

Words for Worship Sunday 2 July

When peace like a river attendeth my way

When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though satan should buffet, though trials should
come
Let blessed assurance control
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

*It is well
With my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul.*

My sin, O the bliss of this glorious thought,
My sin not in part but in whole
Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord oh my soul.

And Lord haste the day when my faith shall be
sight
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall
descend,
Even so it is well with my soul.

In Christ alone our hope is found

He is our light our strength our 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;
Our comforter, our all in all,
Here in the love of Christ we 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 we 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 us,
For we are his and he is ours,
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,
This is the power of Christ in us.
From life's first cry to final breath
Jesus commands our destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man,
Can ever pluck us from his hand.
Till he returns or calls us home
Here in the power of Christ we'll stand!

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The Church's one foundation

Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the Word.
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

*Oh we'll set our hearts on you,
Set our hearts on things above,
Set our lives upon the truth,
That your glory will be ours.*

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth;
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till, with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

God our Father in mercy you gave

Your only Son to light our darkest night
A light that shines, as You hold our sorrows
Jesus Christ our wounded healer

On the cross, He bore it all
Every burden, every pain
On the cross, He bore it all
Wounded healer, we bow down
Jesus Christ our wounded healer

God our Saviour, the victory won
The risen Lord, calling us to; "Come"
Your nail scared hands, gather up the broken
Jesus Christ our wounded healer
Jesus Christ our wounded healer

On the cross, He bore it all
Every burden, every pain
On the cross, He bore it all
Wounded healer, we bow down
Jesus Christ, Saviour and Lord
Over all, over all,
Our wounded healer

All our pain and sadness is held on your hands
Every tear is gathered by you

God our Comfort with us to the end
Your Spirit come, be lifter of our heads
And we will stand lifting high forever
Jesus Christ our wounded healer
Jesus Christ our wounded healer

Our hope is built on nothing less

Than Jesus' blood and righteousness
We dare not trust the sweetest frame
But wholly trust in Jesus' name

*Christ alone; cornerstone
Weak made strong; in the Saviour's love
Through the storm, He is Lord
Lord of all*

When Darkness seems to hide His face
We rest on His unchanging grace
In every high and stormy gale
Our anchor holds within the veil
Our anchor holds within the veil

When he shall come with trumpet sound
O may we then in Him be found
Dressed in his righteousness alone
Faultless stand before the throne.

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