

Bon Accord 

Free 
Church

Praise
Sheets



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Because He Lives

God sent His Son, they called him Jesus
He came to love, heal and forgive
He bled and died to buy my pardon
An empty grave is there to prove my Saviour lives

*Because He lives, I can face tomorrow
Because He lives all fear is gone
Because I know He holds the future
My life is worth the living just because He lives*

How sweet to hold a new born baby
And feel the pride and joy He gives
But better still, the calm assurance
That child can face uncertain days because He lives

And then one day I'll cross the river
I'll fight life's final war with pain
And then as death gives way to victory
I'll see the lights of glory and I'll know He lives

As The Deer Pants

As the deer pants for the water
So my soul longs after Thee.
You alone are my heart's desire
And I long to worship You

*You alone are my Strength, my Shield
To You alone may my spirit yield
You alone are my heart's desire
And I long to worship Thee*

You're my friend and You are my brother,
Even though you are a king.
I love You more than any other,
So much more than anything.

I want You more than gold or silver,
Only You can satisfy.
You alone are the real joy Giver,
And the Apple of my eye.

A Safe Stronghold

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On Earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? His doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all:
The City of God remaineth!