

Worship in Song

July 25, 2021

The Solid Rock

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness
I dare not trust the sweetest frame
But wholly lean on Jesus' name

*On Christ the solid Rock I stand
All other ground is sinking sand
All other ground is sinking sand*

When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace
In ev'ry high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil

When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found
Dressed in His righteousness alone
Faultless to stand before the throne

Who You Say I Am

Who am I that the highest King
Would welcome me?
I was lost but He brought me in
Oh His love for me
Oh His love for me

*Who the Son sets free
Oh is free indeed
I'm a child of God
Yes I am*

Free at last, He has ransomed me
His grace runs deep
While I was a slave to sin
Jesus died for me
Yes He died for me

*Who the Son sets free
Oh is free indeed
I'm a child of God
Yes I am*

*In my Father's house
There's a place for me
I'm a child of God
Yes I am*

I am chosen, not forsaken
I am who You say I am
You are for me not against me
I am who You say I am

Facing a Task Unfinished

Facing a task unfinished,
That drives us to our knees.
A need that, undiminished,
Rebukes our slothful ease.
We, who rejoice to know Thee,
Renew before Thy throne
The solemn pledge we owe Thee
To go and make Thee known.

*We go to all the world,
With kingdom hope unfurled.
No other name has power to save
But Jesus Christ the Lord.*

Where other lords beside Thee
Hold their unhindered sway;
Where forces that defied Thee,
Defy Thee still today.
With none to heed their crying
For life, and love, and light,
Unnumbered souls are dying
And pass into the night.

We bear the torch that, flaming,
Fell from the hands of those
Who gave their lives proclaiming
That Jesus died and rose.
Ours is the same commission,
The same glad message ours;
Fired by the same ambition,
To Thee we yield our powers.

O Father who sustained them,
O Spirit who inspired,
Savior, whose love constrained them
To toil with zeal untired.
From cowardice defend us,
From lethargy awake!
Forth on Thy errands send us
To labor for Thy sake.

The Love of God

The love of God is greater far
Than tongue or pen can ever tell
It goes beyond the highest star
And reaches to the lowest hell
The guilty pair, bowed down with care
God gave His Son to win
His erring child He reconciled
And pardoned from his sin

When years of time shall pass away
And earthly thrones and kingdoms fall
When men who here refuse to pray
On rocks and hills and mountains call
God's love so sure shall still endure
All measureless and strong
Redeeming grace to Adam's race
The saints and angels' song

Could we with ink the ocean fill
And were the skies of parchment made
Were ev'ry stalk on earth a quill
And ev'ry man a scribe by trade
To write the love of God above
Would drain the oceans dry
Nor could the scroll contain the whole
Though stretched from sky to sky

*O love of God, How rich and pure
How measureless and strong
It shall forevermore endure
The saints and angels' song*