

BEFORE THE THRONE OF GOD ABOVE,
I have a strong, a perfect plea,
A great High Priest whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is graven on His hands,
My name is written on His heart;
I know that while in heaven He stands
No tongue can bid me thence depart,

When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look and see Him there
Who made an end to all my sin.
Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God the Just is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me,
To look on Him and pardon me.

Behold Him there! The risen Lamb,
My perfect, spotless righteousness;
The great unchangeable I AM,
The King of glory and of grace!
One with Himself I cannot die,
My soul is purchased with His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God,
With Christ my Saviour and my God.

Charitie L.D.Chenez (1841-1923)

WE WILL GIVE OURSELVES NO REST

Till Your kingdom comes on earth;
You've positioned watchmen on the walls.
Now our prayers will flow like tears,
For You've shared Your heart with us;
God of heaven, on our knees we fall.

Come down in power,
Reveal Your heart again;
Come hear our cries,
The tears that plead for rain.

***We're knocking,
Knocking on the door of heaven,
We're crying,
Crying for this generation;
We're praying for Your name to be known
In all of the earth.***

***We're watching,
Watching on the walls to see You,
We're looking,
Looking for a time of breakthrough;
We're praying for Your word to bear fruit
In all of the earth, in all of the earth.***

FATHER, HEAR THE PRAYER we offer

Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be:
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our Guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

Love Maria Willis (1824-1908)

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