

NEC PRAYER MINISTRIES

January







My Father Watches Over Me

Isaiah 42: 9 Isaiah 46: 9,10

I trust in God wherever I may be,
Upon the land or on the rolling sea;
For come what may from day to day,
My heav'nly Father watches over me.
I trust in God, I know He cares for me;
On mountain bleak or on the stormy sea;
Though billows roll, He keeps my soul,
My heav'nly Father watches over me.

William C. Martin

He makes the rose an object of His care,
He guides the eagle through the pathless air;
And surely He remembers me,
My heav'nly Father watches over me.
I trust in God, I know He cares for me;
On mountain bleak or on the stormy sea;
Though billows roll, He keeps my soul,
My heav'nly Father watches over me.

I trust in God, for, in the lion's den,
On battlefield,or in the prison pen;
Through praise or blame, through flood or flame,
My heav'nly Father watches over me.
I trust in God, I know He cares for me;
On mountain bleak or on the stormy sea;
Though billows roll, He keeps my soul,
My heav'nly Father watches over me.

The valley may be dark, the shadows deep,
But oh, the shepherd guards His lonely sheep;
And through the gloom, He'll lead me home,
My heav'nly Father watches over me.
I trust in God, I know He cares for me;
On mountain bleak or on the stormy sea;
Though billows roll, He keeps my soul,
My heav'nly Father watches over me.

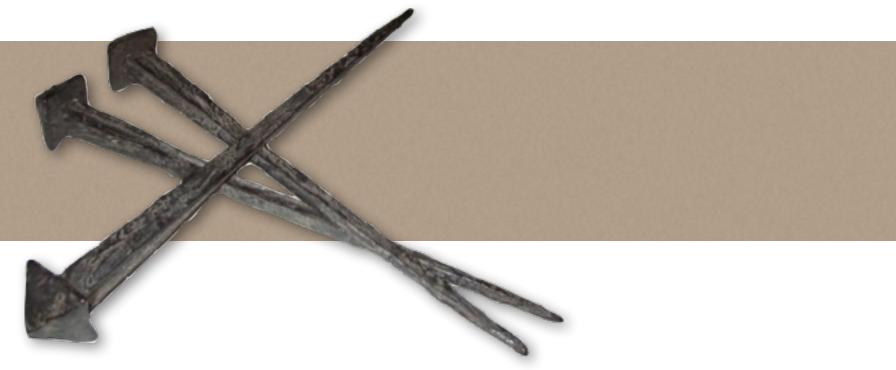


It was alone the Savior prayed In dark Gethsemane; Alone He drained the bitter cup And suffered there for me.



Alone, alone,
He bore it all alone;
He gave Himself to save
His own,
He suffered, bled and
died alone, alone.



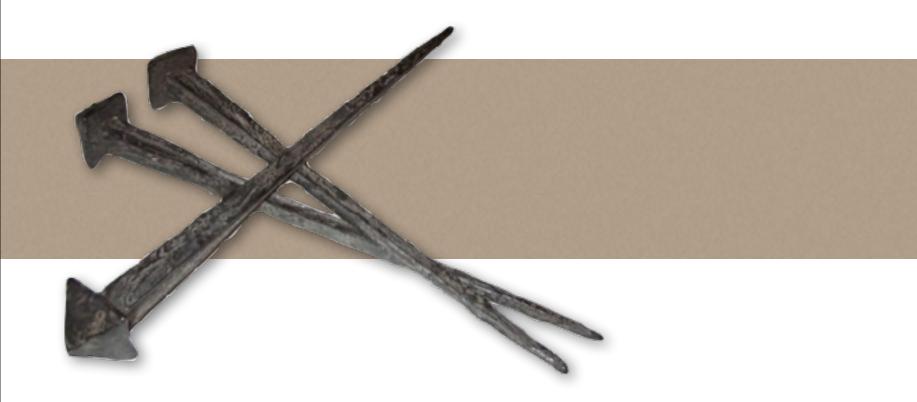


It was alone the Savior stood In Pilate's judgment hall; Alone the crown of thorns He wore, Forsaken thus by all.



Alone, alone,
He bore it all alone;
He gave Himself to save
His own,
He suffered, bled and died
alone, alone.



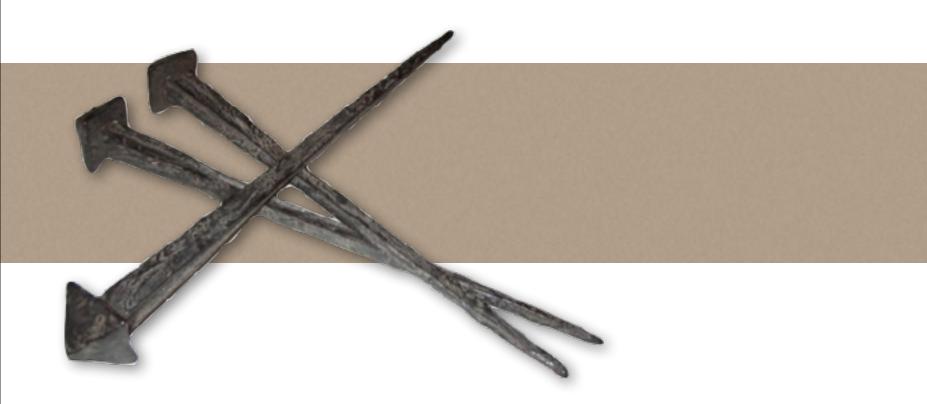


Alone upon the cross He hung That others He might save; Forsaken then by God and man, Alone, His life He gave.



Alone, alone,
He bore it all alone;
He gave Himself to save
His own,
He suffered, bled and died
alone, alone.





Can you reject such matchless love?
Can you His claim disown?
Come, give your all in gratitude,
Nor leave Him thus alone.





Alone, alone,
He bore it all alone;
He gave Himself to save
His own,
He suffered, bled and died
alone, alone.



The Comforter Has Come

John 14: 26, 27 Acts 1: 8

O spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found, Wherever human hearts and human woes abound; Let ev'ry Christian tongue proclaim the joyful sound: The Comforter has come!

Frank Bottome, 1890

The Comforter has come, the Comforter has come!
The Holy Ghost from Heav'n, the Father's promise giv'n;
O spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found —
The Comforter has come!

The long, long night is past, the morning breaks at last; And hushed the dreadful wail and fury of the blast, As o'er the golden hills the day advances fast! The Comforter has come!

The Comforter has come, the Comforter has come!
The Holy Ghost from Heav'n, the Father's promise giv'n;
O spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found —
The Comforter has come!

O boundless love divine!
How shall this tongue of mine
To wond'ring mortals tell
the matchless grace divineThat I, a child of sin,
should in His image shine!
The Comforter has come!

The Comforter has come, the Comforter has come!
The Holy Ghost from Heav'n, the Father's promise giv'n;
O spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found —
The Comforter has come!

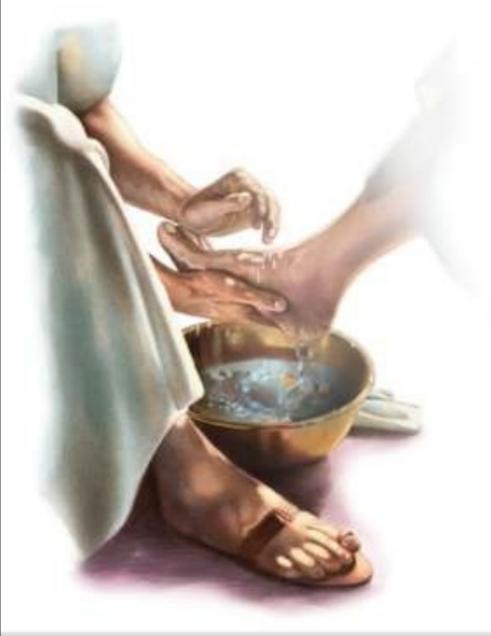
Sing, 'till the echoes fly, above the vaulted sky, And all the saints above to all below reply, In strains of endless love, the song that ne'er will die: The Comforter has come!

The Comforter has come, the Comforter has come!
The Holy Ghost from Heav'n, the Father's promise giv'n;
O spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found —
The Comforter has come!

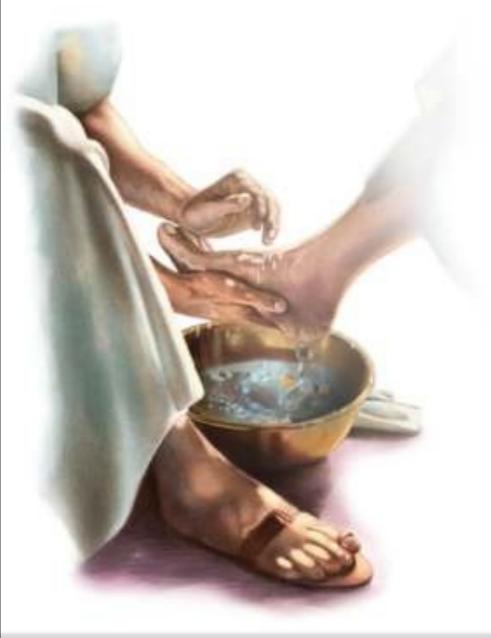
Tell Me the Story of Jesus

Acts 4: 12 Matthew 21: 22

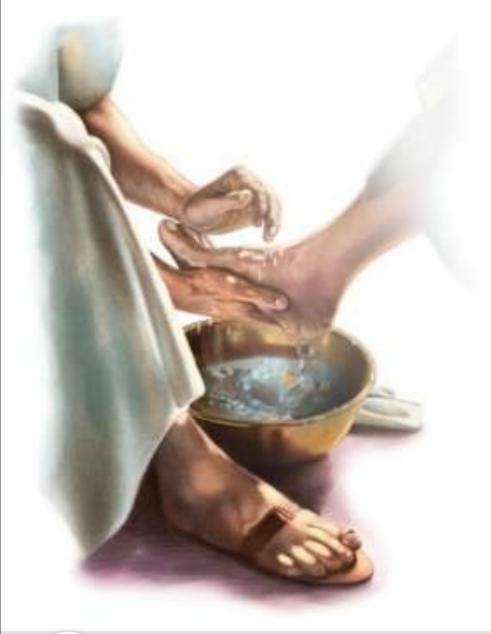
Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart every word.
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.
Tell how the angels in chorus,
Sang as they welcomed His birth.
Glory to God in the highest!
Peace and good tidings to earth.



Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart every word. Tell me the story most precious, Sweetest that ever was heard. Fasting alone in the desert,
Tell of the days that are past.
How for our sins He was tempted,
Yet was triumphant at last.
Tell of the years of His labor,
Tell of the sorrow He bore.
He was despised and afflicted,
Homeless, rejected and poor.



Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart every word. Tell me the story most precious, Sweetest that ever was heard. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him,
Writhing in anguish and pain.
Tell of the grave where they laid Him,
Tell how He liveth again.
Love in that story so tender,
Clearer than ever I see.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper,
Love paid the ransom for me.



Tell me the story of Jesus, Write on my heart every word. Tell me the story most precious, Sweetest that ever was heard.



Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

Psalm 31:3 Psalm 32: 8

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, pilgrim through this barren land. I am weak, but thou art mighty; hold me with thy powerful hand. Bread of heaven, bread of heaven, feed me till I want no more; feed me till I want no more.

William Williams

Open now the crystal fountain, whence the healing stream doth flow; let the fire and cloudy pillar lead me all my journey through. Strong deliverer, strong deliverer, be thou still my strength and shield; be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan, bid my anxious fears subside; death of death and hell's destruction, land me safe on Canaan's side. Songs of praises, songs of praises, I will ever give to thee; I will ever give to thee.

Thy Sacred Anthem

Genesis 2: 1-3 Mark 2: 27

The sacred anthem slowly rang
Across the fields of praise,
When earth's first Sabbath made complete
All creatures and all days.
Walking with God, there,
Woman and man together share
The blessed Sabbath mood;
And in that green and golden world
Know all God's works are good.

Ottilie Stafford

But now in our diminished lives
We sing a blemished song;
The earth is worn and disarrayed
And all our work goes wrong.
Still in our worship,
Joining in praise and fellowship,
By Sabbath radiance blessed,
We put our doubt and fear away
And rest within God's rest.

And arching over time and space
The Lord of Sabbath wills
Renewal for the weary earth
And healing for our ills.
Hearts will rejoice then;
There will be no more weeping, when
We know and shall be known.
With host of the redeemed we'll sing
Around God's shining throne.

Praying for our Leaders



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