

Song words for Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> June 2021

COME, LET US SING OF A WONDERFUL LOVE,  
Tender and true;  
Out of the heart of the Father above,  
Streaming to me and to you:  
Wonderful love  
Dwells in the heart of the Father above.

Jesus, the Saviour, this gospel to tell,  
Joyfully came;  
Came with the helpless and hopeless to dwell,  
Sharing their sorrow and shame;  
Seeking the lost,  
Saving, redeeming at measureless cost.

Jesus is seeking the wanderers yet;  
Why do they roam?  
Love only waits to forgive and forget;  
Home, weary wanderer, home!  
Wonderful love  
Dwells in the heart of the Father above.

Come to my heart, O Thou wonderful love,  
Come and abide,  
Lifting my life, till it rises above  
Envy and falsehood and pride,  
Seeking to be  
Lowly and humble, a learner of Thee.

*Words: Robert Walmsley, Music: Frederick Luke Wiseman © Methodist Conference.*

FATHER GOD, I WONDER how I managed to exist  
Without the knowledge of Your parenthood and Your loving care.  
But now I am Your son, I am adopted in Your family,  
And I can never be alone,  
'Cause Father God, You're there beside me.

I will sing Your praises, I will sing Your praises, I will sing Your praises, Forever more.  
I will sing Your praises, I will sing Your praises, I will sing Your praises, Forever more.

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I'M ACCEPTED, I'm forgiven, I am fathered by the true and living God.  
I'm accepted, no condemnation, I am loved by the true and living God.

There's no guilt or fear as I draw near To the Saviour and Creator of the world.  
There is joy and peace as I release my worship to You, O Lord.

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How deep the Father's love for us,  
How vast beyond all measure,  
That He should give His only Son  
To make a wretch His treasure.  
How great the pain of searing loss –  
The Father turns His face away,  
As wounds which mar the Chosen One  
Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon a cross,  
My sin upon His shoulders;  
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice  
Call out among the scoffers.  
It was my sin that held Him there  
Until it was accomplished;  
His dying breath has brought me life  
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything,  
No gifts, no power, no wisdom;  
But I will boast in Jesus Christ,  
His death and resurrection.  
Why should I gain from His reward?  
I cannot give an answer;  
But this I know with all my heart –  
His wounds have paid my ransom.

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