

We Will Dance

Sing a song of celebration
Lift up a shout of praise
For the Bridegroom will come,
The glorious One
And oh, we will look on His face
We'll go to a much better place

Dance with all your might
Lift up your hands and clap for joy
The time's drawing near
When He will appear
And oh, we'll stand by His side
A strong, pure spotless bride

*We will dance on the streets that are golden
The glorious bride and the great Son of man
From every tongue and tribe and nation
Will join in the song of the Lamb*

Sing aloud for the time of rejoicing is near
The risen king, our groom is soon to appear
The wedding feast to come
is now near at hand
Lift up your voice proclaim the coming Lamb

There Is a Fountain

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains:
Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains:

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away:
Wash all my sins away,
Wash all my sins away;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away

Dear dying lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more:
Be saved to sin no more,
Be saved to sin no more;

Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die:
And shall be till I die,
And shall be till I die;
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

The Power of the Cross

Oh to see the dawn of the darkest day
Christ on the road to Calvary
Tried by sinful men
Torn and beaten then
Nailed to a cross of wood

*This the power of the cross
Christ became sin for us
Took the blame bore the wrath
We stand forgiven at the cross*

Oh to see the pain written on Your face
Bearing the awesome weight of sin
Ev'ry bitter thought ev'ry evil deed
Crowning Your blood stained brow

Now the daylight flees,
now the ground beneath
Quakes as its Maker bows His head
Curtain torn in two, dead are raised to life
Finished the vict'ry cry

Oh to see my name written in the wounds
For through Your suff'ring I am free
Death is crushed to death,
life is mine to live
Won through Your selfless love

*This the power of the cross
Son of God slain for us
What a love, what a cost
We stand forgiven at the cross*