

**Blessed Assurance**

(William Himes)

Blessèd assurance, Jesus is mine;
O what a foretaste of Glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

*This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.*

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight;
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest;
I, in my Saviour, am happy and blest.
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.
Fanny Crosby

On the rock!

(William Hastings/Andrew Blyth)

Seize the day, the Lord's beside you,
Don't look back, the future's in his hands.
Seek him you'll find him, his kingdom awaits
you.
Firm on the rock you shall stand.

*When I stand on the rock, I can see more
clearly.*

When I stand on the rock, I feel peace.

When I stand on the rock, I am never alone.

When I stand, it is always on the rock.

2. Through the night you won't be shaken,
Don't look back, the victory's at hand.
Always embracing the joy of salvation.
Firm on the rock you shall stand.

3. In this world your hope can't waiver,
Don't give up, stand tall until the end.
Holding, defending, the faith without ceasing.
Firm on the rock you shall stand.

*William Hastings***On this rock!**

(Philip Coutts/Peter Graham)

Let us build a house together,
For the children of today.
Build it high on firm foundations,
Straight and true in ev'ry way.
On this rock no one will shake us,
We are building from the heart.

*On this rock we'll build a castle,
On this rock we'll make our stand,
On this rock we'll be protected,
For this is the promised land.*

2. We shall paint the walls with laughter,
Pave the floors with slabs of joy.
All the doors will be left open,
Welcoming each girl and boy.
On this rock our house will echo,
To the sounds of happiness.

3. Foolish neighbours build on sand dunes,
Never thinking of the cost.
When the rain of doubt starts falling,
Waters rise and all is lost.
We are safe inside our fortress,
We have built on solid rock.

Philip Coutts