

**PLEASE JOIN ME IN THE CALL TO WORSHIP**

**Leader:** To you, O Lord, I lift up my soul; my God, I put my trust in you.

**All: Let none who trust in you be put to shame; let the evil be disappointed in all their schemes.**

**Leader:** Show me your ways, O Lord, and teach me to follow in your paths.

**All: You guide the humble in doing right, O God, and all your ways are love and faithfulness.**

LET US CONTINUE TO WORSHIP GOD IN SONG.

**THIS IS HOW WE OVERCOME / YOU HAVE TURNED MY MOURNING INTO DANCING  
CCLI # 1340880**

Your light broke through my night  
Restored exceeding joy  
Your grace fell like the rain  
And made this desert live

You have turned my mourning into dancing  
You have turned my sorrow into joy (yeah, come on)

Your hand lifted me up  
I stand on higher ground  
Your praise rose in my heart  
And made this valley sing

You have turned my mourning into dancing  
You have turned my sorrow into joy  
You have turned my mourning into dancing  
You have turned my sorrow into joy (oh yeah)

This is how we overcome (woo, come on)  
This is how we overcome (yeah)  
This is how we overcome (turned my mourning into dancing)  
This is how we overcome (yeah-yeah)

This is how we overcome  
This is how we overcome  
This is how we overcome  
This is how we overcome

This is how we overcome  
This is how we overcome  
This is how we overcome  
This is how we overcome

You have turned my mourning into dancing  
You have turned my sorrow into joy

You have turned my mourning into dancing  
You have turned my sorrow into joy

**I WALK BY FAITH**  
**CCLI # 1340880**

I walk by faith,  
Each step by faith,  
To live by faith,  
I put my trust in You.

Every step I take  
Is a step of faith,  
No weapon formed against me  
Shall prosper.

And ev'ry prayer I make  
Is a prayer of faith.  
If my God is for me,  
Who can be against me?

**HOW DEEP THE FATHER'S LOVE**  
**CCLI # 1340880**

How deep the Father's love for us,  
How vast beyond all measure,  
That He should give His only Son  
To make a wretch His treasure.  
How great the pain of searing loss,  
The Father turns His face away,  
As wounds which mar the Chosen One  
Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross.  
My sin upon His shoulders;  
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice  
Call out among the scoffers.  
It was my sin that held Him there  
Until it was accomplished;  
His dying breath has brought me life -  
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,  
No gifts, no power, no wisdom;  
But I will boast in Jesus Christ,  
His death and resurrection.  
Why should I gain from His reward?

I cannot give an answer.  
But this I know with all my heart,  
His wounds have paid my ransom.