

HYMN SING RADIO – EPISODE THIRTEEN

**#1. “Standing on the Promises”
(Russell Kelso Carter)**

1. Standing on the promises
That cannot fail,
When the howling storms
Of doubt and fear assail;
By the living Word of God
I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.

*Standing, standing,
Standing on the promises
Of God my Savior;
Standing, standing,
I'm standing on the promises of God.*

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**#2 “I Want To Tell You”
(Sidney Cox)**

1. I want to tell what God has done
Through Christ, His well beloved Son,
How my poor heart
He sought and won;
Can you wonder that I want to tell it?
I want to tell what God can do
For sinners lost like me and you,
Of sins washed white
And garments new;
Can you wonder that I want to tell it?

*I want to tell you
What the Lord has done,
What the Lord has done for me;
He lifted me from the miry clay;
O what a happy day!
I want to tell you What the Lord can do,
What the Lord can do for you:
He can take your life as He did mine
And make it anew.*

2. I want to tell of saving grace,
Of God's strong arm,
His warm embrace,
Of blood that can all sins erase;
Can you wonder that I want to tell it?
I want to tell to sinners lost
That Christ has paid sin's fearful cost,
And saves unto the uttermost;
Can you wonder that I want to tell it?

3. What God has done,
He still can do;
His power can fashion lives anew,
And all who trust Him find Him true;
Can you wonder that I want to tell it?
I want to tell of that glad day
For which we watch,
For which we pray,
It must be near, not far away;
Can you wonder that I want to tell it?

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**#3 “Draw Me Nearer”
(Fanny Crosby)**

1. I am Thine, O Lord;
I have heard Thy voice
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise
In the arms of faith
And be closer drawn to Thee.

*Draw me nearer, nearer,
Nearer, blessèd Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer,
Nearer, blessèd Lord,
To Thy precious bleeding side.*

2. Consecrate me now
To Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up
With a steadfast hope
And my will be lost in Thine.

3. O the pure delight
Of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer,
And with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend!

4. There are depths of love
That I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy
That I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

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**#4 “O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go”
(George Matheson)**

1. O love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2. O Joy that seekest me
Through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

3. O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground
There blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

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**#5 “God’s Love to Me is Wonderful”
(Sidney Cox)**

1. God’s love to me is wonderful,
That He should deign to hear
The faintest whisper of my heart,
Wipe from mine eyes the tear;
And though I cannot comprehend
Such love, so great, so deep,
In His strong hands my soul I trust,
He will not fail to keep.

*God's love is wonderful,
God's love is wonderful,
Wonderful that He should give
His Son to die for me;
God's love is wonderful!*

2. God's love to me is wonderful!
My very steps are planned;
When mists of doubt
Encompass me,
I hold my Father's hand.
His love has banished every fear,
In freedom I rejoice,
And with my quickened ears I hear
The music of His voice.

3. God's love to me is wonderful!
He lights the darkest way;
I now enjoy His fellowship,
'Twill last through endless day.
My Father doth not ask that I
Great gifts on Him bestow,
But only that I love Him too,
And serve Him here below.

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**#6 “Banners and Bonnets”
(Meredith Wilson)**

1. Could you love the unloved,
Never reckoning the cost,
Giving them comfort and care?
Could you seek the unloved,
In the legion of the lost,
Sharing their grief and despair?

*That’s the creed of an army,
A God fearing army,
With banners and bonnets they come.
Yes, to love the unloved
In the spirit of the Lord,
Marching with trumpet and drum,
With banners and bonnets they come.*