

Sunday Morning
August 23, 2020

Praise To The Lord The Almighty

#43073 by Joachim Neander and Catherine Winkworth
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Verse 1

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty,
the King of cre- a- tion!
O my soul, praise Him,
for He is thy health and sal- va- tion!
All ye who hear,
now to His temple draw near;
Join me in glad ador-a- tion.

Verse 2

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so
wondrously reign-eth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yet, so
gently sustain- eth!
Hast thou not seen, How all thy longings
have been
Granted in what He ordain- eth?

Verse 3

Praise to the Lord, who doth
Prosper thy work and defend thee;
Surely His goodness and mercy
Here daily attend thee.
Ponder anew what the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee.

Verse 4

Praise to the Lord,
O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath,
come now with praises before Him.
Let the Amen sound from His people again;
Gladly forever adore Him.

Speak O Lord

#4615235 by Keith Getty and Stuart Townend2005
Thankyou Music

Verse 1

Speak O Lord as we come to You
To receive the food of Your holy word
Take Your truth plant it deep in us
Shape and fashion us in Your likeness
That the light of Christ might be seen today
In our acts of love and our deeds of faith
Speak O Lord and fulfill in us
All Your purposes for Your glory

Verse 2

Teach us Lord full obedience
Holy reverence true humility
Test our thoughts and our attitudes
In the radiance of Your purity
Cause our faith to rise
Cause our eyes to see
Your majestic love and authority
Words of power that can never fail
Let their truth prevail over unbelief

Verse 3

Speak O Lord and renew our minds
Help us grasp the heights
Of Your plans for us
Truths unchanged from the dawn of time
That will echo down through eternity
And by grace we'll stand on Your promises
And by faith we'll walk as You walk with us
Speak O Lord till Your church is built
And the earth is filled with Your glory

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Dear Refuge Of My Weary Soul

#3112430 by Anne Steele and Matt Merker
2014 Matt Merker Music

Verse 1

Dear refuge of my weary soul
On Thee when sorrows rise
On Thee when waves of trouble roll
My fainting hope relies
To Thee I tell each rising grief
For Thou alone can'st heal
Thy Word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel

Verse 2

But oh when gloomy doubts prevail
I fear to call Thee mine
The springs of comfort seem to fail
And all my hopes decline
Yet gracious God where shall I flee
Thou art my only trust
And still my soul would cleave to Thee
Though prostrate in the dust

Verse 3

Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face
And shall I seek in vain
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain
No still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer
Oh may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there

Verse 4

Thy mercy seat is open still
Here let my soul retreat
With humble hope attend Thy will
And wait beneath Thy feet
Thy mercy seat is open still
Here let my soul retreat
With humble hope attend Thy will
And wait beneath Thy feet