

SHOUT TO THE LORD

VERSE

My Jesus, my Saviour ,
Lord there is none like You
All of my days I want to praise,
The wonders of Your mighty love
My comfort, my shelter,
Tower of refuge and strength
Let every breath, all that I am,
Never cease to worship You

CHORUS

Shout to the Lord All the Earth, let us sing
Power and majesty Praise to the King
Mountains bow down And the seas will roar
At the sound of Your name
I sing for joy at the work Of Your hands
Forever I'll love You Forever I'll stand
Nothing compares To the promise I have in You.

VERSE

CHORUS

CHORUS

Last time

Nothing compares To the promise I have
No, Nothing compares to the promise I have
No nothing compares to the promise I have in You.

HOW DEEP THE FATHER'S LOVE

How deep the Father's love for us, How vast beyond all measure
That He should give His only Son To make a wretch His treasure

How great the pain of searing loss, The Father turns His face away
As wounds which mar the chosen One, Bring many sons to glory

Behold the Man upon a cross, My sin upon His shoulders
Ashamed I hear my mocking voice, Call out among the scoffers

It was my sin that left Him there Until it was accomplished
His dying breath has brought me life I know that it is finished

I will not boast in anything No gifts, no power, no wisdom
But I will boast in Jesus Christ His death and resurrection

Why should I gain from His reward? I cannot give an answer
But this I know with all my heart His wounds have paid my ransom
(REPEAT)

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer
Sweet hour of prayer
The joys I feel, the bliss I share
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for Thy return
With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Savior shows His face
And gladly take my station there
And wait for Thee, sweet hour of prayer

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His Word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His Word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

A CHRISTIAN'S DAILY PRAYER

As morning dawns and day awakes,
To You I bring my need
O gracious God, my source of strength,
In You I live and breathe
Each hour is Yours by wisdom planned,
Each deed empowered by sovereign hands
Renew my spirit, help me stand;
Be glorified today

As day unfolds, I seek Your will
In all of life's demands
And though the tempter tries me still,
I cling to Your commands
Let every effort of my life
Display the matchless worth of Christ
Make me a living sacrifice;
Be glorified today

As sun gives way to darkest night
Your Spirit still is here
And though my strength fades like the light
New mercies will appear
I rest in You; abide with me
Until our trials and suffering
Give way to final victory
Be glorified, today

I rest in You; abide with me
Until our trials and suffering
Give way to final victory
Be glorified, today
Be glorified, I pray

IN CHRIST ALONE

In Christ alone my hope is found,
He is my light, my strength, my song;
this Cornerstone, this solid Ground,
firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace,
when fears are stilled, when strivings cease!
My Comforter, my All in All, here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone! who took on flesh Fulness of God in helpless babe!
This gift of love and righteousness
Scorned by the ones he came to save:
Till on that cross as Jesus died, The wrath of God was satisfied -
For every sin on Him was laid; Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay
Light of the world by darkness slain:
Then bursting forth in glorious Day
Up from the grave he rose again!
And as He stands in victory
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me,
For I am His and He is mine –
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,
This is the power of Christ in me;
From life's first cry to final breath.
Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man,
Can ever pluck me from His hand;
Till He returns or calls me home,
Here in the power of Christ I'll stand.

My Comforter, my All in All, here in the love of Christ I stand.