

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.