

## PLEASE JOIN ME IN THE CALL TO WORSHIP

Leader: Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, atop the holy hill.

**People: God is in the citadels, for God is known as our sure refuge,**

Leader: O god, your praise, like your name, reaches to the earth's farthest end

**People: Your right hand is full of justice, and your city boasts many watchtowers**

Leader: The city of God has strong bulwarks; it is a stronghold in time of terror

**People: Oh Lord, you are our God forevermore; be our guide forever and ever.  
Amen.**

LET US CONTINUE TO WORSHIP GOD IN SONG.

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

Mines 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 damp;

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.

**AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL**  
**CCLI # 1340880**

O beautiful for spacious skies  
For amber waves of grain  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good  
with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern, impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness  
America! America!  
God mend time every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self  
Their country loved  
And mercy more than life!  
America! America!  
May God thy gold refine  
Till all success be nobleness  
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good  
with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!