

Come Now Is the Time to Worship

Come, now is the time to worship
Come, now is the time to give your heart
Come, just as you are to worship
Come, just as you are before your God Come

One day every tongue Will confess You are God
One day every knee will bow
Still the greatest treasure remains
For those who gladly choose You now

O for A Thousand Tongues to Sing

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise
The glories of my God and King
The triumphs of His grace

My gracious Master and my God
Assist me to proclaim
To spread thru all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name

Jesus the name that charms our fears
That bids our sorrows cease
'Tis music in the sinner's ears
'Tis life and health and peace

He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin
He sets the pris'ner free
His blood can make the foulest clean
His blood availed for me |

Glory to God and praise and love
be ever ever giv'n
By saints below and saints above
The Church in earth and heav'n

Great Is the Lord

Great is the Lord
He is holy and just
By His power we trust in His love
Great is the Lord
He is faithful and true
By His mercy He proves He is love

Great is the Lord
and worthy of glory
Great is the Lord
and worthy of praise
Great is the Lord
Now lift up your voice
Now lift up your voice
Great is the Lord

Great are You Lord
And worthy of glory
Great are You Lord
And worthy of praise
Great are You Lord
I lift up my voice
I lift up my voice
Great are You Lord

Great are You Lord
Great are You Lord
Great are You Lord
Great are You Lord

He Reigns

It's the song of the redeemed
Rising from the African plain
It's the song of the forgiven
Drowning out the Amazon rain
The song of Asian believers
Filled with God's holy fire
It's every tribe every tongue every nation
A love song born of a grateful choir

It's all God's children singing
Glory, glory, hallelujah
He reigns, He reigns
It's all God's children singing
Glory, glory, hallelujah
He reigns (He reigns)

Let it rise above the four winds
Caught up in the heavenly sound
Let praises echo from the towers of cathedrals
To the faithful gathered underground
Of all the songs sung from the dawn of
creation
Some were meant to persist
Of all the bells rung from a thousand steeples
None rings truer than this

And all the powers of darkness
Tremble at what they've just heard
'Cause all the powers of darkness
Can't drown out a single word

He Leadeth Me

He leadeth me O blessed thought
O words with heavenly comfort fraught
Whate'er I do where'er I be
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me

He leadeth me
He leadeth me
By His own hand He leadeth me
His faithful follower I would be
For by His hand He leadeth me

Lord I would clasp Thy hand in mine
Nor ever murmur nor repine
Content whatever lot I see
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me