

When upon life's billows
you are tempest tossed,
When you are discouraged,
thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings,
name them one by one
And it will surprise you
what the Lord hath done.

Are you ever burdened
with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy
you are called to bear?
Count your many blessings,
every doubt will fly
And you will keep singing
as the days go by.

So, amid the conflict,
whether great or small
Do not be disheartened,
God is over all
Count your many blessings,
angels will attend
Help and comfort give you
to your journey's end.

Count your blessings,
name them one by one
Count your blessings,
see what God hath done
Count your blessings,

name them one by one
And it will surprise you
what the Lord hath done.

Johnson Oatman Jr. (1856–1922)
music by E.O. Excell (1851–1921)

O'er those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessed jubilee! Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption, and redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

May the glorious day approaching
End their night of sin and shame
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad your holy name
O'er the borders, o'er the borders
Of the great Emmanuel's Land!

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;

Sway thy scepter, sway thy scepter,
Saviour! all the world around.

by William Williams, 1717-91

I know not why God's wondrous grace
To me He hath made known,
Nor why, unworthy, as I am
He claimed me for His own.
But "I know Whom I have believed
And am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I've committed
Unto Him against that day."

I know not how this saving faith
To me He did impart,
Nor how believing in His word
Wrought peace within my heart.
I know not how the Spirit moves,
Convincing men of sin,
Revealing Jesus through the Word,
Creating faith in Him.

I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me,
Of weary ways or golden days,
Before His face I see.
I know not when my Lord may come,
I know not how or where
If I shall pass the vale of death,
Or meet Him in the air.

by D.W. Whittle (1840-1901)