

Praise God Together • July 3, 2022

We Believe In the Name

Porter's Gate

We believe in the saving power,
the saving power of the Name
We believe in the saving power,
the saving power of the Name

CHORUS

**His name is justice, a mighty fortress
A balm for the weary
Our refuge and our strength
His name is power, our strong deliverer
We believe in Jesus' name**

We believe in the healing power,
the healing power of the Name
We believe in the healing power,
the healing power of the Name

Repeat chorus

We believe in the Name! *(four times)*

Call / Response

What's His name? Jesus!

Repeat chorus

We believe in the Name! *(four times)*

O Church Arise

By Stuart Townend

O church, arise and put your armor on
Hear the call of Christ our captain
For now the weak can say that they are strong
In the strength that God has given.
With shield of faith and belt of truth
We'll stand against the devil's lies;
An army bold whose battle cry is love
Reaching out to those in darkness.

Our call to war, to love the captive soul,
But to rage against the captor;
And with the sword that makes the wounded whole
We will fight with faith and valor.
When faced with trials on ev'ry side,
We know the outcome is secure,
And Christ will have the prize for which He died
An inheritance of nations.

Come see the cross where love and mercy meet
As the Son of God is stricken
Then see His foes lie crushed beneath His feet
For the Conqueror has risen!
And as the stone is rolled away,
And Christ emerges from the grave,
This vict'ry march continues till the day
Ev'ry eye and heart shall see Him

So Spirit come, put strength in ev'ry stride,
Give grace for ev'ry hurdle,
That we may run with faith to win the prize
Of a servant good and faithful.
As saints of old still line the way,
Retelling triumphs of His grace,
We hear their calls and hunger for the day
When with Christ we stand in glory

Sacrifice

Stan Gill, 2019

The devil got too much, too much of my attention
The devil got too much, too much of my heart
I should'a been never doin' things that led to his affection
This life of insurrection, leavin' my soul for dead

I always been too slow, to hear what God was sayin'
I thought I was too low, to seek His heart
You know I been tellin' lies, when I should'a been prayin'
This game that I was playin' was pullin' me apart

CHORUS

**But there was a sacrifice, Jesus had the answer
Yes, there was a sacrifice, Jesus paid the cost
Yeah, there was a sacrifice
Yes, I'm a witness to the truth
Jesus came to seek and save the lost**

And the world's been too sick, to see what's goin' on
People thinkin' they're, so slick, so long
But when my feet get stuck, in the miry clay
I turn my face to heaven, and you can hear me say
Repeat Chorus

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Come Thou Fount

by Robert Robinson

Come Thou fount of every blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above
Praise the Mount I'm fixed upon it
Mount of Thy redeeming love

Here I raise my Ebenezer
Hither by Thy help I come
And I hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed His precious blood

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to Thee
Prone to wander Lord I feel it
Prone to leave the God I love
Here's my heart Lord Take and seal it
Seal it for Thy courts above

Come Thou fount of every blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

by Martin Luther, 1529; trans Fredrick H Hedge, 1852

A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing;
Our helper He, amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe does seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great, and armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
You ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth his name, from age to age the same;
And He must win the battle.

That Word above all earthly powers
No thanks to them abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also;
The body they may kill, God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is forever!

Battle Hymn

Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are stored
He have loosed the faithful lightening
of his terrible swift sword, His truth is marching on

CHORUS

**Glory, Glory halleluhja, Glory, Glory halleluhja
Glory, Glory halleluhja, His truth is marching on**

I have seen him in the watch-fires
of a hundred circling camps
They have builded him an altar
in the evening dews and damps
I have read his righteous sentence
by the dim and flaring lamps
His day is marching on *Repeat chorus*

He has sounded forth the trumpet
that shall never call retreat
He is sifting out the hearts of men
before His judgment-seat
Be swift, my soul to answer Him
be jubilant, my feet
Our God is marching on *Repeat chorus*

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in his bosom
that transfigures you and me
As he died to make men holy
let us die to make men free
While God is marching on *Repeat chorus*

God's truth Abideth still; on Earth is not His equal!

