

Words for Worship Sunday 12 May 2024

To join on the phone, Dial 01224 434030 Type in 5528# Say your name and press #

Turn your eyes upon Jesus

Look full in His wonderful face
And the things of earth will grow strangely dim
In the light of His glory and grace

Turn your eyes to the hillside
Where justice and mercy embrace
There the Son of God gave His life for us
And our measureless debt was erased

*Jesus to You we lift our eyes
Jesus our glory and our prize
We adore You behold You our Saviour ever true
Oh Jesus we turn our eyes to You*

Turn your eyes to the morning
And see Christ the lion awake
What a glorious dawn fear of death is gone
For we carry His life in our veins

Turn your eyes to the heavens
Our King will return for His own
Every knee will bow every tongue will shout
All glory to Jesus alone

George Romanacce | Helen H. Lemmel | Kevin Winebarger | Nathan Stiff | Nic Trout
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King of kings, majesty;

God of heaven, living in me;
Gentle saviour, closest friend,
Strong deliverer, beginning and end.
All within me falls at your throne.

*Your majesty, we can but bow
We lay our all before you now.
In royal robes we don't deserve
We live to serve your majesty.*

Earth and heaven worship you,
There eternal, faithful and true.
Hope of nations, ransomed souls,
Brought this sinner near to your throne.
All within me falls at your throne.

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The Church's one foundation

Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the Word.
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

*Oh we'll set our hearts on you,
Set our hearts on things above,
Set our lives upon the truth,
That your glory will be ours.*

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth;
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the **consummation**
Of peace forevermore;
Till, with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

How deep the Father's love for us,

How vast beyond all measure
That he should give his only Son
To make a wretch his treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss;
The Father turns his face away,
As wounds which mar the chosen one
Bring many into glory.

Behold the man upon the cross,
My sin upon his shoulders;
Ashamed I hear my mocking voice
Call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held him there
Until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me life –
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,
No gifts, no power, no wisdom;
But I will boast in Jesus Christ,
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from his reward?
I cannot give an answer,
But this I know with all my heart,
His wounds have paid my ransom.

Baptised into the death of Christ
Raised with his resurrection,
Adopted by the Spirit's gift
As citizens of heaven.
We hear the call to follow him:
Lay down our lives, take up our cross,
And so declare to all the world
How deep the Father's love for us.

V1-3 Stuart Townend © 1995 Thankyou Music, CCL Licence No. 316573

Take my life and let it be

Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take all of me...

Take all of me...

Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my intellect and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart – it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.