Please see the pages below for the words to the solos for this Sunday:

Psalm

Words: adapted from Psalm 139 by Peter Link Music: Peter Link, Arranger: Phillip Fortenberry

How precious are your thoughts oh God How great is the sum of them how grand If I could count them all oh God They are more in number than the sand

Whither shall I go from thy spirit Or whither shall I flee from thy care If I ascend up into heaven You are there You are there And if I make my bed with the devil Behold You are there In the halls of heaven You are there Watching over me

If I take the wings of the morning And I dwell In the uttermost parts of the sea Even there your left hand shall lead me And your right shall always hold to me For you are there You are there On the wings of morning You are there Always holding me

If I say surely the darkness Shall cover me Even the night shall light my way Yea the darkness cannot hide from thee But with you the night shines as the day And I will praise thee For I am fearfully and wonderfully made Yes I will praise thee For I am fearfully and wonderfully made

How marvelous are thy works oh God And that my soul knows right well

How precious are your thoughts oh God How great is the sum of them how grand If I could count them all oh God They are more in number than the sand They are more in number than the sand

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Words: Robert Robinson (adapted), Music: Traditional American Melody, Arranger: Mark Hayes

> Come, Thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace. Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise his name I'm fixed upon it Name of God's redeeming love.

> Hitherto Thy love hast blest me; Thou hast brought me to Thy place; And I know Thy hand will bring me Safely home by Thy good grace. Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger; Saved me with His precious love.

O to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee: Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, O, Take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts above. Seal it for Thy courts above.