

Sunday Morning
October 25, 2020

How Rich A Treasure We Possess

#5863770 by Matt Boswell and Matt Papa
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Enemies Publishing

Verse 1

How rich a treasure we possess
In Jesus Christ our Lord
His blood our ransom and defense
His glory our reward
The sum of all created things
Are worthless in compare
For our inheritance is Him
Whose praise angels declare

Verse 2

How free and costly was the love
Displayed upon the cross
While we were dead in untold sin
The Sov'reign purchased us
The will of God the Father
Demonstrated through the Son
The Spirit seals the greatest work
The work which Christ has done

Verse 3

How vast and measureless the flood
Of mercy unrestrained
The penalty was paid in full
The spotless Lamb was slain
Salvation what a priceless gift
Received by grace through faith
We stand in robes of righteousness
We stand in Jesus' Name

Ending

For Yours is the Kingdom
And the power and the glory
Yours is the Kingdom and the power and
the glory
Yours is the Kingdom and the power and
the glory
Amen

Jesus You Are Worthy

#4490986 by Brenton Brown and Don Williams 2005
Thankyou Music

Verse

Jesus, You are mercy,
Jesus, You are justice
Jesus, You are worthy,
that is what You are
You died alone to save me,
You rose so You could raise me
You did this all to make me
a chosen child of God

Chorus

Worthy is the Lamb that once was slain
To receive all glory, power and praise
For with Your blood
You purchased us for God
Jesus, You are worthy, that is what You are

Bridge

Perfect sacrifice crushed by God for us
Bearing in Your hurt all that I deserve
Misjudged from my misdeeds,
You suffered silently
The only guiltless man in all of history

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How Sweet and Aweful is This Place

Words by Isaac Watts, music: ancient Irish melody Public Domain.

Verse 1

How sweet and aweful is the place
With Christ within the doors
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores

Verse 2

While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast
Each of us cry with thankful tongues
“Lord, why was I a guest?”

Verse 3

“Why was I made to hear Thy voice
And enter while there's room
When thousands make a wretched choice
And rather starve than come?”

Verse 4

'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly drew us in
Else we had still refused to taste
And perished in our sin

Verse 5

Pity the nations, O our God
Constrain the earth to come
Send Thy victorious Word abroad
And bring the strangers home

Verse 6

We long to see Thy churches full
That all the chosen race
May with one voice and heart and soul
Sing Thy redeeming grace