

Worship Service Song Lyrics
October 25, 2020

THY WORD

Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet
And a light unto my path.
Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet
And a light unto my path.

When I feel afraid,
And I think I've lost my way,
Still You're there right beside me.
Nothing will I fear
As long as You are near.
Please be near me to the end.

Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet
And a light unto my path.
Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet
And a light unto my path.

I will not forget
Your love for me and yet,
My heart forever is wandering.
Jesus, be my guide
And hold me to Your side;
I will love You to the end.

Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet
And a light unto my path.
Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet
And a light unto my path.

WORTHY OF WORSHIP

Worthy of worship, worthy of praise,
Worthy of honor and glory;
Worthy of all the glad songs we can sing,
Worthy of all of the off' rings we bring.
You are worthy, Father, Creator.
You are worthy, Savior, Sustainer.
You are worthy, worthy and wonderful;
Worthy of worship and praise.

Worthy of rev'rence worthy of fear
Worthy of love and devotion
Worthy of bowing and bending of knees
Worthy of all this and added to these
You are worthy, Father, Creator.
You are worthy, Savior, Sustainer.
You are worthy, worthy and wonderful;
Worthy of worship and praise.

Almighty Father, Master and Lord,
King of all kings and Redeemer,
Wonderful Counselor, Comforter, Friend,
Savior and Source of our life without end.
You are worthy, Father, Creator.
You are worthy, Savior, Sustainer.
You are worthy, worthy and wonderful;
Worthy of worship and praise.

BLESSED ASSURANCE

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect submission perfect delight
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy whispers of love.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Savior all the day long.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest,

Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Savior all the day long.

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.

His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

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
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING

There shall be showers of blessing
This is the promise of love
There shall be seasons refreshing
Sent from the Savior above
Showers of blessing
Showers of blessing we need
Mercy drops round us are falling
But for the showers we plead

There shall be showers of blessing
Send them upon us O Lord
Grant to us now a refreshing
Come and now honor Thy word
Showers of blessing
Showers of blessing we need
Mercy drops round us are falling
But for the showers we plead

There shall be showers of blessing
Oh that today they might fall
Now as to God we're confessing
Now as on Jesus we call
Showers of blessing
Showers of blessing we need
Mercy drops round us are falling
But for the showers we plead

O WORSHIP THE KING

O worship the King,
All glorious above,
And gratefully sing
His wonderful 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,
And canopy space!
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

Thou 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 the 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.