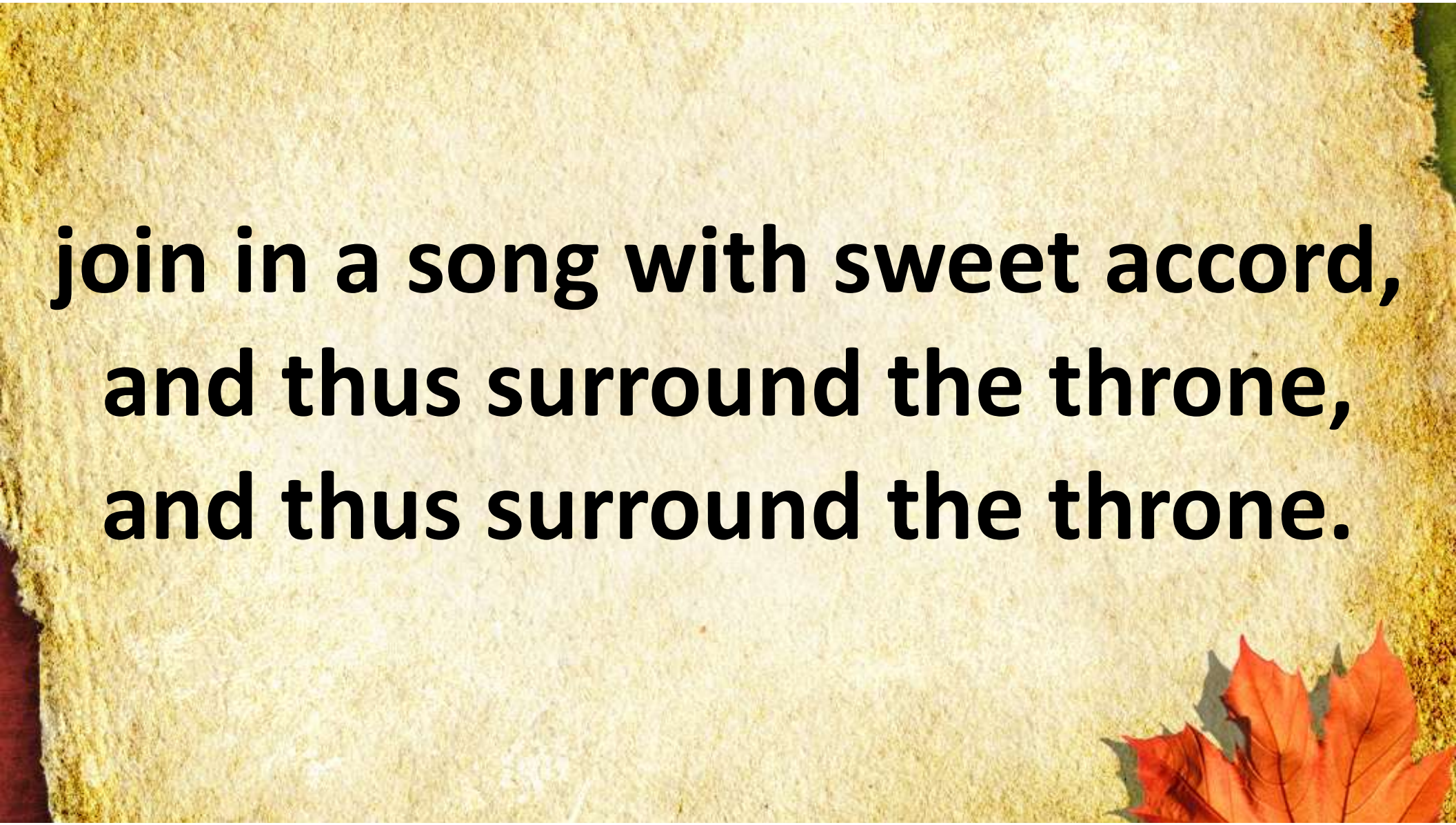
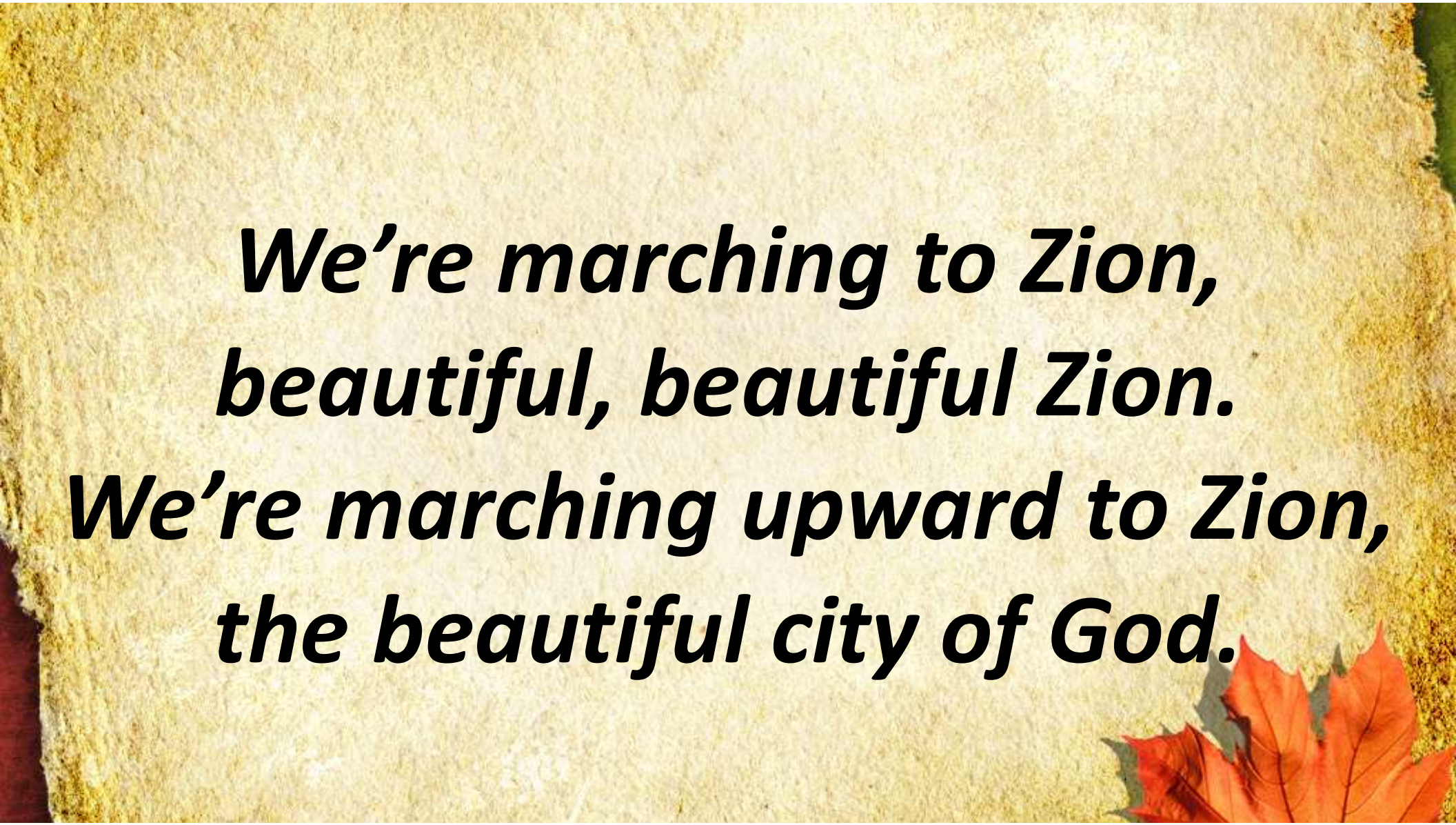
Come, We that Love the Lord

CCLI # 11252499

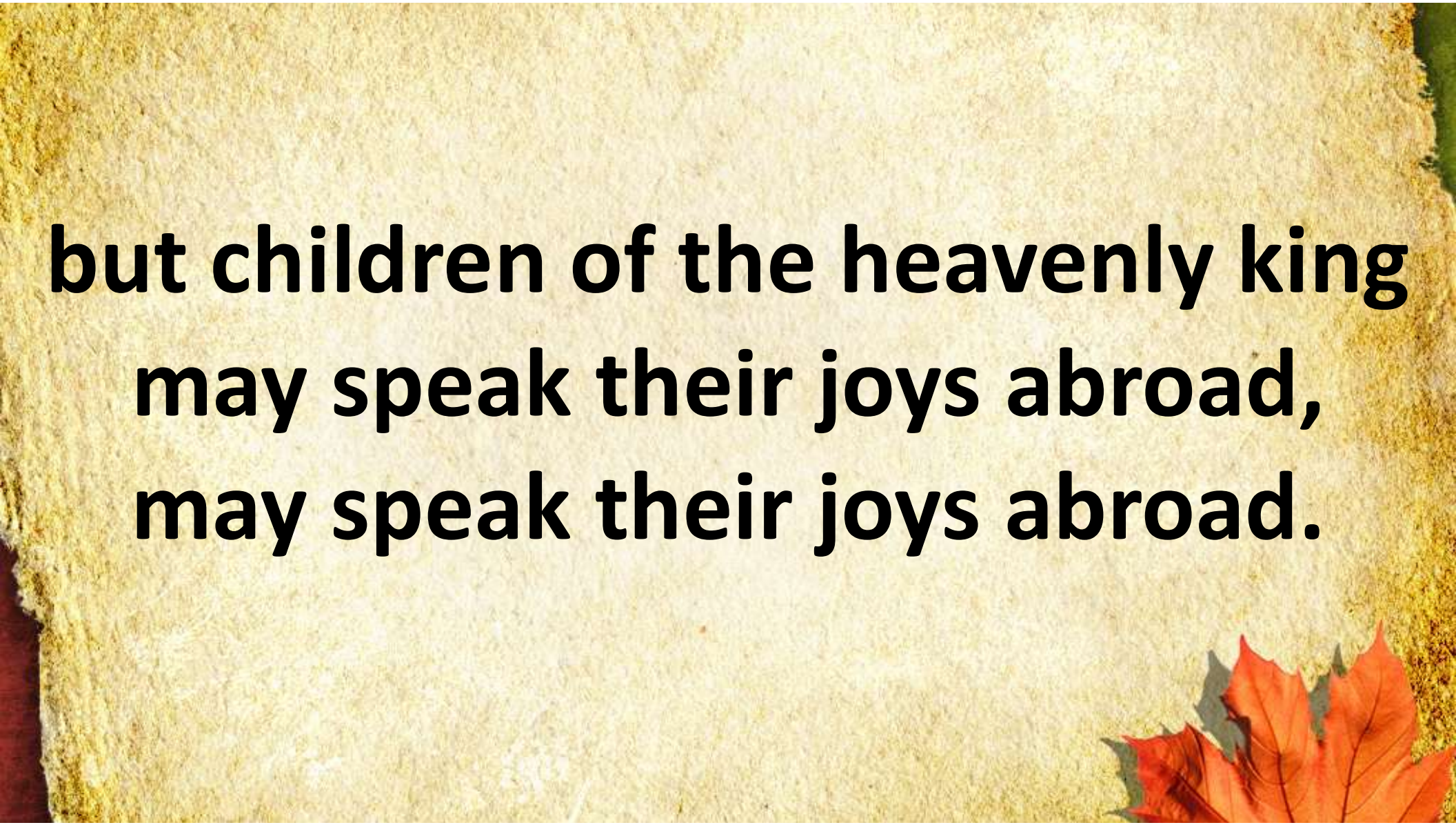
Come, we that love the Lord,
and let our joys be known.
Join in a song with sweet accord,

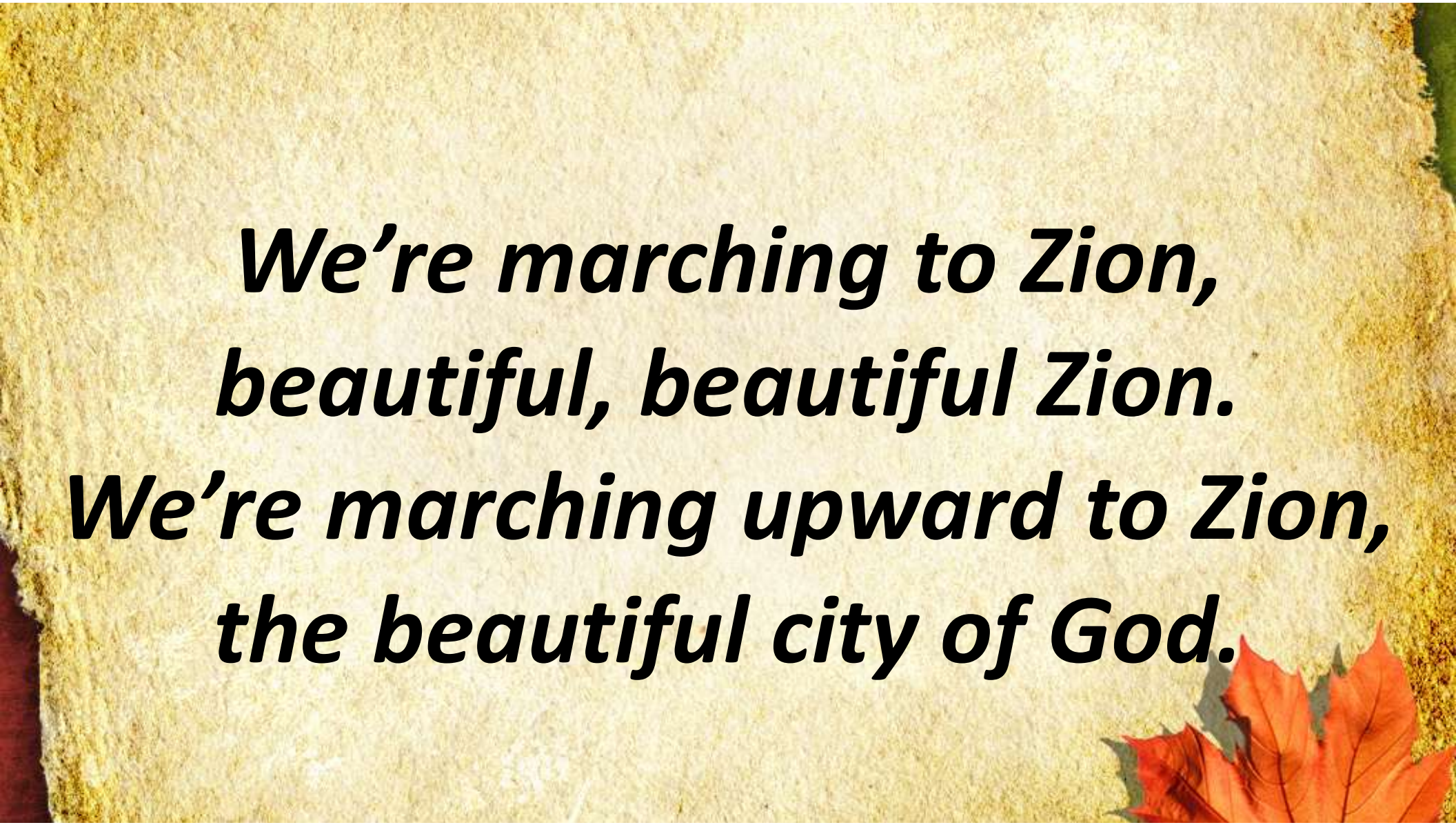


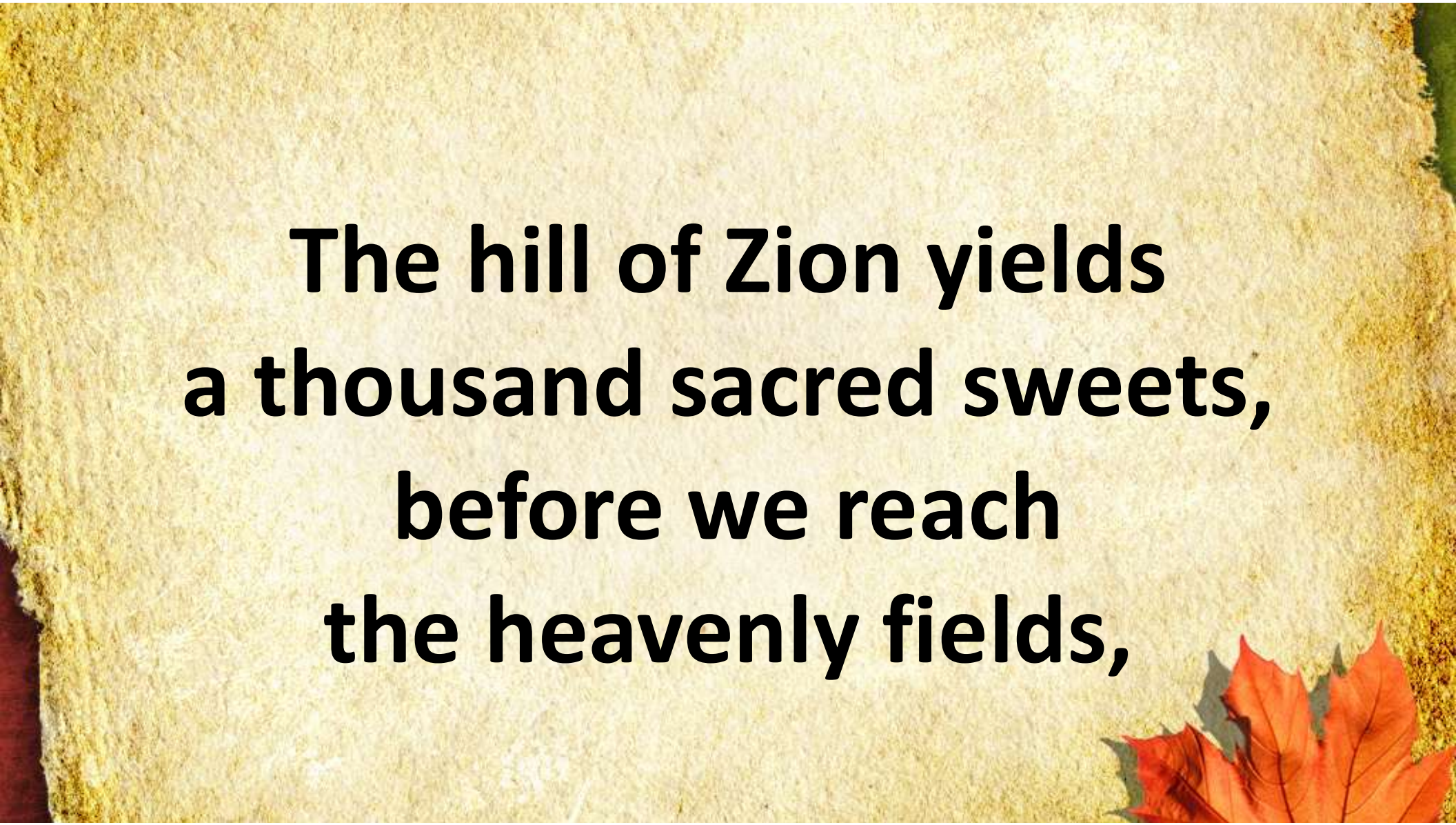

join in a song with sweet accord,
and thus surround the throne,
and thus surround the throne.


We're marching to Zion,
beautiful, beautiful Zion.
We're marching upward to Zion,
the beautiful city of God.

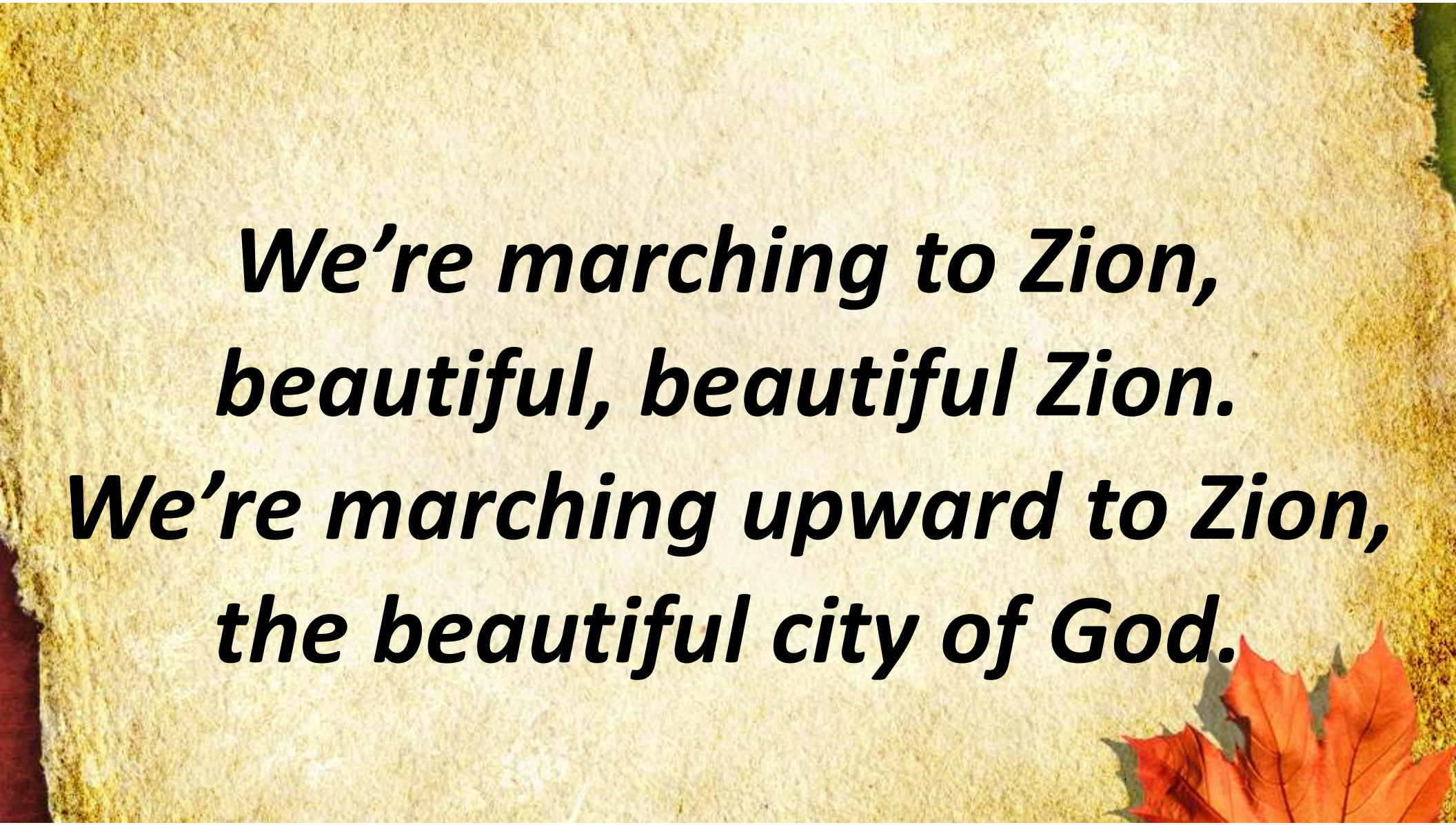
Let those refuse to sing
who never knew our God,
but children of the heavenly king,

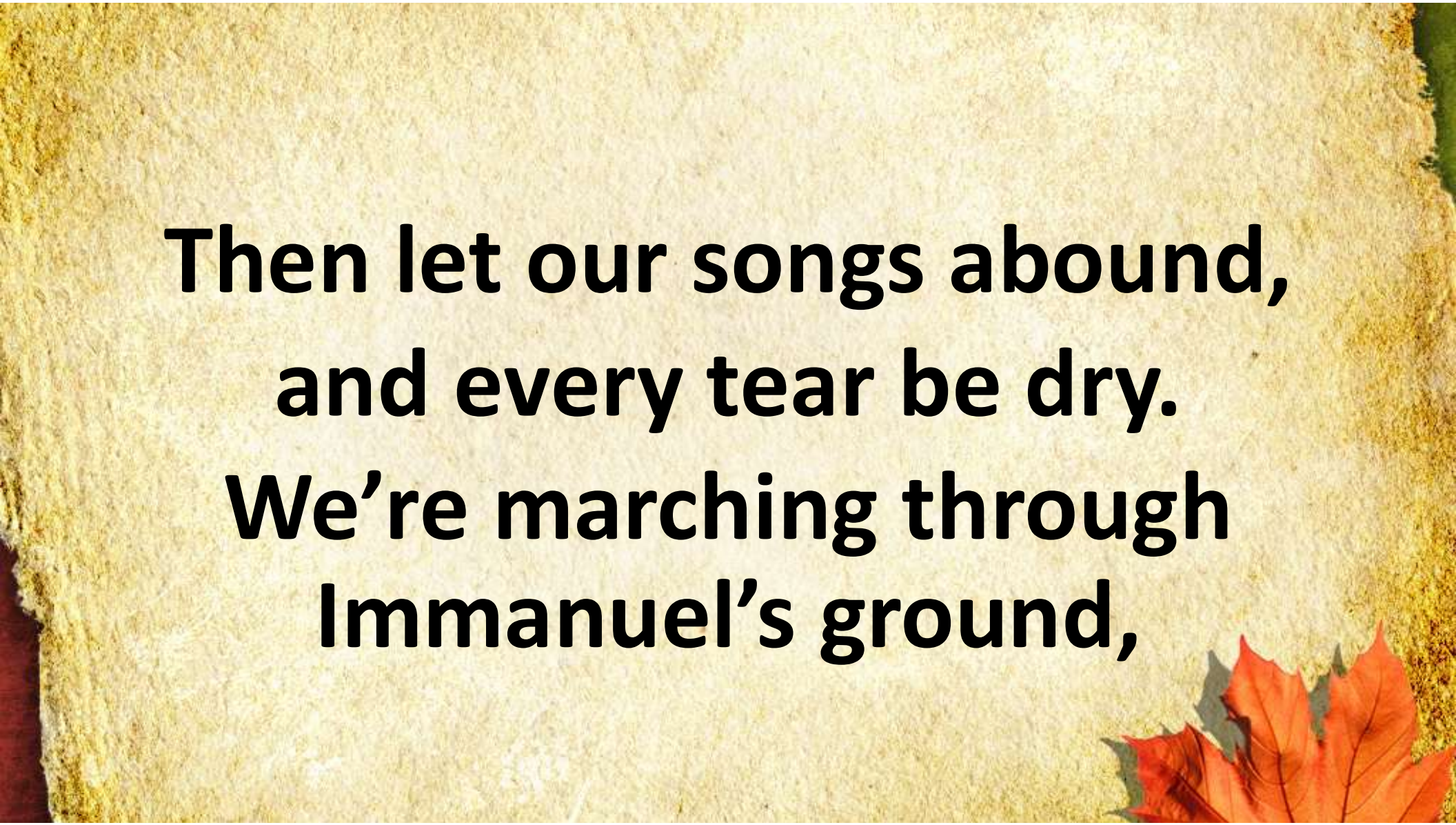

but children of the heavenly king
may speak their joys abroad,
may speak their joys abroad.

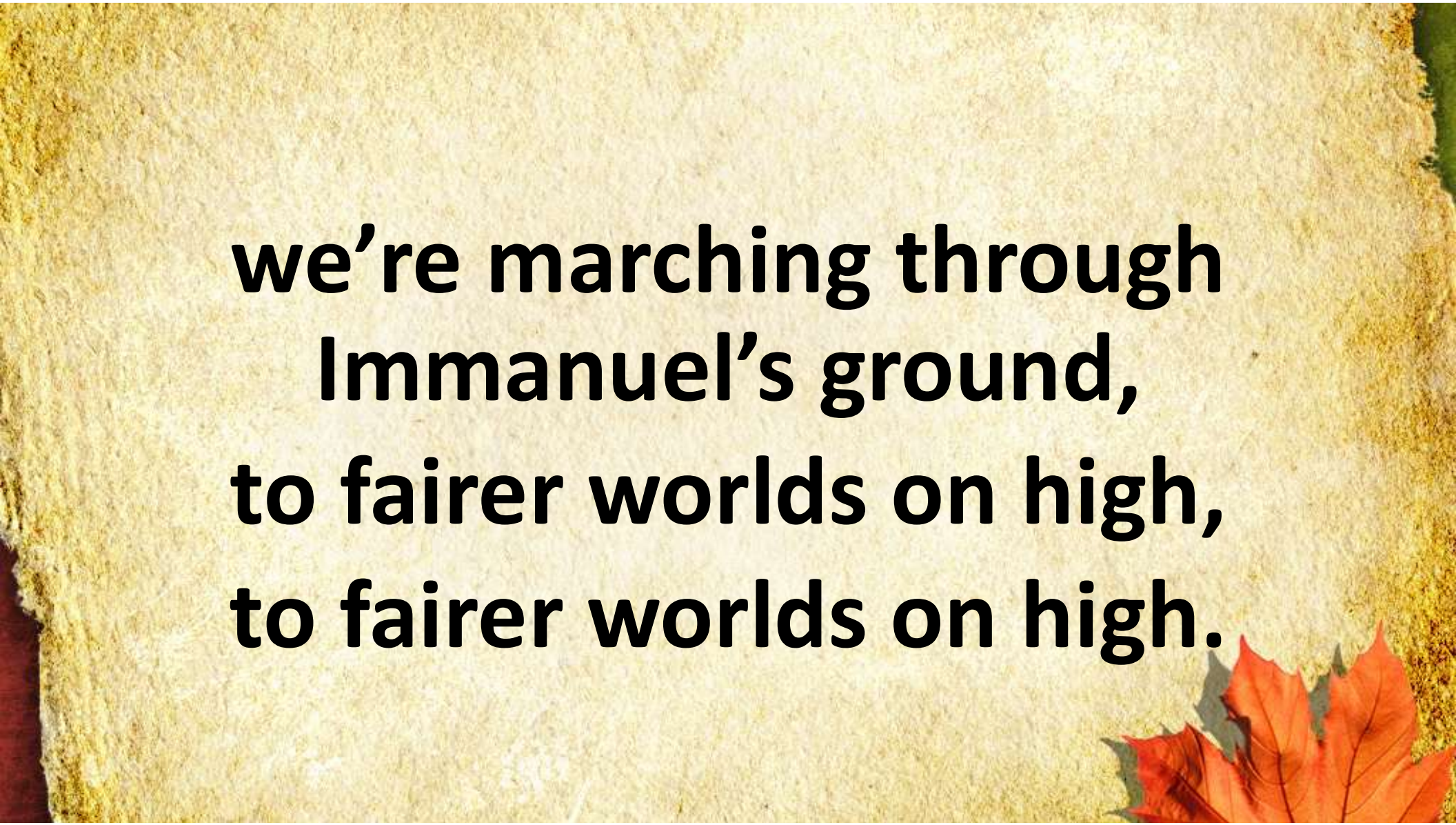

We're marching to Zion,
beautiful, beautiful Zion.
We're marching upward to Zion,
the beautiful city of God.

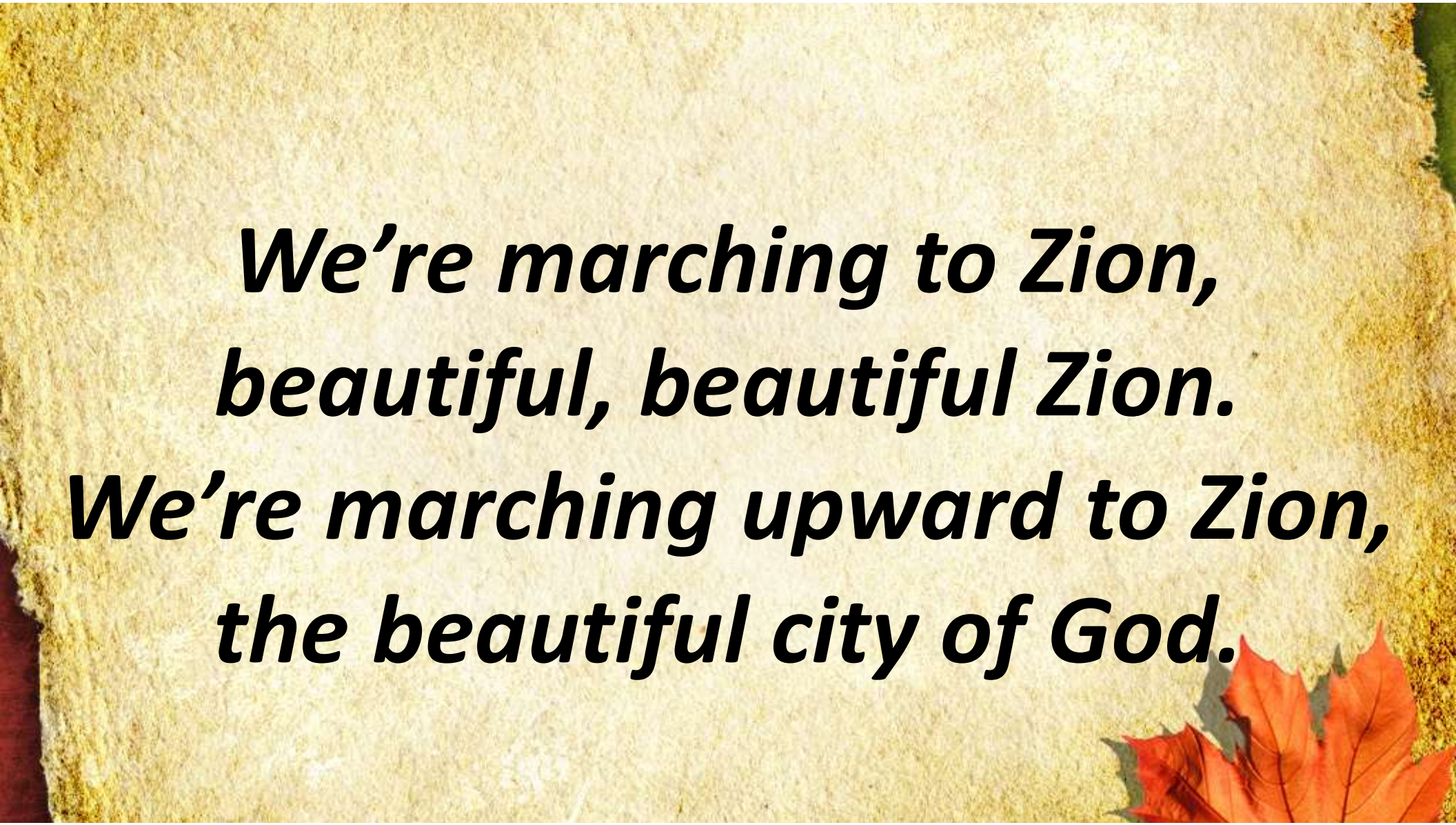

The hill of Zion yields
a thousand sacred sweets,
before we reach
the heavenly fields,


before we reach
the heavenly fields,
or walk the golden streets,
or walk the golden streets.


We're marching to Zion,
beautiful, beautiful Zion.
We're marching upward to Zion,
the beautiful city of God.


Then let our songs abound,
and every tear be dry.
We're marching through
Immanuel's ground,

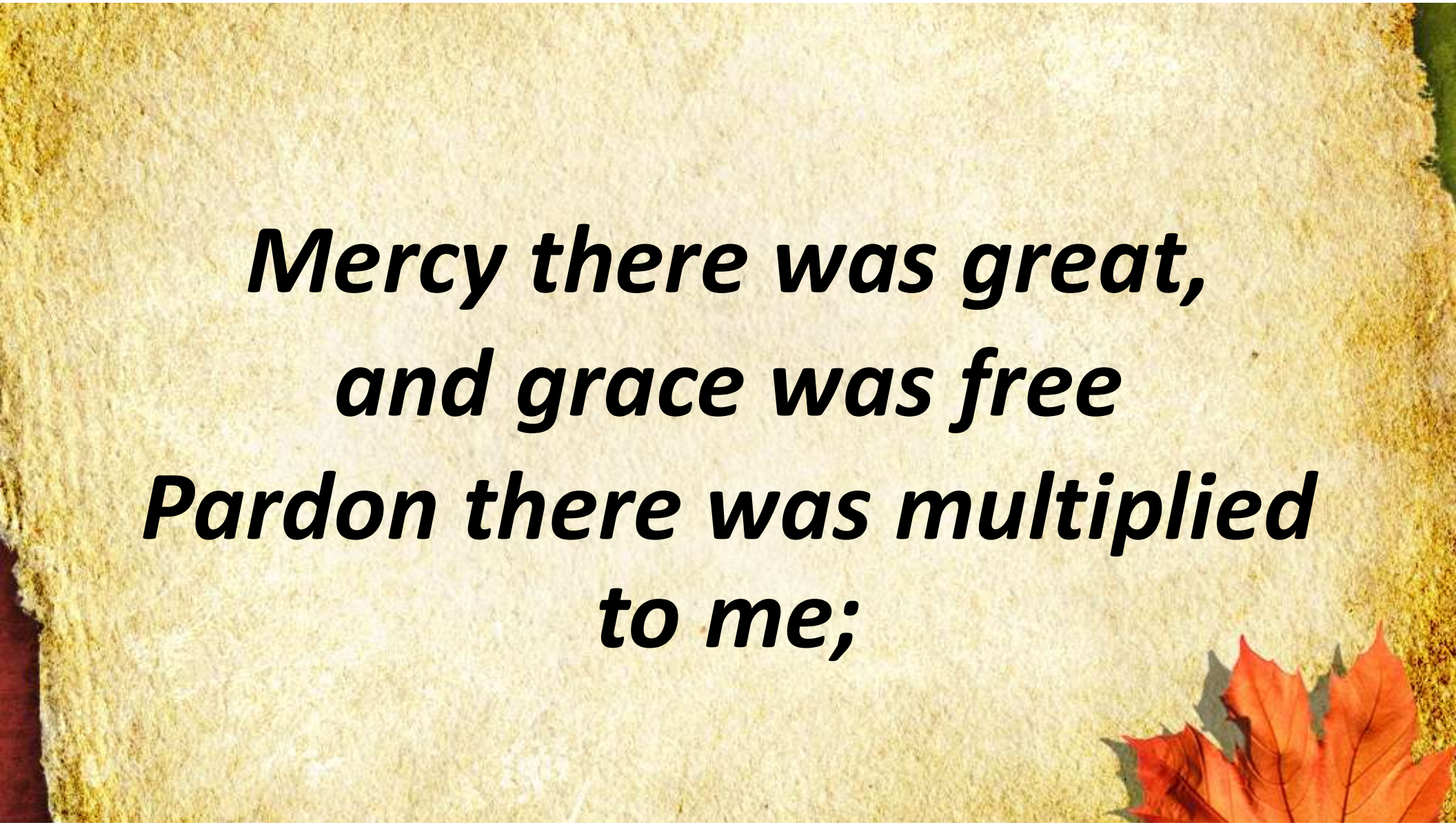

we’re marching through
Immanuel’s ground,
to fairer worlds on high,
to fairer worlds on high.

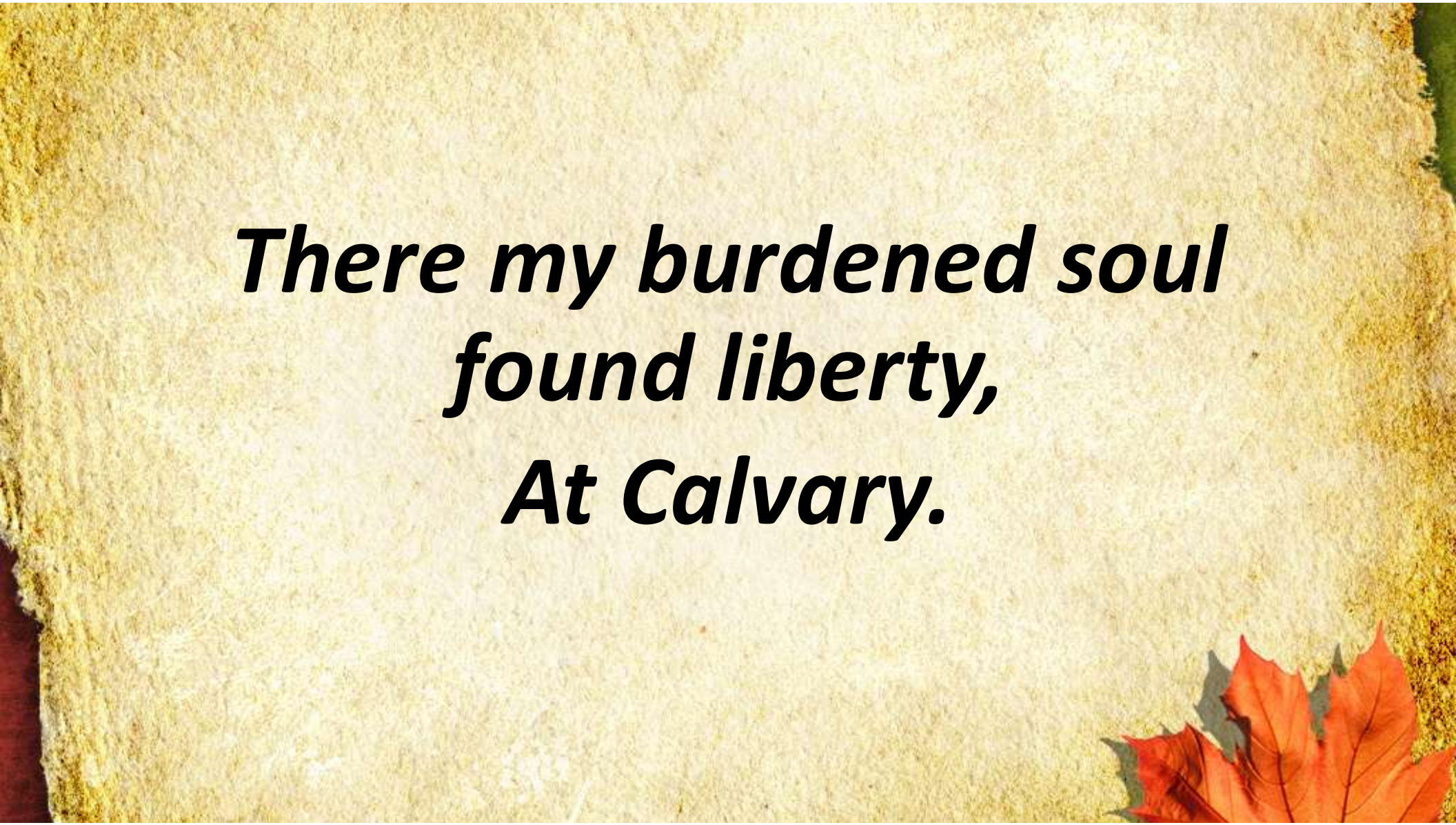

We're marching to Zion,
beautiful, beautiful Zion.
We're marching upward to Zion,
the beautiful city of God.

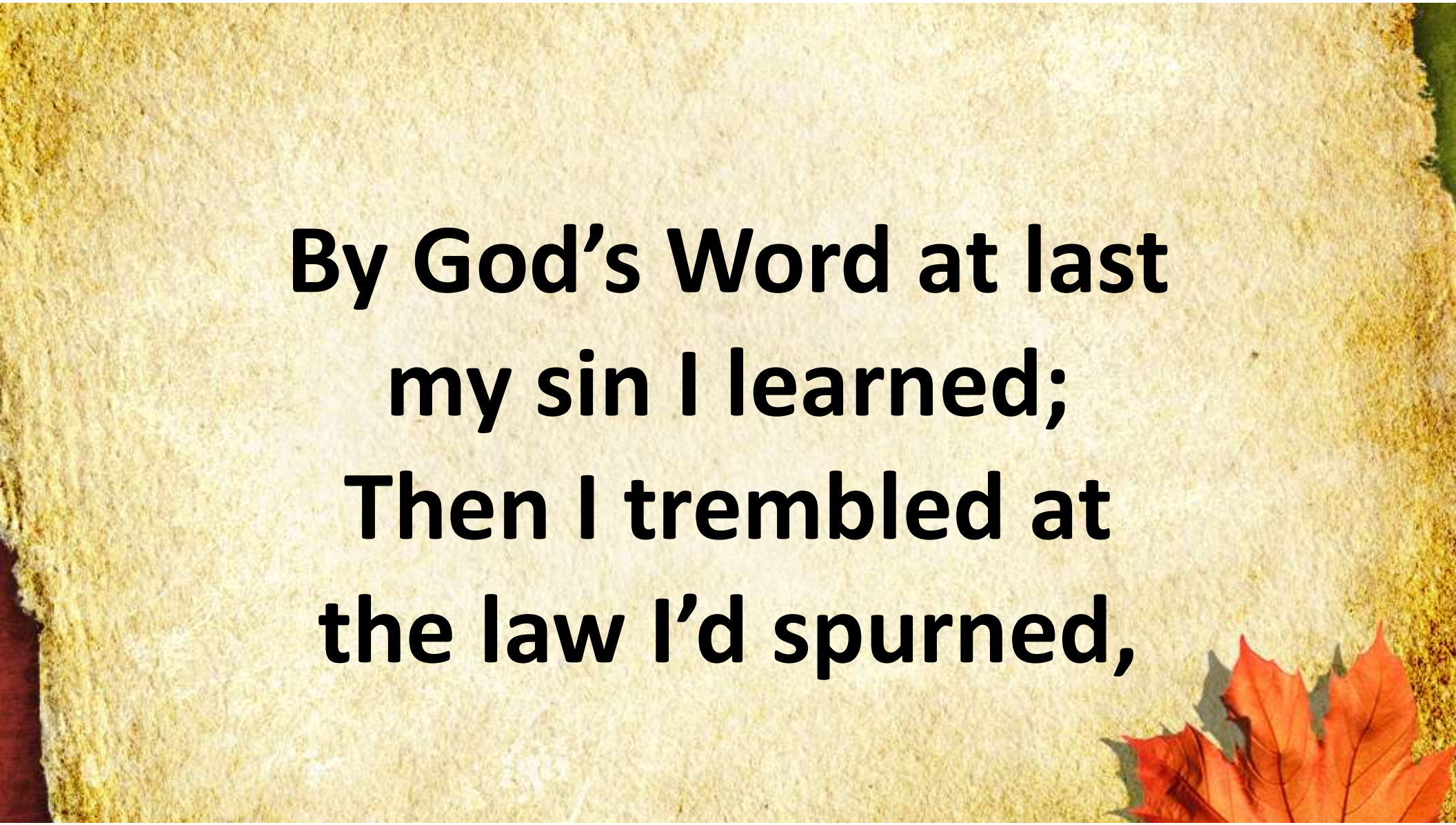
At Calvary

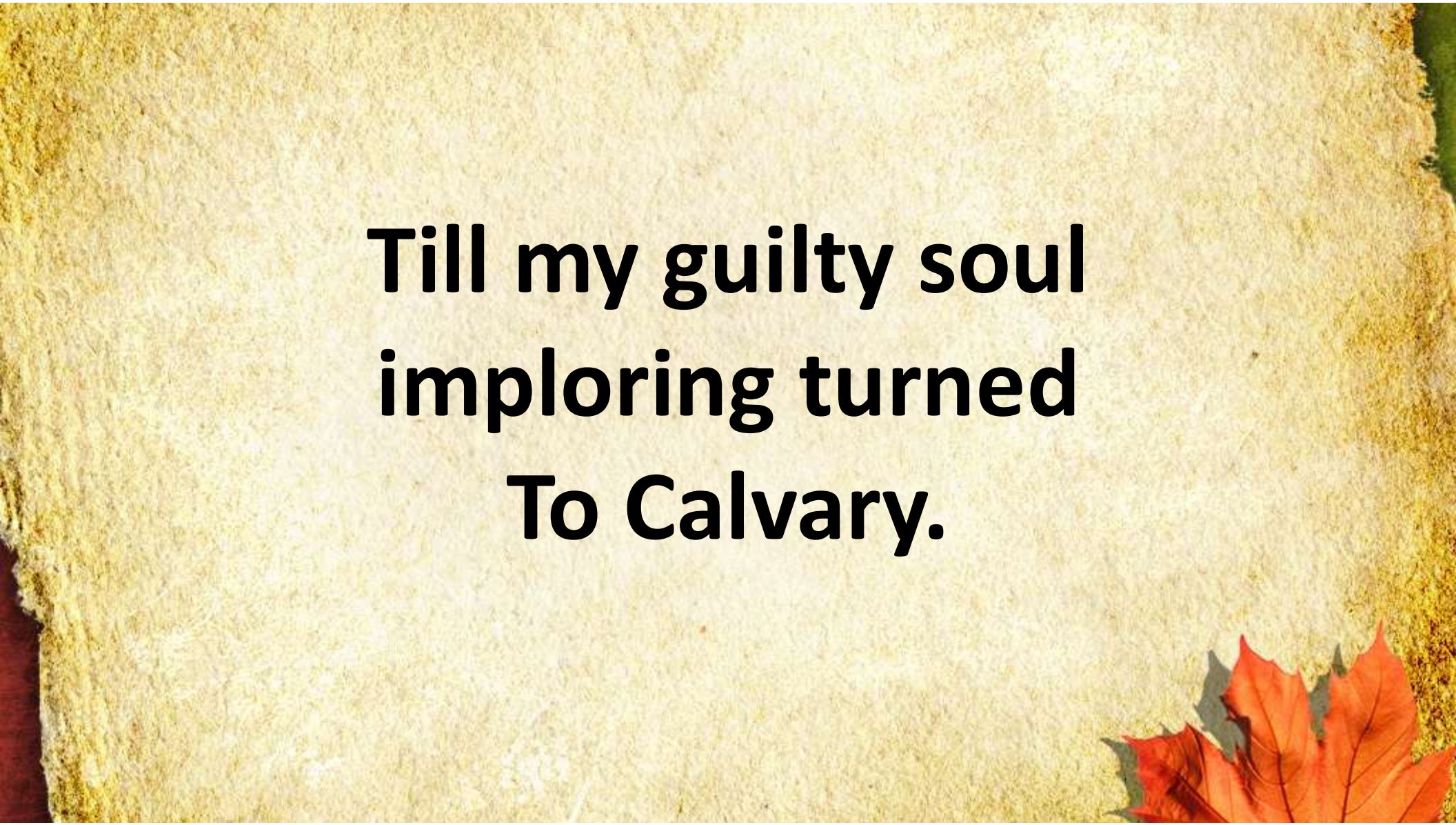
CCLI # 11252499

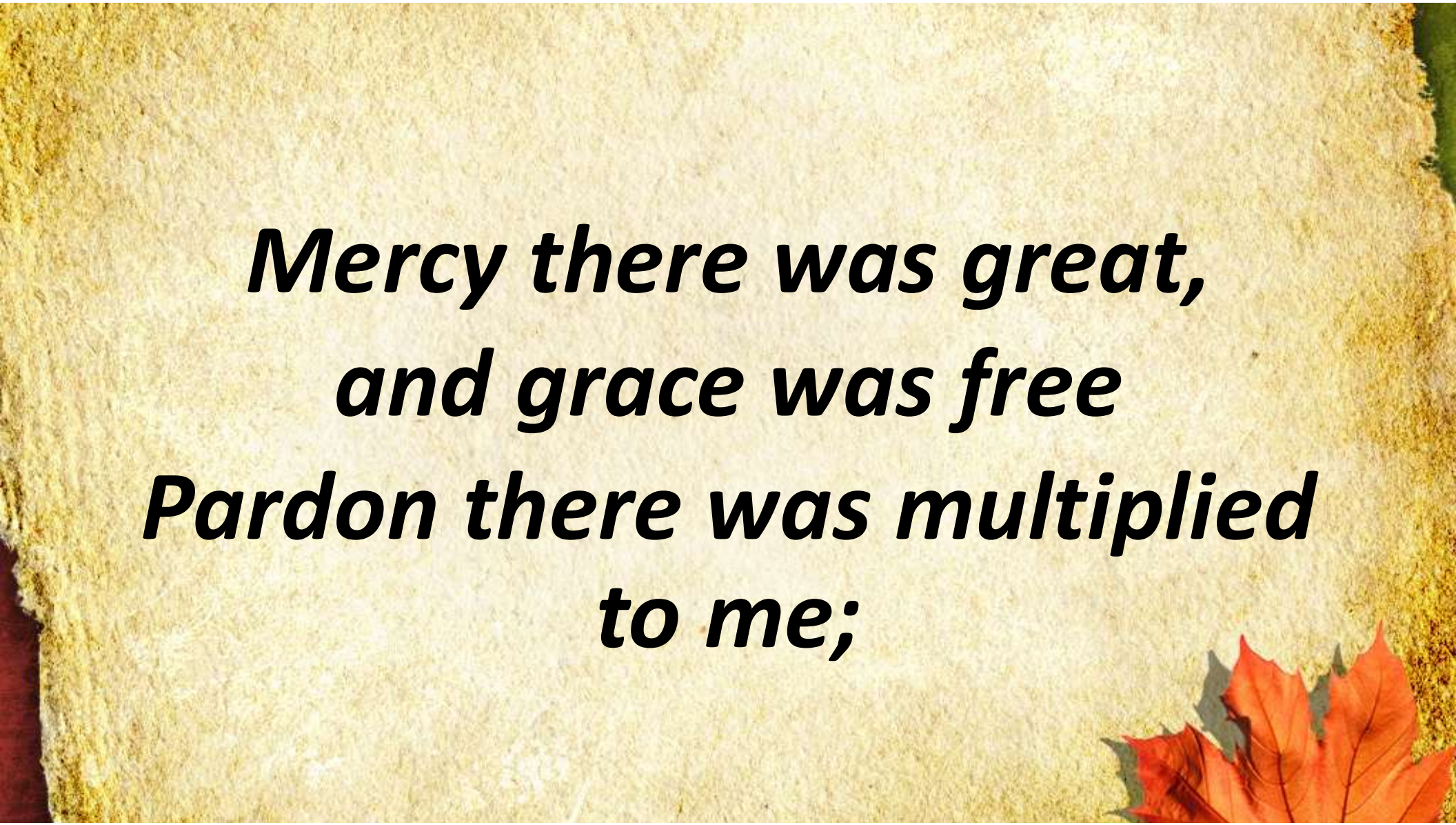
Years I spent in vanity and pride,
Caring not my Lord was crucified,
Knowing not it was for me
He died on Calvary.

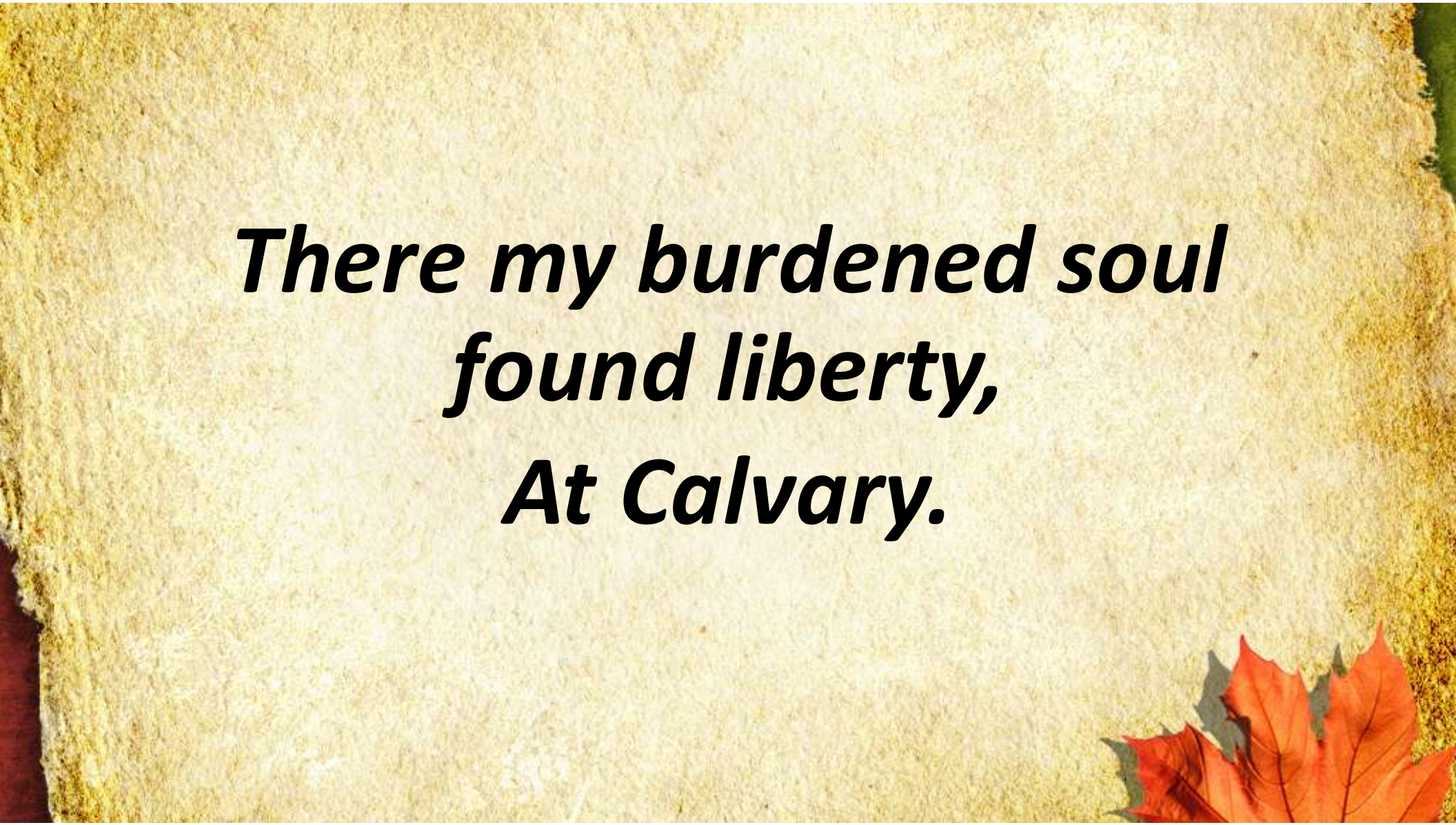

Mercy there was great,
and grace was free
Pardon there was multiplied
to me;


There my burdened soul
found liberty,
At Calvary.


By God's Word at last
my sin I learned;
Then I trembled at
the law I'd spurned,


Till my guilty soul
imploring turned
To Calvary.

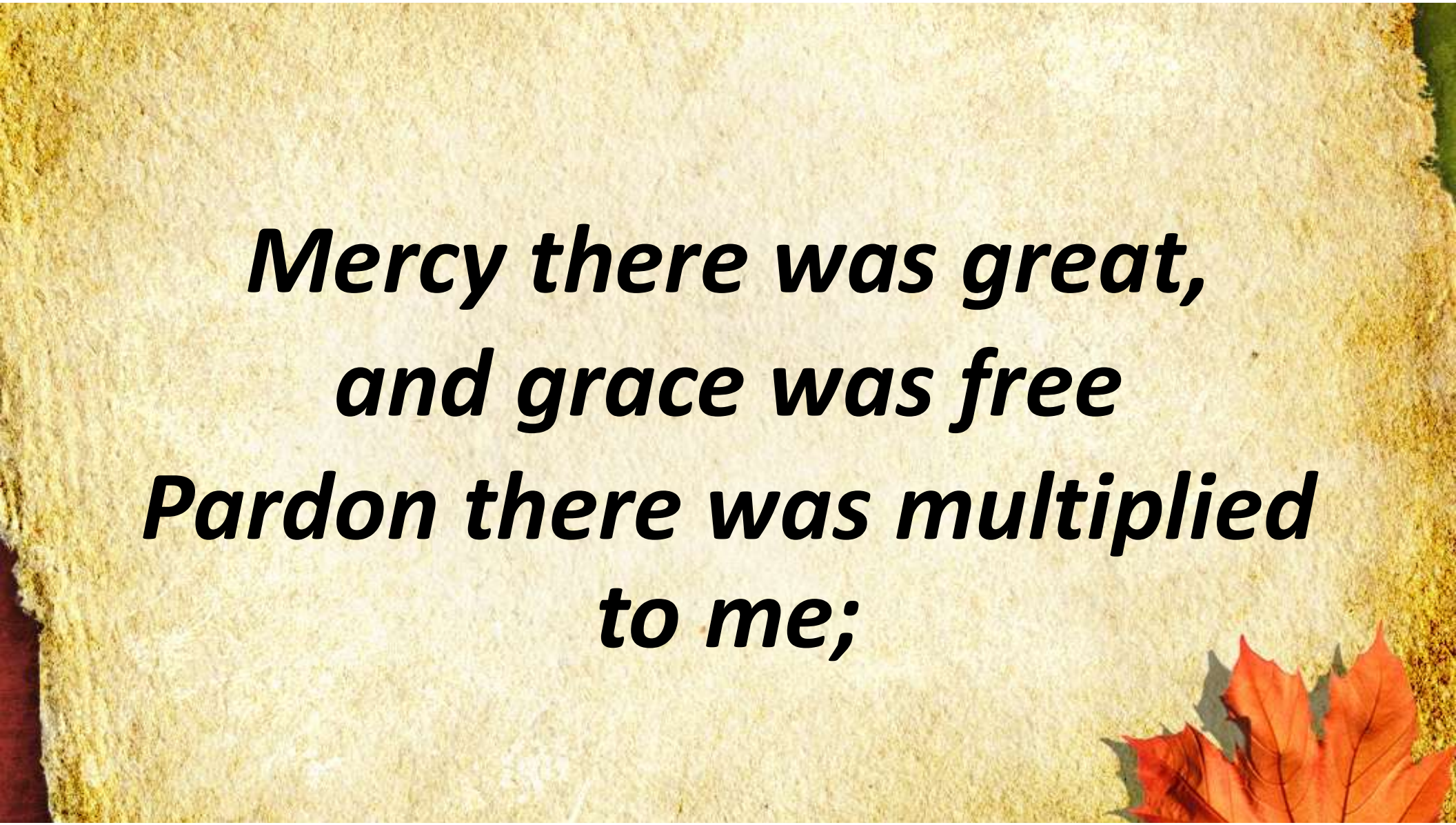

Mercy there was great,
and grace was free
Pardon there was multiplied
to me;

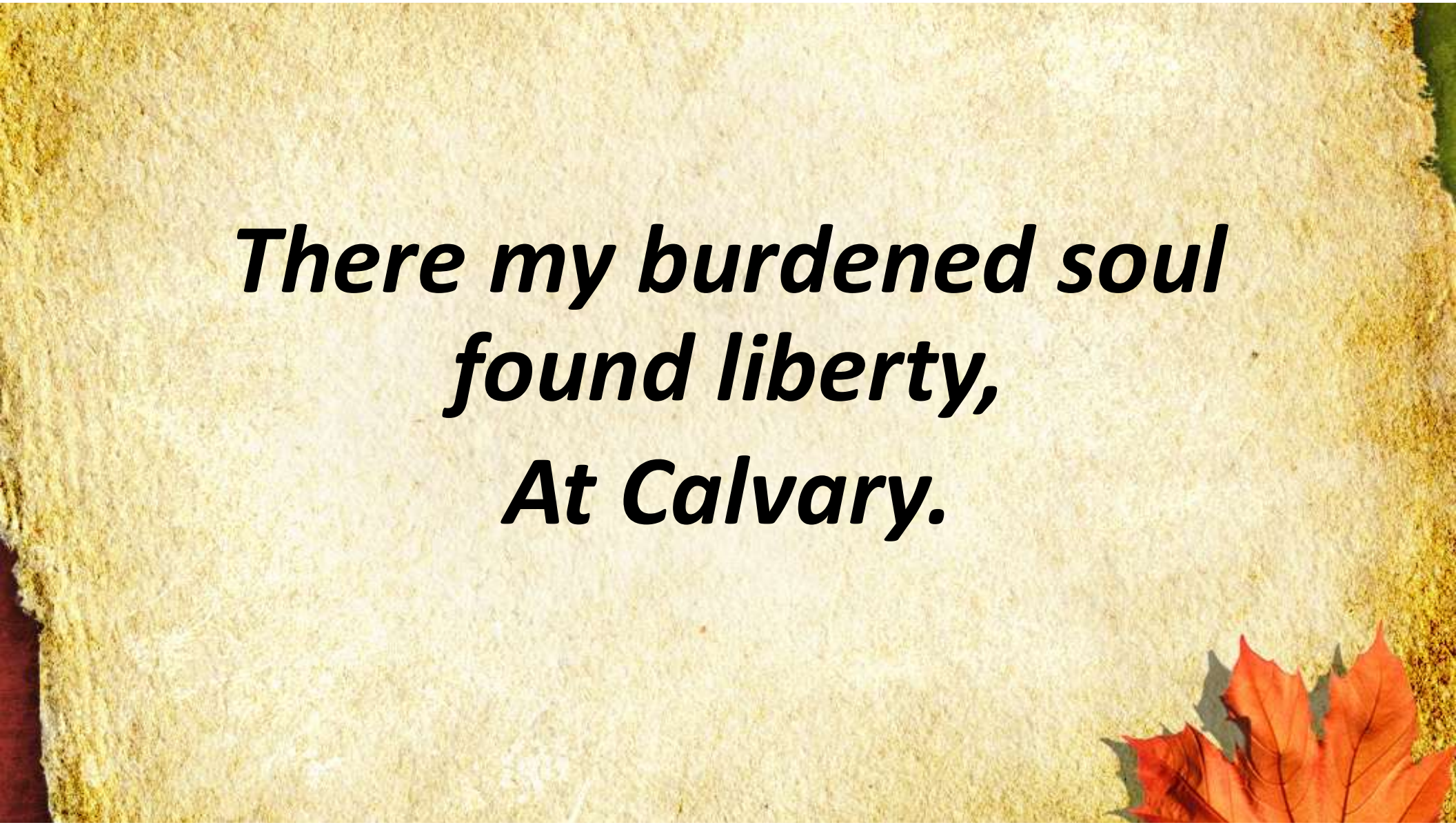

There my burdened soul
found liberty,
At Calvary.

Now I've given to Jesus everything,

Now I gladly own Him as my King,

Now my raptured soul
can only sing
Of Calvary.

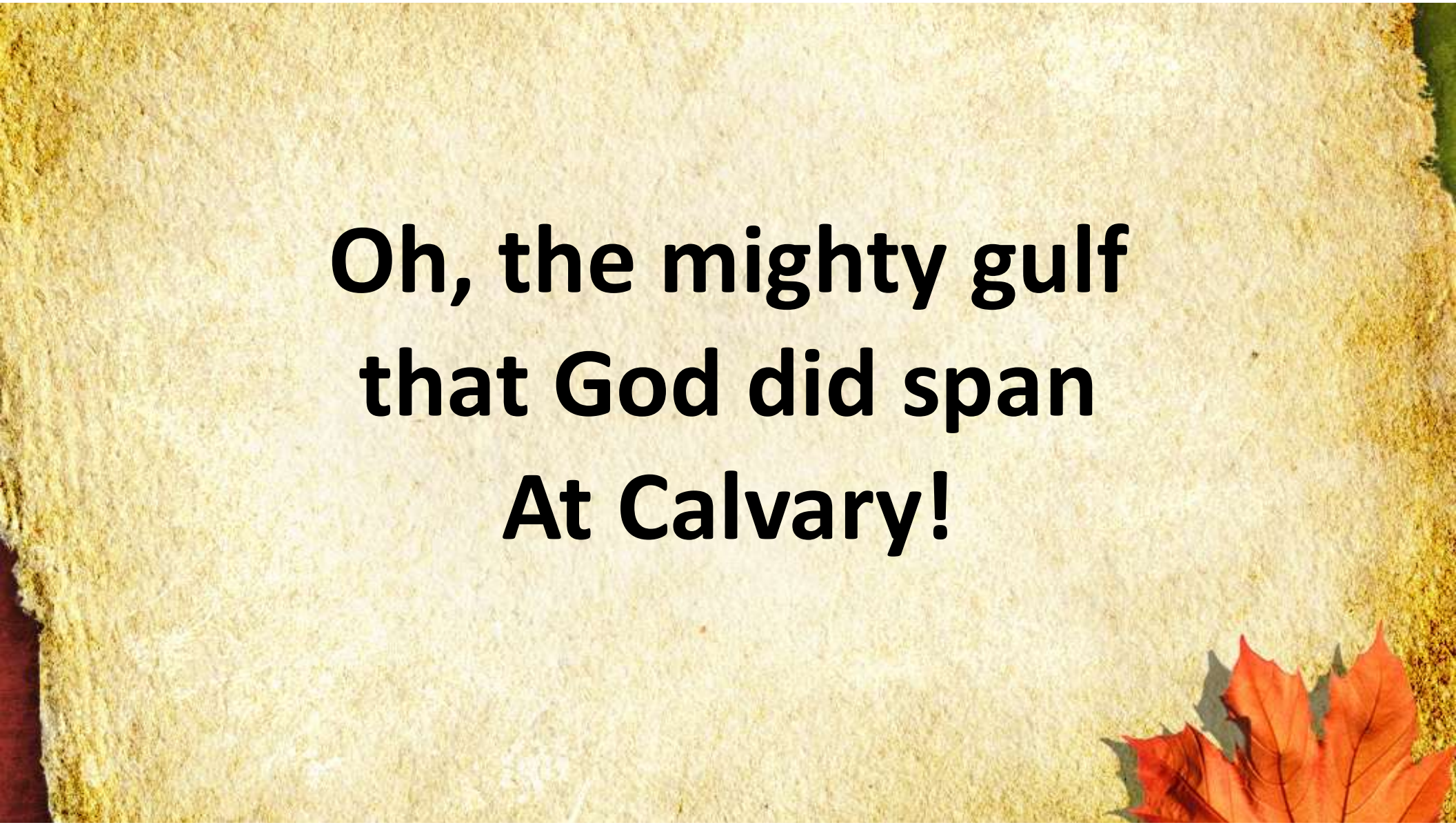

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and grace was free
Pardon there was multiplied
to me;

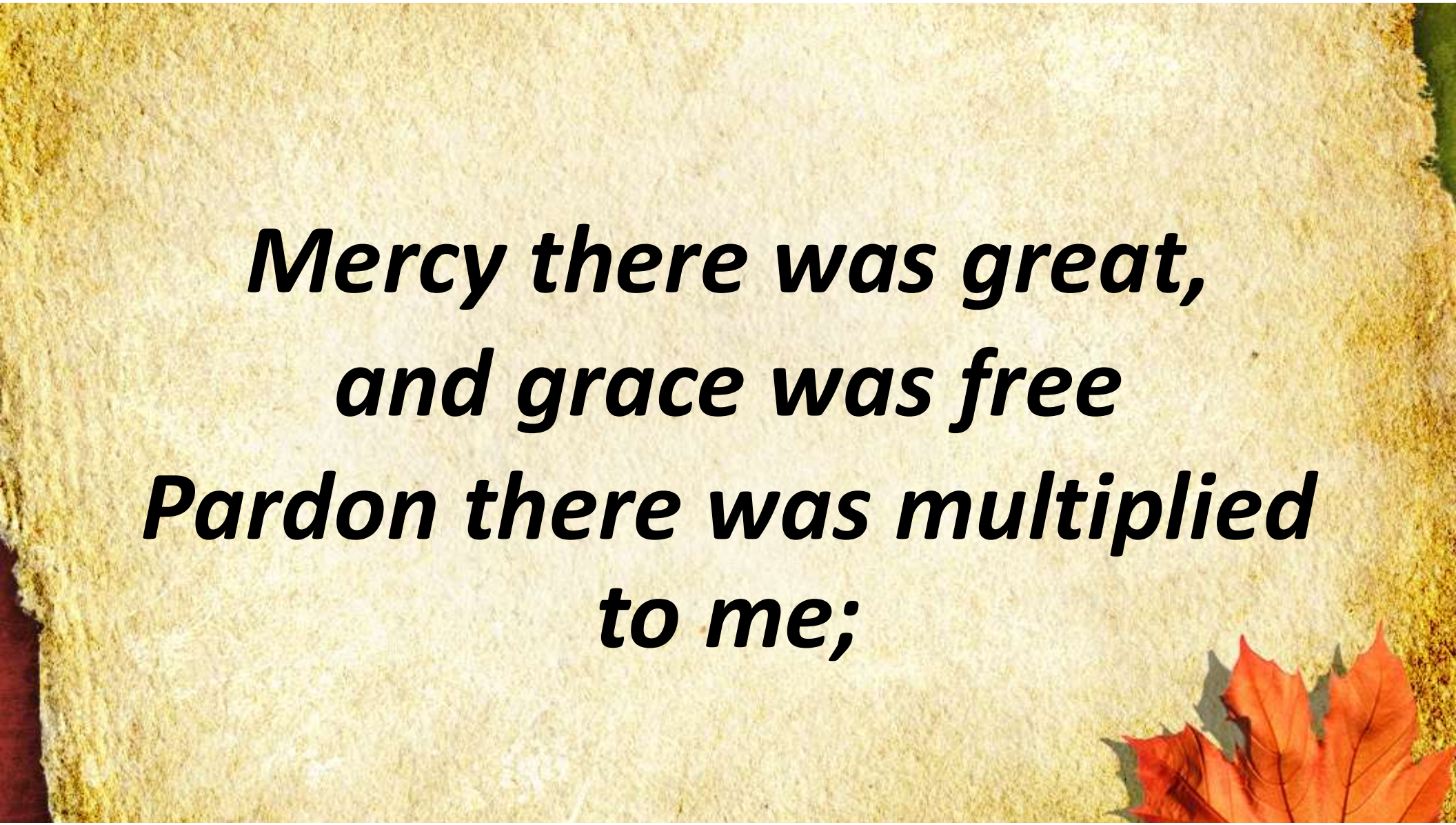

There my burdened soul
found liberty,
At Calvary.

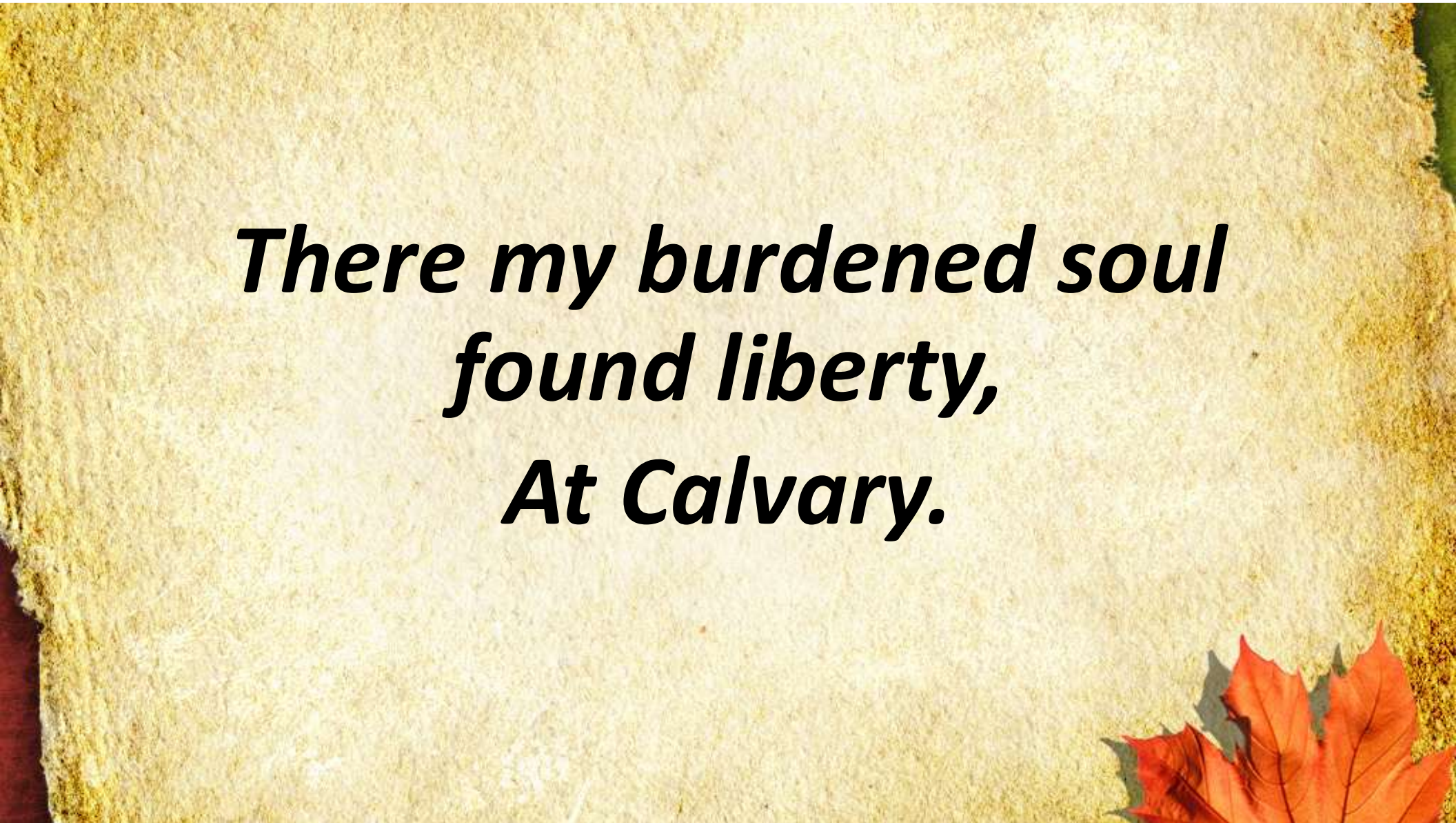
Oh, the love that drew salvation's plan!

Oh, the grace that brought it down to man!




Oh, the mighty gulf
that God did span
At Calvary!

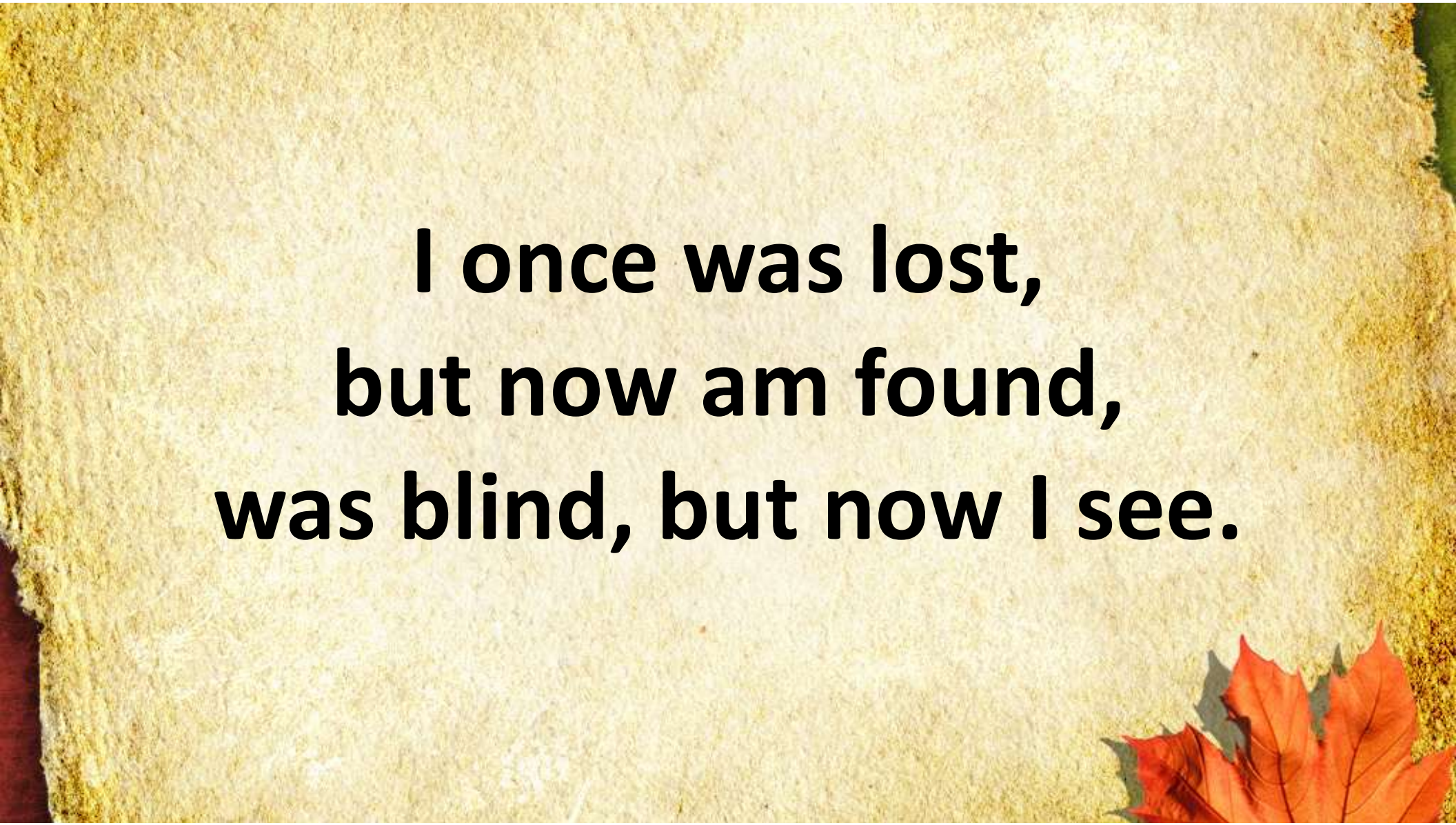

Mercy there was great,
and grace was free
Pardon there was multiplied
to me;

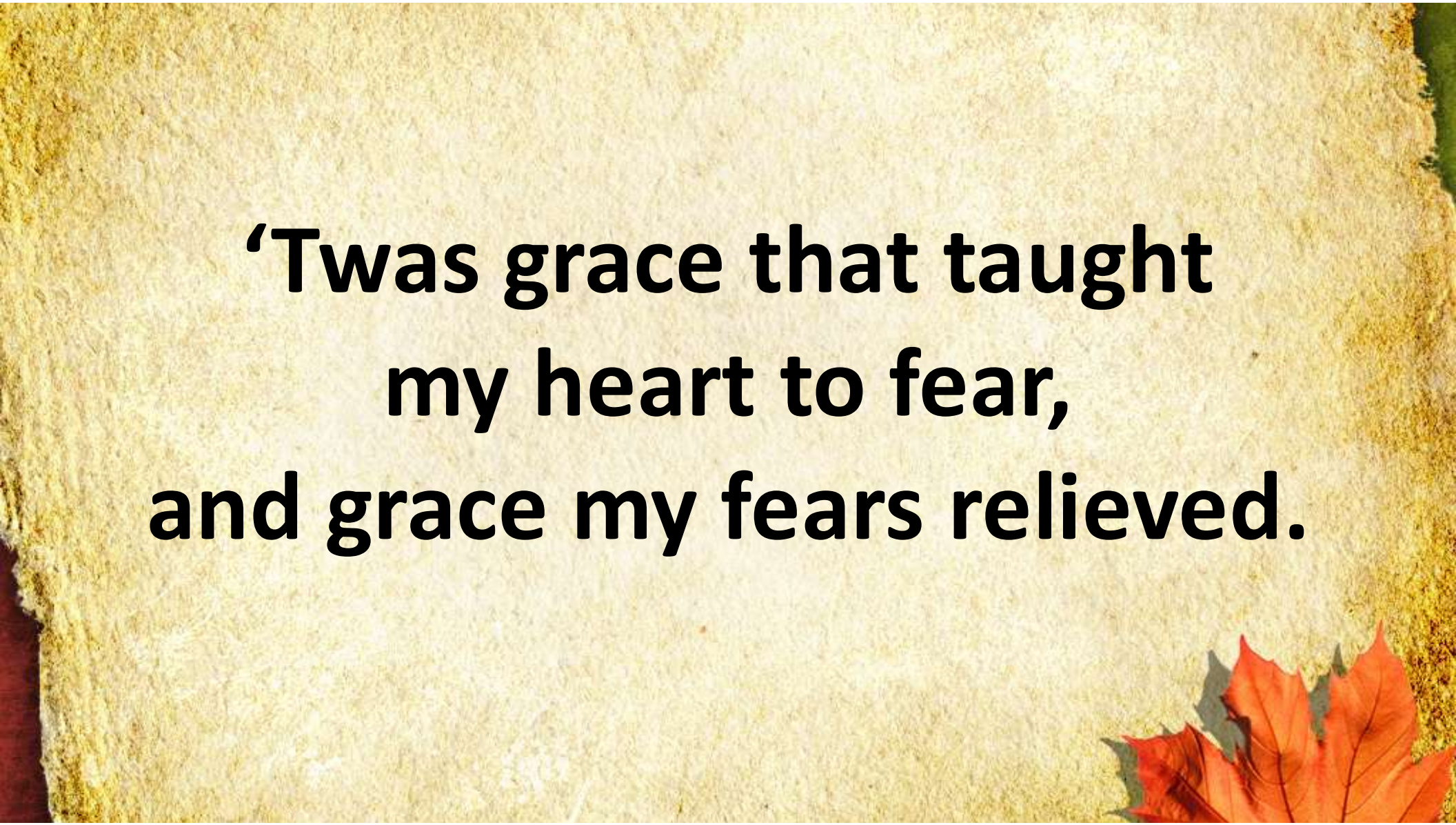

There my burdened soul
found liberty,
At Calvary.

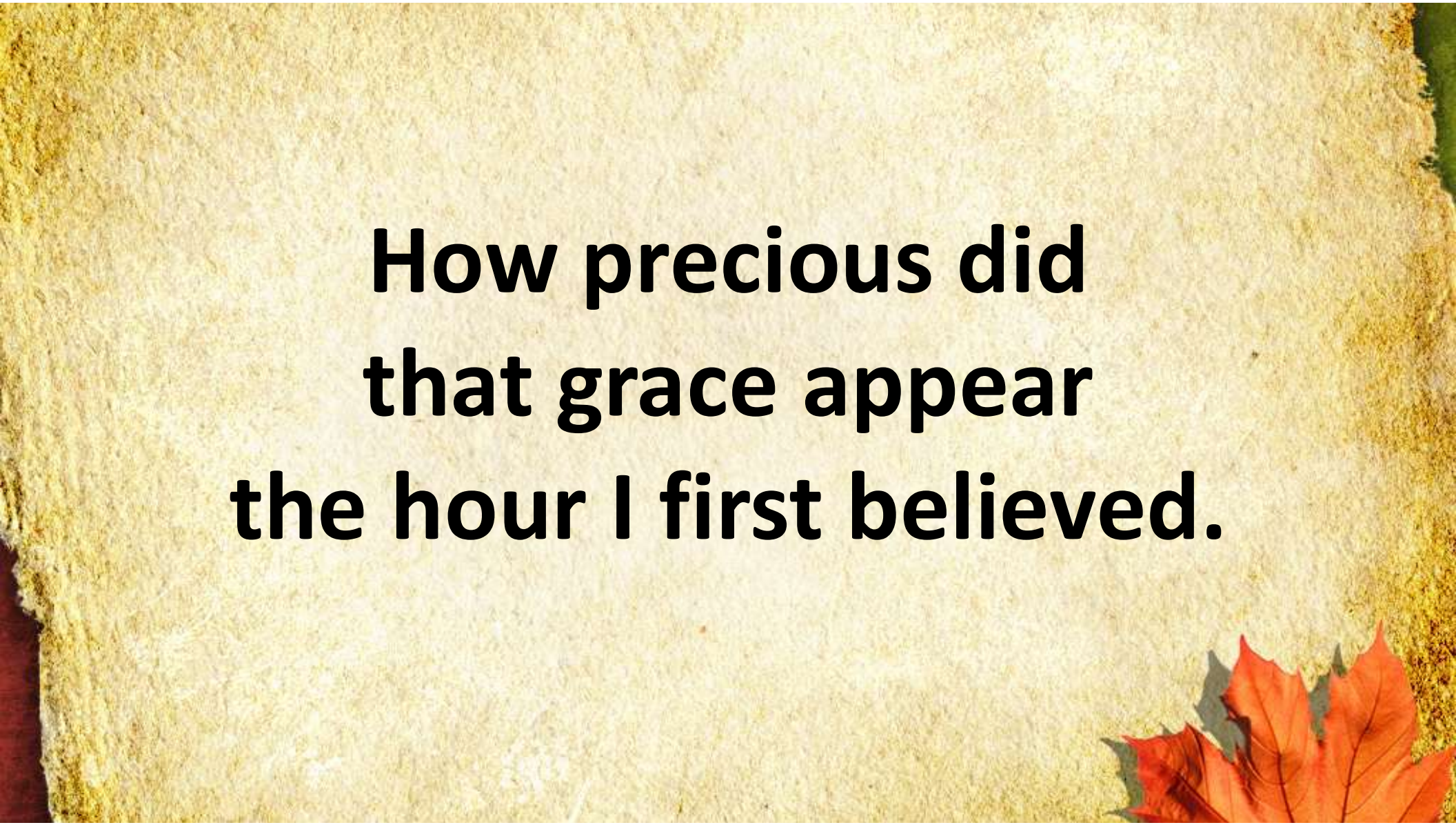
Amazing Grace

CCLI # 11252499

Amazing grace!
how sweet the sound,
that saved a wretch like me!


I once was lost,
but now am found,
was blind, but now I see.


‘Twas grace that taught
my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved.


How precious did
that grace appear
the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers,
toils, and snares,
I have already come.

‘Tis grace has brought
me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.



When we've been there
ten thousand years,
bright shining as the sun,



we've no less days
to sing God's praise
than when we'd first begun.