

A top-down view of a dark wooden desk. In the upper left corner, there is a white coffee cup filled with coffee on a matching saucer. To its right is a white keyboard with a few keys visible, including 'Caps', 'Shift', 'Alt', and 'Ctrl'. Further right is a white pen. In the upper center, a small spiral notebook is partially visible. The background is a dark, textured wood grain.

Everyday Worship

How God Brings the Bible to Life

In Christ Alone

Keith Getty, Stuard Townend | CCLI #3350395 | ©2001 Thankyou Music

In Christ alone
my hope is found.
He is my light, my strength,
my song;

This cornerstone,
this solid ground,
firm through the fiercest
drought and storm.

What heights of love,
what depths of peace,
when fears are stilled,
when strivings cease!

My comforter, my all in all,
here in the love of Christ
I stand.

In Christ alone—
who took on flesh,
fullness of God in helpless
babe.

This gift of love
and righteousness,
scorned by the ones he came
to save.

Till on that cross as Jesus
died,
the wrath of God was
satisfied. For every sin on
him was laid;
here in the death of Christ I
live.

There in the ground
his body lay.
Light of the world by
darkness slain.

Then bursting forth
in glorious day,
up from the grave he rose
again!

And as he stands in victory,
sin's curse has lost
its grip on me.

For I am his and he is mine.
Bought with the precious
blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in
death,
this is the power of Christ in
me.

From life's first cry
to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.

No power of hell,
no scheme of man,
can ever pluck me from his
hand.

Till he returns or calls me
home,
here in the power of Christ
I'll stand.

Speak, O Lord

Keith Getty, Stuard Townend | CCLI: 4615235 | ©2005 Thankyou Music

Speak, O Lord,
as we come to you
to receive the food
of your holy Word.

Take your truth,
plant it deep in us.
Shape and fashion us in your
likeness.

That the light of Christ might
be
seen today
in our acts of love and our
deeds of faith.

Speak, O Lord,
and fulfill in us
all your purposes for your
glory.

Teach us, Lord, full
obedience,
holy reverence, true humility.
Test our thoughts and our
attitudes
in the radiance of your purity.

Cause our faith to rise;
cause our eyes to see
your majestic love and
authority.

Words of pow'r
that can never fail—
let their truth prevail over
unbelief.

Speak, O Lord,
and renew our minds.
Help us grasp the heights of
your plans for us.

Truths unchanged
from the dawn of time
that will echo down through
eternity.

And by grace we'll stand on
your promises,
and by faith we'll walk as
you walk with us.

Speak, O Lord,
till your church is built,
and the earth is filled with
your glory.

Be Still, My Soul

Katharina A. von Schlegel, Jean Sibelius, Jane L. Borthwick | CCLI: 96910 | Public Domain

Be still, my soul:
the Lord is on your side;
bear patiently the cross of
grief or pain.

Leave to your God to order
and provide;
in ev'ry change he faithful
will remain.

Be still, my soul:
your best, your heav'nly
Friend
through thorny ways leads to
a joyful end.

Be still, my soul:
your God will undertake
to guide the future as he has
the past.

Your hope, your confidence
let nothing shake;
all now mysterious shall be
bright at last.

Be still, my soul:
the waves and winds still
know
his voice who ruled them
while he dwelt below.

Be still, my soul:
when dearest friends depart,
and all is darkened in the
vale of tears.

Then shall you better know
his love, his heart,
who comes to soothe your
sorrow and your fears.

Be still, my soul:
your Jesus can repay
from his own fullness all he
takes away.

Be still, my soul:
the hour is hast'ning on
when we shall be forever
with the Lord.

When disappointment, grief,
and fear are gone,
sorrow forgot, love's purest
joys restored.

Be still, my soul:
when change and tears are
past,
all safe and blessed we shall
meet at last.

How Deep the Father's Love for Us

Stuart Townend | CCLI #1558110 | © 1995 Thank you Music

How deep the Father's love for
us,
how vast beyond all measure,
that he should give his only Son
to make a wretch his treasure.

How great the pain of searing loss—
the Father turns his face away.
As wounds which mar the Chosen
One
bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon the cross,
my sin upon his shoulders.
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
call out among the scoffers.

It was my sin that held him there
until it was accomplished.
His dying breath has brought me
life.
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,
no gifts, no power, no wisdom.
But I will boast in Jesus Christ,
his death and resurrection.

Why should I gain from his reward?
I cannot give an answer.
But this I know with all my heart:
his wounds have paid my ransom.

It Is Well with My Soul

Horation G. Spafford | Philip Paul Bliss | CCLI: 1558110 | Public Domain

When peace, like a river,
attendeth my way,
when sorrows like sea billows
roll;

Whatever my lot,
Thou hast taught me to say,
it is well, it is well with my
soul.

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

Though Satan should buffet,
though trials should come,
let this blest assurance
control:

That Christ has regarded
my helpless estate,
and has shed his own blood
for my soul.

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

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!

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

And Lord, haste the day
when my faith shall be sight,
the clouds be rolled back as
a scroll.

The trump shall resound,
and the Lord shall descend.
Even so, it is well with my
soul.

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

10,000 Reasons (Bless the Lord)

Matt Redman, Jonas Myrin | CCLI: 6016351 | © 2011 Atlas Mountain Songs

Bless the Lord, O my soul,

O my soul.

Worship his holy name.

Sing like never before,
O my soul.
I'll worship Your holy name.

The sun comes up;
it's a new day dawning.
It's time to sing your song
again.

Whatever may pass
and whatever lies before me
—

let me be singing when the
evening comes.

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
O my soul.
Worship his holy name.

Sing like never before,
O my soul.

I'll worship your holy name

You're rich in love,
and you're slow to anger.
Your name is great,
and your heart is kind.

For all your goodness,
I will keep on singing.
Ten thousand reasons for my
heart to find.

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
O my soul.
Worship his holy name.

Sing like never before,
O my soul.

I'll worship your holy name.

And on that day
when my strength is failing,
the end draws near and my
time has come.

Still my soul will sing your
praise unending,
ten thousand years and then
forevermore.

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
O my soul.

Worship his holy name.

Sing like never before,
O my soul.

I'll worship your holy name.

Jesus! What a Friend for Sinners

John Wilbur Chapman, Rowland Hugh Prichard | CCLI: 22142 | Public Domain

Jesus! What a friend for sinners!
Jesus! Lover of my soul;
friends may fail me, foes assail
me,
you, my Savior, make me whole.

*Hallelujah! What a Savior!
Hallelujah! What a friend!
Saving, helping, keeping,
loving,
you are with me to the end.*

Jesus! What a strength in
weakness!

Let me hide myself in him;
tempted, tried, and sometimes
failing,
he, my strength, my victory wins.

*Hallelujah! What a Savior!
Hallelujah! What a friend!
Saving, helping, keeping,
loving,
you are with me to the end.*

Jesus! What a help in sorrow!
While the billows o'er me roll,
even when my heart is breaking,
he, my comfort, helps my soul.

*Hallelujah! What a Savior!
Hallelujah! What a friend!
Saving, helping, keeping,
loving,
you are with me to the end.*

Jesus! What a guide and keeper!
While the tempest still is high,
storms about me, night o'ertakes
me,
he, my pilot, hears my cry.

*Hallelujah! What a Savior!
Hallelujah! What a friend!
Saving, helping, keeping,
loving,
you are with me to the end.*

Jesus! I do now receive you;
more than all in you I find.
You have granted me
forgiveness;
I am yours, and you are mine.

*Hallelujah! What a Savior!
Hallelujah! What a friend!
Saving, helping, keeping, loving,
you are with me to the end.*

Be Thou My Vision

Eleanor Henrietta Hull, Mary Elizabeth Byrne | CCLI: 30639 | Public Domain

Be Thou my vision,
O Lord of my heart;
naught be all else to me,
save that Thou art.

Thou my best thought,
by day or by night.
Waking or sleeping,
Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom,
and Thou my true Word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with
me, Lord.

Thou my great Father;
I Thy true son.
Thou in me dwelling,
and I with Thee one.

Be Thou my battle shield,
sword for the fight.

Be Thou my dignity,
Thou my delight.

Thou my soul's shelter,
Thou my high tower.
Raise Thou me heavenward,
O power of my power.

Riches I heed not,
nor man's empty praise.
Thou mine inheritance,
now and always.

Thou and Thou only,
first in my heart,
high King of Heaven,
my treasure Thou art.

High King of Heaven,
my victory won.

May I reach Heaven's joys,
O bright Heaven's sun!

Heart of my own heart,
whatever befall,
still be my vision,
O ruler of all.

O Church, Arise

Keith Getty, Stuart Townend | CCLI: 4611992 | © 2005 Thankyou Music

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.