

Worship set for 2 Apr 2017

Our God is an Awesome God

Our God is an awesome God
He reigns from heaven above
With wisdom, power and love
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Our Song from Age to Age

Oh God of power, living Word
The One who made the stars
Who with Your glory filled the earth
From dust made beating hearts
You loved us when we fell away
Poured mercy on our souls
And promised grace would come to save
To loose death's iron hold

***You are our song from age to age
Our voices unite to recount Your praise
Again and again***

Oh God of promises fulfilled
The God who took on flesh
Who did all that the Father willed
Was humbled unto death
You bore our cross of sin and shame
Endured our agony
With gladness we now bear Your name
And worship at Your feet

***You are our song from age to age
Our voices unite to recount Your praise
Again and again
You are our song from age to age
We will proclaim Your pow'r to save
Again and again***

Oh God, who surely guides our steps
Through tempests and through trials
Our Shepherd King, Your way is best
Though tears now veil our eyes
Your steadfast love, our perfect hope
Our eyes are fixed on grace
We have no doubt You'll lead us home
To finally see Your face

***You are our song from age to age
Our voices unite to recount Your praise
Again and again
You are our song from age to age
We will proclaim Your pow'r to save***

Again and again

Oh God of all of history
Enthroned in realms of light
What eyes of faith have strained to see
Will one day fill our sight
With all the saints we'll lay our crowns
Before the Savior's feet
And sing as all the heav'ns resound
For all eternity

***You are our song from age to age
Our voices unite to recount Your praise
Again and again
You are our song from age to age
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Stricken, Smitten and Afflicted

Stricken, smitten, and afflicted
See Him dying on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man rejected
Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!
'Tis the long-expected Prophet
David's son, yet David's Lord
By His Son God now has spoken
'Tis the true and faithful Word

Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning
Was there ever grief like His?
Friends through fear His cause disowning
Foes insulting His distress
Many hands were raised to wound Him
None would interpose to save
But the deepest stroke that pierced Him
Was the stroke that Justice gave

Ye who think of sin but lightly
Nor suppose the evil great
Here may view its nature rightly
Here its guilt may estimate
Mark the sacrifice appointed
See who bears the awful load
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed
Son of Man and Son of God

Here we have a firm foundation
Here the refuge of the lost

Christ, the Rock of our salvation
His the name of which we boast
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded
Who on Him their hope have built

Offertory : Instrumental (Winnie)

Doxology

2nd set :

The Solid Rock

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

***On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.***

His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

***On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand***

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

***On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand***

Song of Response :

A Mighty Fortress is Our God

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right man on our side,

The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth, His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of Darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo, his doom is sure;
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours,
Thru Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is forever.

Awesome God

Words and Music by
Rich Mullins

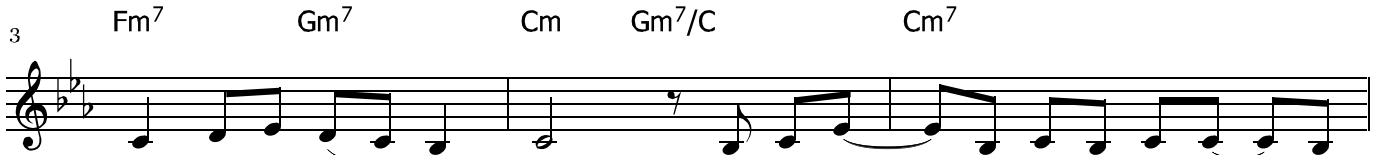
♩ = 74

VERSE

Cm



1. When He rolls up His sleeves — He ain't just "put-tin' on the ritz"— Our
(2. When the) sky — was star - less in the void — of the night— Our



God is an awe - some God! There is thun - der in His foot-steps — and
God is an awe - some God! He spoke in - to the dark-ness and cre -



light-ning in His fists— Our God is an awe - some God! The
-a - ted the light— Our God is an awe - some God!



Lord — was - n't jok - ing when He kicked 'em out of E - den, it
Judg - ment and wrath — He poured — out on Sod - om,



was-n't for no rea-son that He shed — His — blood; His re - turn is ver - y close and so you'd
mer-cy and grace — He — gave — us at the cross. I hope that we have — not — too

CHORUS



bet-ter be be-liev-in' that our God is an awe - some God! Our God is an
quick-ly for-got - ten that our God is an awe - some God!

CCLI Song Number 41099

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18 E \flat B \flat Cm A \flat

awe-some God, He — reigns from — heav-en a - bove; With — wis - dom, —

22 E \flat Fm 7 G+ 7 G 7 Cm A \flat **CHORUS**

pow'r and love— our God is an awe-some God. Our — God is an

26 E \flat B \flat Cm A \flat

awe-some God, He — reigns from — heav-en a - bove; With — wis - dom, —

30 E \flat Fm 7 G+ 7 G 7 1. Cm

pow'r and love— our God is an awe-some God!

35 Fm 7 Gm 7 2. Cm

2. When the God! Our

37 **ENDING** Fm 7 Gm 7 1. Cm 2. Cm

God is an awe - some God! Our God!

Our Song From Age To Age

Words and Music by
Joel Sczebel

♩ = 50

VERSE 1

G

C



1. Oh God of pow - er, liv - ing Word, the One who made the stars, who

5

G

C

Am



with Your glo - ry filled the earth, from dust made beat - ing hearts. You loved us when we

10

Em

C

D

C

Am



fell a - way, poured mer - cy on our souls; — And prom - ised grace would

CHORUS 1

14

Em

C

D

G



come to save, to loose death's i - ron hold. — You are our song from age to age, our

19

D

C

Em

D

C



voic - es u - nite to re - count Your praise a - gain and a - gain.

VERSE 2 - 4

24

G

C



2. Oh God of prom - is - es ful - filled, the God who took on
God, who sure - ly guides our steps through temp - ests and through
God of all of his - to - ry, en - throned in realms of

28

G

C



flesh, who did all that the Fa - ther willed, was hum - bled un - to
 trials, our Shep - herd King, Your way is best, though tears now veil our
 light, what eyes of faith have strained to see will one day fill our

32

Am

Em

C

D



death. You bore our cross of sin and shame, en - dured our ag - o - ny. ____ With
 eyes. Your stead - fast love, our per - fect hope, our eyes are fixed on grace. ____ We
 sight. With all the saints we'll lay our crowns be - fore the Sav - ior's feet, ____ and

37

C

Am

Em

C

D



glad - ness we now bear Your name and wor - ship at Your feet. ____
 have no doubt You'll lead us home to fi - n'ly see Your face. ____
 sing as all the heav'ns re - sound for all e - ter - ni - ty. ____

CHORUS 2

41

G

D



You are our song from age to age, our voic - es u - nite to re - count Your praise a -

45

C

Em

D

G

D



-gain and a - gain. You are our song from age to age, we will pro - claim _ Your

50

C

Em

D

G

2



pow'r to save a - gain and a - gain.

55

C

G



1, 2.

3.

3. Oh
 4. Oh

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

GOOD FRIDAY

Words: Thomas Kelly, 1804.

Music: 'O Mein Jesu, Ich Muss Sterben' or 'Wo Ist Jesus, Mein Verlangen' from Geistliches Volkslied, 1850.

Setting: "Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book", 1931.

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♩ = 180

1. Strick - en, smitt - en, and a - - fflic - ted, See Him dy - ing on the tree!
 2. Tell me, ye who hear Him groan - ing, Was there e - ver grief like His?
 3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly, Nor sup - pose the ev - il great,
 4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the re - fuge of the lost.

'Tis the Christ by man re - - ject - ed; Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!
 Friends through fear His cause dis - own - ing, Foes in - - sul - ting his dis - tress:
 Here may view its na - ture right - ly, Here its guilt may est - i - - mate.
 Christ the Rock of our sal - - va - tion, Christ the Name of which we boast.

'Tis the long ex - pec - ted pro - phet, Da - vid's Son, yet Da - vid's Lord;
 Man - y hands were raised to wound Him, None would in - ter - pose to save;
 Mark the Sac - ri - - fice ap - - point - ed! See Who bears the aw - ful load!
 Lamb of God for sin - ners wound - ed! Sac - ri - - fice to can - cel guilt!

Proofs I see su - ffic - ient of it: 'Tis a true and faith - ful Word.
 But the deep - est stroke that pierced Him Was the stroke that Jus - tice gave.
 'Tis the Word, the Lord's A - - noint - ed, Son of Man, and Son of God.
 None shall ev - er be con - found - ed Who on Him their hope have built.

The Solid Rock

Words and Music by
Edward Mote, William B. Bradbury,
Charlie Hall, Trent Austin
and Kendall Combs

F **Csus**



1 My hope is built on nothing less than
(2. When) dark - ness seems to hide His face, I
(3. His) oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood sup -
(4. When) He shall come with trum - pet sound, oh

B^b **C** **F**



Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness; I dare not trust the
rest on His un - chang - ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and
port me in the whelm - ing flood; When all a - round my
may I then in Him be found; Dressed in His right - eous -

Csus **B^b** **C** **F**



sweet - est frame, but whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
storm - y gale my an - chor holds with - in the veil.
soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
ness a - lone, fault - less to stand be - fore the throne.

9



On

11 **F** **B^b** **F** **F/C** **C**



Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand, all oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, all

The Solid Rock - 2

15 **F** **C** **F** **F2**

oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

18 **F/A** **Bb2** **F2**

oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

20 **F/A** **Bb2** **F/A** **Bb2** **F**

oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

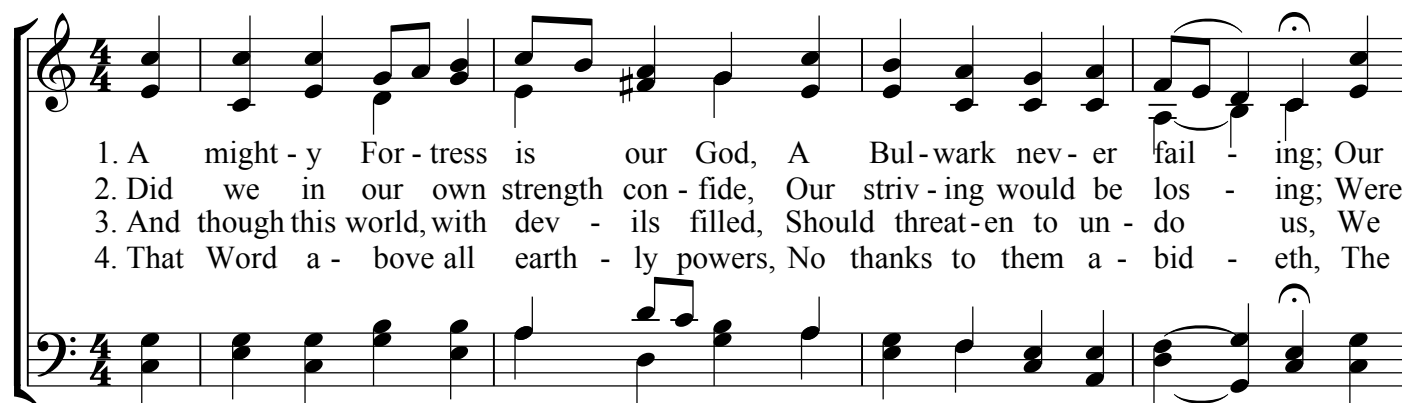
2 When
3 His
4 When

A Mighty Fortress

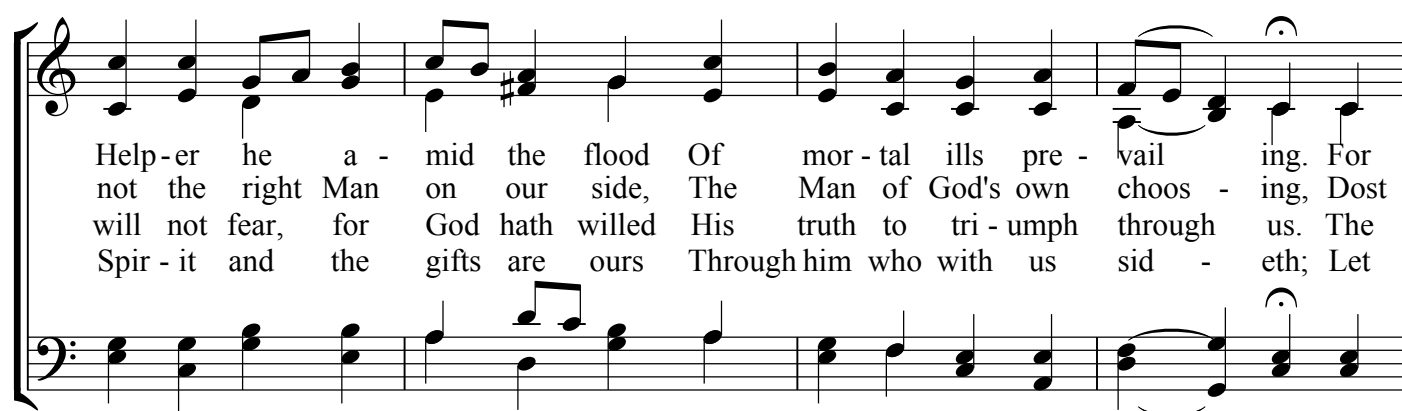
EIN' FESTE BURG

Martin Luther, 1529

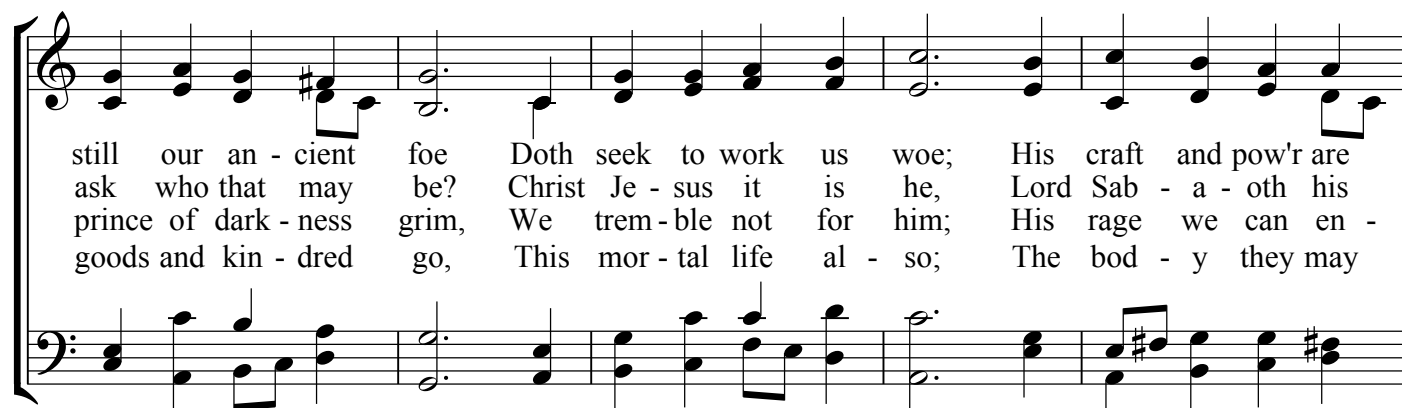
Martin Luther, 1529



1. A might - y For - tress is our God, A Bul - wark nev - er fail - ing; Our
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing; Were
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un - do us, We
4. That Word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them a - bid - eth, The



Help - er he a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail ing. For
not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing, Dost
will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us. The
Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through him who with us sid - eth; Let



still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus it is he, Lord Sab - a - oth his
prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can en -
goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y they may



great; And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
Name, From age to age the same, And he must win the bat - tle.
dure, For lo! his doom is sure; One lit - tle word shall fell him.
kill: God's truth a - bid - eth still; His king - dom is for - ev - er.

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