

**THERE'S A SOUND ON THE WIND
LIKE A VICTORY SONG,**

Listen now, let it rest on your soul.
It's a song that I learned
from a heavenly King,
It's a song of a battle royal.

There's a loud shout of victory
that leaps from our hearts
As we wait for our conquering King.
There's a triumph resounding
from dark ages past
To the victory song we now sing.

**Come on heaven's children,
the city is in sight.
There will be no sadness
on the other side.**

There'll be crowns for the conquerors
and white robes to wear,
There will be no more sorrow or pain.
And the battles of earth
shall be lost in the sight
Of the glorious Lamb that was slain.

Now the King of the ages
approaches the earth,
He will burst through the gates of the sky;
And all men shall bow down
to His beautiful name;
We shall rise with a shout, we shall fly!

**Come on, heaven's children,
the city is in sight.
There will be no sadness
on the other side.**

Now the King of the ages
approaches the earth,
He will burst through the gates of the sky;
And all men shall bow down
to His beautiful name;
We shall rise with a shout, we shall fly!



The Quarry Gospel Church

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Welcome to
The Quarry Gospel Church
Sunday 16th March

A very warm welcome to our service this morning
We hope you can stay afterwards for some refreshments

**"OH COME, LET US WORSHIP AND BOW DOWN;
LET US KNEEL BEFORE THE LORD, OUR MAKER!"**

Week Beginning 17.3.25:

Tuesday - 7.30pm

Bible Study (Refreshments 7pm)

Wednesday - 3.00pm

Food For Thought @ Shirley's

Friday - 10.00am

Prayer Meeting @ 8 Pydar

Next Sunday:

- **10.00am** Prayer Meeting
- **10.30am** Morning Worship

Prayer Points for the week:

GIVE THANKS:

- for God's continued provision for all our needs here at TQGC; and
- for the way hotels all over Newquay have received the church posters and flyers this past week, and for Dave's work in distributing them.

PLEASE PRAY:

- for the residents of **TRENCREEK**—that we would be shown a way to reach them for Christ and deliver the Gospel to them; please pray that the Lord will go ahead of us and we will find receptive hearts;
- also please pray for our forthcoming Easter Services—that there will be opportunity to invite people to these services.

Don't forget, if you want
to take some leaflets to
distribute near your
home or in one of the
areas near Lane
Theatre — see Dave!



Food For Thought – This Wednesday @ 3pm

**WHO HAS HELD THE OCEANS
IN HIS HANDS?**

Who has numbered ev'ry grain of sand?
King and nations tremble at His voice.
All creation rises to rejoice.

**Behold our God, seated on His throne;
come let us adore Him.
Behold our King; nothing can compare.
Come let us adore Him.**

Who has given counsel to the Lord?
Who can question any of His Words?
Who can teach the One
who knows all things?
Who can fathom all His wondrous deeds?

**Behold our God, seated on His throne;
come let us adore Him.
Behold our King; nothing can compare.
Come let us adore Him.**

Who has felt the nails upon His hands,
bearing all the guilt of sinful man?
God eternal, humbled to the grave;
Jesus, Saviour, risen now to reign!

**Behold our God, seated on His throne;
come let us adore Him.
Behold our King; nothing can compare.
Come let us adore Him.**

You will reign forever.
You will reign forever.
You will reign forever.
(Let Your glory fill the earth.)
You will reign forever.
(Let Your glory fill the earth.)

**Behold our God, seated on His throne;
come let us adore Him.
Behold our King; nothing can compare.
Come let us adore.**

Behold our God,.... (etc.)

AT THE NAME OF JESUS

ev'ry knee shall bow,
ev'ry tongue confess him
King of glory now.
'Tis the Father's pleasure
we should call him Lord,
who from the beginning
was the mighty Word.

At his voice creation
sprang at once to sight,
all the angel faces,
all the hosts of light,
thrones and dominations,
stars upon their way,
all the heav'nly orders
in their great array.

Humbled for a season
to receive a name
from the lips of sinners
unto whom he came,
faithfully he bore it
spotless to the last,
brought it back victorious,
when from death he passed.

In your hearts enthrone him;
there let him subdue
all that is not holy,
all that is not true;
crown him as your Captain
in temptation's hour:
let his will enfold you
in its light and pow'r.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus
shall return again,
with his Father's glory,
with his angel train;
for all wreaths of empire
meet upon his brow,
and our hearts confess him
King of glory now.

Reading: Isaiah 45:18-25

HE IS EXALTED

The King is exalted on high
I will praise Him
He is exalted, forever exalted
And I will praise His name

He is the Lord
Forever His truth shall reign
Heaven and earth
Rejoice in His holy name
He is exalted
The King is exalted on high

LORD, I LIFT YOUR NAME ON HIGH;

Lord, I love to sing Your praises.
I'm so glad You're in my life;
I'm so glad You came to save us.

You came from heaven to earth
to show the way,
From the earth to the cross,
My debt to pay.
From the cross to the grave,
From the grave to the sky,
Lord, I lift Your name on high.

JESUS, JESUS, LORD TO ME.)
Master, Saviour, Prince of Peace!)
Ruler of my heart today,) x2
Jesus, Lord to me.)

Reading: Philippians 2:5-18

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS,

the Lamb upon His throne.
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
of Him who died for thee,
and hail Him as thy matchless King
through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of life,
who triumphed o'er the grave,
and rose victorious in the strife
for those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
and lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of love;
behold His hands and side,
those wounds, yet visible above,
in beauty glorified;
no angel in the sky
can fully bear that sight,
but downward bends His burning eye
at mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
and all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
and round His pierced feet
fair flowers of paradise extend
their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
the Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
for thou hast died for me;
thy praise shall never, never fail
throughout eternity.