

THERE'S A SONG IN THE AIR

- (1) There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!
- (2) There's a tumult of joy o'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet Boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! The star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!
- (3) In the light of that star lie the ages impearled,
And that song from afar has swept over the world.
Every hearth is a flame – and the beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations where Jesus is King!
- (4) We rejoice in the light, and we echo the song,
That comes down thru the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! We shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Savior and King!

JESUS, WONDERFUL LORD!

- (1) Born among cattle, in poverty sore,
Living in meekness by Galilee's shore,
Dying in shame as the wicked ones swore:
Jesus, wonderful Lord!
- (chorus) Wonderful, wonderful Jesus!
He is my friend, true to the end;
He gave Himself to redeem me -
Jesus, wonderful Lord!
- (2) Weary – yet He is the world's only rest,
Hungry and thirsty – with plenty has blest,
Tempted – He promises grace for each test:
Jesus, wonderful Lord!
- (3) Friend of the friendless – betrayed and denied,
Help of the weak – in Gethsemane cried,
Light of the world – in gross darkness He died:
Jesus, wonderful Lord!

DAYS OF ELIJAH

(1) These are the days of Elijah,
Declaring the word of the Lord.
And these are the days of Your servant, Moses,
Righteousness being restored.
And though these are days of great trials,
Of famine and darkness and sword,
Still we are the voice in the desert crying,
“Prepare ye the way of the Lord.”

(chorus) Behold, He comes, riding on the clouds,
Shining like the sun, at the trumpet call.
So lift your voice, it's the year of Jubilee,
And out of Zion's hill salvation comes.

(2) These are the days of Ezekiel,
The dry bones becoming as flesh.
And these are the days of Your servant, David,
Rebuilding a temple of praise.
And these are the days of the harvest,
The fields are as white in the world.
And we are the laborers in Your vineyard,
declaring the word of the Lord.

HERE I AM TO WORSHIP

(1) 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.

(chorus) So 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.

(2) 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)

(bridge) And I'll never know how much it cost,
To see my sin upon that cross,
And I'll never know how much it cost,
To see my sin upon that cross.

(chorus)

Special Music
“Down From His Glory”

- (1) Down from His glory – ever living story -
My God and Savior came,
And Jesus was His name.
Born in a manger, to His own a stranger -
A man of sorrows, tears and agony!
- (refrain) O how I love Him, how I adore Him!
My breath, my sunshine, my all in all!
The great Creator, became my Savior,
And all God’s fullness dwelleth in Him!
- (2) What condesension, bring us redemption,
That in the dead of night,
Not one faint hope in sight,
God – gracious, tender – laid aside His splendor,
Stooping to woo, to win, to save my soul!
- (3) Without reluctance, flesh and blood His substance
He took the form of man,
Revealed the hidden plan;
O glorious mystery – sacrifice of Calvary!
And now I know, He is the great “I AM”!

AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD

- (1) As with gladness men of old,
Did the guiding star behold -
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright -
So, most gracious Lord may we
Evermore be led to Thee.
- (2) As with joyful steps they sped,
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet,
Ever seek Thy mercy seat.
- (3) As they offered gifts most rare,
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin’s alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.
- (4) Holy Jesus, every day keep us in the holy way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

SERMON OUTLINE
“May Our Worship Be Worthy”
Matthew 2:1-12

Intro:

I. A Journey of Faith

II. Detour in Jerusalem

III. Arrival to Worship & Give Gifts

Conclusion: