Your Love Defends Me

You are my joy, You are my song You are the well, the One I'm drawing from You are my refuge, my whole life long Where else would I go?

Surely my God is the strength of my soul Your love defends me, Your love defends me And when I feel like I'm all alone Your love defends me, Your love defends me

Day after day, night after night I will remember, You're with me in this fight Although the battle, it rages on The war already won I know the war is already won

Surely my God is the strength of my soul Your love defends me, Your love defends me And when I feel like I'm all alone Your love defends me, Your love defends me

We sing Hallelujah You're my portion My salvation Hallelujah

Surely my God is the strength of my soul Your love defends me, Your love defends me And when I feel like I'm all alone Your love defends me, Your love defends me Surely my God is the strength of my soul Your love defends me, Your love defends me And when I feel like I'm all alone Your love defends me, Your love defends me

We sing Hallelujah You're my portion My salvation Hallelujah You're my portion My salvation Hallelujah You're my portion My salvation

Jesus Paid It All

I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all." Refrain: Jesus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow. For nothing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim; I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. And now complete in Him, My robe, His righteousness, Close sheltered 'neath His side, I am divinely blest. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine alone, Can change the *leper's spots [*leopard's] And melt the heart of stone. When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise, "Jesus died my soul to save," Shall rend the vaulted skies. And when before the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Jesus' feet.

My Country 'tis of Thee

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev'ry mountainside 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 rapture 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!