

113 TOTAL PRAISE

I lift up my eyes to the hills—from where will my help come?
Psalm 121:1

Lord, I will lift mine eyes to the hills

know - ing my help is com - ing from You.

Your peace You give me in time of the storm.

You are the source of my strength.

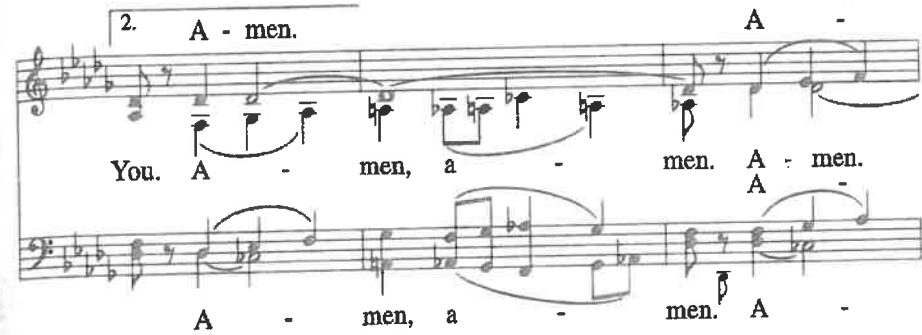
You are the strength of my life.

1.



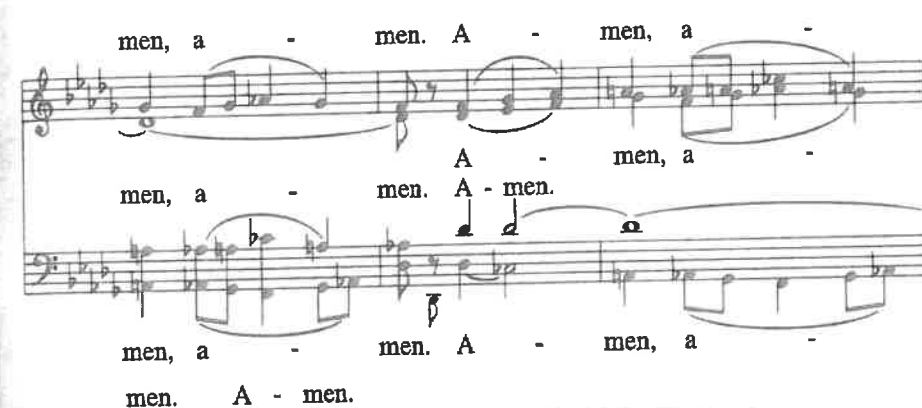
I lift my hands in to - tal praise to You.

2. A - men. A -



You. A - men, a - men. A - men. A -

A - men, a - men. A -

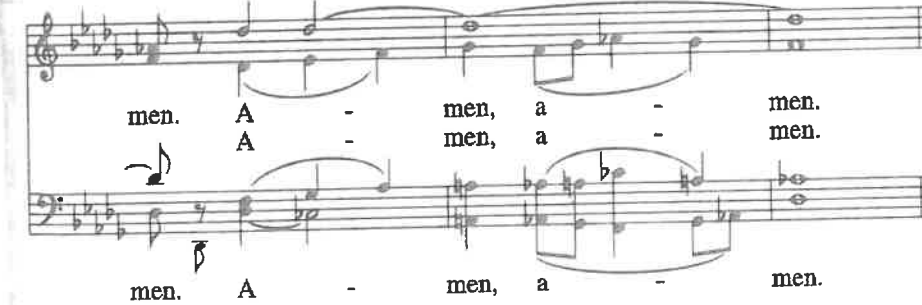


men, a - men. A - men, a -

men, a - men. A - men.

men, a - men. A - men, a -

men. A - men.



men. A - men, a - men.

men. A - men, a - men.

men. A - men, a - men.

Text: Richard Smallwood
Tune: Richard Smallwood; arr. by Stephen Key
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1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it
 2. Con - se - crate me now to thy ser - vice, Lord, By the
 3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be -
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I

1. told thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
 2. pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
 3. fore thy throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with
 4. cross the nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I

1. arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to thee.
 2. stead - fast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
 3. thee, my God, I com - mune as friend with friend!
 4. may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.

Draw me near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the
 near - er, near - er,

cross where thou has died, Draw me near - er, near - er,

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.

541 WALK TOGETHER CHILDREN

*I have no greater joy than this, to hear that my children are walking in the truth.
3 John 4*

*Walk to- geth - er chil - dren, don't you get wea - ry,

walk to- geth - er chil - dren, don't you get wea - ry,

walk to- geth - er chil - dren, don't you get wea - ry,

there's a great camp meet - ing in the prom - ised land.

We're gon - na walk and nev - er tire,

* Sing, Pray, Work

FREEDOM

LIFE IN CHRIST

walk and nev - er tire, walk and

nev - er tire, there's a

great camp meet - ing in the prom - ised land.

Text: Traditional

Tune: Negro spiritual, arr. Evelyn Simpson-Curenton, b.1953, © 2000, GIA Publications, Inc.