

Welcome to Beavertown Church!

TUNE YOUR CAR RADIO TO:

April 26, 2026
10:00 AM

94.3 FM

**CALL A FRIEND, INVITE SOMEONE FOR NEXT SUNDAY
SONGS TO BE SUNG**

(Swipe Right Online/Select to magnify/print)

NEED PRAYER?:

**Contact us at 570-658-2422 or at www.beavertownchurch.com
or drive to the main carport entrance following this service.**

RESTROOMS:

•Located in Bates Center (Building behind you)

**WATCH ALL INSIDE SERVICES ON WEBSITE, FACEBOOK, or
YOUTUBE**

Thank you for Driving in :)

THE HALLELUJAH SIDE

Once a sinner far from Jesus,
I was perishing with cold;
But the Blessed Savior heard me when I cried.
Then He threw His robe around me,
and He led me to His fold,
And I'm living on the hallelujah side.

*Oh, glory be to Jesus! Let the hallelujah's roll.
Help me ring the Saviors praises far and wide.
For I've opened up tow'rd Heaven,
All the windows of my soul,
And I'm living on the hallelujah side.*

Tho' the world may sweep around me
With her dazzle and her dreams,
Yet I envy not her vanity and pride;
For my soul looks up to Heaven,
Where the golden sunlight gleams,
And I'm living on the hallelujah side.

Not for all earth's golden millions
Would I leave this precious place.
Tho' the tempter to persuade me oft has tried;
For I'm safe in God's pavilion,
Happy in His love and grace,
And I'm living on the Hallelujah side.

Here the sun is always shining,
Here the sky is always bright;
'Tis no place for gloomy Christians to abide.
For my soul is filled with music
And my heart with great delight,
And I'm living on the hallelujah side.

And upon the streets of glory,
When we reach the other shore,
And have safely crossed the Jordan's rolling tide,
You will find me shouting "Glory"
Just outside the mansion door,
Where I'm living on the hallelujah side.

by Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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.*

When darkness seems to hide His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace.
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

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.

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!

by Edward Mote

