

Worship in Song

August 17th, 2025

In the Sweet By and By

There's a land that is fairer than day
and by faith we can see it afar
For the father waits over the way
to prepare us a dwelling place there

In the sweet by and by
we shall meet on that beautiful shore
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blessed
And our spirits shall sorrow no more
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suff'ring and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest and
best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross.
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown.

Oh that old rugged cross, so despised by the
world.
Has a wondrous attraction for me,
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above,
To bear it to dark Calvary.

To the old rugged cross, I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear,
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share.

Rock of Ages

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.

Not the labor of my hands,
Can fulfil I the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

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.

His Eye Is On The Sparrow

Why should I feel discouraged? Why
should the shadows come?
Why should my heart be lonely and long
for heaven and home
When Jesus is my portion my constant
friend is He
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He
watches me.
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He
watches me.

I sing because I'm happy,
I sing because I'm free;
His eye is on the sparrow,
and I know He watches me.

"Let not your heart be troubled," His
tender word I hear;
And resting on His goodness, I lose my
doubt and fear,
Though by the path he leadeth, but one
step I may see:
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He
watches me.
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He
watches me.

Whenever I am tempted, whenever clouds
arise,
When songs give place to sighing when
hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to Him from care He sets
me free:
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He
watches me.
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He
watches me.

There is a Fountain

There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from
Immanuel's veins
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all
their guilty stains
Lose all their guilty stains lose all their guilty
stains
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all
their guilty stains

The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his
day;
and there may I, though vile as he, wash all my
sins away.
Wash all my sins away, wash all my sins away;
and there may I, though vile as he, wash all my
sins away.
Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood shall never
lose its power

till all the ransomed church of God be saved, to
sin no more.

Be saved, to sin no more, be saved, to sin no
more;
till all the ransomed church of God be saved, to
sin no more.

Will the Circle be Unbroken

There are loved ones in the glory
Whose dear forms you often miss,
When you close your earthly story
Will you join them in their bliss?

Will the circle be unbroken
by and by, Lord, by and by?
There's a better home awaiting
in the sky, in the sky?

In the joyous days of childhood,
Oft they told of wondrous love,
Pointed to the dying Savior,
Now they dwell with Him above.

You can picture happy gath'nings
Round the fireside long ago,
And you think of tearful partings,
When they left you here below.

One by one their seats were emptied,
One by one they went away,
Now the fam'ly it is parted,
Will it be complete one day?