

Emmanuel Church Word Sheet

1st April 2021 Maundy Thursday

From the squalor of a borrowed stable,

By the Spirit and a virgin's faith;
To the anguish and the shame of scandal
Came the Saviour of the human race!
But the skies were filled with the praise of heaven,
Shepherds listen as the angels tell
Of the Gift of God come down to man
At the dawning of Immanuel.

King of heaven now the Friend of sinners,
Humble servant in the Father's hands,
Filled with power and the Holy Spirit,
Filled with mercy for the broken man.
Yes, He walked my road and He felt my pain,
Joys and sorrows that I know so well;
Yet His righteous steps give me hope again -
I will follow my Immanuel!

Through the kisses of a friend's betrayal,
He was lifted on a cruel cross;
He was punished for a world's transgressions,
He was suffering to save the lost.
He fights for breath, He fights for me,
Loosing sinners from the claims of hell;
And with a shout our souls are free -
Death defeated by Immanuel!

Now He's standing in the place of honour,
Crowned with glory on the highest throne,
Interceding for His own beloved
Till His Father calls to bring them home!
Then the skies will part as the trumpet sounds
Hope of heaven or the fear of hell;
But the Bride will run to her Lover's arms,
Giving glory to Immanuel!

Jesus said

that if I thirst
I should come to him
No one else can satisfy
I should come to him

Jesus said
if I am weak
I should come to him
No one else can be my strength
I should come to him

*For the Lord is good and faithful
He will keep us day and night
We can always run to Jesus
Jesus strong and kind*

Jesus said
that if I fear
I should come to him
No one else can be my shield
I should come to him

Jesus said
if I am lost
He will come to me
And he showed me on that cross
He will come to me

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour'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?

'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

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.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

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.

From heaven you came,

Helpless babe,
Entered our world,
Your glory veiled;
Not to be served but to serve,
And give Your life
That we might live.

*This is our God,
The Servant King,
He calls us now
To follow Him,
To bring our lives
As a daily offering
Of worship to
The Servant King.*

There in the garden
Of tears,
My heavy load
He chose to bear;
His heart with sorrow was torn,
'Yet not My will
But Yours,' He said.

Come see His hands
And His feet,
The scars that speak
Of sacrifice;
Hands that flung stars into space
To cruel nails
Surrendered.

So let us learn
How to serve,
And in our lives
Enthroned Him;
Each other's needs to prefer,
For it is Christ
We're serving.