

Let us build a house where love can dwell
and all can safely live,
a place where saints and children tell
how hearts learn to forgive.

Built of hopes and dreams and visions,
rock of faith and vault of grace ;
here the love of Christ shall end divisions :

*all are welcome, all are welcome,
all are welcome in this place.*

Let us build a house where prophets speak,
and words are strong and true,
where all God's children dare to seek
to dream God's reign anew.

Here the cross shall stand as witness
and as symbol of God's grace ;
here as one we claim the faith of Jesus :

Let us build a house where hands will reach
beyond the wood and stone
to heal and strengthen, serve and teach,
and live the Word they've known.

Here the outcast and the stranger
bear the image of God's face ;
let us bring an end to fear and danger :

Let us build a house where all are named,
their songs and visions heard
and loved and treasured, taught and claimed
as words within the Word.

Built of tears and cries and laughter,
prayers of faith and songs of grace,
let this house proclaim from floor to rafter :

From heaven you came, helpless babe,
entered our world, your glory veiled ;
not to be served, but to serve,
and give your life that we might live.

*This is our God, the Servant King,
he calls us now to follow him,
to bring our lives as a daily offering
of worship to the Servant King.*

There in the garden of tears,
my heavy load he chose to bear ;
his heart with sorrow was torn,
'Yet not my will but yours,' he said.

Come, see his hands and his feet,
the scars that speak of sacrifice,
hands that flung stars into space
to cruel nails surrendered.

So let us learn how to serve,
and in our lives enthrone him ;
each other's needs to prefer,
for it is Christ we're serving.

Jesus Christ, I think upon your sacrifice ;
you became nothing, poured out to death.
Many times I've wondered at your gift of life
and I'm in that place once again,
I'm in that place once again.

*And once again I look upon
the cross where you died.*

*I'm humbled by your mercy
and I'm broken inside.*

*Once again I thank you,
once again I pour out my life.*

Now you are exalted to the highest place,
King of the heavens, where one day I'll bow.
But for now I marvel at this saving grace
and I'm full of praise once again,
I'm full of praise once again.

And once again ...

Thank you for the cross,
thank you for the cross,
thank you for the cross, my friend.
Thank you for the cross,
thank you for the cross,
thank you for the cross, my friend.

And once again ...

- 1 O Jesus, I have promised
to serve thee to the end ;
be thou for ever near me,
my Master and my Friend :
I shall not fear the battle
if thou art by my side,
nor wander from the pathway
if thou wilt be my guide.
- 3 O let me hear thee speaking
in accents clear and still
above the storms of passion,
the murmurs of self-will ;
O speak to reassure me,
to hasten or control ;
O speak, and make me listen,
thou guardian of my soul.
- 4 O Jesus, thou hast promised
to all who follow thee,
that where thou art in glory
there shall thy servant be ;
and, Jesus, I have promised
to serve thee to the end :
O give me grace to follow,
my Master and my Friend.
- 5 O let me see thy foot-marks,
and in them plant mine own ;
my hope to follow duly
is in thy strength alone :
O guide me, call me, draw me,
uphold me to the end ;
and then in heaven receive me,
my Saviour and my Friend.