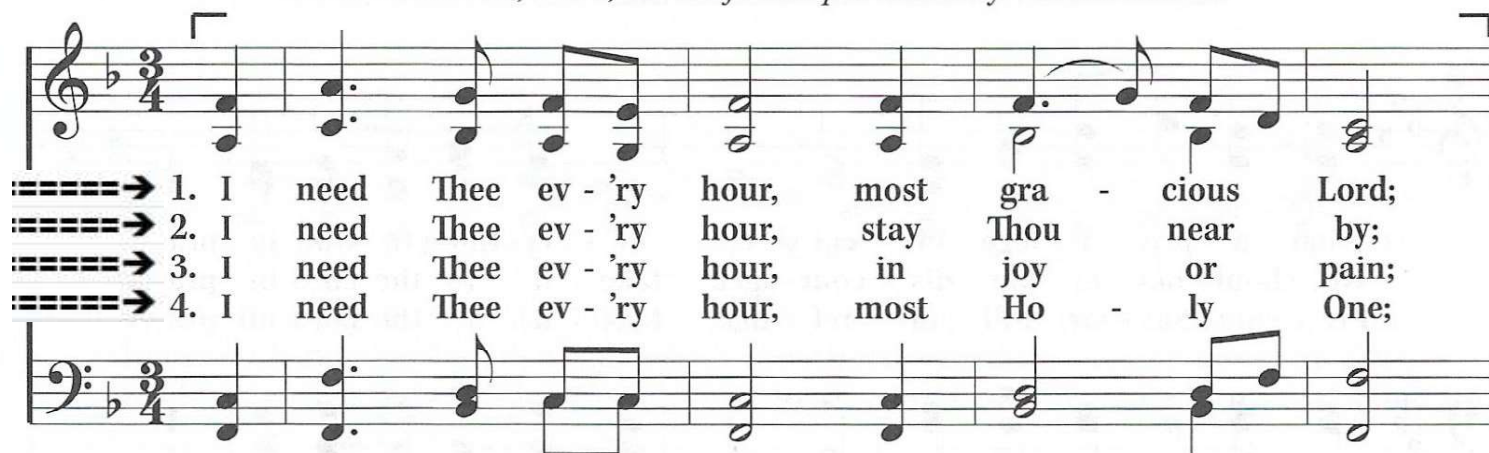


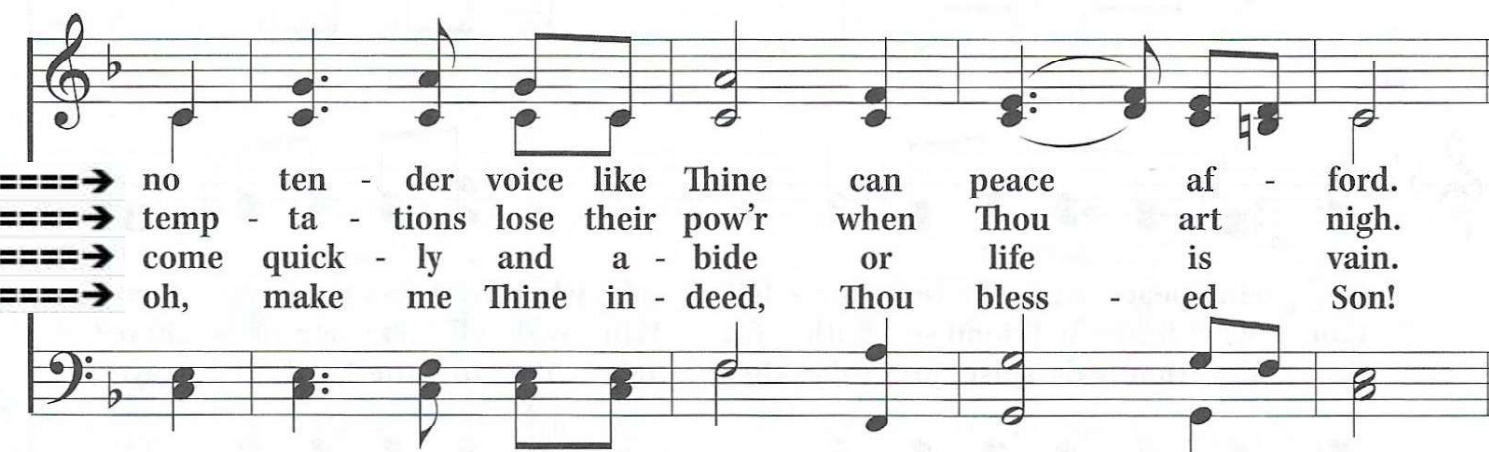
I Need Thee Every Hour

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Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, hear me: for I am poor and needy. – Psalm 86:1 KJV



1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, most gra - cious Lord;
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, stay Thou near by;
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, in joy or pain;
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, most Ho - ly One;



no ten - der voice like Thine can peace af - ford.
 temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r when Thou art nigh.
 come quick - ly and a - bide or life is vain.
 oh, make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

Refrain



I need Thee, oh, I need Thee; ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;



oh, bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

WORDS: Annie Sherwood Hawks, 1872

MUSIC: *Need*, Robert Lowry, 1872

6.4.6.4 with Refrain

Shout to the Lord

Shout your praises to God, everybody! Let loose and sing. – Psalm 98:4 The Message

My Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Lord, there is none like You.

All of my days I want to praise the won - ders of Your

might - y love. My com - fort, my shel - ter,

tow - er of ref - uge and strength. Let ev - 'ry breath,

all that I am, nev - er cease to wor - ship You.

WORDS: Darlene Zschech, 1993

MUSIC: *Shout to the Lord*, Darlene Zschech, 1993; arr. Eric Wyse, 2005

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Irregular with Refrain

Refrain

Shout to the Lord, all the earth, let us sing; pow - er and maj -

- es - ty, praise to the King. Moun-tains bow down and the seas

will roar at the sound of Your Name.

I sing for joy at the work of Your hands; for -

ev - er I'll love You, for - ev - er I'll stand.

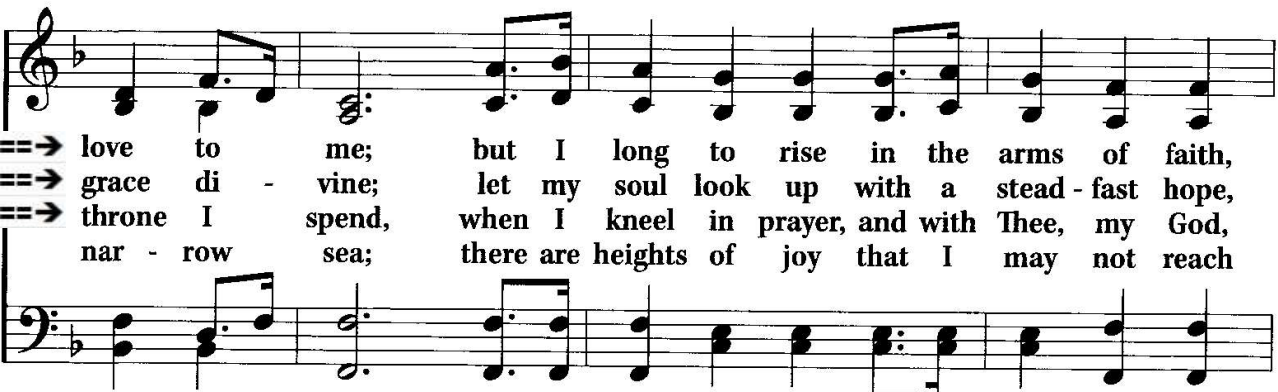
Noth - ing com - pares to the prom - ise I have in You.

Draw Me Nearer

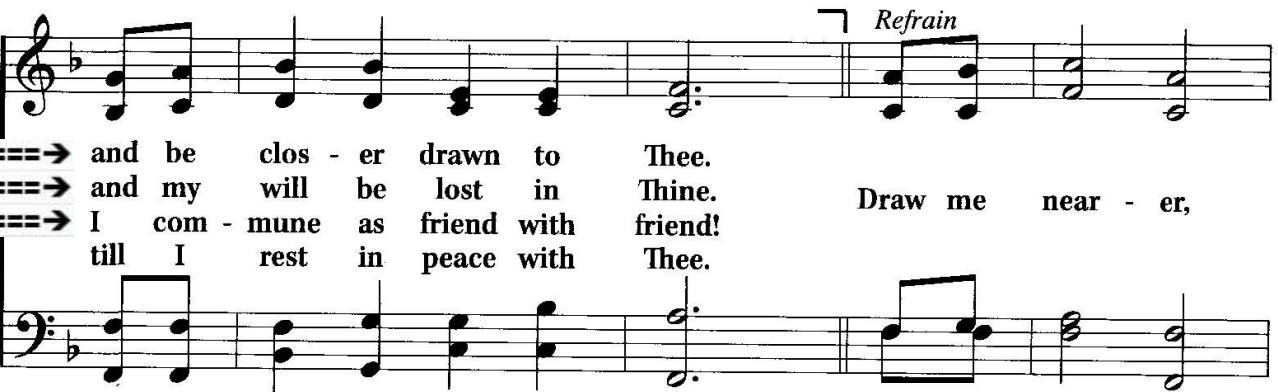
Let's come near God with pure hearts and a confidence that comes from having faith. – Hebrews 10:22 CEV



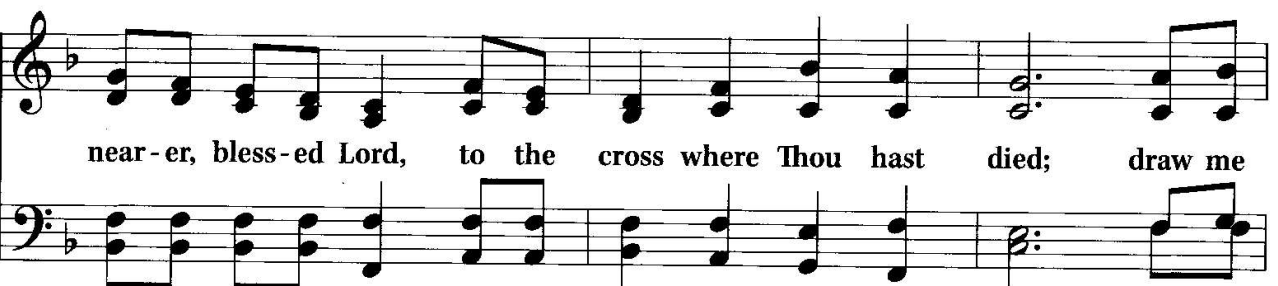
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, and it told Thy
 2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, by the pow'r of
 3. O, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour that be - fore Thy
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know till I cross the



love to me; but I long to rise in the arms of faith,
 grace di - vine; let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,
 throne I spend, when I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
 nar - row sea; there are heights of joy that I may not reach



and be clos - er drawn to Thee.
 and my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,
 I com - mune as friend with friend!
 till I rest in peace with Thee.



near - er, bless - ed Lord, to the cross where Thou hast died; draw me



near - er, near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord, to Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.

WORDS: Fanny Jane Crosby, 1875

MUSIC: *I Am Thine*, William Howard Doane, 1875

10.7.10.7 with Refrain