

The Constraining Love of Christ

14 For the love of Christ constrains us, because we have concluded this: that one has died for all, therefore all have died;

15 and he died for all, that those who live might no longer live for themselves but for him who for their sake died and was raised. 2
Corinthians 5:14-15

- I. What is Self-Denial? No longer Living for Myself (15)
- II. The Power or Efficacy of the Substitutionary, Atoning Death of Christ (14b)
- III. The Inner Working of the Power of Christ in the Soul (14a)

Grace Welcomes You

April 21, 2024

Rock Of Ages

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to the cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Text: Augustus Toplady Tune: TOPLADY, Thomas Hastings

Your Will Be Done

Your will be done, my God and Father,

As in Heaven, so on earth

My heart is drawn to self exalting,

Help me seek Your kingdom first

As Jesus walked, so I shall walk,
Held by Your same unchanging love
Be still my soul, Oh, lift your voice and pray
Father not my will but Yours be done

How in that garden he persisted,
I may never fully know
The fearful weight of true obedience,
It was held by him alone

What wondrous faith, to bear that cross,
To bear my sin, what wondrous love
My hope was sure, When there my Savior prayed
Father not my will but Yours be done

When I am lost, when I am broken,
In the night of fear and doubt
Still I will trust in my good Father,
Yes, to one great King I bow!

As Jesus rose, so I shall rise,
In ransomed glory at the throne
My heart restored, With all your saints I sing
Father, not my will but Yours be done

As we go forth, our God and Father,
Lead us daily in the fight
That all the world might see Your glory,
And Your Name be lifted high

And in this Name we overcome,
For You shall see us safely home
Now as your church, We lift our voice and pray
Father, not my will but Yours be done

And in this Name we overcome,
For You shall see us safely home
Now as your church, We lift our voice and pray
Father, not my will but Yours be done
Father, not my will but Yours be done
Father, not my will but Yours be done

How Long (Love Constraining To Obedience)

To see the law by Christ fulfilled,
To hear His pardoning voice
Can change a slave into a child
And duty into choice
No strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright
And what she has she misapplies
For want of clearer light

How long, how long beneath the law I lay
How long, how long I struggled to obey

Then To abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do
Now if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too
Then all my servile works were done,
A righteousness to raise
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose His ways
Freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose His ways

How long, how long beneath the law I lay
How long, how long I struggled to obey
How long, how long in bondage and distress
How long, how long I tried without success

To see the law by Christ fulfilled,
To hear His pardoning voice
Can change a slave into a child
And duty into choice

How long, how long beneath the law I lay
How long, how long I struggled to obey
How long, how long in bondage and distress
How long, how long I tried without success
I tried without success, I tried without success

Text: William Cowper, Music by Dan Koch and Pacific Gold.

Hast Thou Heard Him, Seen Him, Known Him?

Hast thou heard Him, seen Him, known Him?
Is not thine a captured heart?
Chief among ten thousand own Him,
Joyful choose the better part.

Captivated by His beauty, Worthy tribute haste to bring.
Let His peerless worth constrain thee,
Crown Him now unrivaled King.

What has stripped the seeming beauty,
From the idols of the earth?
Not a sense of right or duty,
But the sight of peerless worth.

Not the crushing of those idols
With its bitter void and smart;
But the beaming of His beauty,
The unveiling of His heart.

Captivated by His beauty, Worthy tribute haste to bring.
Let His peerless worth constrain thee,
Crown Him now unrivaled King.

'Tis that look that melted Peter,
'Tis that face that Stephen saw,
'Tis that heart that wept with Mary,
Can alone from idols draw:

Draw and win and fill completely,
Till the cup o'erflow the brim;
What have we to do with idols
Who have companied with Him?

Captivated by His beauty, Worthy tribute haste to bring.
Let His peerless worth constrain thee,
Crown Him now unrivaled King.

Captivated by His beauty, Worthy tribute haste to bring.
Let His peerless worth constrain thee,
Crown Him now unrivaled King.

Crown Him now unrivaled King.

Text: Ora Rowan, Music: Joel Littlepage ©2010 Joel Littlepage Music

In Christ Alone

In Christ alone my hope is found;
He is my light, my strength, my song;
This cornerstone, this solid ground,
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace,
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease!
My comforter, my all in all—
Here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, Who took on flesh,
Fullness of God in helpless babe!
This gift of love and righteousness,
Scorned by the ones He came to save.
Till on that cross as Jesus died,
The wrath of God was satisfied;
For ev'ry sin on Him was laid—
Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,
Light of the world by darkness slain;
Then bursting forth in glorious day,
Up from the grave He rose again!
And as He stands in victory,
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me;
For I am His and He is mine—
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death—
This is the pow'r of Christ in me;
From life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.

No pow'r of hell, no scheme of man,
Can ever pluck me from His hand;
Till He returns or calls me home—
Here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand.

Come Ye Sinners

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore
Jesus ready, stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power

Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh

I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in His arms
In the arms of my dear Savior
Oh, there are ten thousand charms

Let not conscience make you linger,
nor of fitness fondly dream;
all the fitness he requires
is to feel your need of him.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall
If you tarry 'til you're better,
You will never come at all

I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in His arms
In the arms of my dear Savior
Oh, there are ten thousand charms

Feel Him prostrate in the garden,
On the ground your Maker lies
On the bloody tree, behold him,
Sinner, will this not suffice?

Lo, the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude

I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in His arms
In the arms of my dear Savior
Oh, there are ten thousand charms

I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in His arms
In the arms of my dear Savior
Oh, there are ten thousand charms
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Joseph Hart