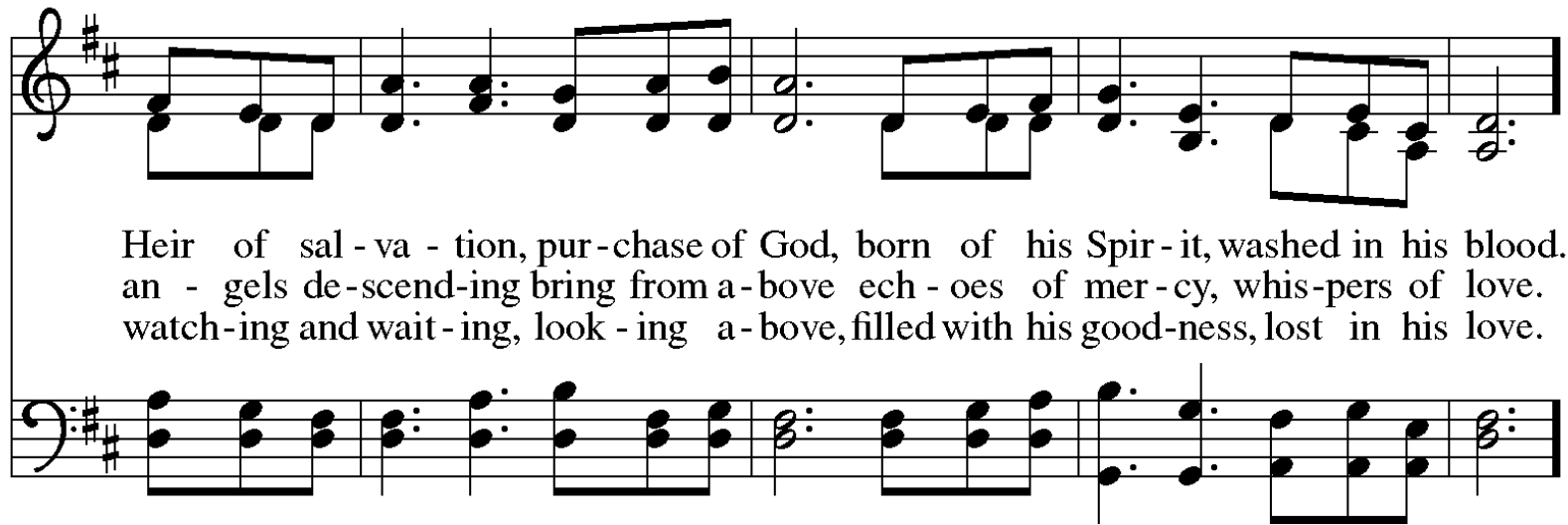


# Blessed Assurance



1 Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine!  
2 Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, vi-sions of rap-ture now burst on my sight;  
3 Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest; I in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest,



Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, born of his Spir-it, washed in his blood.  
an-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.  
watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, filled with his good-ness, lost in his love.

*Refrain*



This is my sto-ry, this is my song, prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long:



this is my sto-ry, this is my song, prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

Text: Fanny J. Crosby, 1820–1915  
Music: ASSURANCE, Phoebe P. Knapp, 1830–1908

# Baptized and Set Free

1 We are peo - ple cre - a - ted, cho - sen by God.  
 2 We are fed and we're nour-ished, filled and re - freshed.  
 4 Now with praise and thanks - giv - ing, we join the song.

D C G A

*Last time to Coda*

to a foun - tain bring-ing heal - ing, and whole - ness and  
 end-less o - cean, al-ways deep - er than all of our  
 one in Je - sus, one in wa - ter, bap - tized and set

Bm G A

Then we're washed, ev - er gent - ly, in mer - cy and love.  
 Then our hun - ger re - turns and a - gain we are blessed.  
 All are wel - come! We gath - er to sing loud and strong.

D C G A

more. need.

D A<sup>7</sup> D A<sup>7</sup>

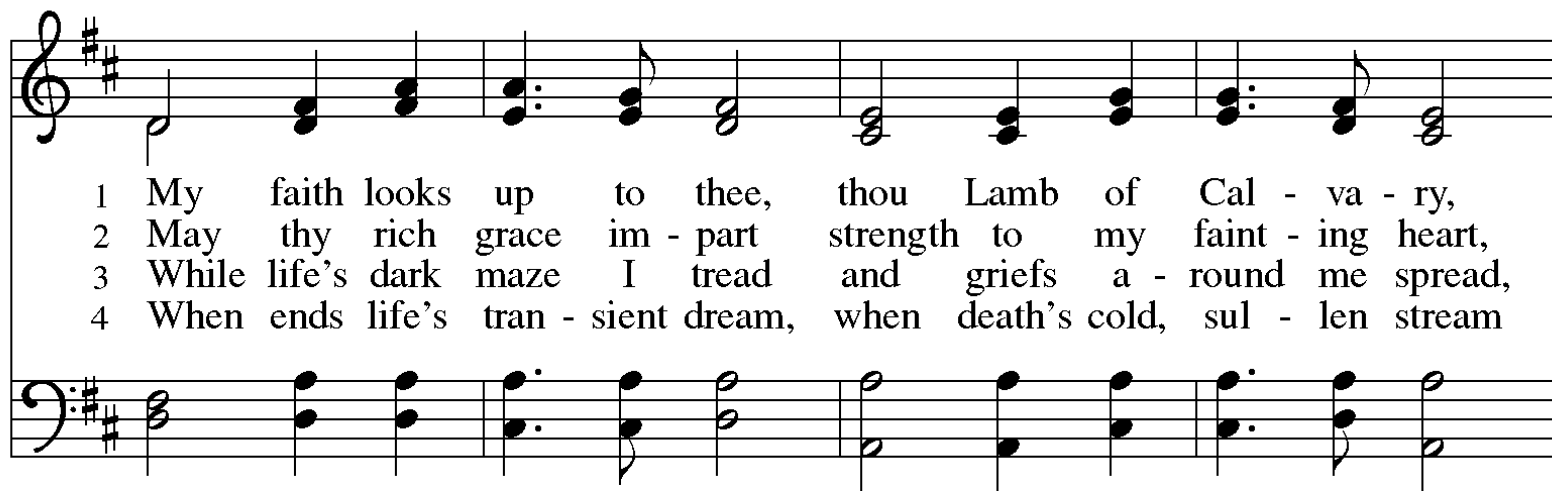
Sin has pow - er no more. Je - sus o - pened the door  
 For what - ev - er the need, God is great-er in - deed:  
 Not en - slaved, but set free! From now on, all will be

Bm F#m G A

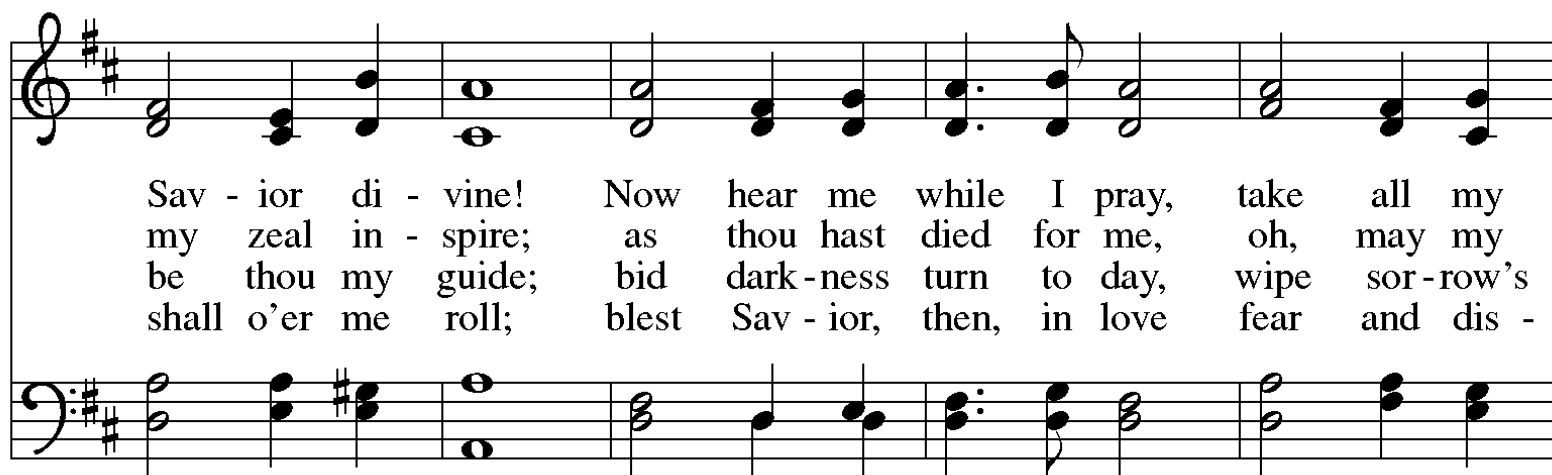
3 We are nour-ished by wa - ter, all liv - ing things,

D C G A

# My Faith Looks Up to Thee



1 My faith looks up to thee, thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
2 May thy rich grace im - part strength to my faint - ing heart,  
3 While life's dark maze I tread and griefs a - round me spread,  
4 When ends life's tran - sient dream, when death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, take all my  
my zeal in - spire; as thou hast died for me, oh, may my  
be thou my guide; bid dark - ness turn to day, wipe sor - row's  
shall o'er me roll; blest Sav - ior, then, in love fear and dis -



guilt a - way, oh, let me from this day be whol - ly thine!  
love to thee pure, warm, and change - less be, a liv - ing fire!  
tears a - way, nor let me ev - er stray from thee a - side.  
trust re - move; oh, bear me safe a - bove, a ran - somed soul!

# Lift High the Cross

*Refrain*

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro - claim till

all the world a - dore his sa - cred name.

1 Come, Chris - tians, fol - low where our cap - tain trod,  
 2 All new - born ser - vants of the Cru - ci - fied  
 3 O Lord, once lift - ed on the glo - rious tree,  
 4 So shall our song of tri - umph ev - er be:

*Refrain*

our king vic - to - rious, Christ, the Son of God.  
 bear on their brows the seal of him who died.  
 as thou hast prom - ised, draw us all to thee.  
 praise to the Cru - ci - fied for vic - to - ry!

Text: George W. Kitchin, 1827–1912; rev. Michael R. Newbolt, 1874–1956

Music: CRUCIFER, Sydney H. Nicholson, 1875–1947

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