

Worship in Song

August 20, 2023

O Worship the King

O worship the King, all glorious above
And gratefully sing His power and His love
Our Shield and Defender the Ancient of Days
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space
His chariots of wrath
the deep thunder clouds form
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm

The earth with its store of wonders untold
Almighty Thy power hath founded of old
Established it fast by a changeless decree
And round it hath cast like a mantle the sea

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite
It breathes in the air it shines in the light
It streams from the hills
it descends to the plain
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain

Frail children of dust and feeble as frail
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend

Rejoice the Lord Is King

Rejoice, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore

*Lift up your heart
Lift up your voice!
Rejoice again
I say rejoice!*

Jesus, the Savior, reigns
The God of truth and love
When He had purged our stains
He took His seat above

His kingdom cannot fail
He rules o'er earth and heav'n
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n

Rejoice in glorious hope!
The Lord, our judge, shall come
And take His servants up
To their eternal home

You Are My King

I'm forgiven because You were forsaken
I'm accepted, You were condemned
I'm alive and well, Your spirit is within me
Because You died and rose again

*Amazing love, how can it be
That You my King would die for me
Amazing love, I know it's true
It's my joy to honor You
In all I do, I honor You*

You are my King,
You are my King
Jesus, You are my King
Jesus, You are my King

I Stand Amazed (How Marvelous)

I stand amazed in the presence
of Jesus the Nazarene,
And wonder how He could love me,
A sinner, condemned, unclean.

*How marvelous! How wonderful!
And my song shall ever be:
How marvelous! How wonderful
Is my Savior's love for me!*

He took my sins and my sorrows,
He made them His very own;
He bore the burden to Calvary,
And suffered and died alone.

And with the ransomed in glory
His face I at last shall see;
It will be my joy through the ages
To sing of His love for me.