

Nothing Wo-oh  
Nothing wo-oh-oh-oh  
Nothing wo-oh  
Is Impossible for God.

Back in the beginning  
God had always been.  
He's the great Creator,  
He made everything.

Every plant and creature,  
The moon, the stars and sun,  
The mountains and the ocean,  
He spoke and it was done!

Nothing wo-oh  
Nothing wo-oh-oh-oh  
Nothing wo-oh  
Is Impossible for God.

It tells me in the Bible  
That God's great love for me,  
Is higher than the heavens  
And deeper than the sea.

He sent His own Son, Jesus,  
To rescue me from sin.  
On a cross He suffered,

He died, He rose, he lives!  
Nothing wo-oh  
Nothing wo-oh-oh-oh  
Nothing wo-oh  
Is Impossible for God.

If I trust in Jesus  
To rescue me from sin,  
Then some day to Heaven,  
I'll be welcomed in.  
I know He'll never leave me,  
He'll always be my Guide.  
And I can face tomorrow,  
Because He's by my side!

Nothing wo-oh  
Nothing wo-oh-oh-oh  
Nothing wo-oh  
Is Impossible for God.

Lyrics and Music: Shelley Spiers, © 2015  
Shelley Spiers, CCLI Song # 7122872

You're the Word of God the Father,  
From before the world began;  
Every star and every planet  
Has been fashioned by Your hand.  
All creation holds together  
By the power of Your voice:  
Let the skies declare Your glory,  
Let the land and seas rejoice!  
You're the Author of creation,  
You're the Lord of every man;  
And Your cry of love rings out  
Across the lands.  
Yet You left the gaze of angels,  
Came to seek and save the lost,  
And exchanged the joy of heaven  
For the anguish of a cross.  
With a prayer You fed the hungry,  
With a word You stilled the sea.  
Yet how silently You suffered  
That the guilty may go free.  
With a shout You rose victorious,  
Wresting victory from the grave,  
And ascended into heaven  
Leading captives in Your wake.

Now You stand before the Father  
Interceding for Your own.  
From each tribe and tongue and nation  
You are leading sinners home.

Stuart Townend & Keith Getty  
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**W**hen This Passing World Is Done,  
when has sunk yon radiant sun,  
when we stand with Christ on high  
looking o'er life's history,  
then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
not till then, how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,  
dressed in beauty not my own,  
when I see Thee as Thou art,  
love Thee with unsinning heart,  
then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
not till then, how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,  
loud as thunders to the ear,  
loud as many waters' noise,  
sweet as harp's melodious voice,  
then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
not till then, how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,  
wakened up from wrath to flee,  
hidden in the Saviour's side,  
by the Spirit sanctified,  
teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
by my love, how much I owe.

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