O REJOICE IN THE LORD

God never moves without purpose or plan
When trying His servant and molding a man.
Give thanks to the LORD though your testing seems long;
In darkness He gives us a song.

I could not see through the shadows ahead;
So I looked at the cross of my Savior instead.
I bowed to the will of the Master that day;
Then peace came and tears fled away.

Now I can see testing comes from above;
God strengthens His children and purges in love.
My Father knows best, and I trust in His care;
Through purging more fruit I will bear.

O rejoice in the LORD
He makes no mistake,
He knows the end of each path that I take,
For when I am tried and purified,
I shall come forth as gold.

REJOICE, YE PURE IN HEART

Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing:
Your festal banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.
Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing.

Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.
Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing.

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!
Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing.

Yes, on through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.
Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing.

At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.
Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing.

Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.
Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing.
TO GOD MY EARNEST VOICE I RAISE

To God my earnest voice I raise,
to God my voice imploring prays;
before His face my grief I show
and tell my trouble and my woe.

When gloom and sorrow compass me,
the path I take is known to Thee,
and all the toils that foes do lay
to snare Thy servant in his way.

O Lord, my Savior, now to Thee,
without a hope besides, I flee,
to Thee, my shelter from the strife,
my portion in the land of life.

Be Thou my help when troubles throng,
for I am weak and foes are strong;
my captive soul from prison bring,
and thankful praises I will sing.

WHY SHOULD CROSS AND TRIAL GRIEVE ME?

Why should cross and trial grieve me?
Christ is near with His cheer;
Never will He leave me.
Who can rob me of the heaven
That God's Son for my own
To my faith hath given?

God oft gives me days of gladness;
Shall I grieve if He give
Seasons, too, of sadness?
God is good and tempers ever
All my ill, and He will
Wholly leave me never.

Death cannot destroy forever;
From our fears, cares, and tears
It will us deliver.
It will close life's mournful story,
Make a way that we may
Enter heav'nly glory.

Lord, my Shepherd, take me to Thee.
Thou art mine; I was Thine,
Even ere I knew Thee.
I am Thine, for Thou hast bought me;
Lost I stood, but Thy blood
Free salvation brought me.

Thou art mine; I love and own Thee.
Light of joy, ne'er shall I
From my heart dethrone Thee.
Savior, let me soon behold Thee
Face to face, may Thy grace
Evermore enfold me.