthew 16:25

Jesus, You drew me to You,
Showed me the way of the cross;
I want to follow you, Lord,
I understand the cost.

If my cross must be heavy,
Help me bear it patiently;
Strengthen me for my task,
Help me seize it willingly.

Chorus:

I'm pleased You chose my cross for me,
Infinite wisdom knows best;
Children can trust a Father's hand,
For trials and strength and rest.

Troubles are pebbles on life's paths,
Scattered by Your loving hands;
When I slip upon life's cares,
You catch me and make me stand.

Servants are like their Master,
Pilgrims in storms of strife;
To be hated without a cause,
Is to imitate Your life.

Chorus: Repeat



Troubles Are Blessings In Disguise

A sunny day is drawing near
When my time on life's stage will end;
I will resign this world of tears
And dwell with my eternal Friend.

Death will transport me to peace,
Unbolt my crumbling prison cell;
Life's relentless sorrows will cease,
And I will wave my griefs farewell.

Chorus:

Troubles are blessings in disguise,
Life's floods and life's flames make me wise
When Jesus lights my way;
Heartaches force me to raise my eyes,
I seek my rest beyond the skies
In everlasting day.

A bliss that fades is not for me,
I crave immortal joys above;
Earthly pleasure is fantasy,
I want to swim in seas of love.

Chorus: Repeat

While writing this at Starbucks, the phone rang. Someone had stolen my A.C. unit. I decided to write a song about good overrunning evil; I hadn't taken this song to heart.



Grace Has Freed An Ocean of Slaves

Angels whispered “Jesus” at His birth,
The sweetest name the cosmos has known;
Once dangled between Heaven and earth,
The sacrifice is now on His throne.

Christ’s hands fixed the piers of history,
They set the earth on its foundation;
His pierced feet straddle eternity,
Their scars are proofs of my salvation.

Chorus:

Freed men of all ages have hummed
The grateful song of the ransomed;
Time’s seas are filled with singing waves,
Grace has freed an ocean of slaves.

Devils hiss that pardon is a dream,
I whistle breezily, “Jesus died;”
I take refuge in Christ’s crimson stream,
Justice stilled when God was crucified.

Chorus: Repeat



Teach Me To Walk In Wisdom's Ways

Inspired by a note from Old Newton

My foolish heart has been enslaved
By folly's subtle ways;
Worldly cunning has seduced me,
I'm lost in Satan's maze.

Master, I wish to learn from You,
Ignorance is treason;
I have pursued eternal death,
Fueled by human reason.

Chorus:

Savior, free me from sin and death,
Teach me to walk in wisdom's ways;
I want to spend my ev'ry breath
In constant wonder, love, and praise.

I have smiled while the cursed cursed
And mocked You to Your face;
A man is sure to damn his soul
By scorning saving grace.

Lord, will You have pity on me
And open wisdom's gates?
Arrogance ignores Your counsel
And trusts in mystic fates.

Chorus: Repeat



Your Unsought Love Sought Me

Lord, if no new acts of love
Ever grace man's history,
I will boast until I die
Of Your boundless love for me.

When Your great wrath is unleashed,
I think of Your love for me;
Vengeance is the son of justice,
But love chose me for mercy.

Chorus:

Faith is rooted in memories
Of Your life and Calvary-
Love looked on me with pity,
Your unsought love sought me –
History is Your story,
To You be all the glory!

Bright blazes the star of grace
When wrath swarms Your enemies;
Justice makes mercy shine clear,
Eternal love pursued me.

Chorus: Repeat



My Debt

The debt I owed to justice
No mortal man could pay;
The sinner's Friend left Heaven
To star in a passion play.

My Savior forgave my sin
And unlocked my prison door;
My debt is greater now
Than it ever was before.

Chorus:

There's peace in the air I breathe,
Sovereign grace made all things new;
Lord, the best I can do for You,
Is the least I can do;
The best I can do for You,
Is the least I can do.

How can I ever repay
The colossal debt I owe?
Jesus satisfied my debt
With His own blood long ago.

Time has merely raised my debt,
Each day I owe You more;
When I face eternity
My debt will surely soar.

Chorus: Repeat



Lord, I Raise My Hands and Heart

Lord, You have hushed the Law's thunder,
You have quenched Mount Sinai's flame;
I am lost in shameless wonder,
Immersed in the depths of Your Name.

Grace has made me a child of light,
Though darkness dwells in me still;
The residue of nature's night
Urges me to defy God's will.

Chorus:

Grateful, emerald forests
Lift their adoring branches to Your throne,
Lord I raise my hands and heart,
And praise You for changing my heart of stone.

When I scan Heaven's distant shore,
The universe comes into view;
I want to lose my life in Yours,
I have it all in having You.

Chorus: Repeat



O Magnify the Lord With Me

Based on Psalm 50 and Psalm 34

You fly on the wings of the wind,
Cherubs beneath Your feet;
Now hearts will race as men approach
Then reach Your Judgment Seat.

Armies of angels form Your guard,
Clad in dazzling splendor;
Men's knees will buckle at the sight,
And minds dissolve in wonder.

Chorus:

O magnify the Lord with me,
Let us exalt His name together!
O magnify the Lord with me,
Let us exalt His name forever!

The earth will tremble at Your Word
When men's secrets are known;
Graves will open and souls will quake
When You ascend Your throne.

The judgment song of Heaven's choir
Rings now in worlds unknown;
Our God is a consuming fire,
Jesus is on His throne.

Chorus: Repeat



Your Goodness Is Your Glory

A duet – from Judges 10. A male for God’s part seems best – and out of sight.

Woman:

Lord, I have sinned against You,
And forsaken my own mercies;
I’ve worshipped my delusions,
And now I’m mired in miseries.

God:

Cry to the riches you covet,
Call to the gods you embraced;
See if your phantoms will answer,
The frauds whose blessing you chased.

Chorus: *Woman:*

Lord, I’m humbled by my sin,
Do what You know is best for me;
I kneel before You again,
Your goodness is Your glory.

Woman:


Father, I submit to justice,
And surrender to Your wisdom;
I am sickened by my sin,
And grieved for what I’ve become.

God:

You have abandoned common sense,
There are idols on My throne;
Return to the love you slighted,
Return to Christ the Cornerstone.

Woman:

Lord, in love You chastened me,
Mercy may have a heavy hand;



Please pity the fool at Your feet,
Smile and ask the fool to stand.

Chorus: Repeat



Look To Him and Live!

An old hymn by W. Cowper or Newton inspired me

I gave my life to trifles,
Spent my passion on vanity;
I worshipped earthly treasure,
A fool immersed in folly.

I frolicked beneath the dam
Of everlasting heartache;
Laughed and sinned upon the brink
Of an eternal burning lake.

Chorus:

As I danced in sin's debris,
God breathed on me in mercy.
I heard a voice from Calvary,
Christ's bleeding wounds were calling me;
Pardon and grace are Christ's to give,
Look to Him and live! Look to Him and live!

God can soften hearts of stone,
Raise the dead and set them free;
What should I render to you, Lord,
For Your dying love to me?

Chorus: Repeat



Soon

Chorus:

Soon the rain, soon the flood,
Take refuge in Christ's blood!
Soon your wasted life will end,
Kneel and make the Judge your Friend!
Soon no time for repentance,
Soon your ghastly sentence!
Soon you will take your last breath,
Soon the iron gate of death!

Today you wallow in your pride
And glory in your shame;
But, friend, where will you hide
When the earth is wrapped in flame?

You are wise and wealthy now,
The envy of foolish friends;
Your roar will be a meow,
When time screeches to its end.

When life's books are cracked open
And your sins are plain to see,
You will tremble like all men
At judgment without mercy.

Friend, you certainly will bow
And fail like a shooting star,
When terrors furrow Christ's brow
And you stand before His bar.

Oh, your horror and despair
When God strips off your disguise!
You will be a living nightmare
With eternity in your eyes.

Chorus: Repeat



Even My Troubles Are Blessed

Life's chaos of darkness frightens me
My feeble senses dread losses;
But, I trust trials are mercies,
The Lord orders all my crosses.

When I am caught in life's undertow,
I strain to believe that Jesus cares;
In the waves and mists of sorrow,
My heart sinks in swells of despair.

Chorus:

Lord, why do I grumble and complain?
Infinite, dying love knows best;
I am planted by rivers of grace,
Even my troubles are blessed.

Men can't see God's invisible hand,
Faith makes me a laughingstock;
Blind men sign their names in sand,
God has carved my name in (the) rock.

Man's conquests and man's good fortune
Often bring great misery;
Chaff quickly kindles in life's sun,
God loves inward prosperity.

Chorus: Repeat



My Soul, How Will It Fare With You?

Based on Psalm 50

Your beams of glorious splendor
Sparkle brighter than the sun;
May the whole earth melt in wonder,
Majesty shines in Zion.

With trumpet voice and flaming sword,
You summon both rich and poor;
Prince and pauper both must answer,
When time shall be no more.

Chorus:

My soul, how will it fare with you
When you are summoned to His throne?
Self-righteousness will not do,
Plead the blood of Christ alone!

Pretenders dwell among God's saints,
They will face the Judgment Seat;
The Lamb will command His angels,
"Sever the chaff from the wheat!"

The guilty shall have no appeal,
Mankind's hearts will condemn them;
Creatures will quail before God's zeal,
Silence will be man's amen.

Chorus: Repeat



We Have Nothing To Fear

John 16:32

“...you will be scattered, each to his own, and will leave Me alone. And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with Me.”

Mark 14:24-31

Peter said to Him, “Even if all are made to stumble, yet I will not. ...if I have to die with You, I will not deny You!” and they all said likewise.

A cold wind frightens fall's leaves,
And they fly before winter comes;
An angry mob bellows threats,
And soldiers desert Christ's Kingdom.

The Lord's friends fled when He was bound,
Trials exposed their faith as boast;
Promises are often mere words,
Friendships fail when needed most.

Chorus:

Jesus was alone,
But He was not alone,
His Father was near;
God does not forsake His own
God will not forsake His own,
We have nothing to fear.

Faith so slow in blooming,
Quickly surrenders its bloom;
Crosses confirm men to be
Impostors in the Throne Room.

Friends do not wish to betray us,
But cowardice swiftly appears;
Thankfully god never fails,
Earth is Heaven's frontier.

Chorus: Repeat





Jesus, Prince of Mercy

Master, You are my Guard, my Guide,
My Savior, and my Friend;
You loved me before I loved You,
And will love me to the end.

This wilderness is full of snares,
But I am safe with You;
I walk with You by faith each day,
With Heaven in my view.

Chorus:

Jesus, Prince of Mercy,
Perfection is Your name –
Love so pure, love so free,
From age to age the same;
Your grace creates in me
Wonder and holy flame –
Awe and humility
Have vanquished guilt and shame.

You will not let me miss the way
That leads me to Your throne;
You sacrificed Your life for me,
Rose and made me Your own.

Chorus: Repeat



Jesus, When Your People Meet

Pilgrims march through this world unknown,
Anxious to unite before God's throne
What a splendid day that will be,
When saints lock arms in Glory.

There is a mystic fellowship
Wherever men may worship;
Each voice a part of Heaven's choir,
Each soul filled with (a) holy fire.

Chorus:

Jesus, when Your people meet,
We are gathered at Your feet;
When we seek You, You are found,
We are standing on sacred ground.

Church walls cannot contain You,
A tree stump may be a pew;
We are one when we're apart,
You abide in humble hearts.

Across the globe praises rise,
Shouts of triumph pack the skies;
Together grateful voices sing,
Praises to their gracious King.

Chorus: Repeat



Death Met Its Death At Calvary

Heaven was veiled in darkness at Calvary,
The earth stood silent and listened to You groan;
Your comrades fled as sin nailed You to the tree,
You tread the winepress of God's anger alone!

Chorus:

Death thrust its fiery dart through You,
'Til the tip stuck fast in the tree;
In that moment my debt was paid,
Death met its death at Calvary!

Eternal love sent You to redeem mankind,
Yet You were despised and rejected by men;
Love drove You to leave Heaven's glory behind,
You drained the cup of justice and rose again!

Chorus: Repeat

Centuries of agony hung on Your cross
While Satan emptied his quiver into You;
Sin and Satan were vanquished, but oh the cost,
The crimson stream flowed with infinite virtue!

Chorus: Repeat

Thank you, to C.H. Spurgeon and C. Evans



Can The Lord Provide?

The Master fed a multitude,
Little is much in Jesus' hands;
A few loaves and fishes will do,
To feed the world at His command.

His disciples served the meal,
But soon forgot what they had seen;
How often like them I am troubled,
When trust would make my life serene.

Chorus:

Can the Lord provide?
How quickly unbelief cries!
Can the Lord provide?
How slowly unbelief dies!
Lord, please open my eyes,
I want to see, I need to see,
All that grace supplies!

My feeble faith deserves reproof,
I wish to walk by faith not sight;
Savior, make me thankful today,
For Your goodness, love, and might.

Master, forgive this poor fool,
You make all things work for good;
Little is still much in Your hands,
Help me trust You as I should.

Chorus: Repeat



I Can Stand No Taller

When I think of Mount Calvary,
Your bloody wounds speak to me;
Each bruise has a tongue that tells,
My life story all too well.

I searched for meaning in life,
And found it in suicide;
I didn't know You loved me,
I didn't know why You died.

Chorus:

Lord, please accept my humble praise,
Forgive my defiant days;
My modesty was conceit,
I wallowed in sin's squalor;
When I kneel at Your feet,
I can stand no taller –
When I kneel at Your feet,
I can stand no taller –

I blush when I feel Your love,
Dying love for rebel clay;
Blood flowed freely from Your veins
On Emancipation Day.

Chorus: Repeat



Death Was No Match For The King of Glory

Cold clay lay in Joseph's tomb,
A seal was placed upon the stone;
Frightened sheep without a shepherd
Were left to face the world alone.

The hosannas were forgotten,
Like Your prayer in the upper room;
Daring hearts melted like wax,
When they laid You in Your tomb.

Chorus:

Neither Your friends nor enemies could see
There was victory in Your agony;
The tomb was the beginning, not the end,
Sepulchers cannot hold Divinity,
Death was no match for the King of Glory!

The scribes and Pharisees rejoiced
With a joy only hatred finds;
They thought they had quenched the Light
So painful to their darkened minds.

With hopes smashed and faith defeated,
Your little band swam in sorrow;
Their minds grieved for yesterday,
Their hearts feared for tomorrow.

Chorus: Repeat

Pharisees were stunned when You rose,
Disciples wept for joy that day;
Justice surrendered her rights,
When angels rolled the stone away.

Chorus: Repeat



The Eyes Of My Heart See Jesus

I can see a Kingdom whose foundation
Is stained with the blood of Calvary;
Earthly eyes cannot see this blessed realm
Whose power lies in humility.

I can see the risen Lamb adored,
In a land where time is a memory;
Heaven's Prince inhabits the praises
Of His jubilant flock in Glory.

Chorus:

The eyes of my heart see Jesus,
He is clothed in majesty;
Saints bow before Him and sing,
HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!

Ev'ry hour wings me closer to Jesus
And His Kingdom of truth and purity;
Life's sorrows shall be changed to endless joy
When I behold the King in His beauty.

When creation dissolves Heaven will stand,
Lighted by Christ the never-setting sun;
Saints of all colors from ev'ry nation
Will unite to worship the Holy One.

Chorus: Repeat



High-Sounding Pledges Are A Liar's Consecration

This world's riches are Fool's Gold,
Earth's gardens are a wasteland;
All I own is rotting away,
Yet I sing, "Earth is my homeland."

My vows are often broken,
My honesty is treachery;
I boast I'll keep my promises,
My traitor's heart deceives me.

Chorus:

Lord, I foolishly boast of my imagined power,
But when the (old) serpent attacks, I seem to cower.
I claim I don't love the world, but race to temptation;
My high-sounding pledges are a liar's consecration.
Lord, keep me close, O' keep me close through life's travails;
For your strength, O Lord, never fails, it never fails.

Lord, I give myself to You,
I will follow where You lead;
Your favor is my soul's desire,
Your presence my only need.

My Captain is my Savior
When life's battles are heated;
Though Satan maintains his war,
I cannot be defeated.

Chorus: Repeat



Gethsemane

His disciples slept as Jesus prayed,
Three friends dozed while their Master moaned,
Angels hovered above Olivet,
Jesus tread wrath's winepress alone.

Wisdom overran reason's banks,
Glory shone that mortals could not see;
God was damp with blood in the garden,
Deity knelt in Gethsemane.

Chorus:

Such agony! Such agony!
Such majesty! Such majesty!
(My) Jesus became sin for me!
(My) Jesus became sin for me!

Heaven's glorious light conquered
The darkness of Gethsemane;
The Savior wrestled temptation,
Jesus prevailed upon His knees.

The eyes of my heart have opened,
Awe rolls over me like a wave;
Love embraced sin in the garden,
Jesus fixed His eyes on His grave.

Chorus: Repeat



This World Is A World of Wonders To Me

Based on Psalm 86

God's voice in summer thunder
Is a sacred mystery;
The lightning flash of His eyes
Fills the sky with wild beauty.

Autumn's rows of yellow grain
Are like a golden sea;
Ev'ry bursting bud of spring
Still brings me to my knees.

Chorus:

The world is stitched in seamless harmony,
My poor heart bows in humility,
This world is a world of wonders to me,
This world is a world of wonders to me.

Seasons give way to seasons,
Blossoms bow down to decay;
A blanket of snow in winter
Promises roses in May.

All of nature shimmers
Like a mound of jeweled sand;
All creation reflects
The power of God's hand.

Chorus: Repeat



His Story Has Always Been Called History

The Author and Finisher of our faith
Penned a superb celestial mystery;
All the places and people that have been
Are scenes and figures from His diary.

We are life's actors, stagehands and gallery,
But our true audience consists of One;
History is the biography of
The Father, the Spirit, and the Son.

Chorus:

Each life is a chapter in God's book,
Death is merely the turning of a page;
Each of us has a role in God's story,
Each of us mounts then quits the stage.
His story has always been called history,
To our God alone be all life's glory.

Ancient times and modern times are both the same,
Memoirs of the rise and fall of mankind;
The beginning of time and the end of time
Are the same moment to an eternal mind.

Chorus: Repeat



Mystery Shrouds That Awful Night

Alone in the cold midnight
In darkened Gethsemane,
Heaven's warrior knelt to pray,
Fully clothed in misery.

The gnarled olives knew Him well,
He had knelt there many times;
The griefs of Gethsemane
Were the heart of love's design.

Chorus:

Mystery shrouds that awful night,
A glory shines that man cannot see;
Creatures wilt in the blinding light
Of the darkness of Gethsemane.

Angels filled the garden's skies,
Watching their Creator pray;
Great drops of bloody sweat fell
As Christ prepared for Friday.

An angel came to strengthen
The Lord the angel adored;
"Not My will but Yours," Christ cried,
Love ruled the all-loving Lord.

Chorus: Repeat

Christ's voice pierced the brisk night air,
"...if this cup can pass from Me;"
Three times He pled with Heaven,
Three times Heaven denied His plea.

Chorus: Repeat



I Can Only Whisper - Amen

My Savior trudged the roads of Galilee,
Each step brought Love closer to Calvary;
Christ's grief and shame and pain remain unknown,
He abandoned a tomb to mount His throne.

When will the Bridegroom of my soul appear,
To speak those precious words I long to hear?
"You are Mine and I am yours" forever,
Our bond neither life nor death can sever.

Chorus:

Wave after wave of joy drenches His friends,
In a grace-swept world where time knows no end;
When I breathe my last I too shall ascend,
Such bliss is more than I can comprehend;
I can only whisper --- Amen.
I can only whisper --- Amen.

One-time foes are now clothed in snowy white,
Free in a land where the Lamb is the light;
If you die and see Him before I do,
Tell my Jesus I long to see Him too.

Chorus: Repeat



We Only Imitate The Moon

The moon glows a silvery white,
Her dimples magnify her beauty;
But the moon borrows her pearly light,
And simply reflects the sun's glory.

Her faint and feeble ray is pale,
And owes its loveliness to the night;
The lady hides herself by day,
And shines her best when no cloud's in sight.

Chorus:

Lord, we have no light of our own,
We only imitate the moon;
Like mirrors we reflect Your beams,
And man's midnight becomes his noon.

We reason with our fellow man,
Armed with truth we storm the mind's ramparts;
But, Lord, we cannot give men life,
You alone can melt a frozen heart.

Your birth, Your death shed dazzling light,
Your gospel shines like a noontime sun,
But, Lord, sov'reign grace is needed,
If men's calloused hearts are to be won.

Chorus: Repeat



Savior, Please Chase My Grey Skies Away

Winter's icy hand strips the leaves
And hardens the once-fertile ground;
But spring will soon begin to smile,
Her warmth can soften frozen ground.

My soul knows winter's chill too well,
Cold love yields a barren terrain;
Lord, when will gentle spring return
And melt my frosty heart again?

Chorus:

O' may the sun of righteousness rise
High in my bleak winter's sky and thaw
This frigid field that once bloomed with grace;
Savior, please chase my grey skies away
And let me feel the rays of Your love
And bask in the sunshine of Your face.

Winter and spring come at Your call,
First winter's grey then spring's yellow;
Winter kills the weeds my heart breeds,
Spring excites my graces to grow.

Chorus: Repeat



Who Is Like You, Lord?

Lord, I had a madness in my heart,
Only another madman knows;
Candied swagger sort of oozed from me,
In a steady and noxious flow.

Insanity was my sanity,
I was as shrewd as I was cruel;
I despised the mention of Your Name,
Thought your church a caucus of fools.

Chorus:

What a debt I owe to You.
I tried to throw my life away;
You did what I could never do,
Forgave a debt I couldn't pay.
Who is like You, Lord?
Who would give His life for me:
Who is like You, Lord?
Who would die for His enemy?

Armed with rage I cursed You to Your face,
I goaded You to destroy me;
I pointed my lance to the Heavens
And taunted the King of Glory.

Love listened lovingly to my rants,
My tirades proved prayers for mercy;
Lord, You chose to change my frigid heart,
You looked on this fool with pity.

Chorus: Repeat



Safe Within Ever-loving Arms

I wandered through a bog of sin,
Knee-deep in the muck of pride;
The Lord lifted me from life's mire,
One lost soul was justified.

When my debts demanded payment,
Jesus left the realms above;
His gory death and righteousness
Draped me in eternal love.

Chorus:

Christ's sacrifice and tender care
Shelter me from (my) foes and harm;
I am safe from the tempter's snares,
Safe within ever-loving arms.

Lord, give me courage to wade through
Walls of flame and rising creeks;
Life's angry waves and life's wild fires
Listen when my Jesus speaks.

I seek a rest beyond the skies
In the land of endless day;
Though my path lies through flood and flame,
My Jesus will guard my way.

Chorus: Repeat



Lift Up Your Heads, O Ye Gates

Psalm 24:7 "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in."

As Christ struggled in the garden,
The old dragon lingered nearby;
Friends dozed while His enemies swarmed,
Legions packed the midnight sky.

Crimson from His bloody sweat,
Jesus rose to greet His posse;
His friend Judas came by night
To betray the King of Glory.

Chorus:

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Be lifted up, ye everlasting doors!
God's Champion went to His cross,
Death and hell are disarmed forevermore.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Be lifted up, ye everlasting doors!

The great cannon of justice
Has fired its last volley at me;
Wrath's bullets were spent on Christ,
My sin died at Calvary.

Chorus: Repeat



Not A Single Drop Was Left For Me

Lord, You walked out of Sinai's shadow,
The last High Priest arrived to rescue;
The mist of sacrificial smoke cleared,
Centuries of prophecies came true.

Sweet Lord, sin's dart was buried in You,
You were robed in mockery and shame;
Wrath's thunder was displayed in Your cross,
Justice and grace were wed in Your Name.

Chorus:

You soared above the Alps of agony,
Immersed in unknown miseries;
Bottomless hell filled the cup You drank,
Not a single drop was left for me.

Your cross was the light of the morning
That brought mankind's darkness to its knees;
Your wounds were like stars that pierced despair
And healed a rebellious world's disease.

Your crown of thorns was a wreath of peace,
Drops of blood cried pardon from the ground;
Justice guzzled its fill of Your blood,
Groans and moans were love's redeeming sound.

Chorus: Repeat



I'll Sink To My Knees In Awe

One day the earth will melt away
Like molten wax before a fire;
Mountains will sink into the seas,
Seas will plunge into timeless mire.

When love's tidal wave reaches shore,
Ev'ry jeweled promise will stand;
The King of Glory will speak and
The world will end at His command.

Chorus:

As time's trumpet grows silent
And the earth is set ablaze,
I'll sink to my knees in awe
And rise to my feet in praise!
I'll sink to my knees in awe
And rise to my feet in praise!

From beds of dust and lifeless clay
Christ's glorious church will rise;
Resurrection's trumpet will sound,
Throngs of angels will choke the skies.

Sepulchers will open their arms,
Lakes and seas will give up their dead;
The radiant bride will unite
In Christ Jesus its living Head.

Chorus: Repeat



A Final Thought

As I review my efforts, I am struck again and again by the influence my old friends, Cowper, Newton, Henry, Spurgeon, et al have had on me. The little understanding I have of sovereignty, grace, and truth has come, primarily, from these dead men's voices. Please allow me a moment to praise the eternal God who utilizes men, some now enveloped by Heaven's joys more than four hundred years at this point, to teach and encourage a pardoned, former enemy like Bill Moore. The folks in this Starbucks would need to plug their ears if they could hear how loudly my heart is praising its God this morning.

God influenced my old friends, and they, in turn, have influenced me. Grace may utilize me to influence you. The thought staggers and humbles me. To be utilized by the Maker and Sustainer of the universe to change or comfort or encourage an eternal soul is a privilege and a delight that is nearly impossible for me to contemplate. What power, grace, goodness, and kindness reside in our Lord.

If you have perused my little "Sojourner's Songbook", I thank you for spending some of your precious time with me.

May all glory be ascribed to Christ alone,

Bill