

Worship in Song

April 19th, 2026

Lord I Lift Your Name On High

Lord I lift Your name on high
Lord I love to sing Your praises
I'm so glad You're in my life
I'm so glad You came to save us

*You came from heaven
To earth to show the way
From the earth to the cross my debt to pay
From the cross to the grave
From the grave to the sky
Lord I lift Your name on high*

Here I Am to Worship

Light of the world
You stepped down into darkness
Opened my eyes, let me see
Beauty that made this heart adore You
Hope of a life spent with You

*Here I am to worship
Here I am to bow down
Here I am to say that You're my God
You're altogether lovely
Altogether worthy
Altogether wonderful to me*

King of all days
Oh so highly exalted
Glorious in Heaven above
Humbly You came to the
Earth You created
All for love's sake became poor

I'll never know how much it cost
To see my sin upon that cross

How Great Thou Art

O Lord my God when
I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds

Thy hands have made
I see the stars; I hear the rolling thunder
Thy power throughout
The universe displayed

*Then sings my soul my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art
Then sings my soul my Savior God to Thee
How great Thou art, how great Thou art*

And when I think that God
His Son not sparing
Sent Him to die I scarce can take it in
That on the cross
My burden gladly bearing
He bled and died to take away my sin

When Christ shall come
With shout of acclamation
And take me home
What joy shall fill my heart
Then I shall bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim
My God how great Thou art

It Is Well with My Soul

When peace like a river attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot
Thou hast taught me to say it is well
It is well with my soul

*It is well with my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul*

Tho' Satan should buffet
tho' trials should come
let this blest assurance control
That Christ hath regarded
My helpless estate and
Hath shed His own blood for my soul

My sin, O the bliss of this glorious thought
My sin, not in part but the whole
Is nailed to the cross

And I bear it no more
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord
O my soul

And Lord haste the day
When my faith shall be sight
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll
The trump shall resound
And the Lord shall descend
Even so, it is well with my soul