

Amazing Grace

Amazing grace how
sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost but now I'm found
was blind but now I see

'Twas grace that taught my
heart to fear
And grace my fears relieved
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed

Through many dangers toils
and snares
we have already come
It was Grace that brought
us safe thus far
And Grace will bring us home

We've all been here
ten thousand years
Bright shining like the sun
we've no less days to sing
God's praise
Than when we first begun



Hymn's



“Amazing Grace”

“I Love To Tell The
Story”

“This World Is Not
My Home”

I Love To Tell The Story

I love to tell the story
of unseen things above
Of Jesus and His glory of
Jesus and his love
I love to tell the story because
I know 'tis true
It satisfies my longings as
nothing else can do
I love to tell the story 'twill
be my theme in glory
To tell the old old story of
Jesus and his love

I love to tell the story for those
who know it best
seen hungering and thirsting
to hear it like the rest
And when in scenes of glory
I sing the new new song
Twill be the old old story that
I have loved so long
I love to tell the story 'twill be
my theme in glory
To tell the old old story of
Jesus and his love
To tell the old old story of
Jesus and his love

This World Is Not My Home

This world is not my home
I'm just a passing through
My treasures are laid up
somewhere beyond the blue
The angels beckon me from
heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in
this world anymore

Oh Lord you know I have
no friend like you
If heaven's not my home then
Lord what will I do
The angels beckon me
from heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in
this world anymore

I have a loving mother just
over in Glory land
And I don't expect to stop until
I shake her hand
she's waiting now for me in
heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home
in this world anymore

Oh Lord you know I have
no friend like you
If heaven's not my home then
Lord what will I do
The angels beckon me
from heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home in
this world anymore

Just over in Glory land
we'll live eternally
The saints on every hand
are shouting victory
Their songs of sweetest praise
drift back from heaven's shore
And I can't feel at home
in this world anymore

Oh Lord you know I have
no friend like you
If heaven's not my home then
Lord what will I do
The angels beckon me
from heaven's open door
And I can't feel at home
in this world anymore