

Jesus I Come

Greg Thompson, William Sleeper

Out of my bondage, sorrow and night,
Jesus, I come; Jesus I come.
Into Thy freedom, gladness and light,
Jesus, I come to Thee.
Out of my sickness into Thy health,
Out of my wanting and into Thy wealth,
Out of my sin and into Thyself,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of my shameful failure and loss,
Jesus, I come; Jesus, I come.
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross,
Jesus, I come to Thee.
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm,
Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of distress into jubilant psalm,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of unrest and arrogant pride
Jesus, I come; Jesus, I come.
Into Thy blessed will to abide,
Jesus, I come to Thee.
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love,
Out of despair into raptures above,
Upward forever on wings like a dove,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,
Jesus, I come; Jesus, I come.
Into the joy and light of Thy home,
Jesus, I come to Thee.
Out of the depths of ruin untold,
Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Ever Thy glorious face to behold,
Jesus, I come to Thee.

Lift Your Head Weary Sinner (Chains)

David Crowder, Ed Cash, and Seth Philpott

Lift your head weary sinner,
the river's just ahead
Down the path of forgiveness,
salvation's waiting there
You built a mighty fortress
10,000 burdens high
Love is here to lift you up,
here to lift you high

If you're lost and wandering
Come stumbling in like a prodigal child
See the walls start crumbling
Let the gates of glory open wide

All who've strayed and walked away,
unspeakable things you've done
Fix your eyes on the mountain,
let the past be dead and gone
Come all saints and sinners,
you can't outrun God
Whatever you've done can't overcome
the power of the blood

If you're lost and wandering (wrecked again)
Come stumbling in like a prodigal child
See the walls start crumbling
Let the gates of glory open wide
Let the gates of glory be open wide

Steadfast

Joshua Silverberg, Leslie Jordan, Sandra McCracken

I will build my house whether storm or drought
on the rock that does not move
I will set my hope in your love, O Lord
and your faithfulness will prove

You are steadfast, steadfast

By the word you spoke all the starry host
are called out by name each night
In your watchful care I will rest secure
as you lead us with your light

I will not trust in the strength of kings
On your promise I will stand

I will shout for joy, I will raise my voice
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

In the moment of emptiness all was fulfilled
In the hour of darkness Your light was revealed
In the presence of death Your life was affirmed
In the absence of holiness, You are still God

How Deep The Father's Love For Us Stuart Townend

How deep the Father's Love for us
How vast beyond all measure
That He would 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 sons to glory

Behold the Man upon a cross
My guilt 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

There Is A Fountain

William Cowper and Lowell Mason

There is 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

The dying thief rejoiced to see
that fountain in his day
and there have I, as vile as he,
washed all my sins away
washed all my sins away,
washed all my sins away
and there have I, as vile as he,
washed all my sins away

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
your 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

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing your power to save
when this poor lisping,
stammering tongue lies silent in the grave
lies silent in the grave,

lies silent in the grave
when this poor lispig,
stamm'ring tongue lies silent in the grave

Dear holy Lamb your precious blood
shall never lose its power
till all the ransomed church of God
be saved to sin no more
be saved to sin no more,
be saved to sin no more
till all the ransomed church of God
be saved to sin no more