

Shout of Love (Psalm 18:1-19)

I sing of this, my Savior's deed,
His mighty victory.
His empty tomb my hope and creed,
My sword the bloodstained tree.
The touch that healed the sick and lame
Transforming dark to light.
His sinless blood and precious Name
My armor and my might.

The stain of sin had veiled my eyes,
The cords of death ensnared.
My feet were caught in webs of lies,
My vision was impaired.
The Rock of Ages I implored,
I looked to Zion's mount,
Beheld the temple of the Lord,
Whose glories pass all count.

And from the Holy Place I heard
A shout that shook the earth.
A fiery blast, a sovereign Word
Full infinite in worth.
The Lord came riding from His hill,
My shackles turned to dust.
The cords dissolved before His will,
The snares turned into rust.

My enemies became like wax
Before a furnace flame.
The earth split wide in fissured cracks
That buried them in shame.
His shout of love has rescued me,
My cry of love replies.
His Word of love has set me free,
His love will never die.

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