

MP 870 Jesus is the name we honour

1 Jesus is the name we honour;
Jesus is the name we praise.
Majestic name above all other names,
the highest heaven and earth proclaim that Jesus is our
God.
We will glorify,
we will lift Him high,
we will give Him honour and praise.
We will glorify . . .

2 Jesus is the name we worship;
Jesus is the name we trust.
He is the King above all other kings,
let all creation stand and sing that Jesus is our God.
We will glorify,
we will lift Him high,
we will give Him honour and praise.
We will glorify . . .

3 Jesus is the Father's splendour;
Jesus is the Father's joy.
He will return to reign in majesty,
and every eye at last will see that Jesus is our God.
We will glorify,
we will lift Him high,
we will give Him honour and praise.
We will glorify . . .

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music.

For God so loved the world.

For God so loved the world
He gave His only Son
And whoever believes in Him
Shall not die but have eternal life

L is for the love that He has for me
I am the reason He died on the tree
F is for forgiveness and now I am free
E is to enjoy being in His company.

John Hardwick @ 1994 Daybreak Music Elevation

MP 671 There is a fountain.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains:
Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away:
Wash all my sins away,
Wash all my sins away;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ones of God
Be saved, to sin no more:
Be saved, to sin no more,
Be saved, to sin no more;
Till all the ransomed ones of God,
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die:
And shall be till I die,
And shall be till I die;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save:
I'll sing Thy power to save,
I'll sing Thy power to save;

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save.

William Cowper (1731-1800)

MP 1217 Oh to see the dawn.

1 Oh, to see the dawn
Of the darkest day:
Christ on the road to Calvary.
Tried by sinful men,
Torn and beaten, then
Nailed to a cross of wood.

This, the power of the cross:
Christ became sin for us,
Took the blame, bore the wrath:
We stand forgiven at the cross.

2 Oh, to see the pain
Written on Your face
Bearing the awesome weight of sin;
Every bitter thought,
Every evil deed
Crowning Your bloodstained brow.
This the power.....

3 Now the daylight flees,
Now the ground beneath
Quakes as its Maker bows His head.
Curtain torn in two,
Dead are raised to life;
'Finished!' the victory cry.
This the power....

4 Oh, to see my name
Written in the wounds,
For through Your suffering I am free.
Death is crushed to death,
Life is mine to live,
Won through Your selfless love.
This the power.....

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MP 33 And can it be.

1 And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Savior's blood
Died He for me, who caused His pain
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God, should die for me?
Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God, should die for me?

2 T'is mystery all! The Immortal dies:
who can explore His strange design?
in vain the first born seraph tries
to sound the depths of love divine.
T'is mercy all! Let earth adore
let angels minds enquire no more.

3 He left His Father's throne above
So free, so infinite His grace
Emptied Himself of all but love
And bled for Adam's helpless race
T'is mercy all, immense and free
For O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light
My chains fell off, my heart was free
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

Charles Wesley (1707-88)