







Cood heard the boy's once, and God's messenger called to I lagar from heaven.

O tell to earth's remotest bound, God is love.

In Christ we have redemption found, God is love.

His blood has washed our sins away, his Spirit turned our night to day, and now we can rejoice to say that God is love.



Cool heard the buyls cries, and God's messenger called to I-lugar from heaven...

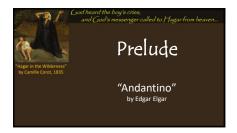
How happy is our portion here, God is love.

His promises our spirits cheer, God is love.

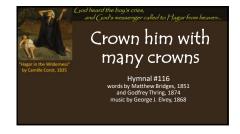
He is our sun and shield by day, our help, our hope, our strength & stay; he will be with us all the way, our God is love.











God heard the buys crees, and God's messenger called to | Jugar from heavenum for the Wildermest to Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon the throne.

Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns all music but its own.

Awake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee, and hail him as the matchless king through all eternity.

Cook heard the boy's cries, and Cook measenger called to I flagar from heaven...

Crown him the Lord of life, who triumphed over the grave and rose victorious in the strife for those he came to save.

His glories now we sing who died, and rose on high, who died, eternal life to bring, and lives that death may die.

Cood heard the boy's cries, and Cood's messenger called to I lagar from heaven...

Crown him the Lord of love; behold his hands and side.

Rich wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.

No angels in the sky can fully bear that sight, but downward bend their burning eyes at mysteries so bright.





















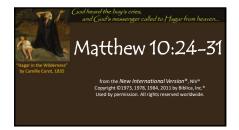
















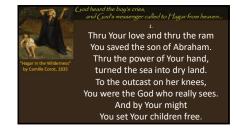












God heard the buy's cries, and God's messenger called to I-lagar from heaven... Charas:

El-Shaddai, El-Shaddai,
El-Elyon na Adonai.
Age to age, You're still the same by the power of the name El-Shaddai, El-Shaddai, Erkamka na Adonai.
We will praise and lift You high, El-Shaddai

Thru the years, You made it clear that the time of Christ was near.
Tho' the people could not see, what Messiah ought to be.
Tho' Your Word contained the plan, they just could not understand Your most awesome work was done thru the frailty of Your Son.

God heard the boy's cress
and God's messenger called to I lagar from heaven...
Chorus:

El-Shaddai, El-Shaddai,
El-Elyon na Adonai.
Age to age, You're still the same
by tamile Carot, 1835
(sing chorus twice)

El-Shaddai, El-Shaddai,
Erkamka na Adonai.
We will praise and lift You high,
El-Shaddai





Csod heard the boy's ones, and God's nessenger called to l'lagar from heaven.

Lead on, O cloud of Presence, the exodus is come.

In wilderness and desert our tribe shall make its home.

Our slavery left behind us, new hopes within us grow.

We seek the land of promise where milk and honey flow.







