

MTB: March 23, 2017

“You shall be a crown of beauty in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of your God. You shall no more be termed Forsaken, and your land shall no more be termed Desolate, but you shall be called My Delight Is in Her, and your land Married; for the Lord delights in you, and your land shall be married. For as a young man marries a young woman, so shall your sons marry you, and as the bridegroom rejoices over the bride, so shall your God rejoice over you.” Isaiah 62:3-5

O the Deep, Deep Love of Jesus

Words: Samuel Trevor Francis

Music, Chorus, and Alt. Words: Bob Kauflin

Oh the deep, deep love of Jesus
Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free
Rolling as a mighty ocean
In its fullness over me
Underneath me, all around me
Is the current of Your love
Leading onward, leading homeward
To Your glorious rest above

Oh the deep, deep love

All I need and trust

Is the deep, deep love of Jesus

Oh the deep, deep love of Jesus
Spread His praise from shore to shore
How He came to pay our ransom
Through the saving cross He bore
How He watches o'er His loved ones
Those He died to make His own
How for them He's interceding
Pleading now before the throne ***(Chorus)***

Oh the deep, deep love of Jesus
Far surpassing all the rest
It's an ocean full of blessing
In the midst of every test
Oh the deep, deep love of Jesus
Mighty Savior, precious Friend

The Sands of Time Are Sinking

Words: Anne Cousin Music: trad. folk tune

1. The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for -
The fair, sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark had been the midnight
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

2. The king there in His beauty,
Without a veil is seen:
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land

3. O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4. The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face;

Not at the crown He giveth
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

5. O I am my Beloved's
And my Beloved is mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house of wine
I stand upon His merit -
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

Wake Up O Daughter of Zion

Wendell Kimbrough

Wake up, O daughter of Zion!
Leave here your clothing of shame.
No more the orphan or harlot,
See, I give you a new name!

***Take up these garments of splendor;
Beautiful daughter, rise up!
Feel my great mercy surround you;
Dress in the gown of my love.***

“Beautiful bride,” He has called you.
“Sought after, married, redeemed.”
“You'll be the crown of my glory;
You, my most highly esteemed.”

Glorious there in her chamber,
Wearing the robe of the king.
See him delight in her beauty;

You will bring us home to glory
Where Your love will never end (***Chorus***)

I will not gaze at glory but on my King of grace.

With joy and gladness he sings: