

Notes:

Sermon Text

Subject

He is Lord, He is Lord!
He is risen from the dead and he is Lord!
Ev'ry knee shall bow, ev'ry tongue confess
That Jesus Christ is Lord.

You're my Lord, You're my Lord.
You have risen from the dead, and You're my Lord.
With my knee, I will bow, and with my tongue, confess
That Jesus, You're my Lord.
- Steve Vest (1969)

Service Music

Pre-Service- DONA NOBIS PACEM - Traditional Latin
TRURO (Christ Is Alive) - T. Williams, C. Burney (1726-1814)

Prelude- I Will Trust When I Cannot See - J. Peterson (1921-2006)

Special Music - What A Savior - Marvin P. Dalton (1906-1987), Arr. RDOwens
© 1948. Renewed 1976 Stamps Quartet Music (Admin. by ClearBox Rights, LLC)

Once I was straying in sin's dark valley,
No hope within could I see,
They searched through Heaven and found a Savior
To save a poor lost sould like me.

He left the Father, with all His riches,
With calmness sweet and serene,
Came down from heaven and gave his life-blood
To make the vilest sinner clean.

Oh, what a Savior! Oh, Hallelujah!
His heart was broken on Calvary.
His hands we nail scarred; His side was riven.
He gave his life-blood for you and me

Death's chilly waters I'll soon be crossing;
His hand will lead me safe o'er.
I'll join the chorus in that great city,
And sing up there for ever more.

Oh, what a Savior! Oh, Hallelujah!
His heart was broken on Calvary.
His hands we nail scarred; His side was riven.
He gave his life-blood for you and me

Spiritual "To Do List"
(things God has shown me today)

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**Blessed are they
that have not seen,
and yet have believed.
John 20:29**



PHOTO: RDO 4-6-2013

My Saviour's Love

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
 2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine."
 3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
 4. He took my sins and my sor - rows; He made them His ver - y own;
 5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner condemned, un-clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
 To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
 He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fered, and died a - lone.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

CHORUS

How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful!

How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful Is my Sav - iour's love for me!
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful

Oh, for a Thousand Tongues

CHARLES WESLEY

CARL G. GLAZER
 ARR. BY LOWELL MASON

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise,
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
 3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin; He sets the pris - 'ner free.

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
 To spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.
 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears; 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.