

“BEHOLDING YOU”

Beholding You, Lord Jesus, I look upon Your face,
A King come as a baby, a gift to us of grace.
I see You growing upward, no seeming heritage,
Yet, God and man together, the perfect life You lived.

Beholding You, Lord Jesus, no ordinary life.
You stayed behind at temple, attuned to hear God’s voice.
A workshop for a playground, the Word of God Your guide.
Your family watched and pondered, “Who was this special boy?”

I wonder when You realized your true identity?
Born one of us, yet from above, Your mission You could see...

Beholding You, Lord Jesus, the Spirit like a dove...
The Father’s voice had spoken, “My Beloved Son”
You came to earth to save us; we did not understand...
That You were God’s own perfect Son , His Sacrificial Lamb.

Beholding You, Lord Jesus, a desert testing place
You grew in strength and knowledge, had studied for the race.
Deep times of prayer and fasting, a dozen motley men,
T ’was time to bring redemption, fulfill God’s perfect plan.

How is it Lord, that You would come and give Yourself for me?
I cannot say I understand or wanted to be free.

Beholding You, Lord Jesus, You called us follow You,
We wanted You to save us, not make our hearts anew.
You healed and preached forgiveness, and called us to repent,
But stuck in pride and habit, we followed other men.

Too proud to hear that freedom came not from earthly Kings
But from a heart forgiven, transformed for Heavenly things
Too busy tending image, we missed Messiah's voice
And stayed enslaved to worthless things-a life of selfish choice.

I'd rather simply follow rules than give up selfish thought.

You knew my heart and yet still came, and my salvation bought.

Beholding You, Lord Jesus, with heavy heart You prayed
You knew the cost to save us, your heart bare open lay
"Is there any other way?" in agony You prayed.
No answer from the Father came, your path was clear that day.

Your closest friends...	you asked them pray
You sweat like blood...	alone that day
They fell asleep...	they doubted You
The Garden dark...	The time had come
Disciple's kiss...	Betraying You
The others ran...	abandoned too

And I'm right there... I would have slept
Betrayed, denied... forgotten You
I'm just as guilty... great my debt.

"How can I stand and turn away, this One with loving eyes?"
I cannot see the Savior's love while looking at me, too.
Forgive my prideful, selfish heart....and draw me close to You.

Beholding You, Lord Jesus, I see you hanging high
It's me who should have been there, the price for all my pride.
Too proud to want forgiveness, we nailed you to a tree
Our sin debt laid upon You—there hung in agony...

You took my place, the perfect price... Your blood, the final sacrifice-
The Father's gaze, He looked away... On You all sin was laid that day.
Your life You gave, NO one took... The sky was dark, the earth it shook,
The curtain torn; a way was made... Sin did not win, our debt was paid!

The third day You were risen up... our Savior, Lord and King!

Beholding You, Lord Jesus, now risen from the grave.
Your eyes full of forgiveness, Your body not unscathed.
Your sacrificial death and life had paid sin's costly price.
Set free from guilt and judgment, we're given Your new life!

Beholding You, Lord Jesus, our soon and coming King
Soon You'll take us with You, forever more to be
For now, we'll share this Good News so others can be free
And know You, our Lord Jesus, the soon and coming King.

Beholding You, Lord Jesus, I see you face-to-face
Such joy to be together and learn Your heart of grace
Your Kingdom now inside us, and then come down-to-earth
Forever we will worship and serve you, King of Kings!

Original score performed by Becky Klint

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