

Flow gently sweet Afton

(Paul Sharman)

My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2. I love thee because thou hast first lovèd me
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in
death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me
breath;
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my
brow:
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4. In mansions of Glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee and dwell in thy sight;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow:
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
William Ralph Featherstone

Compelled by love

(Stephen Pearson/Andrew Blyth)

Compelled by love, Called to serve wherever
there are souls in need.
Compelled by love, Called to find the lonely
and the lost.
Touched by God's grace, I'll love where hearts
are hurting.
How can I offer less than all, When I am born
again by his forgiving?
I'm compelled by love.

2. Compelled by love, Called to toil wherever
there are mouths to feed.
Compelled by love, Called to work where life
is at its worst.
Moved by God's grace, I'll prove that I am
willing.
How can I offer less than all, When his love fills
my heart my spirit thrilling?
I'm compelled by love.

3. Compelled by love, Called to follow Christ
no matter where he leads.

Compelled by love, Called to give and not to
count the cost.

Filled with God's grace, I'll lead a life worth
living,

How can I offer less than all, When I am made
anew by his infilling?

His love calls me, his love claims me, I'm
compelled by love.

*Stephen Pearson***I stand amazed**

(Phil Bailey)

Lord, what can I say? Lord what can I do?
To honour my King, who gave up everything.
My sin he bore, for evermore.

Lord, you are worthy of all of my praise.

*I stand amazed when I realise this love you
have for me.*

*I stand in awe that it's freely given; your
grace abounds for me.*

*You sacrificed your life for me, you paid the
price upon the tree;*

You died, so I am free. Thank you, Lord.

2. I humbly bring my everything.

Take all of me; I lay it all at your feet.

Your love for me, has set me free.

Lord, you are worthy of all of my praise.

3. Who am I that you love me, that you'd lay
down your life?

Sin is beaten death overcome;

He'll reign in Heaven on high.

Phil Bailey