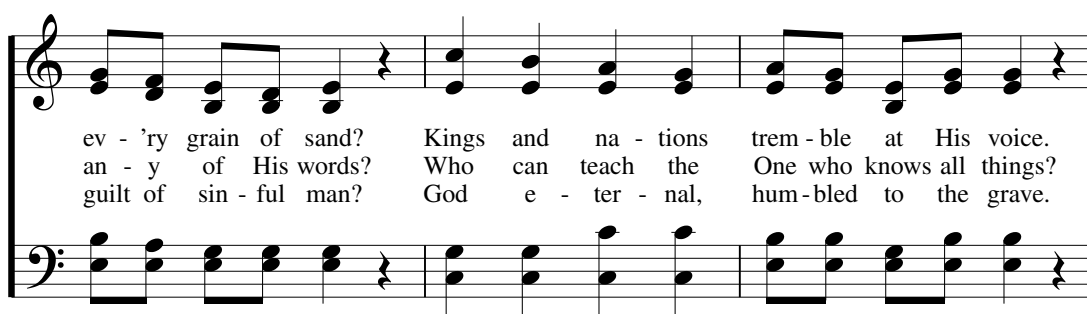


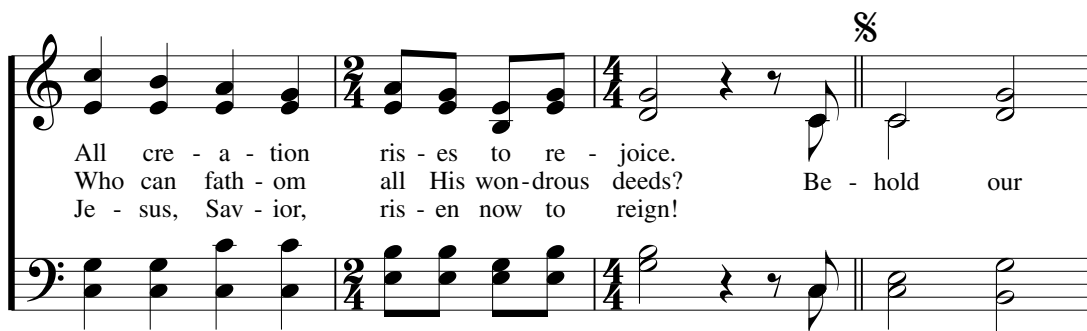
126 Behold Our God



1. Who has held the o - ceans in His hands? Who has num - bered
 2. Who has giv - en coun - sel to the Lord? Who can ques - tion
 3. Who has felt the nails up - on His hands, Bear - ing all the



ev - 'ry grain of sand? Kings and na - tions trem - ble at His voice.
 an - y of His words? Who can teach the One who knows all things?
 guilt of sin - ful man? God e - ter - nal, hum - bled to the grave.




All cre - a - tion ris - es to re - joice. Be - hold our
 Who can fath - om all His won - drous deeds? Je - sus, Sav - ior,
 Je - sus, Sav - ior, ris - en now to reign!



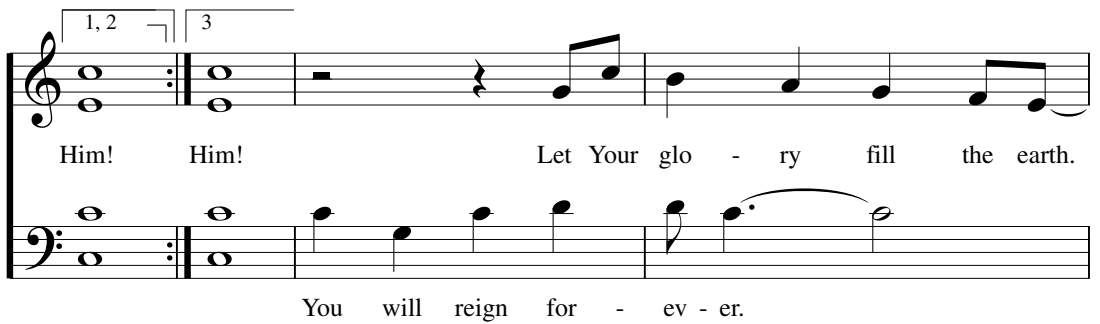
God, seat - ed on His throne. Come, let us a - dore Him. Be - hold our

JESUS THE SON – CHRIST OUR KING

Last time to Coda 



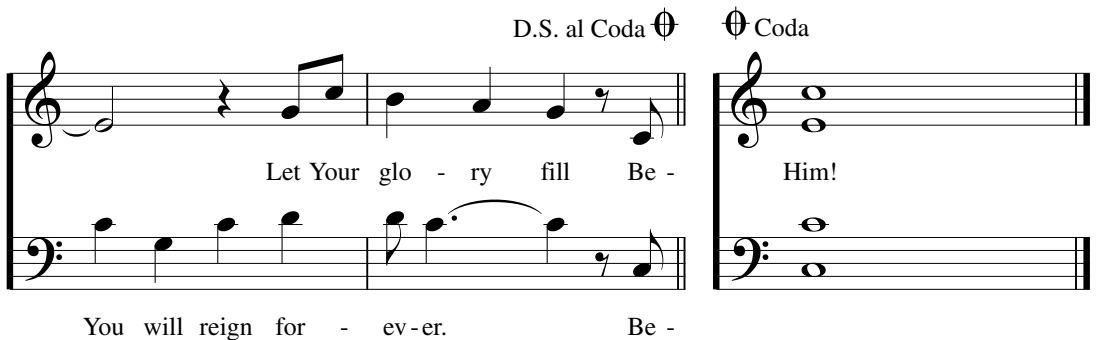
King, noth - ing can com - pare. Come, let us a - dore





Him! Him! Let Your glo - ry fill the earth.
You will reign for - ev - er.



Let Your glo - ry fill the earth. Let Your glo - ry fill the earth.
You will reign for - ev - er. You will reign for - ev - er.



D.S. al Coda   Coda
Let Your glo - ry fill Be - Him!
You will reign for - ev - er. Be -

290 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,

On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 Sor - row and love min - gled down;
 That were a pres - ent far too small;

My rich - est gain I count but loss,
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,

And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Words: Isaac Watts

Music: Appalachian Folk melody from Scottish origin, arr. Bruce Greer

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154 Oh, the Deep, Deep Love

1. Oh, the deep, deep love of Je - sus, vast, un-meas - ured, bound-less, free.
2. Oh, the deep, deep love of Je - sus, spread His praise from shore to shore.
3. Oh, the deep, deep love of Je - sus, far sur-pass - ing all the rest.

Roll - ing as a might-y o - cean in its full - ness o - ver me.
How He came to pay our ran - som through the sav - ing cross He bore:
It's an o - cean full of bless - ing in the midst of ev - 'ry test.

Un - der - neath me, all a - round me is the cur - rent of Your love.
How He watch - es o'er His loved ones, those He died to make His own:
Oh, the deep, deep love of Je - sus, might - y Sav - ior, pre-cious Friend:

Lead-ing on - ward, lead-ing home - ward to Your glo - rious rest a - bove.
How for them He's in - ter - ced - ing, plead - ing now be - fore the throne.
You will bring us home to glo - ry where Your love will nev - er end.

Words: Samuel Trevor Francis; alt. Bob Kauflin

Music: Bob Kauflin; arr. Ruth Coleman

Oh, the deep, deep love, all I need and
trust is the deep, deep love of Je - sus.

This musical score is for a hymn in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee 155

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek!
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this! No tongue or pen can show

But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet - er sound than Je - sus' name, O Sav - ior of man - kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is— None but His loved ones know.

This musical score is for a hymn in D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

440 Doxology

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all crea - tures

here be - low. Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son and

Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

Opt. Song Ending
rit.

Optional higher song setting

Broaden

Unison

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings

flow; Praise Him, all crea - tures here be -

Words: Thomas Ken

Music: *Genevan Psalter* 1551 Edition attr. Louis Bourgeois; Optional song setting and choral ending by David T. ClydesdaleArr. © 2008 Van Ness Press, Inc. (ASCAP) (admin. by Lifeway Worship c/o Music Services, www.musicservices.org). All rights reserved.

low. Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise

(opt. rit.)

Opt. choral ending
Sing parts

Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost. A -

men, A - men!

molto rit. *molto cresc.*

1 Peter 5:6-11

441

⁶ Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God so that at the proper time he may exalt you, ⁷ casting all your anxieties on him, because he cares for you.

⁸ **Be sober-minded; be watchful. Your adversary the devil prowls around like a roaring lion, seeking someone to devour. ⁹ Resist him, firm in your faith, knowing that the same kinds of suffering are being experienced by your brotherhood throughout the world.**

¹⁰ And after you have suffered a little while, the God of all grace, who has called you to his eternal glory in Christ, will himself restore, confirm, strengthen, and establish you. ¹¹ To him be the dominion forever and ever. Amen.