

Sunday Worship Music

March 17, 2024

Introit

Change My Heart, O God

Eddie Espinosa, 1982

*Change my heart, O God; make it ever true.
Change my heart, O God; may I be like you.
You are the Potter, I am the clay.
Mold me and make me; this is what I pray.
Change my heart, O God; make it ever true.
Change my heart, O God; may I be like you.*

Hymn 720

Jesus Calls Us

text by C. F. Alexander, 1832
music by William Jude, 1887

*Jesus calls us o'er the tumult of our life's wild, restless sea;
day by day his sweet voice soundeth saying, "Christian, follow me."*

*Jesus calls us from the worship of the vain world's golden store,
from each idol that would keep us, saying, "Christian, love me more."*

*In our joys and in our sorrows, days of toil and hours of ease,
still he calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love me more than these."*

*Jesus calls us: by thy mercies, Savior, may we hear thy call,
give our hearts to thy obedience, serve and love thee best of all.*

Solo

And Can It Be?
(Linda Baker, soprano)

text by Charles Wesley, 1738
setting by Dan Forrest, 2014

*And can it be? And can it be? Amazing love, how can it be?
And can it be that I should gain an interest in the Savior's blood?
Died he for me who caused his pain? For me who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?*

*He left his Father's throne above, so free, so infinite his grace;
emptied himself of all but love, and bled for Adam's helpless race;
'tis mercy all, immense and free; for, O my God, it found out me.
And can it be? And can it be? Amazing love, how can it be?*

*No condemnation now I dread; Jesus and all in him is mine!
Alive in him, my living head, and clothed in righteousness divine,
bold I approach the eternal throne, and claim the crown through Christ my own.
Amazing love! How can it be that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?*

Hymn 833

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go text by George Matheson, 1881
music by A. L. Peace, 1884

*O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
that in thine ocean depths its flow may richer, fuller be.*

*O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flickering torch to thee;
my heart restores its borrowed ray,
that in the sunshine's blaze its day may brighter, fuller be.*

*O Joy that seekest me through pain, I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
and feel the promise is not vain that morn shall tearless be.*

*O Cross that liftest up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
and from the ground there blossoms red life that shall endless be.*