

## O Father, You Are Sovereign

*The LORD Almighty has purposed, and who can thwart him? His hand is stretched out, and who can turn it back? Is. 14:27*

1. O Fa - ther, you are sov - ereign in all the worlds you made;  
 2. O Fa - ther, you are sov - ereign in all af - fairs of man;  
 3. O Fa - ther, you are sov - ereign, the Lord of hu - man pain,  
 4. O Fa - ther, you are sov - ereign! We see you dim - ly now;

your might - y word was spo - ken and light and life o - beyed.  
 no pow'rs of death or dark - ness can thwart your per - fect plan.  
 trans - mut - ing earth - ly sor - rows to gold of heav'n - ly gain.  
 but soon be - fore your tri - umph earth's ev - ery knee shall bow.

Your voice com - mands the sea - sons and bounds the o - cean's shore,  
 All chance and change tran - scend - ing, su - preme in time and space,  
 All e - vil o - ver - rul - ing, as none but Con - qu'ror could,  
 With this glad hope be - fore us our faith springs up a - new:

sets stars with - in their cours - es and stills the tem - pest's roar.  
 you hold your trust - ing chil - dren se - cure in your em - brace.  
 your love pur - sues its pur - pose—our souls' e - ter - nal good.  
 our sov - ereign Lord and Sav - ior, we trust and wor - ship you!

# My Heart Is Filled

Words and Music by  
Stuart Townend and Keith Getty

J=72

VERSE

C G/B Am F C/E Am<sup>7</sup> F G

1. My heart is filled with thank - ful - ness to Him who bore my pain; Who  
 2. My heart is filled with thank - ful - ness to Him who walks be - side; Who  
 3. My heart is filled with thank - ful - ness to Him who reigns a - bove; Whose

5 C G/B Am F C/E F G C Am C/G

plumbed the depths of my dis - grace and gave me life a - gain; Who crushed my curse of  
 floods my weak - ness - es with strength and caus - es fears to fly. Whose ev - 'ry prom - ise  
 wis - dom is my per - fect peace, whose ev - 'ry thought is love. For ev - 'ry day I

10 F G Am F C/E F G<sup>sus</sup> G

sin - ful - ness and clothed me with His light and  
 is e - nough for ev - 'ry step I take. and  
 have on earth is giv - en by the King. Sus -

13 C G/B Am F C/E F G C

wrote His law of right - eous - ness with pow'r up - on my heart.  
 -tain - ing me with arms of love and crown - ing me with grace.  
 I will give my life, my all, to love and fol - low Him.

# Be Thou My Vision

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*Whatever was to my profit I now consider loss for the sake of Christ. Phil. 3:7*

Unison

1. Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart; naught be all  
 2. Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word; I ev - er  
 3. Be thou my bat - tle shield, sword for my fight; be thou my  
 4. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise, thou mine in -  
 5. High King of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won, may I reach

else to me, save that thou art— thou my best thought by  
 with thee and thou with me, Lord; thou my great Fa - ther,  
 • dig - ni - ty, thou my de - light, thou my soul's shel - ter,  
 her - i - tance, now and al - ways: thou and thou on - ly,  
 heav - en's joys, O bright heav'n's Sun! Heart of my own heart, what -

day or by night, wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.  
 I thy true son; thou in me dwell - ing, and I with thee one.  
 • thou my high tow'r: raise thou me heav'n - ward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.  
 first in my heart, High King of heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.  
 ev - er be - fall, still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Ancient Irish poem, ca. 8th cent.  
 Tr. by Mary E. Byrne, 1905  
 Versified by Eleanor H. Hull, 1912

SLANE 10.10.10.10.  
 Traditional Irish melody  
 Arr. by David Evans, 1927

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# How Deep The Father's Love For Us

Words and Music by  
Stuart Townend

♩=54

**VERSE**

D Em D/F# G D/F# D/A A

1. How deep the Fa-ther's love for us, how vast be-yond all meas - ure that  
 (2. Be) - hold the Man up - on a cross, my sin up - on His shoul - ders. A -  
 (3. I) will not boast in an - y-thing: No gifts, no pow'r, no wis - dom. But

3 D Em D/F# G D/F# A D

He should give His on - ly Son to make a wretch His treas - ure. How  
 -shamed, I hear my mock-ing voice call out a-mong the scof - fers. It  
 I will boast in Je - sus Christ: His death and res - ur - rec - tion. Why

5 Em D/F# G D/F# Bm A

great the pain of sear - ing loss. The Fa - ther turns His face a-way as  
 was my sin that held Him there un - til it was ac - com - plished; His  
 should I gain from His re - ward? I can - not give an an - swer. But

How Deep The Father's Love For Us - 2

7            D                            Em D/F# G                            D/F#                            A

wounds which mar the Cho - sen One bring man - y sons to glo -  
dy - ing breath has brought me life. I know that it is fin -  
this I know with all my heart: His wounds have paid my ran -

**TURNAROUND**

9            D                            G/B                            D/A            D                            G<sup>2</sup>                            D.C. al Fine

-ry.  
-ished.  
-som.

2. Be -  
3. I