



The Quarry Gospel Church

Sunday 26th December 2021

This week's Scripture: Isaiah 25:9

"In that day they will say, "Surely this is our God;
we trusted in him, and he saved us.
This is the Lord, we trusted in him;
let us rejoice and be glad in his salvation."

NOTICES:

Next Sunday

2nd January: 10.30am — Morning Worship @ Lane Theatre

(Sunday Evening Prayer Points will resume on January 9th.)

The Quarry Gospel Church

Pastor: Andrew Mitchell Tel: 07546 935786

Website: www.tqgc.org Email: office@tqgc.org

Registered Office: 8 Pydar Close, Newquay, Cornwall. TR7 3BS

Registered Charity No. 1195276



Welcome to
The Quarry Gospel Church
Sunday 26th December



*"We saw his star when it rose
and have come to worship him."*

COME, LET US WORSHIP THE LORD;

Let us sing with one accord;
Let us lift our voices and sing
to give Him praise!
After all the love He has shown,
After He has called us His own,
All we can do is to praise
His Holy Name:

Jesus, My Saviour,
He is Jesus Christ, the King!
High above the heavens
He is Lord of ev'rything.
The Great Redeemer,
He's the one who set me free.
Son of God, Almighty One,
Who gave His life for me.

JESUS, AT YOUR NAME

we bow the knee.
Jesus, at Your name
we bow the knee.
Jesus at Your name
we bow the knee,
And acknowledge You as Lord.

You are the Christ,
You are the Lord;
Through Your Spirit in our lives
We know who You are.

AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD

Did the guiding star behold
As with joy they hailed its light
Leading onward, beaming bright
So, most glorious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

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.

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.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow 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.

In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King!

JESUS, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NAME.

Son of God, Son of Man,
Lamb that was slain.
Joy and peace, strength and hope,
Grace that blows all fear away.
Jesus, what a beautiful name.

Jesus, what a beautiful name.
Truth revealed, my future sealed,
Healed my pain.
Love and freedom, life and warmth,
Grace that blows all fear away.
Jesus, what a beautiful name.

Jesus, what a beautiful name.
Rescued my soul, my stronghold,
Lifts me from shame.
Forgiveness, security, power and love,
Grace that blows all fear away.
Jesus, what a beautiful name.

IMMANUEL, O IMMANUEL,

Bowed in awe, I worship at Your feet,
And sing Immanuel, God is with us,
Sharing my humanness, my shame,
Feeling my weaknesses, my pain,
Taking the punishment, the blame,
Immanuel.
And now my words cannot explain,
All that my heart cannot contain,
How great are the glories of Your
name,
Immanuel.

Copyright Information:
CCLI Licence No: 1605513

THE WISE MEN LOOKED ABOVE,

They looked into the starlit
sky one night.
They saw the shining star,
The star that they had hoped for
shone so bright.
It told them of the King
Whose birth had been foretold
By the prophets long ago,
That those who saw
His star rise in the sky
Might know that He was here—
The Saviour of the world..

And so led by the star,
They followed all the way
to Bethlehem.
And when they found the child,
They bowed the knee before
and worshipped Him.
They offered up their gifts,
Gold, frankincense and myrrh
Which spoke of His coming days,
Of sacrifice
and of His coming Kingdom.
How great this child would be—
The Saviour of the world.

(Instrumental)

And wise men seek Him still,
They look into the promise of His word.
And so they follow Him,
They come to worship Him
and to adore
The One who came to die,
To give Himself for us,
suffer death upon a cross;
He died that we might live
with Him in Glory.
Born in Bethlehem—
The Saviour of the world.
Born in Bethlehem—
The Saviour of the world.

ONE DAY WHEN HEAVEN

Was filled with His praises,
One day when sin was
as black as could be,
Jesus came forth to be born of a virgin,
Dwelt among men, my example is He!

**Living He loved me; dying He saved me;
Buried, He carried my sins far away;
Rising, He justified freely for ever;
One day He's coming, oh, glorious day!**

One day they led Him
up Calvary's mountain,
One day they nailed Him to die on the tree;
Suffering anguish, despised and rejected:
Bearing our sins, my Redeemer is He!
Living He loved me ... (etc.)

One day they left Him
alone in the garden,
One day He rested, from suffering free;
Angels came down
o'er His tomb to keep vigil;
Hope of the hopeless,
my Saviour is He!
Living He loved me ... (etc.)

One day the grave
could conceal Him no longer,
One day the stone
rolled away from the door;
Then He arose,
over death He had conquered;
Now is ascended, my Lord evermore!
Living He loved me ... (etc.)

One day the trumpet
Will sound for His coming,
One day the skies
With His glory will shine;
Wonderful day,
my beloved ones bringing;
Glorious Saviour, this Jesus is mine!
Living He loved me ... (etc.)