

The Nations Rage - Psalm 2

♩ = 104 C#m B E C#m B

1. Why do the na-tions rage? Why do the peo-ples

E B A A B E A

plot in vain Seek-ing to rid them-selves of Christ's do-min-ion?—

A B G#m A B

A theme that's true in an-y age— O tell me, why do the heath-en na-tions

C#m B E C#m B E

rage?

C#m B E C#m B

2. Kings and rul-ers take their stand A-gainst the LORD and His A-
3. Now lis-ten, kings, be wise All you rul-ers, come and

E B A A B E B A

noint-ed Lamb To tear from them Mes-si-ah's cords and fet-ters
check your pride; Get down on your knees, re-joyce with trem-bling

B G#m

And set them-selves up-on His stage O tell me,
Kiss the Son while He is near And let your

A B E

why do the heath-en na-tions rage? The
rage be-come a ho-ly fear The

G#m C#m G#m C#m

God of heav-en laughs at them. He laughs them all to scorn— "I've
Son of God calls out to you: "Come find your rest in Me Come

G#m C#m B

set My King on ho-ly Zi-on's hill He re-
stand with Me up here on Zi-on's hill My

G#m C#m G#m C#m

bukes them in His an-ger Says, "To-day My Child is born And
rage will soon be kin-dled So you best come bow your knee And

G#m C#m B

woe to those re-fus-ing My good-will "My Son, just
woe to those re-fus-ing My good-will"

CHORUS:

A E B E

ask of Me And I will give the na-tions of the earth For You to

A E B

rule them with a might-y i-ron rod For You to

A E B E

dash them all to piec-es And then pound them in-to dirt Un-til You

A E B C#m C#m/B

spread Your fame and pow'r and love a-broad 'til all the na-

A E B D.S. (to V.3)

-tions bow be-fore the Son of God"



Only Jesus

1 Make it count, leave a
2 All the king - doms build

mark, build a name for your - self. Dream your dreams, chase your heart a - bove all else.
- all the tro - phies won will crum - ble in - to dust when it's said and done

Make a name the world re - mem - bers.
'Cause all that real - ly mat - ters:

But all an emp - ty world can sell is emp - ty dreams. I got lost in the light
did I live the truth to the ones I love? was my life the proof

when it was up to me to make a name the world re - mem - bers.
that there is on - ly One whose name will last for - ev - er?

But Je - sus is the on - ly name to re - mem - ber.

CHORUS

And I, I don't want to leave a leg a - cy.

I don't care if they re - mem - ber me. On - ly Je - sus.

And I, I've on - ly got one life to live.

I'll let ev - ry sec - ond point to Him. On - ly Je - sus -

Way Maker

1. You are here, mov - ing in our midst; I wor - ship You,
(2. You are here,) touch - ing ev - ry heart
(2. You are here,) turn - ing lives a - round

I wor - ship You. You are here, work - ing in this
(2) heal - ing ev - ery
(3) mend - ing ev - ery

place; I wor - ship You, I wor - ship You. 1. You are here,
heart:
heart:

CHORUS

You are Way Mak - er, Mir - a - cle Work - er, Prom - ise Keep - er, Light in the dark - ness,

my God, that is who You are. You are are. 2. You are here,
3. You are here, .

BRIDGE

E - ven when I don't see it, You're work - ing. E - ven when I don't feel it, You're work - ing.

You nev - er stop, You nev - er stop work - ing. You nev - er stop, You nev - er stop work - ing.

Jesus Lover Of My Soul

Charles Wesley, 1740

MARTYN 7. 7. 7. D.
Simeon B. Marsh, 1834
Harmonized by Rhys Thomas, 1916

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find:
4. Plen - teous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in:

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is thy Name; I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

Beneath The Cross Of Jesus

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on the cross of Je - sus mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow for my a - bid - ing place:

the shad - ow of a might - y Rock with - in a wea - ry land;
the ver - y dy - ing form of One who suf - fered there for me:
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than the sun - shine of his face:

a home with - in the wil - der - ness, a rest up - on the way,
and from my strick - en heart with tears two won - ders I con - fess,
con - tent to let the world go by, to know no gain nor loss:

from the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat and the bur - den of the day,
the won - ders of re - deem - ing love and my un - wor - thi - ness.
my sin - ful self my on - ly shame, my glo - ry all the cross.

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1872
Alt. 1990

ST. CHRISTOPHER 7.6.8.6.8.6.8.E
Frederick C. Maker, 1887