

Your Love O LORD

Your love oh Lord
Reaches to the heavens
Your faithfulness
Stretches to the sky
Your righteousness
Is like the mighty mountains
Your justice flows
Like the ocean's tide

I will lift my voice
To worship You my King
I will find my strength
In the shadow of Your wings

Better

All the money that the world could hold
Mountains made of solid gold
Riches that could buy my dreams
You are better than all these things
The prettiest face to turn their eyes
Beauty that could hypnotize
The open doors that looks may bring
You are better than all these things

Your love is better than life
You are the well that won't run dry
I have tasted, and I have seen
You are better than all these things

Power that could shake the moon
Most important one in every room
Status matched by only kings
You are better than all these things

Being liked and loved by everyone
Approval that outshines the sun
Cheered by all who think of me
You are better than all these things

I know you are better than all these things

Better than I can imagine
Over above what I see
Better than I can imagine
Your love for me

Gratitude

All my words fall short; I got nothing new
How could I express all my gratitude?

I could sing these songs, As I often do
But every song must end, And You never do

So I throw up my hands, and praise You again and again
'Cause all that I have is a Hallelujah, hallelujah
And I know it's not much, but I've nothing else fit for a king
Except for a heart singing, Hallelujah, hallelujah

I've got one response, I've got just one move
With my arms stretched wide, I will worship You

So come on my soul, oh, don't you get shy on me
Lift up your song, 'cause you've got a lion inside of those lungs
Get up and praise the Lord. Oh, come on, my soul, oh, don't you get shy on me
Lift up your song, 'cause you've got a lion inside of those lungs
Get up and praise the Lord

Come on my soul, oh, don't you get shy on me
Lift up your song, 'cause you've got a lion inside of those lungs
Get up and praise the Lord, hey, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord
Praise the Lord

Highlands: A Song Of Ascent

Oh, how high would I climb mountains? If the mountains were where You hide
Oh, how far I'd scale the valleys. If You graced the other side

How long have I chased rivers? From lowly seas to where they rise
Against the rush of grace descending from the source of its supply

'Cause in the highlands and the heartache, You're neither more or less inclined
I would search and stop at nothing. You're just not that hard to find

Oh, I will praise You on the mountain.
And I will praise You when the mountain's in my way
You're the summit where my feet are
So I will praise You in the valleys all the same
No less God within the shadows. No less faithful when the night leads me astray
You're the heaven where my heart is
In the highlands and the heartache all the same

Oh, how far beneath Your glory, does Your kindness extend the path
From where Your feet rest on the sunrise, to where You sweep the sinner's past

And oh, how fast would You come running? If just to shadow me through the night
Trace my steps through all my failures, and walk me out the other side

For who could dare ascend that mountain? That valleyed hill called Calvary?
But for the one I call Good Shepherd, who like a lamb, was slain for me

Whatever I walk through wherever I am
Your name can move mountains wherever I stand
And if ever I walk through the valley of death
I'll sing through the shadows my song of ascent

From the gravest of all valleys, come the pastures we call grace
A mighty river flowing upwards, from a deep but empty grave

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

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 doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and pow'r 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:
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord of Hosts, His Name, from age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us;
The Prince of Darkness grim, we tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure, for lo, his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly pow'rs, 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.