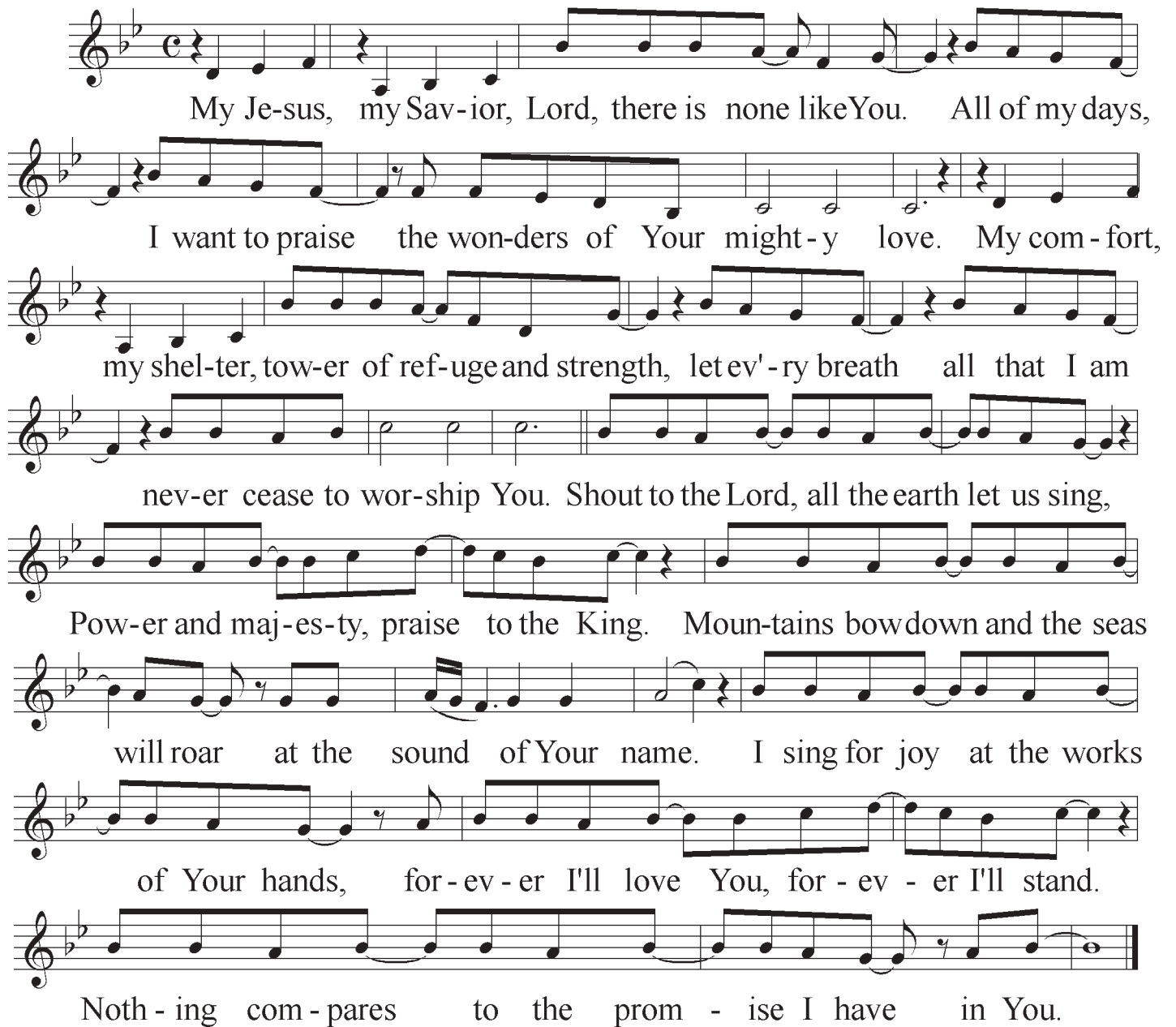


Shout to the Lord

Darlene Zschech



My Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Lord, there is none like You. All of my days,
I want to praise the won-ders of Your might-y love. My com-fort,
my shel-ter, tow-er of ref-uge and strength, let ev'-ry breath all that I am
nev-er cease to wor-ship You. Shout to the Lord, all the earth let us sing,
Pow-er and maj-es-ty, praise to the King. Moun-tains bowdown and the seas
will roar at the sound of Your name. I sing for joy at the works
of Your hands, for-ev-er I'll love You, for-ev-er I'll stand.
Noth-ing com-pares to the prom-ise I have in You.