

Adopted Sons

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**Not born a Jew. I wasn't.
I wasn't born into the kingdom.**

**But now, now I am one:
I am an adopted son.**

This grace we know, being grafted to the
kingdom's tree, this grace is glory immeasurable.
That now we are sons of God.
That now He is our Father.
That now we are one with Him...
 nothing could be greater,
 nothing could be more wonderful
 than to hear Him call us to His presence
 in His kind voice.
And that we cry out "Abba. Father."
That we know Him so intimately -
 there is no greater joy.

Lord, watch over your children.
Call them from every nation.
May all peoples stream to you, dear God.

On the glorious day all children of the Father
are called forth from the ends of the earth,
on that day we stream to His throne...

When in the light of His countenance we bask
in the grace of warriors victorious,
when all His sons are gathered together as one -
there we shall stand in life eternal.

For though once dwelling in a land of darkness,
though once imprisoned in the chains
of a foreign world,
when He calls us, His adopted children,
we will be at home in a land so blessed.

In the blood of Christ we will be washed;
by the sacrifice of the Lamb we will be clean,
and no more will we sit in sin, in blindness -
our eyes will be open to see.

Hallelujah! Light is given.
Jesus has redeemed the wayward ones.

Though once far-flung
to the four corners of the world,
now we are brought back home -
reconciled to our Maker.

For all His children God would hold
in His holy hands;
all His creation He would protect
under His outstretched wings.

And now that Jesus has laid down His life,
now are we returned to the fold again.
He has made us adopted sons
of a Father we once left for a foreign land.

Jesus is the only Son
and we are made children
only in Him:

We become one in this one Man.

II

King of the Jews is Jesus:
the Chosen of the chosen ones.
In human form, the perfect man;
as God, always divine.

The first-born of the dead
is our Lord,
the conqueror of that which held us
in the grave -
and now we are
redeemed from prodigal ways.

We, too, are born again;
We now have life in Him.
Joined once more to the Father,
all is well with our risen souls.

Leave not the path on which Jesus leads us;
it will take you to the kingdom of grace.

This race we run
unto the kingdom,
this race we are
as His adopted sons -

the confines of our call do bring us
to the place where freedom's won.

O the path to heaven -
so narrow and yet so free:
it is a road on which peace reigns supreme,
and where nails pierce hands and feet.

For if we are to be as He,
adopted into His stead -
the suffering is inescapable
as the glory is upon our heads.

The tree onto which we're grafted
is the cross that's heaven's gate.

But heaven itself shall be glorious;
alone in glory we shall be...
nothing will disturb us there,
nothing prevent our way to he -
One with Him indeed we'll be,
living eternally.

O Jesus, that you have made it so -
true God and true man,
you have led us to there.
For indeed nothing is lacking your humanity,
like one of us you shall forever be,
and yet so far above.

How can he who is Son to the Father,
who is of the Father,
who is human,
be God Himself?
This is what Jesus is.

And this is why we, too, shall find
our way back to oneness with the Father.
For becoming one with the Son
who is of the Father -
are we not then of the Father, too?

Is this not our blessed call?

Destined. Destined to return to Him
we are -
for only in Him we are.

Sons once fallen,
as fruit cast from the tree,
now we return to the place
the Lord has prepared for you and me.

Alleluia! that we might realize
our blessed place
as sons around His table,
Alleluia! that we might know
the glory of our call.

And so, come unto Him who restores all;
come unto the One who redeems your soul
and finds it in the Father -
you, too, shall be one with all
your holy sisters and brothers.

Though sinners once and separate,
now as saints we dwell.
Though scattered in the nation's bounds,
now we are God's seed.