

Saturday, August 9, 2025

## O Great God

Words and Music by Bob Kauflin



1. O great God of high-est heav'n, oc-cu-py my low-ly heart.
2. I was blind-ed by my sin, had no ears to hear Your voice,
3. Help me now to live a life that's de-pen-dent on Your grace.



Own it all and reign su-preme, con-quer ev-ry reb-el pow'r.  
did not know Your love with-in, had no taste for heav-en's joys.  
Keep me heart and guard my soul from the ev-ils that I face.



Let no vice or sin re-main that re-sists Your ho-ly war.  
Then Your Spi-rit gave me life, op-ened up Your Word to me  
You are wor-thy to bepraised with my ev-'ry thought and deed.



You have loved and pur-chased me, make me Yours for-ev-er more.  
through the Gos-pel of Your Son, gave me end-less hope and peace.  
O great God of high-est heav'n, glo-ri-fy Your Name through me.

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## In Christ Alone

Words and Music by  
Keith Getty and Stuart Townend



1. In Christ a-lone my hope is found; He is my light, my strength, my
2. In Christ a-lone, who took on flesh, full-ness of God in help-less
3. There in the ground His bo-dy lay, Light of the world by dark-ness
4. No guilt in life, no fear in death, this is the pow'r of Christ in



song; this cor-ner stone, this sol-id ground, firm through the  
babe! This gift of love and right-eous-ness, scorned by the  
slain; then burst-ing forth in glor-ious day, up from the  
me; from life's first cry to fin-al breath, Je-sus com



fierc-est drought and storm. What heights of love, what depths of  
ones He came to save. Till on that cross as Je-sus  
grave He rose a-gain! And as He stands in vic-to-  
mands my des-ti-ny. No pow'r of hell, no scheme of



peace, when fears are stilled, when striv-ings cease! My com-for-  
died, the wrath of God was sat-is-fied; for ev-'ry  
ry, sin's curse has lost its grip on me; for I am  
man, can ev-er pluck me from His hand; till He re-



ter, my all in all, here in the love of Christ I stand.  
sin on Him was laid, here in the death of Christ I live.  
His and He is mine; bought with the pre-cious blood of Christ.  
turns or calls me home, here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand!

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