

Bloom

Paper Kites

In the morning when I wake
And the sun is coming through,
Oh, you fill my lungs with sweetness,
And you fill my head with you
Shall I write it in a letter?
Shall I try to get it down?
Oh, you fill my head with pieces
Of a song I can't get out

Can I be close to you?
Can I be close to you?

Can I take it to a morning
Where the fields are painted gold
And the trees are filled with memories
Of the feelings never told?
When the evening pulls the sun down,
And the day is almost through,
Oh, the whole world it is sleeping,
But my world is you

My Glorious

Stuart Garrard, Martin Smith

The World is shaking with the love of God
Great and glorious, let the whole earth sing
And all you ever do is change the old for new
People we believe that

God is bigger than the air I breathe
The world we'll leave
God will save the day and all will say
My glorious!

Clouds are breaking, heaven's come to earth
Hearts awakening let the church bells ring
And all you ever do is change the old for new
People we believe that

Pure As Your Son

Tonya Hudson, David Hudson

Make my worship pure as Your Son
Make my worship pure as Your Son

May it always be acceptable
May my heart always speak truth

May I always seek Your face
May I always know my place
Seated in Your perfect grace
Pure as Your Son

My Hope Is In The Lord

Tonya Hudson, Words by Norman J. Clayton

My hope is in the Lord
Who gave Himself for me,
And paid the price of all my sin
at Calvary.

No merit of my own
His anger to suppress.
My only hope is found in Jesus'
righteousness.

And now for me He stands
Before the Father's throne.
He shows His wounded hands
and names me
as His own.

His grace has planned it all,
'Tis mine but to believe,
And recognize His work of love
and Christ receive.

For me He died,
For me He lives,
And everlasting life He gives
For me He died,
For me He lives,
And life and light He freely gives.

Love Constraining To Obedience

Words: William Cowper, Music: Tonya Hudson

No strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

How long beneath the Law I lay
In bondage and distress
I toiled the precept to obey,
But toiled without success.

Then to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do
Now if I feel its power within
I feel I hate it too.

Then all my servile works were done,
A righteousness to raise
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose His ways.

To see the Law by Christ fulfilled,
To hear His pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child
And duty into choice.