

WORSHIP RESOURCE

February 1, 2026 | Fourth Sunday after Epiphany

PRAISE YOU ANYWHERE

Words and Music by Ben Fielding, Brandon Lake, Hank Bentley, and Jacob Sooter, 2023

Sometimes you've gotta dance through the darkness,
sing through the fire, praise when it don't make sense. Sometimes
you've gotta stare down the giant, worship from the lion's den.

Sometimes you've gotta shout it from the mountain,
louder in the valley, trusting that He's gonna get you there. Some-
times you've gotta welcome the wonder, wait for the answer, worship
with your hands in the air. I'll praise you anywhere.

Praise, give Him praise, give Him praise in the highest.

Praise, give Him praise, give Him praise in the highest.

He is worthy. Yes, He is worthy of all of the praise.

Sometimes you've gotta praise in the prison, cry out to heaven,
shout it 'til the doors swing wide. Sometimes you've gotta stand on
your shackles, brave in the battle, worship with your hand held high.
I'll praise you anywhere.

Faithful all my life, blessing day and night, countless reasons why,
I'll praise you anywhere. Every promise kept, goodness every step,
each and every breath, I'll praise you anywhere.

THIS IS OUR GOD

*Words and Music by Phil Wickham, Steven Furtick,
Brandon Lake, and Pat Barrett, 2023*

Remember those wall that we called sin and shame?
They were like prisons that we couldn't escape.
But He came and He died and He rose; those wall are rubble now.

Remember those giants we called death and grave?
They were like mountains that stood in our way.
But He came and He died and He rose; those giants are dead now.

*This is our God, this is who He is: He loves us.
This is our God, this is what He does, He saves us.
He bore the cross, beat the grave.
Let heaven and earth proclaim this is our God, King Jesus.*

Remember that fear that took our breath away? Faith so weak that
we could barely pray? But He heard every word, every whisper.
Now those altars in the wilderness tell the story of His faithfulness.
Never once did He fail, and He never will.

Who pulled me out of that pit? He did, He did.
Who paid for all of our sin? Nobody but Jesus.
Who rescued me from that grave? Yahweh, Yahweh.
Who gets the glory and praise? Nobody but Jesus.

BE THOU MY VISION

Ancient Irish Poem / Traditional Irish Melody

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that thou art.
Thou my best thought by day or by night;
Waking or sleeping, thy presence, my light.

Be thou my wisdom, and thou my true word;
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord.
Thou my great Father, I thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise;
Thou mine inheritance, now and always.
Thou and thou only, first in my heart:
High King of heaven, my treasure, thou art.

High King of heaven, my victory won;
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

DAILY READINGS | BOOK OF COMMON WORSHIP

SUNDAY | Ps. 108; Genesis 18:16-33; Galatians 5:13-25; Mark 8:22-30

MONDAY | Ps. 73; Genesis 19:1-29; Hebrews 11:1-12; John 6:27-40

TUESDAY | Ps. 12; Genesis 21:1-21; Hebrews 11:13-22; John 6:41-51

WEDNESDAY | Ps. 134; Genesis 22:1-18; Heb. 11:23-31; John 6:52-59

THURSDAY | Ps. 26; Genesis 23:1-20; Heb. 11:32-12:2; John 6:60-71

FRIDAY | Ps. 40; Genesis 24:1-27; Hebrews 12:3-11; John 7:1-13

SATURDAY | Ps. 63; Genesis 24:28-51; Heb. 12:12-29; John 7:14-36

PRAYER OF RENEWAL

Holy God, you ways are so different from our ways. Help us, by your grace, to live the kind of life that reveals the values of your kingdom. Help us to find your blessing through a poverty in spirit; through meekness and mourning. May we hunger and thirst for righteousness; may we seek to be merciful, pure in heart and peacemaking in our relationships. May we know your presence and reward through persecution and false accusation. We pray for this kind of life in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.



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COME BEHOLD THE WONDROUS MYSTERY

*Words and Music by Matt Boswell, Matt Papa,
and Michael Bleecker, 2013*

Come behold the wondrous myst'ry, in the dawning of the King.

He, the theme of heaven's praises, robed in frail humility.

In our longing, in our darkness, now the light of life has come.

Look to Christ, who condescended, took on flesh to ransom us.

Come behold the wondrous myst'ry, He, the perfect Son of Man.

In his living, in his suff'ring, never trace no stain of sin.

See the true and better Adam, come to save the hellbound man.

Christ, the great and sure fulfillment of the law in Him we stand.

Come behold the wondrous myst'ry, Christ, the Lord upon the tree.

In the stead of ruined sinners, hangs the Lamb in victory.

See the price of our redemption, see the Father's plan unfold.

Bringing many sons to glory, grace unmeasured, love untold.

Come behold the wondrous myst'ry, slain by death, the God of life.

But no grave could e'er restrain him, praise the Lord, He is alive.

What a foretaste of deliv'rance, how unwavering our hope.

Christ, in power, resurrected, as we will be when He comes.