

**By faith, we see the hand of God
In the light of creation's grand design;**

In the lives of those who prove His faithfulness,
Who walk by faith and not by sight.

By faith, our fathers roamed the earth
With the power of His promise in their hearts
Of a holy city built by God's own hand –
A place where peace and justice reign.

Chorus: We will stand as children of the promise,
We will fix our eyes on Him, our soul's reward.
Till the race is finished and the work is done,
We'll walk by faith and not by sight.

By faith, the prophets saw a day
When the longed-for Messiah would appear
With the power to break the chains of sin and
death,
And rise triumphant from the grave.

By faith, the church was called to go
In the power of the Spirit to the lost
To deliver captives and to preach good news,
In every corner of the earth.

By faith, this mountain shall be moved
And the power of the gospel shall prevail,
For we know in Christ all things are possible
For all who call upon His name.

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**My God shall be my strength
throughout my pilgrim way,**
my sure defence, my guard, my guide,
my shield and stay:
secure in him my heart is strong
and lifts aloft faith's triumph song!

My God shall be my strength
though fierce may be the foe;
no hosts of hell my trusting soul
shall overthrow.
Through Christ I conquer: by his power
I triumph in the evil hour.

My God shall be my strength,
though flesh and heart may fail;
in want or weakness, by his strength
I shall prevail.
In Christ I triumph over pain

and rise to face the foe again.

My God shall be my strength
when Death shall press his claim,
when powers shall fail and weakness spoil
this mortal frame:

through Christ triumphant I shall rise
to sing his praise in Paradise.

Margaret Clarkson, 1915-2008
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**I cannot tell why He Whom angels worship
Should set His love upon the sons of men**

Or why as shepherd, He should seek the
wand'ers

To bring them back, they know not how or when
But this I know: that He was born of Mary
When Beth'hem's manger was His only home
And that He lived at Nazareth and labored
And so the Saviour, Saviour of the world is come

I cannot tell how silently He suffered
As with His peace He graced the place of tears
Or His heart upon the cross was broken
The crown of pain to three and thirty years
But this I know: He heals the brokenhearted
And stays our sin and calms our lurking fear
And lifts the burden from the heavy laden
For yet the Saviour, Saviour of the world is here

I cannot tell how He will win the nations
How He will claim His earthly heritage
How satisfy the needs and aspirations
Of east and west, of sinner and of sage
But this I know: all flesh shall see His glory
And He shall reap the harvest He has sown
And some glad day His sun will shine in splendour
When He, the Saviour, Saviour of the world, is
known

I cannot tell how all the lands shall worship
When at His bidding every storm is stilled
Or who can say how great the jubilation
When all the hearts of men with love are filled
But this I know: the skies will thrill with rapture
And myriad, myriad human voices sing
And earth to heaven and heaven to earth will
answer

At last the Saviour, Saviour of the world is king
William Young Fullerton (1857-1932)

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