

Preacher: **Rev Robin Selmes**

Songs - When the Music Fades

When the music fades,
all is stripped away and I simply come;
longing just to bring something that's of worth,
that will bless Your heart.
I'll bring you more than a song,
for a song in itself is not what you have required.
You search much deeper within
through the ways things appear,
You're looking into my heart.

*I'm coming back to the heart of worship,
And it's all about You, all about You, Jesus.
I'm sorry Lord for the thing I've made it,
When it's all about You,
all about You, Jesus.*

King of endless worth,
no one could express how much You deserve.
Though I'm weak and poor,
all I have is Yours, every single breath.
I'll bring you more than a song,
for a song in itself is not what you have required.
You search much deeper within
through the ways things appear,
You're looking into my heart.

I'm coming back to the heart of worship...

Matt Redmond

Open the Eyes of My Heart

Open the eyes of my heart, Lord,
Open the eyes of my heart.
I want to see You,
I want to see You.
Open the eyes of my heart, Lord,
Open the eyes of my heart.
I want to see You,
I want to see You.

*To see You high and lifted up,
Shining in the light of Your glory.
Pour out Your power and love,
As we sing holy, holy, holy.*

Great is Lord & Most Worthy of Praise

Great is the Lord and most worthy of praise,
The city of our God, the Holy place,
The Joy of the whole world.
Great is the Lord in whom we have the victory,
He aids us against the enemy,
We bow down on our knees.

*And Lord we want to lift your name on high
And Lord we want to thank you,
For the works you've done in our lives;
And Lord we trust in Your unfailing love,
For you alone are God eternal,
Throughout earth and heaven, above.*

Great is the Lord and most worthy of praise,
The city of our God, the Holy place,
The Joy of the whole world.
Great is the Lord in whom we have the victory,
He aids us against the enemy,,
We bow down on our knees.

And Lord we want to lift your name on high...

Steve McEwan

Open the eyes of my heart, Lord...

To see You high and lifted up...

Holy, holy, holy
Holy, holy, holy
Holy, holy, holy
I want to see you

Holy, holy, holy...

To see You high and lifted up...

Paul Baloche

Welcome | Part 1 | Rev Robin Selmes

Lenten Cross and Prayer | John 12:13 | Anne Boultonwood

Welcome | Part 2 | Rev Robin Selmes

Songs - Praise is Rising

Praise is rising,
Eyes are turning to You;
We turn to You.
Hope is stirring,
Hearts are yearning for You;
We long for You.
'Cause when we see You
We find strength to face the day.
In Your presence all our fears
Are washed away, washed away.

*Hosanna, Hosanna
You are the God who saves us;
Worthy of all our praises.
Hosanna, Hosanna,
Come have Your way among us;
We welcome You here Lord Jesus.*

Hear the sound of
Hearts returning to You;
We turn to You.
In Your kingdom,
Broken lives are made new;
You make us new.
'Cause when we see You
We find strength to face the day.
In Your presence all our fears
Are washed away, washed away.

*Hosanna, Hosanna...
Hosanna, Hosanna...*

Paul Baloché & Brenton Brown

King of Kings, Majesty

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, I can but bow,
I lay my all before you now.
In royal robes I don't deserve
I live to serve your majesty.*

Earth and Heaven worship you,
love eternal, faithful and true,
who bought the nations, ransomed souls,
brought this sinner near to your throne;
all within me cries out in praise.

*Your majesty, I can but bow...
Your majesty, I can but bow...*

I live to serve your majesty...

Jarrold Cooper

Opening Prayers | Rev Robin Selmes

Reading | Psalm 118: 1-2; 19-29 | Amos Doughan

Song - How Deep the Fathers Love for Us

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 sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a 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.

Stuart Townend

Message | Rev Robin Selmes

Song - From Heaven You Came, Helpless Babe (The Servant King)

From heaven you came, helpless babe,
Entered our world, your glory veiled;
Not to be served but to serve,
And give your life that we might live.

*This is our God, the Servant King,
He calls us now to follow him,
To bring our lives as a daily offering
Of worship to the Servant King.*

There in the garden of tears,
My heavy load he chose to bear;
His heart with sorrow was torn,
'Yet not my will but yours,' he said.

This is our God, the Servant King...

Come, see his hands and his feet,
The scars that speak of sacrifice,
Hands that flung stars into space
To cruel nails surrendered.

This is our God, the Servant King...

So let us learn how to serve,
And in our lives enthrone him;
Each other's needs to prefer,
For it is Christ we're serving.

*This is our God, the Servant King...
This is our God, the Servant King...*

Graham Kendrick

Prayers of Intercession | **Lord's Prayer** | Mark Frost

Song - In Christ Alone

In Christ alone my hope is found,
He is my light, my strength, my song;
This Cornerstone, this solid Ground,
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace,
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease!
My Comforter, my All in All,
Here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone! - who took on flesh,
Fullness of God in helpless babe.
This gift of love and righteousness,
Scorned by the ones He came to save:
Till on that cross as Jesus died,
The wrath of God was satisfied -
For every sin on Him was laid;
Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,
Light of the world by darkness slain;
Then bursting forth in glorious day
Up from the grave He rose again!
And as He stands in victory
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me,
For I am His and He is mine -
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,
This is the power of Christ in me;
From life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man,
Can ever pluck me from His hand:
Till He returns or calls me home,
Here in the power of Christ I'll stand.

Stuart Townend & Keith Getty

Blessing | Rev Robin Selmes