

Sunday Morning, July 7

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1. A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our Helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe,
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.
2. Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.
3. And though this world,
with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God has willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.
4. That Word above all earthly powers
No thanks to them abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

Nothing But the Blood

1. MEN:
What can wash away my sin?

WOMEN:
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

MEN:
What can make me whole again?

WOMEN:
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Chorus - EVERYONE

O precious is the flow,
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know;
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
2. MEN:
For my pardon, this I see;

WOMEN:
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

MEN:
For my cleansing, this my plea;

WOMEN:
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Chorus - EVERYONE

O precious is the flow,
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know;
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
- 3- EVERYONE

Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,

Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Chorus

O precious is the flow,
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know;
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4. This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Chorus

O precious is the flow,
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know;
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

1. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2. Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4. A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5. Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;

They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard
while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

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How Great Thou Art

1. O Lord my God,
when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds
Thy hands have made,
I see the stars,
I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy pow'r thro' out
the universe displayed.

Chorus

Then sings my soul,
My Savior God, to Thee;
How great Thou art,
How great Thou art!
Then sings my soul,
My Savior God, to Thee;
How great Thou art,
How great Thou art!

2. When thro' the woods
and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds
sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down from
lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook
and feel the gentle breeze.

Chorus

Then sings my soul,
My Savior God, to Thee;
How great Thou art,

How great Thou art!
Then sings my soul,
My Savior God, to Thee;
How great Thou art,
How great Thou art!

3. And when I think
that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die,
I scarce can take it in,
That on the cross,
my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died
to take away my sin.

Chorus

Then sings my soul,
My Savior God, to Thee;
How great Thou art,
How great Thou art!
Then sings my soul,
My Savior God, to Thee;
How great Thou art,
How great Thou art!

4. When Christ shall come
with shout of acclamation
And take me home,
what joy shall fill my heart!
Then I shall bow in humble adoration,
And there proclaim,
my God, how great Thou art.

Chorus

Then sings my soul,
My Savior God, to Thee;
How great Thou art,
How great Thou art!
Then sings my soul,
My Savior God, to Thee;
How great Thou art,
How great Thou art!

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Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus

Turn your eyes upon Jesus,
Look full in His wonderful face,
And the things of earth
Will grow strangely dim
In the light of His glory and grace.

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