

### Every Promise #327

From the breaking of the dawn to the setting of the sun, I will stand on every promise of Your Word. Words of power, strong to save, that will never pass away, I will stand on every promise of Your Word. For Your covenant is sure, and on this I am secure—I can stand on every promise of Your Word.

When I stumble and I sin, condemnation pressing in, I will stand on every promise of Your Word. You are faithful to forgive, that in freedom I might live, so I'll stand on every promise of Your Word. Guilt to innocence restored; You remember sins no more—so I'll stand on every promise of Your Word.

When I'm faced with anguish choice, I will listen for Your voice, and I'll stand on every promise of Your Word. Thru this dark and troubled land, You will guide me with Your hand as I stand on every promise of Your Word. And You've promised to complete every work begun in me—so I'll stand on every promise of Your Word.

Hope that lifts me from despair, love that casts out every fear, as I stand on every promise of Your Word. Not forsaken, not alone, for the Comforter has come, and I stand on every promise of Your Word. Grace sufficient, grace for me, grace for all who will believe—we will stand on every promise of Your Word.

### Behold Our God #15

Who has held the oceans in His hands? Who has numbered every grain of sand? Kings and nations tremble at His voice; all creation rises to rejoice! Behold our God, seated on His throne: come, let us adore Him! Behold our King! Nothing can compare; come, let us adore Him!

Who has given counsel to the Lord? Who can question any of His words? Who can teach the One who knows all things? Who can fathom all His wondrous deeds? Behold our God, seated on His throne: come, let us adore Him! Behold our King! Nothing can compare; come, let us adore Him!

Who has felt the nails upon His hands, bearing all the guilt of sinful man? God eternal, humbled to the grave; Jesus, Savior, risen now to reign! Behold our God, seated on His throne: come, let us adore Him! Behold our King! Nothing can compare; come, let us adore Him!

### The Blood of Jesus Speaks for Me #225

The blood of Jesus speaks for me. Be still, my soul—redeeming love out of the dust of Calvary is rising to the throne above. There is no vengeance in His cry, while “It is finished!” fills the sky. Forgiveness is the final plea—the blood of Jesus speaks for me.

My heart can barely take it in, He pardons all my guilty stains. Surrender all my shame to Him, He breaks the curse of every chain. My sin is great, but greater still the boundless grace His heart reveals: a mercy deeper than the sea—the blood of Jesus speaks for me.

When my accuser makes the claim that I should die for my offense, I point him to that rugged frame, where I found life at Christ's expense. See from His hands, His feet, His side, the fountain flowing deep and wide! O hear it shout the victory—the blood of Jesus speaks for me!

O let my soul arise and sing, my confidence is not in vain! The One who fights for me is King; His hope His covenant remain. No condemnation now I dread, eternal hope is mine instead. His Word will stand; I stand redeemed—the blood of Jesus speaks for me!