

PLEASE JOIN ME IN THE CALL TO WORSHIP

Leader: The Lord says, "I will establish the heirs of David forever.

All: His throne will endure, as the days of heaven.

Leader: I will not take my love from him, nor allow my faithfulness to prove false.

All: I will never break my covenant, nor change the words that have passed my lips.

Leader: David's royal line shall endure forever and his throne as the sun before me.

All: My promise will last forever, like the moon, an abiding witness in the sky."

LET US CONTINUE TO WORSHIP GOD IN SONG.

**BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC (GLORY, GLORY HALLELUJAH)
CCLI # 1340880**

Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage
Where The Grapes of Wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning
Of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires
Of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar
In the evening dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence
By the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet
That shall never sound retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
Before His judgment seat;

O be swift, my soul, to answer Him!
Be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies,
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom
That transfigures you and me;

As He died to make men holy,
Let us live to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

We can almost hear
The Trumpet sound,
The Lord's return is near.
There are still so many people lost,
His message they must hear.

Father, give us one more moment,
One more day,
Just one more year.
With God we're marching on.

Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE #561
CCLI # 1340880

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty

Of thee I sing;
Land where my *fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills
My heart with tapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our *fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.