

Michael W. Smith, Shout To The Lord

My Jesus, my savior,
Lord, there is none like You;
All of my days, I want to praise
The wonders of Your mighty love.

My comfort, my shelter,
Tower of refuge and strength;
Let every breath, all that I am
Never cease to worship You.

Shout to the Lord, all the earth let us sing;
Power and majesty, praise to the King;
Mountains bow down and the seas will roar
At the sound of Your name.
I sing for joy at the work of Your hands;
Forever I'll love You, forever I'll stand;
Nothing compares to the promise I have in You.

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