

Here I Am to Worship

Light of the world
You stepped down into darkness
Opened my eyes let me see
Beauty that made this heart adore You
Hope of a life spent with You

Here I am to worship
Here I am to bow down
Here I am to say that You're my God
You're altogether lovely
Altogether worthy
Altogether wonderful to me

King of all days
Oh so highly exalted
Glorious in heaven above
Humbly You came to the earth You created
All for love's sake became poor

[chorus]

By Tim Hughes

2000 Thankyou Music

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The Heart of Worship

When the music fades
All is stripped away
And I simply come
Longing just to bring
Something that's of worth
That will bless your heart

I'll bring you more than a song
For a song in itself
Is not what you have required
You search much deeper within
Through the way things appear
You're looking into my heart

I'm coming back to the heart of worship
And it's all about you,
It's all about you, Jesus
I'm sorry, Lord, for the thing I've made it
When it's all about you,
It's all about you, Jesus

King of endless worth
No one could express
How much you deserve
Though I'm weak and poor
All I have is yours
Every single breath

[pre-chorus]

[chorus]

By Matt Redman

1999 Thankyou Music

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On That Holy Mountain

The wolf is the guest of the lamb
On that holy mountain
The calf and the lion shall lie down
On that holy mountain
Together they shall rest with a child
On that holy mountain, on that holy mountain
On that holy mountain of the Lord

No harm or ruin, on that holy mountain
That sacred day shall be filled with
knowledge
There shall be peace, led by all the children
On that holy mountain, on that holy mountain
On that holy mountain of the Lord

The poor shall receive from the rich
On that holy mountain
The sick and the lame shall be healed
On that holy mountain
The wicked shall be slain by God's breath
On that holy mountain, on that holy mountain
On that holy mountain of the Lord

[chorus]

Justice shall flower for all time
On that holy mountain
As long as the sun still can shine
On that holy mountain
Peace til the moon be no more
On that holy mountain, on that holy mountain
On that holy mountain of the Lord

[chorus]

By Joe Mattingly

1990 World Library Publications

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Come Thou Fount

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Here by Thy great help I've come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

O that day when freed from sinning,
I shall see Thy lovely face;
Clothèd then in blood washed linen
How I'll sing Thy sovereign grace;
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my ransomed soul away;
Send thine angels now to carry
Me to realms of endless day.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

By John Wyeth, Robert Robinson

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