

Good to Give Thanks (Psalm 92)

Verse 1:

It is good to give thanks to the Lord
It is good to give thanks to the Lord
To make music in His name
And to sing a song of praise
It is good to give thanks to the Lord

Verse 2:

We will sing of His love in the morning
And His faithfulness in the night
On guitar and on the keys
Blow the horn and play the strings
It is good to give thanks to the Lord

Chorus:

Clap your hands, stomp your feet
Bang the drum, come on and sing!
Tell the world of His great love
It is good to give thanks to the Lord

Verse 3:

We are here to give thanks to the Lord
We are here to give thanks to the Lord
We are lifting up our hearts
All we have and all we are
'Cause it is good to give thanks to the Lord

Bridge (3x):

He has made us glad! He has made us glad!

Outro:

Everybody!
Sing a song now!
I said hey! Hey! It's good to give thanks! (everybody!)
I said hey! Hey! It's good to give thanks!
It's good (so good!) to give thanks (so good!)
So good to give thanks
It's good to give thanks to the Lord
Come on, now

Christ Our Hope In Life and Death

Verse 1

What is our hope in life and death
Christ alone Christ alone
What is our only confidence
That our souls to Him belong
What holds our days within His hand
What comes apart from His command
And what will keep us to the end
The love of Christ in which we stand

Chorus

O sing hallelujah
Our hope springs eternal
O sing hallelujah
Now and ever we confess
Christ our hope in life and death

Verse 2

What truth can calm the troubled soul
God is good God is good
Where is His grace and goodness known
In our great Redeemer's blood
Who holds our faith when fears arise
Who stands above the stormy trial
Who sends the waves that bring us nigh
Unto the shore the rock of Christ

Verse 3

Unto the grave what shall we sing
Christ He lives Christ He lives
And what reward will heaven bring
Everlasting life with Him
There we will rise to meet the Lord
Then sin and death will be destroyed
And we will feast in endless joy
When Christ is ours forevermore

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Ancient of Days

Verse 1

Though the nations rage
Kingdoms rise and fall
There is still one King
Reigning over all
So I will not fear for this truth remains:
That my God is the Ancient of Days

Chorus

None above Him, none before Him
All of time in His hands
For His throne it shall remain and ever stand
All the power, all the glory
I will trust in His name
For my God is the Ancient of Days

Verse 2

Though the dread of night
Overwhelms my soul
He is here with me
I am not alone
O His love is sure and He knows my name
For my God is the Ancient of Days

Verse 3

Though I may not see
What the future brings
I will watch and wait
For the Saviour King
Then my joy complete standing face to face
In the presence of the Ancient of Days

I Will Trust My Savior Jesus

Verse 1

I will trust my saviour Jesus
When my darkest doubts befall
Trust Him when to simply trust Him
Seems the hardest thing of all

Verse 2

I will trust my saviour Jesus
Trust Him when my strength is small
For I know the shield of Jesus
Is the safest place of all

Chorus

Jesus, only Jesus
Help me trust You more and more
Jesus, only Jesus
May my heart be ever Yours

Verse 3

I will trust my saviour Jesus
He has said His way is best
And I know the path He's chosen
Leads to everlasting rest

Bridge

Oh on that cross, how it was seen
I can go now ever trusting in the One who died for me
What could I bring, for Your gift is complete
So I trust You, simply trust You, Lord with every part of me

It Is Well With My Soul

Verse 1

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Chorus

It is well, with my soul,
It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Verse 2

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blessed assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

Verse 3

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

Verse 4

And Lord, haste the day when my faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trumpet shall sound, and the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.