

**I stand amazed in the presence**  
of Jesus the Nazarene  
and wonder how he could love me  
a sinner condemned, unclean

*How marvellous, how wonderful!  
And my song shall ever be!  
How marvellous! How wonderful  
is my Saviour's love for me.*

For me it was in the garden  
He prayed 'Not my will but Thine'  
He had no tears for his own grief  
but sweat drops of blood for mine

He took my sins and my sorrows  
and made them his very own  
He bore the burden to Calvary  
and suffered and died alone

When with the ransomed in glory  
his face I at last shall see,  
'Twill be my joy through the ages  
to sing of his love for me.

love for me.

**To the river we are going**  
bringing sins we cannot bear  
Come and cleanse us, come forgive us  
Lord we need to meet you there.

In these waters healing mercy  
flows with freedom from despair  
We are going to that river  
Lord we need to meet you there.

*Precious Jesus we are ready  
To surrender every care  
Take our hands now, lead us closer  
Lord we need to meet you there.*

Come and join us in the river  
Come find life beyond compare  
He is calling, He is waiting  
Jesus longs to meet you there

**Father hear the prayer we offer**  
not for ease our prayer shall be  
But for strength that we may ever  
live our lives courageously

Not for ever in green pastures  
do we ask our way to be  
But the steep and rugged pathway,  
may we tread rejoicingly

Not for ever by still waters  
would we idly rest and stay  
But would smite the living fountains  
from the rocks along our way

Be our hope when we are falt'ring,  
lift our eyes to see your face  
Fire of God come burn within us,  
so our lives reflect your grace

Be our strength in hours of weakness,  
in our wand'rings be our guide  
Through endeavour, failure, danger,  
Father be Thou at our side

**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  
And 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

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

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.  
serving

