

Together for the Gospel Live III



The Together for the Gospel conference, held every other year since 2006 in Louisville, KY, emerged from a friendship between four pastors of diverse denominational backgrounds. Their secondary theological differences, while important, didn't keep them from celebrating their shared passion for the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Similar to the first two T4G Live albums, *Together for the Gospel Live III* sets that passion to song. It contains a variety of hymns—old and new, familiar and unfamiliar—with theologically driven lyrics and timeless melodies.

Hymns remain unique in their ability to provide doctrinal fuel for our emotional fire. They help us “feel the truth,” and can enable congregations of multiple generations to express their unity in the gospel.

While Psalm 150 cites a number of instruments used to praise God, we went with just one piano for this recording. The centerpiece is 10,000 voices lifting up praises to the only God through Jesus Christ in the power of the Holy Spirit.

We hope you enjoy listening to these songs as much as we did singing them. More importantly, we'd like it best if you joined your heart and voice with ours to praise our glorious and gracious God whose mercies are never ending in the Savior.



1. Give to Our God Immortal Praise

Give to our God immortal praise; mercy and truth are all His ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong; repeat His mercies in your song.

He built the earth, He spread the sky, and fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong; repeat His mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light, He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever shall endure when suns and moons shall shine no more.

He sent His Son with pow'r to save from guilt and darkness and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong; repeat His mercies in your song.

Through this vain world He guides our feet and leads us to His heav'nly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure when this our world shall be no more.

*Words: Isaac Watts
Music: John Hatton
Public Domain*

2. His Forever

Jesus, friend of sinners, loved me ere I knew Him,
Drew me with His cords of love, tightly bound me to Him.
'Round my heart, still closely twined, the ties that none can sever.
For I am His and He is mine forever and forever.

Jesus, friend of sinners, a crown of thorns You wore for me,
Bruised for my transgressions, pierced for my iniquities.
The wrath of God that I deserved was poured out on the Innocent.
He took my place, my soul to save. Now I am His forever.

Jesus, friend of sinners, I love to tell the story;
Redeeming love has been my theme and will be when in glory.
Not death, nor life, nor anything can ever separate me.
Oh, love that will not let me go, Yes, I am His forever.

*Original words: James G. Small (1863)
Alternate words and music: Pat Sczebel
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3. See the Destined Day Arise

See the destined day arise! See a willing sacrifice!
Jesus, to redeem our loss, hangs upon the shameful cross;
Jesus, who but You could bear wrath so great and justice fair?
Every pang and bitter throe, finishing Your life of woe?

*Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Lamb of God for sinners slain!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Jesus Christ, we praise Your name!*

Who but Christ had dared to drain, steeped in gall, the cup of pain
And with tender body bear thorns and nails and piercing spear?
Slain for us, the water flowed, mingled from Your side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes of the finished sacrifice.

Holy Jesus, grant us grace in that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed, pardoned sin, and promised good.
Grant us grace to sing Your praise 'round Your throne through endless days,
Ever with the sons of light: "Blessing, honor, glory, might!"

*Original words: Venantius Fortunatus (c.530-600), tr. Richard Mant (1837), Public Domain
Alt. words, chorus, and music: Matthew Merker
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4. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Alas! and did my Savior bleed and did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?
Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown, and love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide and shut his glories in
When Christ the mighty Maker died for man the creature's sin.
Thus might I hide my blushing face while His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness and melt my eyes with tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'tis all that I can do.
Alas! and did my Savior bleed and did my Sovereign die?
Amazing pity, grace unknown, and love beyond degree!

*Words: Isaac Watts
Music: Irish tune
Public Domain*

5. Not in Me

No list of sins I have not done, no list of virtues I pursue,
No list of those I am not like can earn myself a place with You.
O God, be merciful to me—I am a sinner through and through!
My only hope of righteousness is not in me, but only You.

No humble dress, no fervent prayer, no lifted hands, no tearful song,
No recitation of the truth can justify a single wrong.
My righteousness is Jesus' life, my debt was paid by Jesus' death,
My weary load was borne by Him and He alone can give me rest.

No separation from the world, no work I do, no gift I give
Can cleanse my conscience, cleanse my hands; I cannot cause my soul to live.
But Jesus died and rose again—the power of death is overthrown!
My God is merciful to me and merciful in Christ alone.

My righteousness is Jesus' life, my debt was paid by Jesus' death,
My weary load was borne by Him and He alone can give me rest.

*Words and music: Eric Schumacher and David L. Ward
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6. Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

Stricken, smitten, and afflicted, see Him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected; yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!
'Tis the long-expected Prophet, David's son, yet David's Lord;
By His Son God now has spoken: 'tis the true and faithful Word.

Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning, was there ever grief like His?
Friends through fear His cause disowning, foes insulting His distress;
Many hands were raised to wound Him, none would interpose to save;
But the deepest stroke that pierced Him was the stroke that Justice gave.

Ye who think of sin but lightly, nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view its nature rightly, here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the sacrifice appointed, see who bears the awful load;
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed, Son of Man and Son of God.

Here we have a firm foundation; here the refuge of the lost;
Christ, the Rock of our salvation, His the name of which we boast.
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded, sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded who on Him their hope have built.

*Words: Thomas Kelly
Music: O Mein Jesu, Ich Muss Sterben
Public Domain*

7. He Will Hold Me Fast

When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
When the tempter would prevail, He will hold me fast.
I could never keep my hold through life's fearful path;
For my love is often cold; He must hold me fast.

*He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast;
For my Savior loves me so, He will hold me fast.*

Those He saves are His delight, Christ will hold me fast;
Precious in His holy sight, He will hold me fast.
He'll not let my soul be lost; His promises shall last;
Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast.

For my life He bled and died, Christ will hold me fast;
Justice has been satisfied; He will hold me fast.
Raised with Him to endless life, He will hold me fast
'Till our faith is turned to sight when He comes at last!

*Words: vv. 1-2 Ada Habershon (1861-1918), Public Domain
Alt. words, new words (v.3), and music: Matthew Merker
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8. Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

Dear refuge of my weary soul, on Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll, my fainting hope relies.
To Thee I tell each rising grief, for Thou alone canst heal;
Thy Word can bring a sweet relief for every pain I feel.

But oh! When gloomy doubts prevail, I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail, and all my hopes decline.
Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee though prostrate in the dust.

Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face, and shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace be deaf when I complain?
No, still the ear of sov'reign grace attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access to breathe my sorrows there.

Thy mercy seat is open still, here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will, and wait beneath Thy feet.
Thy mercy seat is open still, here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will, and wait beneath Thy feet.

*Words: Anne Steele (1716-1778), Public Domain
Music: Matthew Merker
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9. Our Great God

Eternal God, unchanging, mysterious and unknown;
Your boundless love, unfailing, in grace and mercy shown.
Bright seraphim in ceaseless flight around Your glorious throne;
They raise their voices day and night in praise to You alone!

Hallelujah! Glory be to our great God!
Hallelujah! Glory be to our great God!

Lord, we are weak and frail and are helpless in the storm;
Surround us with Your angels and hold us in Your arms.
Our cold and ruthless enemy, his pleasure is our harm.
Rise up, O Lord, and he will flee before our sovereign God.

Let every creature in the sea and every flying bird,
Let every mountain, every field, and valley of the earth,
Let all the moons and all the stars in all the universe
Sing praises to the living God who rules them by His Word.

Words and music: Fernando Ortega and Mac Powell
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10. Come, Behold the Wondrous Mystery

Come, behold the wondrous mystery in the dawning of the King;
He, the theme of heaven's praises, robed in frail humanity.
In our longing, in our darkness, now, the light of life has come;
Look to Christ who condescended, took on flesh to ransom us.

Come, behold the wondrous mystery: He, the perfect Son of Man,
In His living, in His suff'ring never trace nor stain of sin.
See the true and better Adam come to save the hell-bound man;
Christ, the great and sure fulfillment of the law, in Him we stand.

Come, behold the wondrous mystery: Christ the Lord upon the tree,
In the stead of ruined sinners hangs the Lamb in victory.
See the price of our redemption, see the Father's plan unfold
Bringing many sons to glory; grace unmeasured, love untold.

Come, behold the wondrous mystery: slain by death the God of life,
But no grave could e'er restrain Him. Praise the Lord, He is alive!
What a foretaste of deliverance, how unwavering our hope;
Christ in power resurrected, as we will be when He comes.

Words and music: Matt Papa, Matt Boswell, and Michael Bleecker
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11. My Heart Is Filled with Thankfulness

My heart is filled with thankfulness to Him who bore my pain;
Who plumbed the depths of my disgrace and gave me life again;
Who crushed my curse of sinfulness and clothed me in His light
And wrote His law of righteousness with pow'r upon my heart.

My heart is filled with thankfulness to Him who walks beside;
Who floods my weaknesses with strength and causes fears to fly;
Whose ev'ry promise is enough for ev'ry step I take,
Sustaining me with arms of love and crowning me with grace.

My heart is filled with thankfulness to Him who reigns above,
Whose wisdom is my perfect peace, whose ev'ry thought is love.
For ev'ry day I have on earth is given by the King;
So I will give my life, my all, to love and follow Him.

*Words and music: Keith Getty and Stuart Townend
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12. Be Thou My Vision

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art.
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou my true Word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and always:
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art.

High King of heaven, my victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

*Words: Ancient Irish; translated by Mary E. Byrne; versified Eleanor H. Hull
Music: Traditional Irish Melody
Public Domain*

13. All Glory Be To Christ

Should nothing of our efforts stand, no legacy survive;
Unless the Lord does raise the house, in vain its builders strive.
To you who boast tomorrow's gain, tell me, what is your life?
A mist that vanishes at dawn, all glory be to Christ!

*All glory be to Christ, our King, all glory be to Christ!
His rule and reign we'll ever sing; all glory be to Christ!*

His will be done, His kingdom come, on earth as is above;
Who is Himself our daily bread, praise Him, the Lord of love.
Let living water satisfy the thirsty without price;
We'll take a cup of kindness yet, all glory be to Christ!

When on the day the Great I AM, the Faithful and the True,
The Lamb who was for sinners slain, is making all things new,
Behold, our God shall live with us and be our steadfast light,
And we shall e'er His people be, all glory be to Christ!

Words: Dustin Kensrue

Music: Auld Lang Syne - Scottish traditional

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14. The Sands of Time Are Sinking

The sands of time are sinking, the dawn of Heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for, the fair, sweet morn awakes;
Dark, dark hath been the midnight, but dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

The King there in His beauty, without a veil is seen;
It were a well spent journey, though sev'n deaths lay between;
The Lamb with His fair army doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

O Christ, He is the fountain, the deep, deep well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted, more deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fullness His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment my web of time He wove;
And always dewes of sorrow were lustered with His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided, I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

Oh! I am my Beloved's and my Beloved's mine!
He brings a poor, vile sinner into His "house of wine;"
I stand upon His merit, I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garments, but her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory but on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth, but on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory of Immanuel's land.

*Original words: Anne Ross Cousin (1857), based on the letters of Samuel Rutherford, Public Domain
Music: Constance Dever © 2014 Praise Factory Music (ASCAP)/Sovereign Grace Worship (ASCAP)*

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