



The Servant King

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

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