

Be still for the presence of the Lord

- 1** Be still for the presence of the Lord
The Holy One is here
Come bow before Him now
With reverence and fear
In Him no sin is found
We stand on holy ground
Be still for the presence of the Lord
The Holy One is here
- 2** Be still for the glory of the Lord
Is shining all around
He burns with holy fire
With splendor He is crowned
How awesome is the sight
Our radiant King of light
Be still for the glory of the Lord
Is shining all around
- 3** Be still for the power of the Lord
Is moving in this place
He comes to cleanse and heal
To minister His grace
No work too hard for Him
In faith receive from Him
Be still for the power of the Lord
Is moving in this place

CCLI Song # 120824

David J. Evans

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Glorious Things Of Thee Are Spoken

- 1** Glorious things of thee are spoken
Zion city of our God
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode
On the Rock of Ages founded
What can shake thy sure repose
With salvation's walls surrounded
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes
- 2** See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love
Well supply thy sons and daughters
And all fear of want remove
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage
Grace which like the Lord the Giver
Never fails from age to age
- 3** Round each habitation hov'ring
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a cov'ring
Showing that the Lord is near
Thus they march the pillar leading
Light by night and shade by day
Daily on the manna feeding
Which He gives them when they pray
- 4** Savior since of Zion's city
I thro' grace a member am
Let the world deride or pity
I will glory in Thy name
Fading is the world's best pleasure
All its boasted pomp and show
Solid joys and lasting treasures
None but Zion's children know

CCLI Song # 2645719

John Newton

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O Sacred Head Now Wounded (Lamb Of God)

- 1 O sacred Head now wounded
With grief and shame weighed down
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns Thine only crown
How pale Thou art with anguish
With sore abuse and scorn
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn
- 2 O sacred Feet surrendered
To climb the lonely hill
To bear the verdict rendered
My sentence to fulfill
Thy shoulders lift the burden
The pain that should be mine
To offer me the pardon
And take my sin as Thine
- 3 O sacred Arms unfolding
Outstretched upon the beam
My eyes transfixed beholding
The heavy crimson stream
Thy hands have given freely
O precious healing flow
Lord cover me completely
And wash me white as snow
- 4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee dearest Friend
For this Thy dying sorrow
Thy pity without end
O make me Thine forever
And should I fainting be
Lord let me never never
Outlive my love for Thee

CCLI Song # 5866210

David Moffitt | Travis Cottrell

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The Church's One Foundation (Aurelia)

- 1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord
She is His new creation
By water and the Word
From heav'n He came and sought her
To be His holy bride
With His own blood He bought her
And for her life He died
- 2 Elect from every nation
Yet one o'er all the earth
Her charter of salvation
One Lord one faith one birth
One holy name she blesses
Partakes one holy food
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued
- 3 'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest
- 4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won
O happy ones and holy
Lord give us grace that we
Like them the meek and lowly
On high may dwell with Thee
- 5 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed
By schisms rent asunder
By heresies distressed
Yet saints their watch are keeping
Their cry goes up how long
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song

CCLI Song # 55377

Samuel John Stone | Samuel Sebastian Wesley

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