

# 11 All Creatures of Our God and King

1. All crea-tures of our God and King, Lift up your voice and with us  
 2. Thou rush-ing wind that art so strong, Ye clouds that sail in heav'n a -  
 3. And all ye men of ten-der heart, For - giv - ing oth-ers, take your  
 4. Let all things their Cre - a - tor bless, And wor-ship Him in hum-ble -

sing Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou burn-ing sun with gold - en  
 long, O praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou ris - ing morn, in praise re -  
 part, O sing ye! Al - le - lu - ia! Ye who long pain and sor - row  
 ness, O praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise, praise the Fa-ther, praise the

beam, Thou sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam,  
 joice, Ye lights of eve-ning, find a voice,  
 bear, Praise God and on Him cast your care, O praise Him, O  
 Son, And praise the Spir-it, Three in One,

praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Words: Francis of Assisi; paraphrased, William H. Draper; Thomas Ken

Music: *Geistliche Kirchengesänge*; harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams; Last stanza setting by Dennis Allen

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*Optional last stanza setting*

*Unison*

4. Let

all things their Cre - a - tor bless, And wor-ship Him in hum-ble - ness,

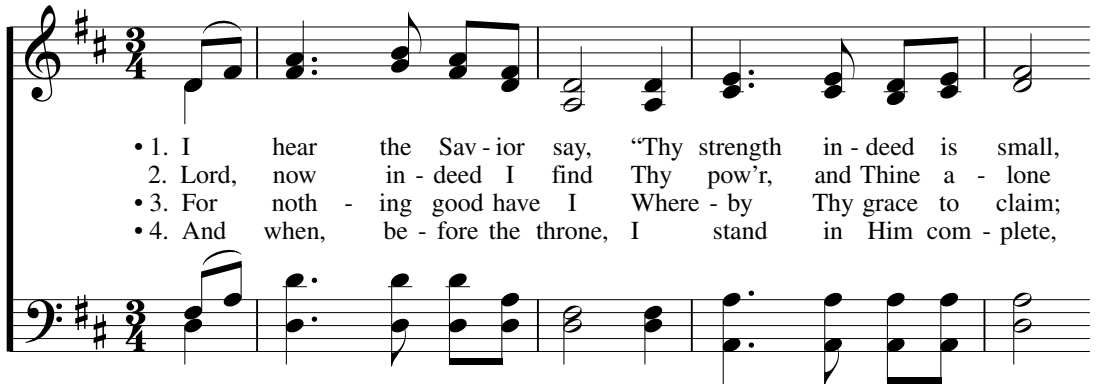
O praise Him! Al-le - lu - ia! Praise, praise the Fa-ther, praise the

Son, And praise the Spir-it, Three in One, O praise Him, O praise Him!

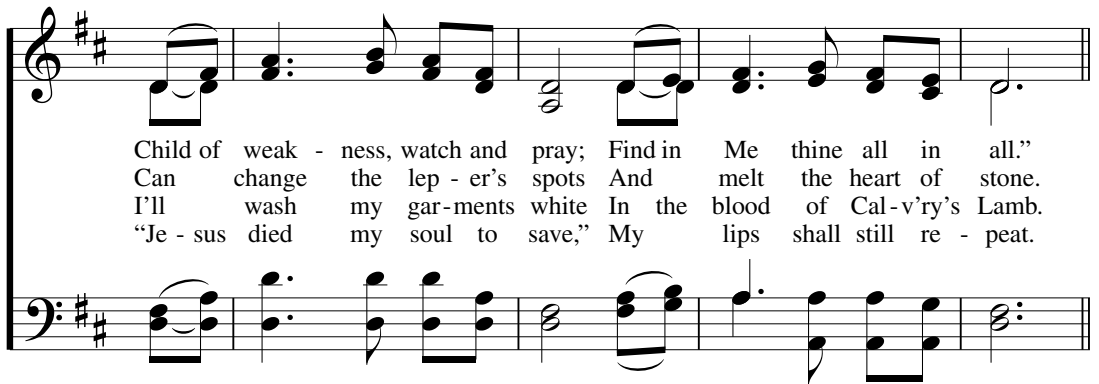
*molto rit. to end*

Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia!

## Jesus Paid It All 281



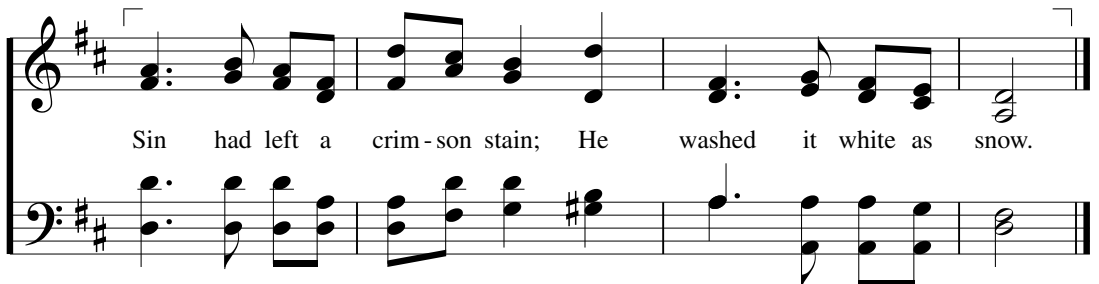
• 1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small,  
 2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone  
 • 3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim;  
 • 4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com - plete,



Child of weak - ness, watch and pray; Find in Me thine all in all."  
 Can change the lep - er's spots And melt the heart of stone.  
 I'll wash my gar - ments white In the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb.  
 "Je - sus died my soul to save," My lips shall still re - peat.



Je - sus paid it all; All to Him I owe.



Sin had left a crim - son stain; He washed it white as snow.

## How Deep the Father's Love for Us 80



• 1. How deep the Fa-ther's love for us, How vast be-yond all meas-ure,  
 • 2. Be-hold the Man up-on a cross, My sin up-on His should-ers.  
 • 3. I will not boast in an-y-thing, No gifts, no pow'r, no wis-dom;

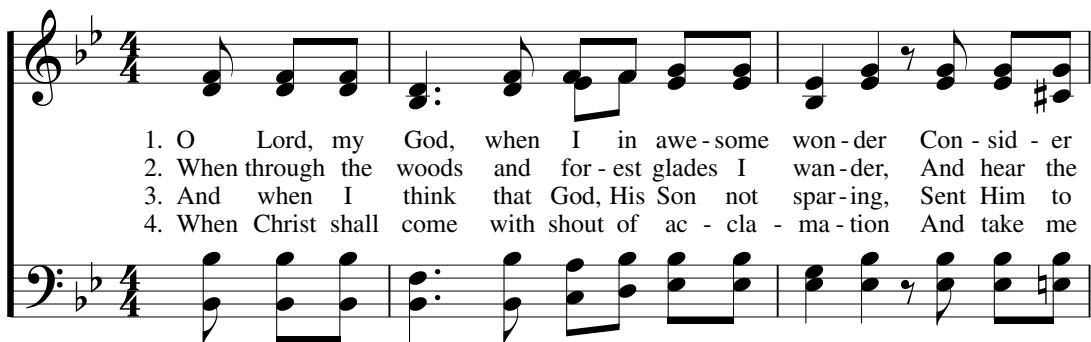
That He should give His on-ly Son To make a wretch His treas-ure.  
 A-shamed, I hear my mock-ing voice Call out a-mong the scof-fers.  
 But I will boast in Je-sus Christ, His death and res-ur-rec-tion.

How great the pain of sear-ing loss, The Fa-ther turns His face a-way  
 It was my sin that held Him there Un-til it was ac-com-plished.  
 Why should I gain from His re-ward? I can-not give an an-swer;

As wounds which mar the cho-sen One Bring man-y sons to glo-ry.  
 His dy-ing breath has brought me life. I know that it is fin-ished.  
 But this I know with all my heart, His wounds have paid my ran-som.

Words and Music: Stuart Townend

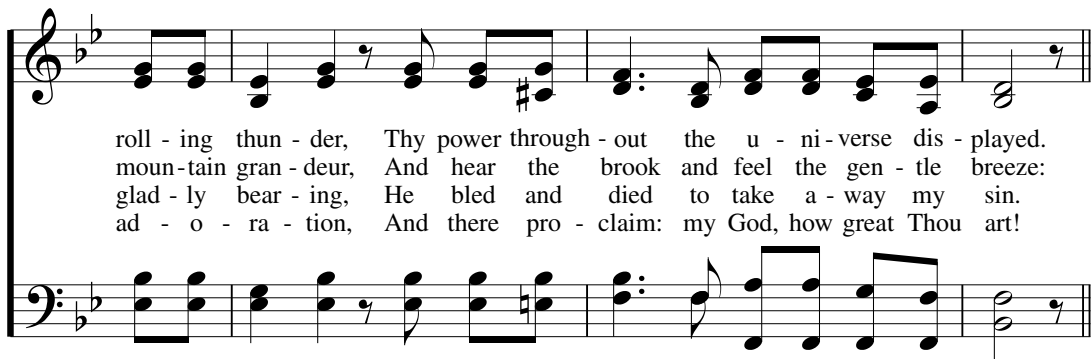
# 5 How Great Thou Art



1. O Lord, my God, when I in awe - some won - der Con - sid - er  
 2. When through the woods and for - est glades I wan - der, And hear the  
 3. And when I think that God, His Son not spar - ing, Sent Him to  
 4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion And take me



all the worlds Thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the  
 birds sing sweet - ly in the trees; When I look down from loft - y  
 die, I scarce can take it in; That on the cross, my bur - den  
 home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall bow in hum - ble



roll - ing thun - der, Thy power through - out the u - ni - verse dis - played.  
 moun - tain gran - deur, And hear the brook and feel the gen - tle breeze:  
 glad - ly bear - ing, He bled and died to take a - way my sin.  
 ad - o - ra - tion, And there pro - claim: my God, how great Thou art!



Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God, to Thee; How great Thou

Words: Stuart K. Hine

Music: Swedish Folk Melody/adapt. and arr. Stuart K. Hine; Choral ending by Ken Barker

art! How great Thou art! Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior

God, to Thee; How great Thou art! How great Thou art!

*Optional choral ending  
a tempo*

art! How great Thou art! How great Thou

art! How great Thou art!