

# Waterloo church of Christ

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### Days of Elijah

These are the days of Elijah,  
Declaring the word of the Lord  
And these are the days of Your servant Moses,  
Righteousness being restored.  
And though these are days of great trial,  
Of famine and darkness and sword,  
Still, we are the voice in the desert crying  
"Prepare ye the way of the Lord!"

*Behold He comes riding on the clouds,  
Shining like the sun at the trumpet call,  
Lift your voice, it's the year of jubilee,  
And out of Zion's hill salvation comes.*

These are the days of Ezekiel,  
The dry bones becoming as flesh,  
And these are the days of Your servant David,  
Rebuilding a temple of praise.  
These are the days of the harvest,  
The fields are as white in Your world,  
And we are the labourers in Your vineyard,  
Declaring the word of the Lord!

### 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.

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.

### Redeemed

Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it!  
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;  
Redeemed through His infinite mercy,  
His child and forever I am.

*Redeemed, redeemed,  
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;  
Redeemed, redeemed,  
His child and forever I am.*

Redeemed, and so happy in Jesus,  
No language my rapture can tell;  
I know that the light of His presence  
With me doth continually dwell.

I know I shall see in His beauty  
The King in whose law I delight;  
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps,  
And giveth me songs in the night.

### I love you, Lord

I love you, Lord  
And I lift my voice  
To worship you  
Oh my soul, rejoice!  
Take joy, my king  
In what you hear  
May it be a sweet, sweet sound  
In your ear