



# SUNDAY MORNING WORSHIP

June 7, 2020

## PRAISE TO THE LORD, THE ALMIGHTY

*Joachim Neander (1680), Public Domain*

1. Praise to the Lord, the Almighty,  
The King of creation!  
O my soul, Praise Him,  
For He is thy health and salvation!  
All ye who hear, now to His temple draw near;  
Join me in glad adoration!

2. Praise to the Lord,  
Who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,  
Shelters thee under His wings,  
Yea, so greatly sustaineth!  
Hast thou not seen how thy desires e'er have been,  
Granted in what He ordaineth?

3. Praise to the Lord,  
Who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;  
Surely His goodness and mercy  
Here daily attend thee  
Ponder anew what the Almighty can do  
If with His love he befriend thee

4. Praise ye the Lord,  
O let all that is in me adore Him!  
All that hath life and breath,  
Come now with praises before Him.  
Let the Amen sound from His people again:  
Gladly forever adore Him.

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# THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

*Words: Samuel Stone (1866)*

*Music: Brian Moss (1996)*

1 The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
She is His new creation by water and the Word:  
From heav'n He came and sought her to be His holy bride;  
With His own blood he bought her, and for her life He died.

2 Elect from ev'ry nation, yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation one Lord, one faith, one birth;  
One holy name she blesses, partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses, with ev'ry grace endued.

5 Mid toil and tribulation, and tumult of her war;  
She waits the consummation of peace for evermore;  
Till with the vision glorious her longing eyes are blest;  
And the great Church victorious, shall be the Church at rest.

# ROCK OF AGES

*Text: Augustus Toplady (1763)*

*Music: Thomas Hastings (1853)*

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2. Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;

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Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to the cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

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