

Hymns for the morning service (November 21st, 2021)

Welcome to our service today!

Links to our website, Facebook and Instagram accounts can be found below.

Quote of the week

"You are the only Bible some unbelievers will ever read."

(John MacArthur)

 www.gefc.org.uk

 [GreensteadEvangelicalFreeChurch](https://www.facebook.com/GreensteadEvangelicalFreeChurch)

 [greensteadevangelicalfree](https://www.instagram.com/greensteadevangelicalfree)

This week

Sunday, 11 a.m.: Morning Service

Thursday, 7:45 p.m.: Annual General Meeting
(at the church)

Sunday, 11 a.m.: Morning Service

1. **O God beyond all praising,**
we worship You today
and sing the love amazing
that songs cannot repay;
for we can only wonder
at every gift You send,
at blessings without number
and mercies without end.
We lift our hearts before You
and wait upon Your word,
we honour and adore You,
our great and mighty Lord.
2. Then hear, O gracious Saviour,
accept the love we bring,
that we who know Your favour
may serve You as our King;
and whether our tomorrows
be filled with good or ill,
we'll triumph through our sorrows
and rise to bless You still:
to marvel at Your beauty
and glory in Your ways,
and make a joyful duty
our sacrifice of praise.

("O God beyond all praising" - words by Michael Perry; © (words) 1982 Michael Perry - The Jubilate Group (Admin. by Jubilate Hymns Ltd, sub to Hope Publishing for various regions) (The Jubilate Group); CCLI licence: 482005)

1. **King of kings, majesty,**
God of heaven living in me;
Gentle Saviour, closest friend,
Strong deliv'rer 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.*

2. Earth and heav'n 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:

("King of Kings, majesty" - words by Jarrod Cooper; © 1996 Sovereign Lifestyle Music; CCLI licence: 482005)

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- O church, arise, and put your armour on;**
hear the call of Christ our captain.
For now the weak can say that they are strong
in the strength that God has given.
With shield of faith and belt of truth,
we'll stand against the devil's lies;
an army bold, whose battlecry is love,
reaching out to those in darkness.
- Our call to war, to love the captive soul,
but to rage against the captor;
and with the sword that makes the wounded whole,
we will fight with faith and valour.
When faced with trials on every side
we know the outcome is secure,
and Christ will have the prize for which He died,
an inheritance of nations.
- Come see the cross, where love and mercy meet,
as the Son of God is stricken;
then see His foes lie crushed beneath His feet,
for the Conqueror has risen!
And as the stone is rolled away,
and Christ emerges from the grave,
this victory march continues till the day
every eye and heart shall see Him.
- So Spirit, come, put strength in every stride,
give grace for every hurdle,
that we may run with faith to win the prize
of a servant good and faithful.
As saints of old still line the way,
retelling triumphs of His grace,
we hear their calls, and hunger for the day
when with Christ we stand in glory.

“O church, arise” - words by Keith Getty & Stuart Townend; © 2005 Thankyou Music (Admin. by Integrity Music); CCLI licence: 482005)

- Praise the Lord! My soul is singing**
And my lips are filled with praise,
Mindful of His love and mercy
And the wonder of His ways:
Pardon, health and life He gives me,
Constant strength in Him is found,
All my days He satisfies me,
By His grace my life is crowned.
- Praise the Lord! For He is faithful,
Sparing us though we transgressed;
He it is whose zeal for justice
Brings relief to all oppressed;
He made known His deeds to Israel
And to Moses showed His ways;
Swift to pardon, slow to anger,
Full of mercy and of grace.
- Praise the Lord! Though we provoke Him,;
He restrains His angry hand
We are surely not rewarded
As our countless sins demand:
Higher than the height of heaven
Is His grace to those He loves,
Farther than the far horizon
Our transgressions He removes.
- Praise the Lord! For, like a father,
Well He knows how we are made:
Frail as grass or meadow flowers,
Quick to grow and quick to fade;

But His grace from time eternal
Rests on those who fear His name,
And to all who keep His covenant
He is evermore the same.

- Praise the Lord, you mighty angels,
Who at once His word fulfil!
Praise the Lord, you hosts of heaven,
Who perform your maker's will!
Praise the Lord, all things created
Through His measureless domains!
Praise the Lord, my soul is singing,
Praise the Lord who ever reigns!

“Praise the Lord! My soul is singing” - words by Mollie Knight; © Mollie Knight - The Jubilate Group (Admin. by Jubilate Hymns Ltd, sub to Hope Publishing for various regions) (The Jubilate Group); CCLI licence: 482005)

- Here is love, vast as the ocean,**
Lovingkindness as the flood,
when the Prince of life, our ransom,
shed for us His precious blood.
Who His love will not remember?
Who can cease to sing His praise?
He can never be forgotten
throughout heaven's eternal days.
- On the mount of crucifixion
fountains opened deep and wide;
through the floodgates of God's mercy
flowed a vast and gracious tide.
Grace and love, like mighty rivers,
poured incessant from above,
and heaven's peace and perfect justice
kissed a guilty world in love.

(William Rees; tr by William Edwards)