

He's Done So Much for Me



1. He's done so much for me, I can-not tell it all,
 2. He gave his life for me, I can-not tell it all,
 3. He washed my sins a-way; I can-not tell it all,
 4. He gave me vic-to-ry; I can-not tell it all,

I can-not tell it all, I can-not tell it all.
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A Mighty Fortress Is Our God



1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er
 2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be
 3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threat-en to un-
 4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a-


fail-ing; Our help-er He, a-mid the flood
 los-ing; We Were not the right Man on the side,
 do-ing; us, We will the fear, Man on our
 bid-eth; The Spir-it and for the gifts are ours

Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing: For still our an-cient foe
 The Man of God's own choos-ing: Dost ask who that may be?
 His truth to tri-umph thro' us: The Prince of Dark-ness grim,
 Thro' Him who with us sid-eth: Let goods and kin-dred go,

Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,
 Christ Je-sus, it is for him; He; Sa-ba-oth, His name,
 We trem-ble not for al-so; His Lord rage we can en-dure,
 This mor-tal life for al-so; The bod-y they may kill:

And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
 From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.
 For lo, his doom is sure, One lit-tle word shall fell him.
 God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for-ev-er.

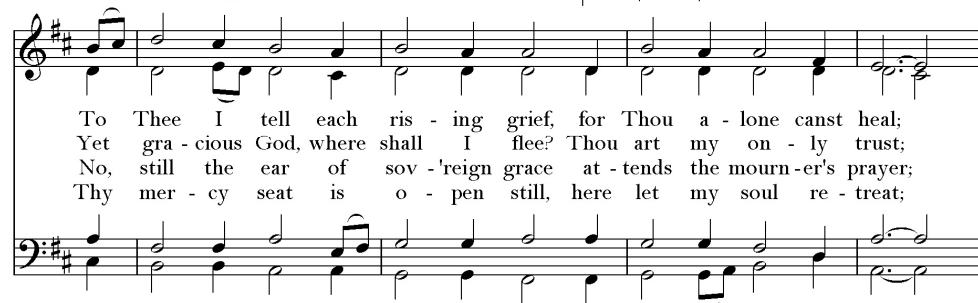
Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul



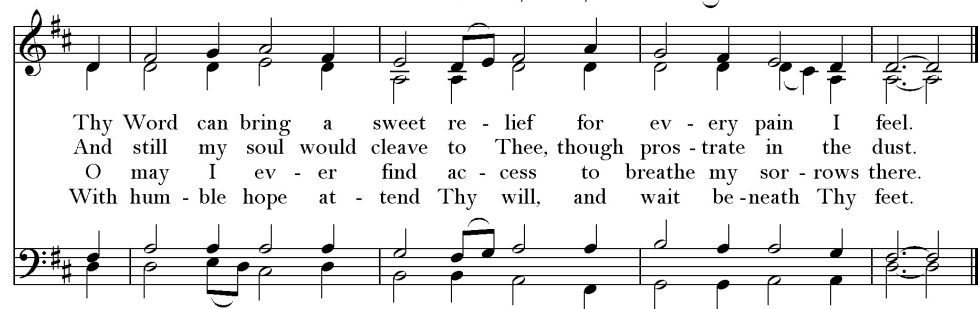
1. Dear ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, on Thee, when sor - rows rise,
 2. But oh! When gloo - my doubts pre - vail, I fear to call Thee mine;
 3. Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face, and shall I seek in vain?
 4. Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my soul re - treat;



On Thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, my faint - ing hope re - lies.
 The springs of com - fort seem to fail, and all my hopes de - cline.
 And can the ear of sov - 'reign grace be deaf when I com - plain?
 With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and wait be - neath Thy feet.



To Thee I tell each ris - ing grief, for Thou a - lone canst heal;
 Yet gra - cious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust;
 No, still the ear of sov - 'reign grace at - tends the mourn - er's prayer;
 Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my soul re - treat;



Thy Word can bring a sweet re - lief for ev - ery pain I feel.
 And still my soul would cleave to Thee, though pros - trate in the dust.
 O may I ev - er find ac - cess to breathe my sor - rows there.
 With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and wait be - neath Thy feet.

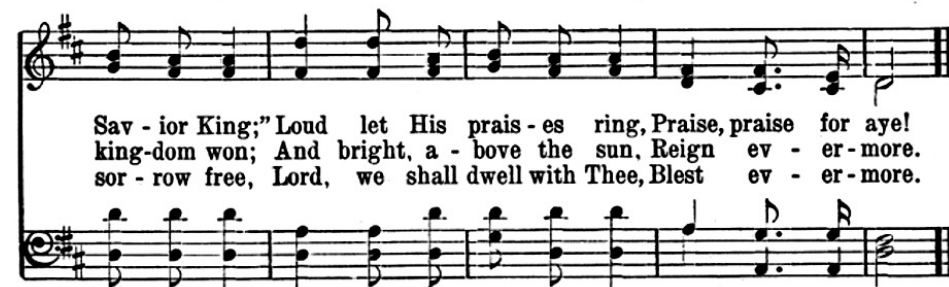
There Is a Happy Land



1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
 2. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,
 3. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will you doubting stand?



Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, "Wor - thy is our
 Love can - not die. Oh, then, to glo - ry run; Be a crown and
 Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and



Sav - ior King;" Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 king - dom won; And bright, a - bove the sun, Reign ev - er - more.
 sor - row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev - er - more.

Christ Our Hope in Life and Death

1. What is our hope in life and death? Christ a-lone, Christ a-lone.
2. What truth can calm the trouble-d soul? God is good, God is good.
3. Un-to the grave, what shall we sing? "Christ, he lives, Christ, he lives!"

What is our on-ly con-fi-dence? That our souls to him be-long.
Where is his grace and good-ness known? In our great Re-deem-er's blood.
And what re-ward will hea-ven bring? Ev-er-last-ing life with him.

Who holds our days with-in his hand? What comes, a-part from his com-mand?
Who holds our faith when fears a-rise? Who stands a-bove the storm-y trial?
There we will rise to meet the Lord, Then sin and death will be de-stroyed,

And what will keep us to the end? The love of Christ, in which we stand.
Who sends the waves that bring us nigh Un-to the shore, the rock of Christ:
And we will feast in end-less joy, When Christ is ours for-ev-er-more.

Chorus
O sing hal-le-lu-jah! Our hope springs e-ter-nal; O sing hal-le-lu-jah! Now and ev-er we con-fess Christ our hope in life and death.

Words & Music: Matt Boswell, Matt Papa, Matt Merker, Keith Getty, Jordan Kauflin, © 2019

Silence for Reflection and Preparation: After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together. The piano will resume to mark the conclusion of the service.