

## Lord, You Have Come to the Lakeshore



1 Lord, you have come to the lake - shore look - ing  
 2 You know so well my pos - ses - sions; my boat  
 3 You need my hands, full of car - ing, through my  
 4 You, who have fished oth - er o - ceans, ev - er



nei - ther for wealth - y nor wise ones; you on - ly  
 car - ries no gold and no weap - ons; you will  
 la - bors to give oth - ers rest and con - stant  
 longed for by souls who are wait - ing, my lov - ing



asked me to fol - low hum - bly.  
 find there my nets and la - bor.  
 love that keeps on lov - ing.  
 friend, as thus you call me:

### Refrain



O Lord, with your eyes you have searched me, and while



smil - ing have spo - ken my name; now my



boat's left on the shore - line be - hind me. By your



side I will seek oth - er seas.

This is one of the most popular songs to emerge from the 1970s revival of religious song in Spain. It asks singers to become like the fishermen who left boats and nets to follow Jesus, first as disciples learning his way of love, then as apostles carrying that love to others.

## Amazing Grace / My Chains Are Gone

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me!  
 I once was lost, but now am found; was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved.  
 How precious did that grace appear the hour I first believed.

My chains are gone, I've been set free.  
 My God, my Savior, has ransomed me.  
 And like a flood his mercy rains:  
 unending love, amazing grace.

The Lord has promised good to me. His word my hope secures.  
 He will my shield and portion be as long as life endures.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares we have already come.  
 'Twas grace that brought us safe thus far, and grace will lead us home.

When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun,  
 we've no less days to sing God's praise than when we've first begun.

My chains are gone, I've been set free.  
 My God, my Savior, has ransomed me.  
 And like a flood his mercy rains:  
 unending love, amazing grace.

# Glory to God, Whose Goodness Shines on Me



1 Glo - ry to God, whose good - ness shines on me,  
2 World with - out end, 7 with - out end. A - men.



and to the Son, whose grace has par - doned me,  
World with - out end, 7 with - out end. A - men.



and to the Spir - it, whose love has set me free.  
World with - out end, 7 with - out end. A - men.



As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now and ev - er shall be. A - men.

TEXT: Trad. liturgical text; adapt. Paul M. Vasile, 2008  
MUSIC: Paul M. Vasile, 2008  
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GLORY TO GOD (Vasile)

# Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow



Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; praise God, all crea - tures



here be - low; praise God a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Cre -



- a - tor, Christ, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

