

Hymn

10,000 Reasons (Bless the Lord)



Bless the Lord, O my soul, O my soul, wor-ship his ho - ly name.



Sing like ne-ver be-fore, O my soul, I'll wor-ship your ho - ly name.



The sun comes up, it's a new day dawning;

It's time to sing your song again.

Whatever may pass and whatever lies before me,

Let me be singing when the evening comes.

(Chorus)

You're rich in love and you're slow to anger;

Your name is great and your heart is kind.

For all your goodness I will keep on singing,

Ten thousand reasons for my heart to find.

(Chorus)

And on that day when my strength is failing,

The end draws near and my time has come;

Still my soul will sing your praise unending,

Ten thousand years and then forevermore.

(Chorus)

1. As morn - ing dawns and day a - wakes, To You I bring my need;
 2. As day un - folds, I seek your will In all of life's de - mands;
 3. As sun gives way to dark - est night Your Spi - rit still is here;

O gra - cious God, my source of strength, In You I live and breathe.
 And though the tempt - er tries me still, I cling to your com - mands.
 And though my strength fades like the light, New mer - cies will ap - pear.

Each hour is yours, by Wis - dom planned; Each deed em - power'd by sov - erign
 Let ev - ery ef - fort of my life Dis - play the match - less worth of
 I rest in You; a - bide with me Un - til our trials and suf - fer -

hands; Re - new my spi - rit, help me stand; Be glo - ri - fied, to - day.
 Christ; Make me a liv - ing sac - ri - fice; Be glo - ri - fied, to - day.
 ring Give way to fin - al vic - to - ry; Be glo - ri - fied, to - day;
Final verse, add: Be glo - ri - fied, I pray.

Preparation Music

A Debtor to Mercy

1. A debt - or to mer - cy a - lone Of cov - e - nant mer - cy I sing.
2. The work which your good - ness be - gan, The arm of Your strength will com - plete.
3. My name from the palms of Your hands E - ter - ni - ty will not e - rise.

I come with Your right - eous - ness on, My hum - ble of - f'ring to bring.
Your prom - ise is yes and a - men, And nev - er was for - feit - ed yet.
Im - pressed on Your heart it re - mains, In marks of in - del - i - ble grace.

The judg - ments of Your ho - ly law With me can have noth - ing to do
The fu - ture or things that are now, No pow - er be - low or a - bove
Yes, I to the end will en - dure, Un - til I bow down at Your throne,

My Sav - ior's o - be - dience and blood hide all my trans - gres - sions from view,
Can make You Your pur - pose fore - go, or sev - er my soul from Your love.
For - ev - er and al - ways se - cure, a debt - or to mer - cy a - lone.

Words: Augustus M. Toplady (1740-1778); Addl. words by Bob Kauflin (1998);
Music: Bob Kauflin (1998); Arr. Ruth Coleman © 2010 Sovereign Grace Praise (CCLI# 264766)

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er
2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threat-en to un-
4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a-

fail-ing; Our help-er He, a-mid the flood
los-ing; Were not the right Man on our side,
do us, We will not fear, for God hath willed
bid-eth; The Spir-it and the gifts are ours

Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing: For still our an-cient foe
The Man of God's own choos-ing: Dost ask who that may be?
His truth to tri-umph thro' us: The Prince of Dark-ness grim,
Thro' Him who with us sid-eth: Let goods and kin-dred go,

Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,
Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sa-ba-oth, His name,
We trem-ble not for him; His rage we can en-dure,
This mor-tal life al-so; The bod-y they may kill:

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God (cont.)

And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
For lo, his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.
God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.

1. A sov - 'reign pro - tec - tor I have, un - seen, yet for -
 2. In - spir - er and hear - er of prayer, Thou Shep - herd and
 3. Kind Au - thor and Ground of my hope, Thee, Thee, for my

ev - er at hand, un - change - ab - ly faith - ful to save, Al -
 guard - ian of Thine, my all to Thy Cov - e - nant care I
 God I a - vow, my glad Eb - en - ez - er set up, and

might - y to rule and com - mand. He smiles, and my com - forts a -
 sleep - ing and wak - ing re - sign. If Thou art my Shield and my
 own Thou hast helped me till now. I muse on the years that are

bound; His grace as the dew shall de - scend, and walls of sal -
 Sun, the night is no dark - ness to me, and, fast as my
 past, where - in my de - fence Thou hast proved, nor wilt Thou re -

va - tion sur - round the soul He de - lights to de - fend,
 mo - ments roll on, they bring me but near - er to Thee.
 lin - quish at last a sin - ner so sig - nal - ly loved.

Words: Augustus M. Toplady (1740-1778); Music: David Evans (1843-1913), Public Domain

Across the Lands

1. You're the Word of God the Fa-ther from be-fore the world be-gan;
2. Yet You left the gaze of an-gels, came to seek and save the lost,
3. With a shout You rose vic-to-rious, wrest-ling vic-t'ry from the grave,

Ev-'ry star and ev-'ry plan-et has been fash-ioned by Your hand.
And ex-changed the joy of Heav-en for the an-guish of a cross.
And as-cend-ed in-to Heav-en, lead-ing cap-tives in Your way.

All cre-a-tion holds to-ge-th-er by the pow-er of Your voice.
With a prayer You fed the hun-gry, with a word You calmed the sea;
Now You stand be-fore the Fa-ther, in-ter-ced-ing for Your own;

Let the skies de-clare Your glo-ry; let the land and seas re-joice.
Yet how si-lent-ly You suf-fered, that the guilt-y may go free.
From each tribe and tongue and na-tion You are lead-ing sin-ners home.

You're the au-thor of cre-a-tion, You're the Lord of ev-'ry
man, and Your cry of love rings out a-cross the lands.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is primarily in the soprano voice, with piano accompaniment in the bass and right hand. The lyrics are arranged in three systems, each with three lines of text. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Afflicted Saint, to Christ Draw Near

1. Af - flict - ed saint, to Christ draw near, Your Sa - vior's gra - cious
2. Your faith is weak, your foes are strong, And if the con - flict
3. Should per - se - cu - tion rage and flame, Still trust in your Re -
4. When called to bear your weigh - ty cross, Or sore af - flic - tion,

pro - mise hear, His faith - ful Word, you can be - lieve, That as your days your
deem - er's name; In fier - y tri - als you shall see, That as your days your
pain, or loss, Or deep dis - tress or po - ver - ty, Still as your days your

1. strength shall be. (Repeat to verse 2)
2, 3, 4. strength shall be. So sing with joy, af - flict - ed one, The bat - tle's
strength shall be.
strength shall be.

fierce, but the vic - tory's soon; God shall sup - ply all that you

need, Yes, as your days your strength shall be.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The score includes four verses of lyrics, a chorus, and a final line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, providing harmonic support for the vocal line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff, with some words in italics. The score is divided into systems, with the first system containing the first four verses, the second system containing the chorus and the start of the final line, and the third system containing the rest of the final line.

Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended

1. Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast Thou of - fend - ed,
2. Who was the guilt - y? Who brought this up - on Thee?
3. For me, kind Je - sus, was Thy in - car - na - tion,
4. There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay Thee,

That man to judge Thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de -
A - las, my trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done Thee! 'Twas I, Lord
Thy mor - tal sor - row, and Thy life's ob - la - tion; Thy death of
I do a - dore Thee, and will ev - er pray Thee, Think on Thy

rid - ed, by Thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed!
Je - sus, I it was de - nied Thee; I cru - ci - fied Thee.
an - guish and Thy bit - ter pas - sion, For my sal - va - tion.
pit - y and Thy love un - swerv - ing, Not my de - serv - ing.

The musical score is written in G minor, 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The lyrics are placed between the vocal and bass lines. The first system contains four numbered verses. The second system contains the main body of the text. The third system contains the concluding lines of the text. The fourth system contains the final lines of the text. The music ends with a double bar line.

Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed

1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed, and did my Sov - reign die?
2. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, and shut His glo - ries in,

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head for such a worm as I?
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died for man, the crea - ture's sin.

Was it for sins that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, while His dear cross ap - pears,

A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, and love be - yond de - gree!
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, and melt my eyes to tears.

My God, why would You shed Your blood, so pure and un - de - filed,

To make a sin - ful one like me Your cho - sen, pre - cious child?

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are arranged in two columns per system, with the first column corresponding to the first vocal line and the second column to the second vocal line. The score consists of seven systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed, and did my Sov - reign die? 2. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, and shut His glo - ries in, Would He de - vote that sa - cred head for such a worm as I? When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died for man, the crea - ture's sin. Was it for sins that I had done He groaned up - on the tree? Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, while His dear cross ap - pears, A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, and love be - yond de - gree! Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, and melt my eyes to tears. My God, why would You shed Your blood, so pure and un - de - filed, To make a sin - ful one like me Your cho - sen, pre - cious child?

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748), Public Domain;

Music and Addl. Words: Bob Kauflin, arr. Ruth Coleman, © 2011 Sovereign Grace Praise (CCLI# 264766)

Preparation Music

Alas, and Did My Savior Bleed

1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For sin - ners such as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ the might - y Mak - er died For man, the crea - ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

Service Music

All Creatures of Our God and King

1. All crea- tures of our God and King, Lift up your voice and with us
2. Thou rush- ing wind that art so strong, Ye clouds that sail in heav'n a -
3. And all ye men of ten- der heart, For - giv - ing oth- ers, take your
4. Let all things their Cre - at - or bless, And wor- ship Him in hum- ble-
5. Praise God, from whom all bless- ings flow; Praise Him, all crea- tures here be -

sing Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou burn- ing sun with gold - en
long, O praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou ris - ing morn, in praise re -
part, O sing ye! Al - le - lu - ia! Ye who long pain and sor - row
ness, O praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise, praise the Fa - ther, praise the
low; O praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly

beam, Thou sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam!
joice, Ye lights of eve - ning, find a voice!
bear, Praise God and on Him cast your care! O praise Him, O
Son, And praise the Spir - it, Three in One!
host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Words: Francis of Assisi (1182-1226), paraphrased: William H. Draper (1855-1933), Thomas Ken (1637-1711)
Music: Geistliche Kirchengesang (1623), harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958), Public Domain

All Glory Be to Christ

1. Should no - thing of our ef - forts stand, no leg - a - cy sur - vive,
2. His will be done, his king - dom come, on earth as is a - bove,
3. When on the day the great I Am, the Faith - ful and the True,

Un - less the Lord does raise the house, in vain its build - ers strive.
Who is Him - self our dai - ly bread, praise Him, the Lord of love.
The Lamb who was for sin - ners slain is mak - ing all things new;

To you who boast tom - mor - row's gain, tell me, what is your life?
Let liv - ing wat - er sat - is - fy the thirs - ty with - out price;
Be - hold, our God shall live with us, and be our stead - fast light,

A mist that van - ish - es at dawn; all glo - ry be to Christ!
We'll take a cup of kind - ness yet; all glo - ry be to Christ!
And we shall e'er his peo - ple be; all glo - ry be to Christ!

All glo - ry be to Christ, our king! All glo - ry be to Christ!

His rule and reign we'll ev - er sing, all glo - ry be to Christ!

Preparation Music

All Glory, Laud and Honor

1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,
2. The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are prais - ing Thee on high,
3. To Thee, be - fore Thy pas - sion They sang their hymns of praise;

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring:
And mor - tal men and all things Cre - at - ed make re - ply:
To Thee, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise:

Thou art the King of Is - ra - el, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went;
Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the praise we bring,

Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One.
Our praise and pray'r and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.
Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.

Words: Theodulph of Orleans (750-821); Tr. John Mason Neale (1818-1866)
Music: Melchior Teschner (1584-1635), Harm. William Monk (1829-1889), Public Domain

Service Music

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And
To Him all the maj - es - ty as - cribe, And
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And

crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al
crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you
crown Him Lord of all; To Him all the maj - es -
crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er -

di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

Words: St. 1, 2, Edward Perronet (1726-1792); st. 3, 4, John Rippon (1751-1836)

Music: Oliver Holden, 1765-1844, Public Domain

All I Have Is Christ



1. I once was lost in dark - est night, yet thought I knew the way. The sin that
2. But as I ran my hell-bound race, in - dif - ferent to the cost, You looked up -
3. Now Lord I would be Yours a - lone, and live so all might see the strength to



prom - ised joy and life had led me to the grave. I had no hope that You would
on my help - less state and led me to the cross. And I be-held God's love dis -
fol - low Your com - mands could nev - er come from me. O Fath - er, use my ran - somed



own a reb - el to Your will. And if You had not loved me first, I would re -
played, You suf - fered in my place. You bore the wrath re - served for me, now all I
life in an - y way You choose, and let my song for - ev - er be my on - ly



1. | 2.3.



fuse You still. Hal - le - lu - jah! All I
know is grace. You. have
boast is You. is



have is Christ. Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus is my life.



1. Fa - ther I stretch, (I stretch) my hands to Thee.
 2. When I am weak, (when I'm weak) He gives me strength.

I know that You, (on-ly You,) re-mem-ber me. When
 When I am lone - ly He com-forts me.

oth - ers for - get, when oth - ers for - get and leave me a - lone,
 When I am tired of the load that I am bear - ing,

I know that Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus will hear my groan.
 He gives me cour-age, cour-age, cour-age to bear my share.

D.C.

All My Help Comes from the Lord

Note: Words in parentheses are an echo, meant only for those singing the harmony parts.

All my help, (all my help) comes from the Lord.

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in G major and 6/8 time. The treble staff has a melody with a long note on 'help' and a circled echo phrase '(all my help)'. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

All my help, (all my help) comes from the Lord, (the

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody includes a circled echo phrase '(all my help)'. The bass staff accompaniment remains consistent with the first system.

Lord.) All my needs that I'm pos-sess - ing. All my

The third system introduces a new melodic line in the treble staff, starting with a circled phrase 'Lord.)'. The bass staff accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

help, all my help, all my help comes from the Lord, (the Lord.)

The fourth system concludes the piece with a final melodic line in the treble staff and a final accompaniment line in the bass staff. The treble staff melody includes a circled phrase '(the Lord.)'.

All My Hope on God Is Founded

1. All my hope on God is found-ed, all my trust He
 2. Pride of man and earth-ly glo-ry, sword and crown be-
 3. Day by day our might-y Giv-er grants to us His
 4. Still from man to God e-ter-nal sac-ri-fice of

shall re-new; He my guide thro' chang-ing or-der,
 tray his trust; All that hu-man toil can fash-ion,
 gifts of love; In his will our souls find plea-sure,
 praise be done, High a-bove all prais-es prais-ing

on-ly good and on-ly true. God un-known He a-lone
 tow'r and tem-ple fall to dust. But God's pow'r hour by hour
 lead-ing to our home a-bove. Love shall stand at His hand,
 for the gift of Christ His Son. Hear Christ's call one and all:

calls my heart to be His own, Calls my heart to be His own.
 is my tem-ple and my tow'r, Is my tem-ple and my tow'r.
 joy shall wait for his command, Joy shall wait for his com-mand.
 we who fol-low shall not fall, We who fol-low shall not fall.

All My Hope On God Is Founded

1. All my hope on God is found - ed, all my trust He shall re - new;
2. Pride of man and earth - ly glo - ry, sword and crown be - tray his trust;
3. Day by day our migh - ty Giv - er grants to us His gifts of love;
4. Still from man to God e - ter - nal sac - ri - fice of praise be done,

He, my guide thro' chang - ing or - der, on - ly good and on - ly true.
All that hu - man toil can fash - ion, tow'r and tem - ple, fall to dust.
In His will our souls find plea - sure, lead - ing to our home a - bove.
High a - bove all prais - es prais - ing for the gift of Christ his Son.

God un - known, He a - lone calls my heart to be His own.
But God's pow'r, hour by hour, is my tem - ple and my tow'r.
Love shall stand at His hand, joy shall wait for his com - mand.
Hear Christ's call one and all: we who fol - low shall not fall.

All People That on Earth Do Dwell

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the
 2. The Lord, ye know, is God in - deed, With - out the
 3. O en - ter then, His gates with praise, Ap - proach with
 4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy
 5. Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all

Lord with cheer - ful voice; Him serve with fear, His
 aid He did us make; We are His folk, He
 joy His courts un - to; Praise, laud, and bless His
 is for - ev - er sure; His truth at all times
 crea - tures here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, ye

praise forth - tell; Come ye be - fore Him and re - jice.
 doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
 name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.
 firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.
 heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Words: Paraphrased, William Kethe (c. 1594); Thomas Ken (1637-1711);
 Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551 Edition; attr. Louis Bourgeois (1510-1561), Public Domain

All Praise to God, Who Reigns Above

1. All praise to God, who reigns a - bove, the God of all cre -
 2. What God's al - might - y pow'r hath made his gra - cious mer - cy
 3. I cried to him in time of need: Lord God, O hear my
 4. The Lord for - sak - eth not his flock, his cho - sen gen - er -

a - tion, the God of won - ders, pow'r, and love, the God of our sal -
 keep - eth; by morn - ing dawn or eve - ning shade his watch - ful eye ne'er
 call - ing! For death he gave me life in - deed and kept my feet from
 a - tion; he is their ref - uge and their rock, their peace and their sal -

va - tion! With heal - ing balm my soul he fills, the God who
 sleep - eth; with - in the king - dom of his might, lo, all is
 fall - ing. For this my thanks shall end - less be; O thank him,
 va - tion. As with a moth - er's ten - der hand he leads his

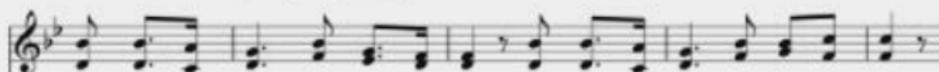
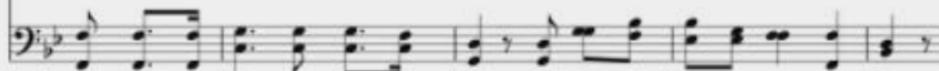
ev - ery sor - row stills. To God all praise and glo - ry!
 just and all is right. To God all praise and glo - ry!
 thank our God with me. To God all praise and glo - ry!
 own, his cho - sen band. To God all praise and glo - ry!



1. All praise to Him, the God of light, who formed the moun - tains by his might,
2. All praise to Him, whose love is seen in Christ the Son, the Ser - vant King,
3. All praise to Him, whose pow'r im - parts the love of God with - in our hearts,



All praise to Him who names the stars that sing his fame in skies a - far.
 Who left be - hind his glo - rious throne to pay the ran - som for his own.
 The Spi - rit of all truth and peace, the fount of joy and ho - li - ness.



All praise to Him who reigns in love, who guides the gal - ax - ies a - bove,
 All praise to Him who hum - bly came to bear our sor - row, sin, and shame,
 To Fa - ther, Son, and Spi - rit now our souls we lift, our wills we bow,

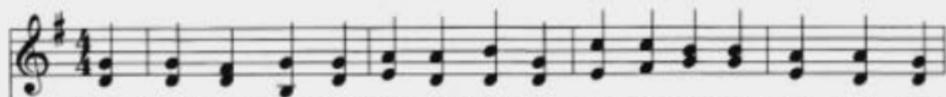


Yet bends to hear our ev - ery prayer with sov - ereign pow'r and ten - der care.
 Who lived to die, who died to rise, the all - suf - fi - cient sac - ri - fice.
 To You, blest Tri - ni - ty we raise, with hearts of love, our song of praise!

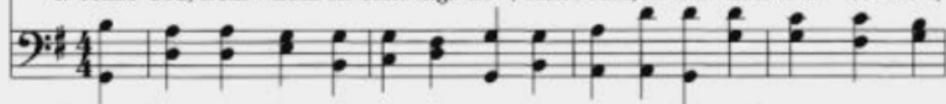


Large-print bulletins are available at the hall entrances.

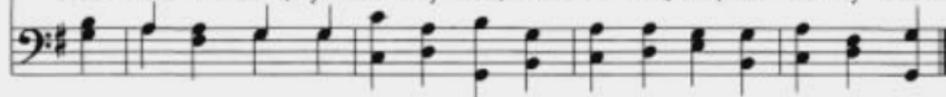
All Praise to You, my God, This Night



1. All praise to You, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light.
2. For - give me, Lord, for this I pray, The wrong that I have done this day.
3. Lord, may I be at rest in You And sweet-ly sleep the whole night thro'.
4. Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;



Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - neath the shel - ter of Your wings.
May peace with God and neigh - bor be, Be - fore I sleep, re - stored to me.
Re - fresh my strength, for Your own sake, So I may serve You when I wake.
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



Am I a Soldier of the Cross

The musical score is written for a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) in 3/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two systems of music. The first system contains the first four verses of the hymn, and the second system contains the concluding lines. The vocal lines are in treble clef, and the bass line is in bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord!

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy Word.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748),

Music: Thomas A. Arne (1710-1778); arr. Ralph Harrison (1748-1810)

Preparation Music

Amazing Grace! How Sweet the Sound

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are arranged in seven stanzas, with the first six stanzas corresponding to the numbered verses and the seventh stanza being a concluding verse. The music includes various note values, rests, and phrasing slurs.

1. A - maz - ing grace! How sweet the sound,
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
3. Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares,
4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me,
5. Yea, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
6. The earth shall soon dis - solve like snow,
7. When we've been there ten thou - sand years,
that saved a wretch like me!
and grace my fears re - lieved;
I have al - read - y come;
His word my hope se - cures;
and mor - tal life shall cease,
The sun for - bear to shine,
Bright shin - ing as the sun;
I once was lost, but now am found,
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear,
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
He will my shield and por - tion be,
I shall pos - sess with - in the veil,
But God who called me here be - low,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
was blind, but now I see,
the hour I first be - lieved
And grace will lead me home.
as long as life en - dures.
a life of joy and peace.
will be for - ev - er mine.
than when we first be - gun.

Words: St. 1-6, John Newton (1725-1807); St. 7, Anonymous (c.1790)

Music: Virginia Harmony (1831); arr. Edwin O. Excell (1851-1921), Public Domain

Amidst Us Our Beloved Stands

1. A - midst us our Be - lov - ed stands, and bids us
2. What food lux - u - rious loads the board, when at his
3. If now, with eyes de - filed and dim, we see the
4. O glo - rious Bride - groom of our hearts, your pres - ent

view his pierc - ed hands; points to the wound - ed
ta - ble sits the Lord! The wine how rich, the
signs, but see not him; O may his love the
smile a heav'n im - parts! O lift the veil, if

feet and side, blest em - blems of the Cru - ci - fied.
bread how sweet, when Je - sus deigns the guests to meet!
scales dis - place, and bid us see him face to face!
veil there be, let ev - ery saint your glo - ry see!

die for me? A - maz - ing love! how can it
 quire no more. 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a -
 found out me. 'Tis mer - cy all! Im - mense and
 fol - lowed Thee. My chains fell off, my heart was
 Christ my own. Bold I ap - proach th'e - ter - nal

A - maz - ing love! How

be that Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 dore, let an - gel minds in - quire no more.
 free! for, O my God it found out me.
 free; I rose, went forth and thro' fol - lowed Thee.
 throne, And claim the crown thro' Christ my own.

can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

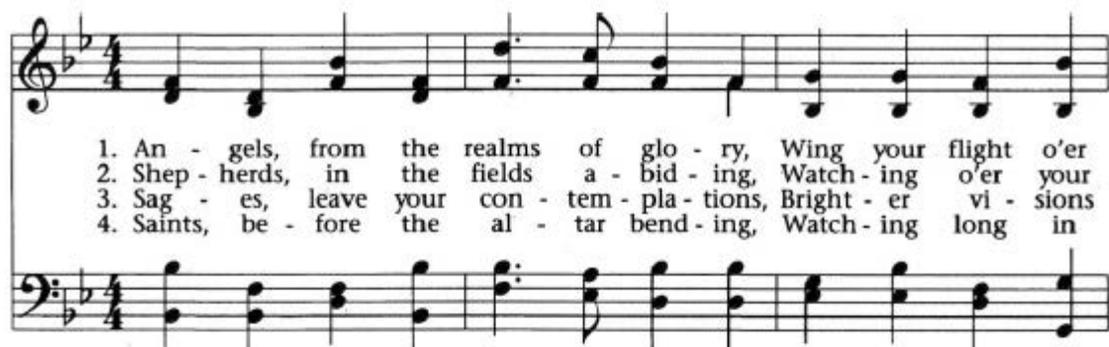
1. And can it be that I should gain an in - t'rest
 2. 'Tis mys - tery all, th'Im - mor - tal dies; Who can ex -
 3. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove, So free, so
 4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay fast bound in
 5. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and

in the Sav - ior's blood? Died He for me, who caused His
 plore this strange de - sign? In vain the first - born ser - aph
 in - fi - nite His grace; Emp - tied Him - self of all but
 sin and na - ture's night; Thine eye dif - fused a quick - 'ning
 all in Him is mine! A - live in Him, my liv - ing

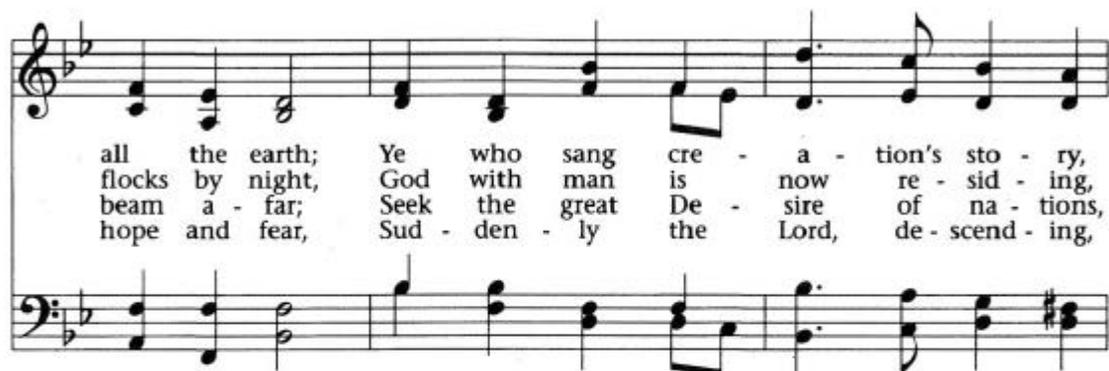
pain? For me, who Him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing
 tries to sound the depths of love di - vine. 'Tis mer - cy
 love, And bled for Ad - am's help - less race. 'Tis mer - cy
 ray, I woke, the dun - geon flamed with light; My chains fell
 Head, And clothed in righ - teous - ness di - vine, Bold I ap -

love! how can it be that Thou, my God, shouldst
 all! Let earth a - dore, let an - gel minds in -
 all! Im - mense and free! for, O my God it
 off, my heart was free; I rose, went forth and
 proch the - ter - nal throne, And claim the crown thro'

Angels, from the Realms of Glory



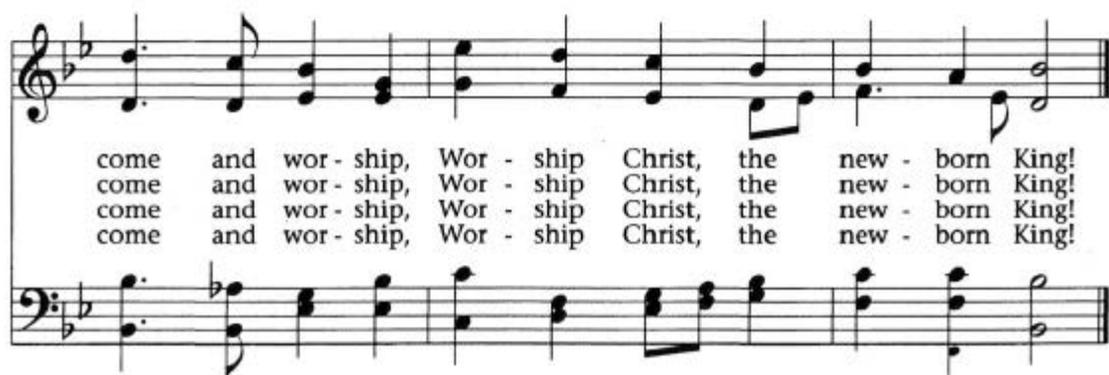
1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er
2. Shep - herds, in the fields a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your
3. Sag - es, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vi - sions
4. Saints, be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watch - ing long in



all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry,
flocks by night, God with man is now re - sid - ing,
beam a - far; Seek the great De - sire of na - tions,
hope and fear, Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing,



Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth: Come and wor - ship,
Yon - der shines the in - fant Light: Come and wor - ship,
Ye have seen the In - fant's star: Come and wor - ship,
In His tem - ple shall ap - pear: Come and wor - ship,



come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King!
come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King!
come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King!
come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King!

Angels We Have Heard on High

1. An - gels we have heard on high Sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains,
2. Shep - herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your joy - ous strains pro - long?
3. Come to Beth - le - hem and see Him whose birth the an - gels sing;
4. See Him in a man - ger laid, Whom the choirs of an - gels praise;

And the moun - tains in re - ply Ech - o - ing their joy - ous strains.
What the glad - some tid - ings be Which in - spire your heav'n - ly song?
Come, a - dore on bend - ed knee, Christ the Lord, the new - born King,
Mar - y, Jo - seph, lend your aid, While our hearts in love we raise.

Glo - - - - - ri - a, in ex - cel - sis De - o!

Glo - - - - - ri - a, in ex - cel - sis De - o!

Words: Trad. French carol; tr. source unknown (1862);

Music: Trad. French carol; arr. Warren M. Angell (1907-2006), Public Domain

Arise, My Soul, Arise



1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
2. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
3. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One;
4. My God is rec - on - ciled; His par - d'ning voice I hear;



The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:
They pour ef - fec - tual prayers, they strong - ly plead for me:
He can - not turn a - way the pres - ence of His Son;
He owns me for His child, I can no lon - ger fear:



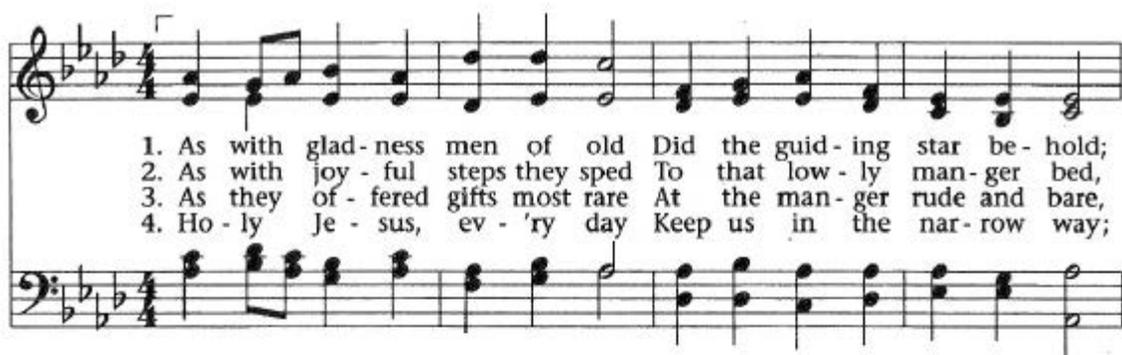
Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my
"For - give him, O for - give," they cry, "For - give him, O for -
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, His Spir - it an - swers
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I



sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
give," they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die!"
to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.



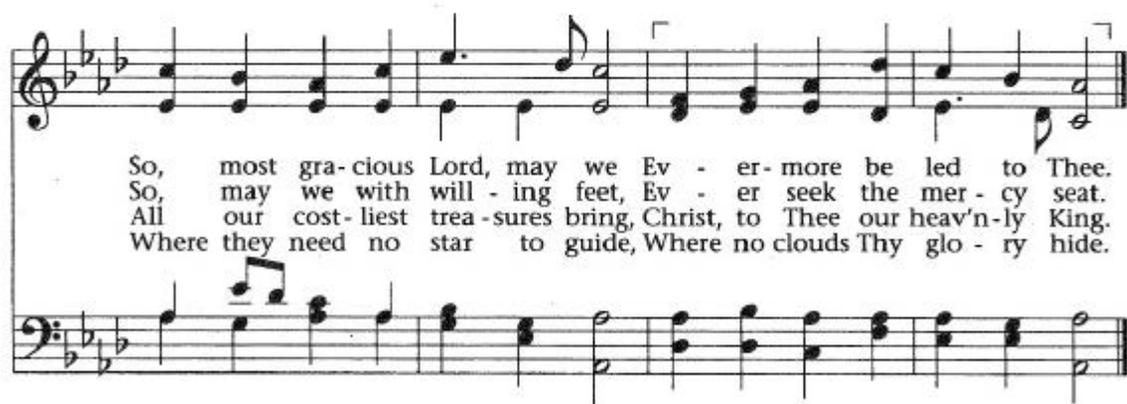
As with Gladness Men of Old



1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;
2. As with joy-ful steps they sped To that low-ly man-ger bed,
3. As they of-fered gifts most rare At the man-ger rude and bare,
4. Ho-ly Je-sus, ev-'ry day Keep us in the nar-row way;



As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright,
There to bend the knee be-fore Him whom heav'n and earth a-dore,
So may we with ho-ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al-loy,
And when earth-ly things are past, Bring our ran-somed souls at last



So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.
So, may we with will-ing feet, Ev-er seek the mer-cy seat.
All our cost-liest trea-sures bring, Christ, to Thee our heav'n-ly King.
Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo-ry hide.

Words: William C. Dix (1837-1898)

Music: Conrad Kocher (1786-1879); adapt. William Henry Monk (1823-1889), Public Domain

Ascend Thy Throne, Almighty King

1. As - cend Thy throne, al - migh - ty King,
2. Let mil - lions bow be - fore Thy seat,
3. O let the king - doms of the world

And spread Thy glo - ries all a - broad:
Let hum - ble mourn - ers seek Thy face;
Be - come the king - doms of the Lord;

Let Thine own arm sal - va - tion bring,
Bring da - ring re - bels to Thy feet,
Let saints and an - gels praise Thy Name,

And be Thou known the gra - cious God.
Sub - dued by Thy vic - tor - ious grace.
Be Thou through hea - ven and earth a - dored.

Words: Benjamin Beddome (1717-1795);

Music: Thomas Williams' *Psalmodia Evangelica* (1789), Public Domain

Be Still, My Soul

1. Be still, my soul: the Lord is on your side;
2. Be still, my soul: your God will un - der - take
3. Be still, my soul: when dear - est friends de - part,
4. Be still, my soul: the hour is has - t'ning on

bear pa - tient - ly the cross of grief or pain; leave to your
to guide the fu - ture as he has the past. Your hope, your
and all is dark - ened in the vale of tears, then shall you
when we shall be for - ev - er with the Lord, when dis - ap -

God to or - der and pro - vide; in ev - 'ry change he
con - fi - dence let noth - ing shake; all now mys - te - rious
bet - ter know his love, his heart, who comes to soothe your
point - ment, grief, and fear are gone, sor - row for - got, love's

faith - ful will re - main. Be still, my soul: your best, your heav'n - ly
shall be bright at last. Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still
sor - row and your fears. Be still, my soul: your Je - sus can re -
pur - est joys re - stored. Be still, my soul: when change and tears are

Friend through thorn - y ways leads to a joy - ful end.
know his voice who ruled them while he dwelt be - low.
pay from his own full - ness all he takes a - way.
past, all safe and bless - ed we shall meet at last.

Words: Katharina A. Von Schlegel (1752), Trans. Jane L. Borthwick (1855)

Music: Jean Sibelius (1899), Public Domain

Preparation Music

Be Thou My Vision

1. Be Thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
2. Be Thou my wis - dom, and Thou my true word;
3. Rich - es I heed not, or man's emp - ty praise,
4. High King of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art:
I ev - er with Thee and Thou with me, Lord:
Thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways:
May I reach heav - en's joys, O bright heav'n's Sun!

Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Thou my great Fa - ther, I Thy true son,
Thou and Thou on - ly, first in my heart,
Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.
Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with Thee one.
High King of heav - en, my trea - sure Thou art.
Still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Words: Ancient Irish; tr. Mary E. Byrne (1880-1931); versified, Eleanor H. Hull (1860-1935)

Music: Traditional Irish Melody; harm. David Evans (1874-1948), Public Domain

Before Jehovah's Awful Throne



1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
2. His sov - 'reign pow'r, with - out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
3. We are His peo - ple, we His care, Our souls and all our mor - tal frame;
4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voic - es raise;
5. Wide as the world is Thy com - mand, Vast as e - ter - nit - y Thy love;



Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre - ate and He de - stroy.
And when like wan - d'ring sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold a - gain.
What last - ing hon - ours shall we rear, Al - might - y Mak - er, to Thy name?
And earth, with her ten thou - sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with soun - ding praise.
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand, When roll - ing years shall cease to move.



Preparation Music

Before Jehovah's Aweful Throne

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's awe - ful throne,
2. His sov - 'reign pow'r with - out our aid,
3. We are his peo - ple, we His care,
4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thank - ful songs,
5. Wide as the world is Thy com - mand,

Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
Made us of clay and formed us men;
Our souls and all our mor - tal frame;
High as the heav'ns our voic - es raise;
Vast as e - ter - nit - y Thy love;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone,
And when like wan - d'ring sheep we strayed,
What last - ing hon - ors shall we rear,
And earth, with her ten thou - sand tongues,
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,

He can cre - ate and He de - stroy.
He brought us to His fold a - gain.
Al - might - y Mak - er, to Thy Name?
Shall fill Thy courts with sound - ing praise.
When roll - ing years shall cease to move.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748), alt. John Wesley (1703-1791)
Music: Old Hundredth, German Psalter (1551), Public Domain

Behold Our God

1. Who has held the o - ceans in his hands? Who has num - bered ev - ery grain of sand?
2. Who has gi - ven coun - sel to the Lord? Who can ques - tion an - y of His words?
3. Who has felt the nails up - on his hands, Bear - ing all the guilt of sin - ful man?

Kings and na - tions trem - ble at his voice. All cre - a - tion ris - es to re -
Who can teach the One who knows all things? Who can fath - om all His won - drous
God e - ter - nal, hum - bled to the grave, Je - sus, Sav - ior, ris - en now to

joice.
deeds?
reign!

Be - hold our God, seat - ed on His throne, Come, let us a - dore Him.

Be - hold our King, noth - ing can com - pare, Come, let us a - dore Him!

Behold the Lamb

1. Be - hold the Lamb who bears our sins a - way, slain for us; And we re - mem - ber;
2. The bo - dy of our Sav - ior Je - sus Christ, torn for you; Eat and re - mem - ber;
3. The blood that clean - ses ev - ery stain of sin, shed for you; Drink and re - mem - ber;
4. And so with thank - ful - ness and faith we rise to res - pond And to re - mem - ber;

The pro - mise made that all who come in faith find for - give - ness at the cross.
The wounds that heal, the death that brings us life paid the price to make us one.
He drained death's cup that all may en - ter in to re - ceive the life of God.
Our call to fol - low in the steps of Christ as his bo - dy here on earth.

So we share in this bread of life, and we drink of His sac - ri - fice,
So we share in this bread of life, and we drink of His sac - ri - fice,
So we share in this bread of life, and we drink of His sac - ri - fice,
As we share in His suf - fer - ing, we pro - claim Christ will come a - gain!

As a sign of our bonds of peace A - round the ta - ble of the King.
As a sign of our bonds of love A - round the ta - ble of the King.
As a sign of our bonds of grace A - round the ta - ble of the King.
And we'll join in the feast of heav'n A - round the ta - ble of the King.

Bow Down Thine Ear, O Lord, and Hear

1. Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear,
 2. O Lord, be merciful to me,
 3. For Thou, O Lord, art good and kind,
 4. O Lord, incline thine ear to me,
 5. There is no God but Thee alone,
 6. In all thy deeds how great Thou art!

For I am poor and great my need;
 For all the day to Thee I cry;
 And read - y to for - give Thou art;
 My voice of sup - pli - ca - tion heed;
 Nor works like thine, O Lord Most High;
 Thou one true God, thy way make clear;

Pre - serve my soul, for Thee I fear;
 Re - joice thy ser - vant, for to Thee
 A - bun - dant mer - cy they shall find
 In trou - ble I will cry to Thee,
 All na - tions shall sur - round thy throne
 Teach me with un - di - vid - ed heart

O God, thy trust - ing ser - vant heed.
 I lift my soul, O Lord Most High.
 Who call on Thee with all their heart.
 For Thou wilt an - swer when I plead.
 And their Cre - a - tor glo - ri - fy.
 To trust thy truth, thy Name to fear.

Breathe on Me, Breath of God

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,
2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure,
3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine,
4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev - er die,

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.
Un - til with Thee I will Thy will, To do and to en - dure.
Till all this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.
But live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation



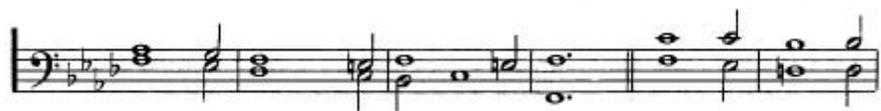
1. Christ is made the sure Foun-da - tion, Christ the Head and
2. All that de - di - ca - ted ci - ty dear - ly loved of
3. To this tem - ple, where we call Thee, Come, O Lord of
4. Here vouch - safe to all Thy ser - vants what they ask of
5. Laud and hon - our to the Fa - ther, Laud and hon - our



Cor - ner - stone, Cho - sen of the Lord, and pre - cious
God on high, In e - xul - tant ju - bi - la - tion
Hosts, to - day; With Thy won - tered lo - ving - kind - ness
Thee to gain, what they gain from Thee for e - ver
To the Son, laud and hon - our to the Spir - it



Bin - ding all the church in one, Ho - ly Zi - on's
Pours per - pe - tual me - lo - dy; God the One in
Hear Thy ser - vants as they pray; and Thy ful - lest
With the bless - ed to re - tain, and here - af - ter
E - ver Three and e - ver One; One in might, and



Help for - e - ver and her con - fi - dence a - lone.
Three a - dor - ing in glad hymns e - ter - nal - ly.
Be - ne - dic - tion shed with - in its walls al - way.
In Thy glo - ry ev - er - more with Thee to reign.
One in glo - ry, while un - en - ding a - ges run.



Christ the Lord Is Ris'n Today

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
 2. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King, Al - le - lu - ia!
 3. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - le - lu - ia!
 4. Soar we now where Christ has led, Al - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Al - le - lu - ia!
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head, Al - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Dy - ing once He all doth save, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Death in vain for - bids Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Made like Him, like Him we rise, Al - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Where thy vic - to - ry, O Grave? Al - le - lu - ia!
 Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al - le - lu - ia!

Come, Behold the Wondrous Mystery

1. Come, be - hold the won - drous myst - ry, in the dawn - ing of the King;
 2. Come, be - hold the won - drous myst - ry, He the per - fect Son of Man;
 3. Come, be - hold the won - drous myst - ry, Christ the Lord u - pon the tree;
 4. Come, be - hold the won - drous myst - ry, slain by death the God of life;

He the theme of heav - en's prai - ses, robed in frail hu - man - i - ty.
 In his liv - ing, in his suf - fring, nev - er trace nor stain of sin.
 In the stead of ruin - ed sin - ners, hangs the Lamb in vic - to - ry.
 But no grave could e'er re - strain Him, praise the Lord, He is a - live!

In our long - ing, in our dark - ness, now the light of life has come;
 See the true and bet - ter Ad - am, come to save the hell - bound man;
 See the price of our re - demp - tion, see the Fath - er's plan un - fold;
 What a fore - taste of del - iv - erance, how un - wav - er - ing our hope;

Look to Christ, who con - de - scend - ed, took on flesh to ran - som us.
 Christ, the great and sure fill - ment of the law, in Him we stand.
 Bring - ing ma - ny sons to glo - ry, grace un - meas - ured, love un - told.
 Christ in po - wer res - sur - rect - ed, as we will be, when he comes.

Service Music

Come, Let Us Sing Unto the Lord

1. Come, let us sing un - to the Lord New songs of
2. The great sal - va - tion of our God Is seen through
3. He called to mind his truth and grace In prom - ise
4. All lands, to God lift up your voice; Sing praise to
5. Praise God with harp, with harp sing praise, With voice of
6. Let earth be glad, let bil - lows roar And all that
7. For lo, he comes; at his com - mand All na - tions

praise with sweet ac - cord; For won - ders great by
all the earth a - broad; Be - fore the na - tions'
made to Is - rael's race; And un - to earth's re -
him, with shouts re - joice; With voice of joy and
psalms his glo - ry raise; With trump - ets, cor - nets,
dwell from shore to shore; Let floods clap hands with
shall in judg - ment stand; In just - ice robed and

him are done, His hand and arm have vic - try won.
won - d'ring sight He has re - vealed his truth and right.
mot - est bound Glad tid - ings of sal - va - tion sound.
loud ac - claim Let all u - nite and praise his name.
glad - ly sing And shout be - fore the Lord, the King.
one ac - cord, Let hills re - joice be - fore the Lord.
throned in light, The Lord shall judge, dis - pens - ing right.

Words: Sabbath School Psalmodist (Pittsburgh, PA: United Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1872)

Music: "Anvern," German tune, arr. by Lowell Mason, (1840), Public Domain

Preparation Music

Come, Thou Almighty King

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred
4. To Thee, great One in Three, The high - est

name might - y sword, Our prayer to praise: Fa - ther, all -
wit - ness bear In this glad - hour! Come, and Thy
prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more; Thy sov - 'reign

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc - cess:
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see,

Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

Words: Anonymous; Music: Felice de Giardini (1716-1796), Public Domain

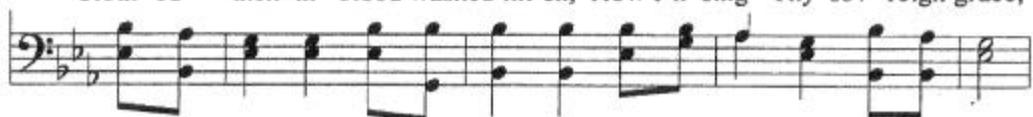
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!
4. O that day when freed from sinn - ing, I shall see Thy love - ly face;



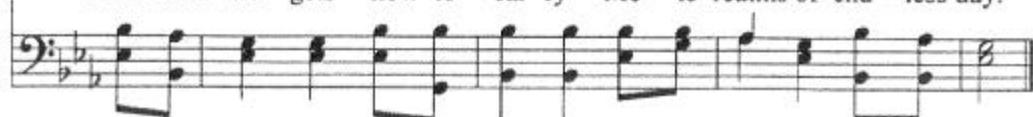
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise:
And I hope by Thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home:
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee:
Cloth - ed then in blood washed lin - en, How I'll sing Thy sov - 'reign grace;



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Come, my Lord no long - er tar - ry, Take my ran - somed soul a - way;



Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - pon it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
He to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.
Send thine an - gels now to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.



Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790);

Music: Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second (1813), Public Domain

Preparation Music

Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

1. Come, Thou long - ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy
2. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child, and

peo - ple free; From our fears and sins re - lease us;
yet a King, Born to reign in us for - ev - er,

Let us find our rest in Thee. Is - rael's strength and con - so -
Now Thy gra - cious king - dom bring. By Thine own e - ter - nal

la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art; Dear de - sire of
spir - it Rule in all our hearts a - lone; By Thine all - suf -

ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart.
fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glo - rious throne.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788); Music: Rowland H. Prichard (1811-1887), Public Domain

Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, weak and wound - ed, sick and sore;
 2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel - come; God's free boun - ty, glo - ri - fy;
 3. Let not con - science make you lin - ger, nor of fit - ness, fond - ly dream;
 4. Come, ye wear - y, heav - y lad - en, lost and ru - ined, by the fall;
 5. View Him pro - strate in the gar - den, on the ground your Ma - ker lies!
 6. Lo, th'in - car - nate God, as - cend - ed, pleads the mer - it of His blood;

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, full of pit - y, love, and power,
 True be - lief and true re - pen - tance, e - v'ry grace that brings you nigh,
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth is to feel your need of Him:
 If you wait un - til you're bet - ter, you will ne - ver come at all:
 On the aw - ful tree be - hold Him, hear Him cry be - fore He dies.
 Ven - ture on Him, ven - ture whol - ly, let no o - ther trust in - trude:

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is a - ble,
 With - out mon - ey, with - out mon - ey, with - out mon - ey,
 This He gives you, this He gives you, this He gives you,
 Not the right - eous, not the right - eous, not the right - eous,
 It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished!
 None but Je - sus, none but Je - sus, none but Je - sus

He is wil - ling doubt no more. He is wil - ling doubt no more.
 come to Je - sus Christ and buy. Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.
 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam. 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam.
 Sin - ners, Je - sus came to call. Sin - ners, Je - sus came to call.
 Sin - ner will not this suf - fice? Sin - ner will not this suf - fice?
 Can do help - less sin - ners good. Can do help - less sin - ners good.

Words: Joseph Hart (1712-1768); Music: William Owen (1814-1898), Public Domain

Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst - y, come, and wel - come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
4. Let not con - science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pen - tance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.

I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em - brace me in His arms;

In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, O there are ten thou - sand charms.

Come, Ye Thankful People Come

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home!
 2. We our-selves are God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come And shall take His har-vest home;
 4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come, Bring Thy fi - nal har-vest home;

All is safe - ly gath - er - ed in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
 From His field shall purge a - way All that doth of - fend that day;
 Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;
 Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;
 There, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy pres - ence to a - bide;

Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home.
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we Whole - some grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.
 Come, with all Thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious har - vest home.

Complete in Thee

1. Com - plete in Thee! No work of mine may take, dear Lord, the place of Thine;
2. Com - plete in Thee! No more shall sin, Thy grace hath con - quered, reign with - in;
3. Com - plete in Thee: Each want sup - plied, and no good thing to me de - nied;
4. Dear Sav - ior! When be - fore Thy bar all tribes and tongues as - sem - bled are,

Thy blood hath par - don bought for me, and I am now com - plete in Thee.
Thy voice shall bid the tempt - er flee, and I shall stand, com - plete in Thee.
Since Thou my por - tion, Lord, will be, I ask no more, com - plete in Thee.
A - mong Thy cho - sen will I be, at Thy right hand, com - plete in Thee!

Yea, jus - ti - fied! O bles - sed thought! And sanc - ti - fied! Sal - va - tion wrought!

Thy blood hath par - don bought for me, and glo - ri - fied, I, too, shall be!

Children in kindergarten through 3rd grade participating in Praise Factory should exit during this hymn.

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
 2. When dark - ness seems to hide His face I rest on His un
 3. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, Oh, may I then in

right - eous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame,
 chang - ing grace; In ev - ery high and stor - my gale,
 Him be found; Dressed in His right - eous - ness a - lone,

But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' Name.
 My an - chor holds with - in the veil.
 Fault - less to stand be - fore the throne.

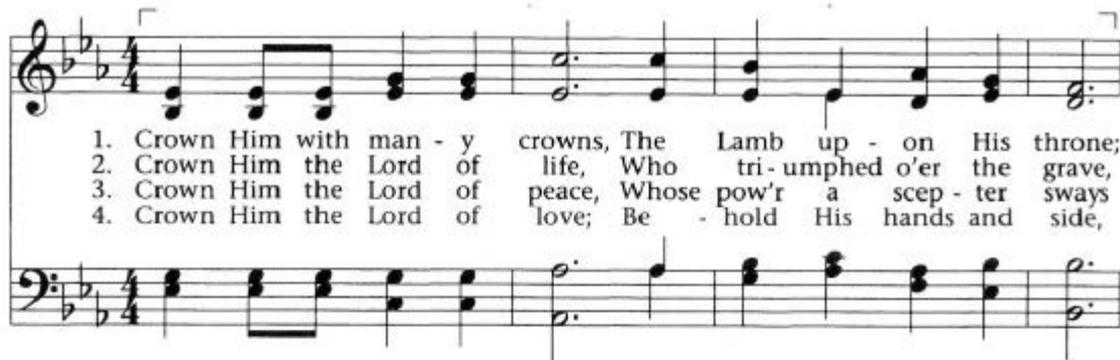
Christ a - lone, Corn - er - stone, Weak made strong in the Sav - ior's love,

Through the storm He is Lord, Lord of all.

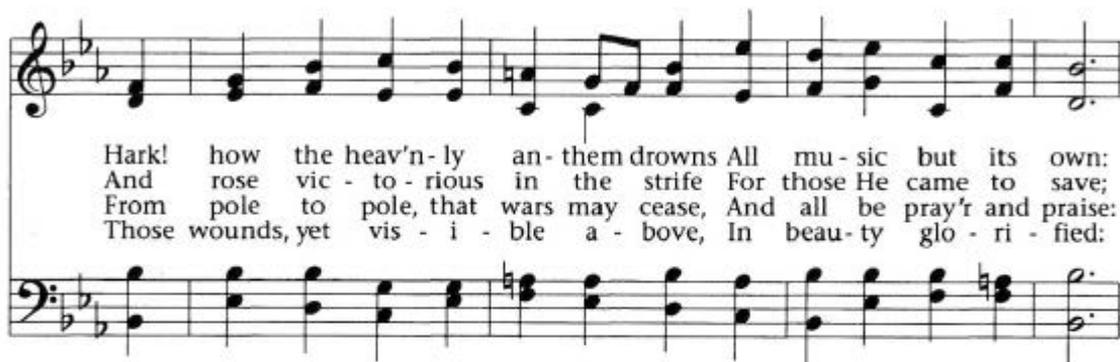
Wards (verses): Edward Mote (1797-1874), Public Domain;

Music & Words (chorus): Eric Liljara, Reuben Morgan, Jonas Myrin © 2011, Admin by Capitol Music (CCLI# 264766)

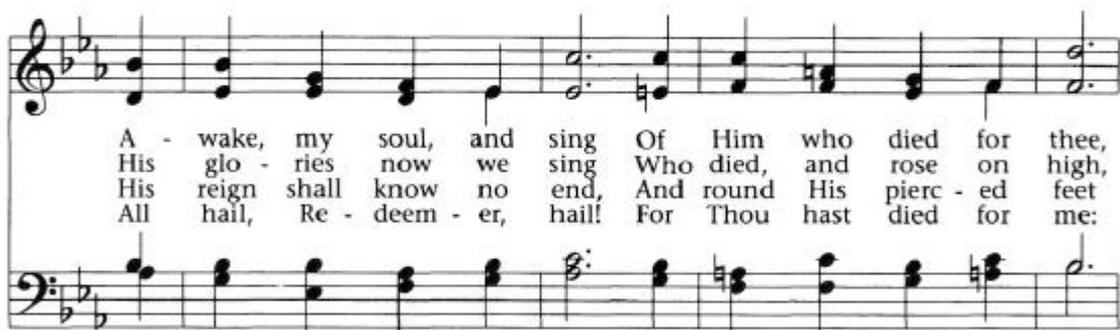
Crown Him with Many Crowns



1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave,
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep - ter sways
4. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side,



Hark! how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:
And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save;
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise:
Those wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:

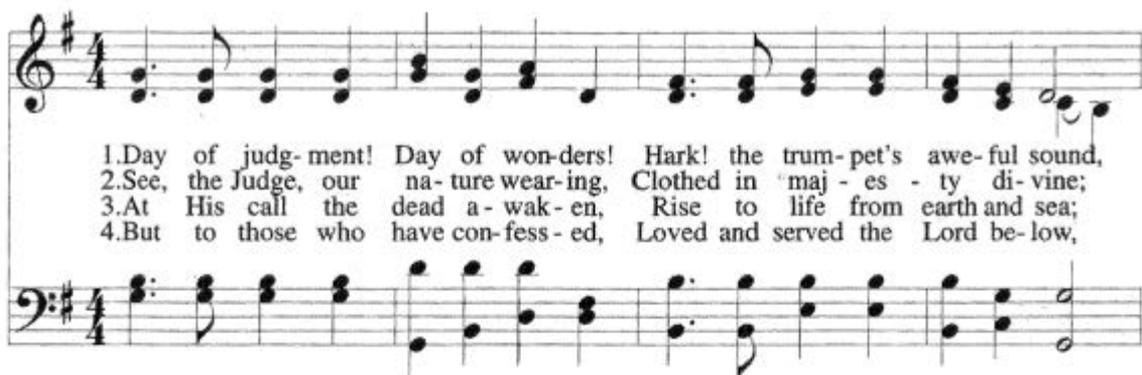


A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
His glo - ries now we sing Who died, and rose on high,
His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet
All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me:

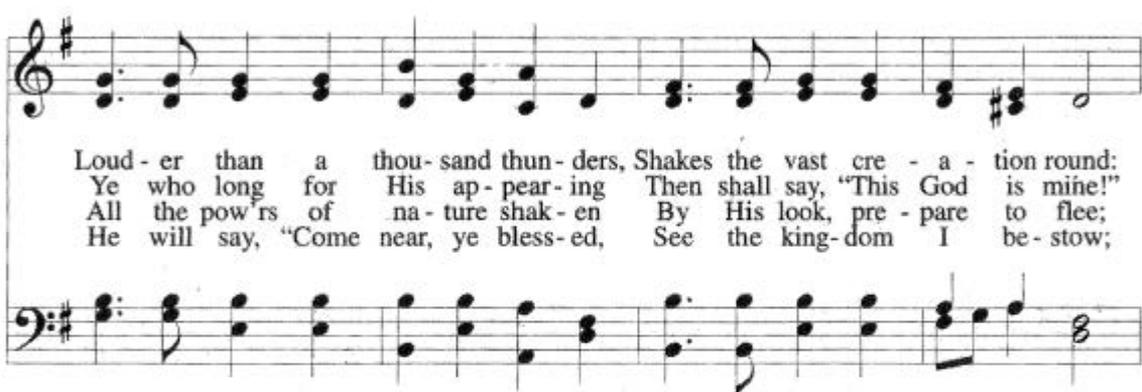


And hail Him as thy match - less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Fair flow'rs of par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
Thy praise and glo - ry shall not fail Thro' - out e - ter - ni - ty.

Day of Judgment! Day of Wonders!



1. Day of judgment! Day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
2. See, the Judge, our nature wearing, Clothed in 'maj - es - ty di - vine;
3. At His call the dead a - wak - en, Rise to life from earth and sea;
4. But to those who have confess - ed, Loved and served the Lord be - low,



Loud - er than a thou - sand thun - ders, Shakes the vast cre - a - tion round;
Ye who long for His ap - pear - ing, Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
All the pow'rs of na - ture shak - en By His look, pre - pare to flee;
He will say, "Come near, ye bless - ed, See the king - dom I be - stow;

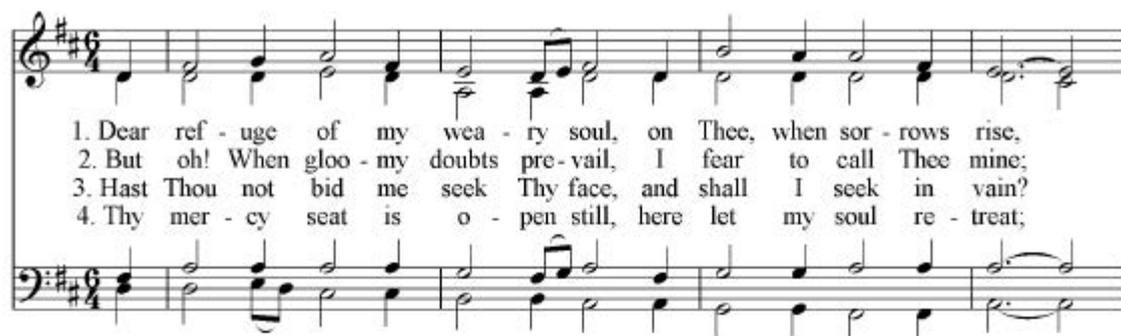


How the sum - mons, How the sum - mons Will the sin - ner's heart con - found!
Grac - ious Sav - ior, Grac - ious Sav - ior, Own me in that day for Thine.
Care - less sin - ner, Care - less sin - ner, What will then be - come of thee?
You for - ev - er, You for - ev - er Shall my love and glo - ry know."

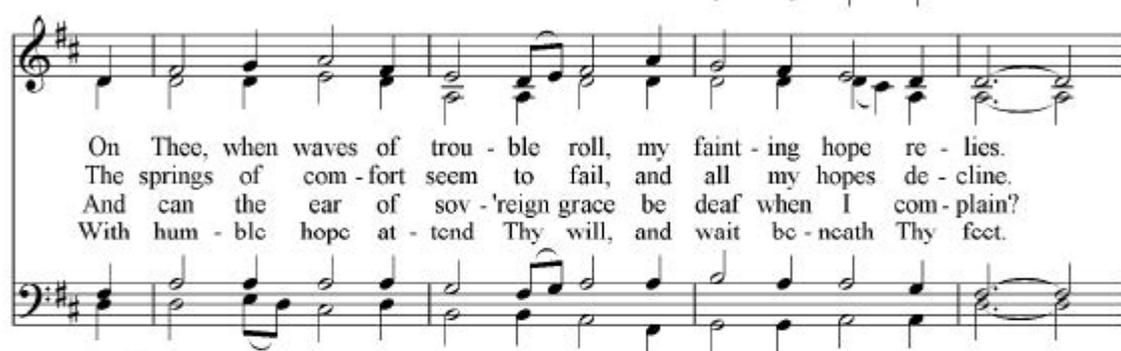
Words: John Newton (1725-1807);

Music: From a Gregorian Chant, Bristol Tunebook (1876), Public Domain

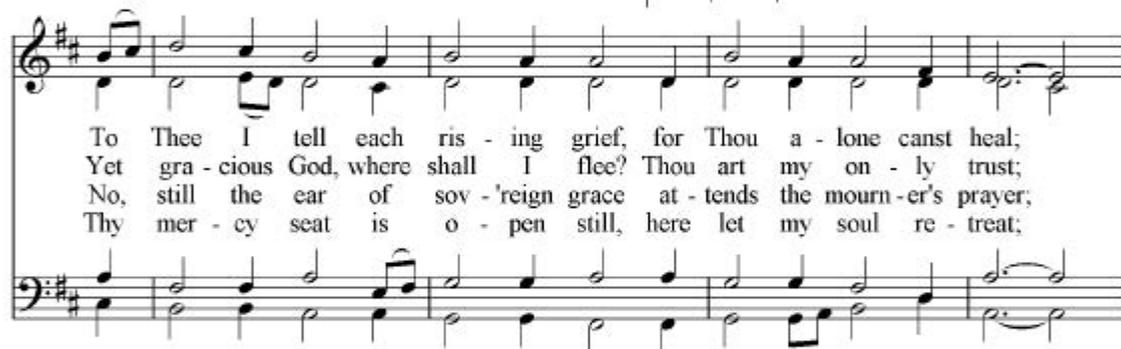
Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul



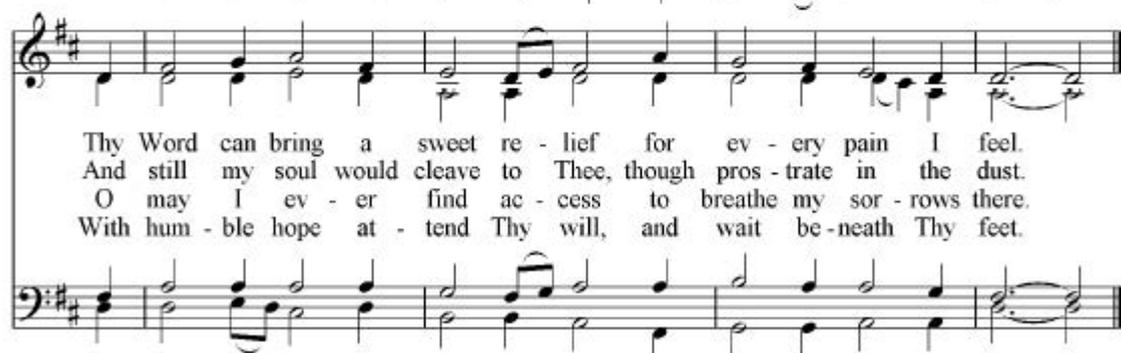
1. Dear ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, on Thee, when sor - rows rise,
2. But oh! When gloo - my doubts pre - vail, I fear to call Thee mine;
3. Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face, and shall I seek in vain?
4. Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my soul re - treat;



On Thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, my faint - ing hope re - lies.
The springs of com - fort seem to fail, and all my hopes de - cline.
And can the ear of sov - 'reign grace be deaf when I com - plain?
With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and wait be - neath Thy feet.



To Thee I tell each ris - ing grief, for Thou a - lone canst heal;
Yet gra - cious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust;
No, still the ear of sov - 'reign grace at - tends the mourn - er's prayer;
Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my soul re - treat;



Thy Word can bring a sweet re - lief for ev - ery pain I feel.
And still my soul would cleave to Thee, though pros - trate in the dust.
O may I ev - er find ac - cess to breathe my sor - rows there.
With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and wait be - neath Thy feet.

1. Are you sunk in depths of sor - row, where no arm can reach so low?
 2. Oth - er arms grow faint and wea - ry, these can nev - er faint or fail;
 3. Un - der - neath - us, oh, how ea - sy! We have not to mount on high,
 4. Arms of Je - sus, fold me clo - ser to Thy strong and lov - ing breast,

There is One whose arms, al - migh - ty, reach be - yond thy deep - est woe:
 Oth - ers reach our moun - ts of bles - sings, these our low - est, dark - est vale.
 But to sink in - to His full - ness, and in trust - ful weak - ness lie.
 Till my spi - rit on Thy bos - om, finds its ev - er - last - ing rest,

God, E - ter - nal, is thy re - fuge, let Him still thy wild a - larms;
 Oh, that all might know His friend - ship! Oh, that all might see His charms!
 And we find our hum - bling fail - ures save us from the strength that harms;
 And when life's last sands are sink - ing, shield my heart from all a - larms,

Un - der - neath thy deep - est sor - row are the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Oh, that all might have be - neath them Je - sus' ev - er - last - ing arms.
 We may fall, but un - der - neath - us are the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Soft - ly whis - p'ring, "Un - der - neath thee are the ev - er - last - ing arms."

Preparation Music

Every Promise of Your Word

1. From the break - ing of the dawn to the set - ting of the sun, I will stand
2. When I stum - ble and I sin, con - dem - na - tion press - ing in, I will stand
3. When I'm faced with an - gushed choice, I will lis - ten for Your voice, And I'll stand
4. Hope that lifts me from des - pair, love that casts out ev - 'ry fear As I stand

on ev - 'ry prom - ise of Your Word. Words of pow - er, strong to save, that will nev - er pass
on ev - 'ry prom - ise of Your Word. You are faith - ful to for - give, that in free dom I
on ev - 'ry prom - ise of Your Word. Through this dark and trou - bled land, You will guide me with
on ev - 'ry prom - ise of Your Word. Not for - sa - ken, not a - lone, for the Com - for - ter

a - way, I will stand on ev - 'ry prom - ise of Your Word. For Your cov - e - nant is
might live, So I stand on ev - 'ry prom - ise of Your Word. Guilt to in - no - cence re -
Your hand As I stand on ev - 'ry prom - ise of Your Word. And You've prom - ised to com
has come, And I stand on ev - 'ry prom - ise of Your Word. Grace suf - fi - cient, grace for

sure, and on this I am se - cure: I can stand on ev - 'ry prom - ise of Your Word.
stored, You re - mem - ber sins no more, So I'll stand on ev - 'ry prom - ise of Your Word.
plete ev - 'ry work be - gun in me, So I'll stand on ev - 'ry prom - ise of Your Word.
me, Grace for all who will be - lieve, We will stand on ev - 'ry prom - ise of Your Word.

Fairest Lord Jesus

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light
4. Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, Lord of all na - tions,

O Thou of God and man the Son; Thee will I cher - ish,
Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
And all the twin - kling, star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,
Son of God and Son of man! Glo - ry and hon - or,

Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
Je - sus shines pur - er Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.
Praise, ad - o - ra - tion, Now and for - ev - er - more be Thine!

Words: Anon. German Hymn, *Munster Gesangbuch* (1677);

St. 1-3, tr. source unknown; St. 4, tr. Joseph Augustus Seiss (1823-1904)

Music: *Schlesische Volkslieder* (1842); arr. Richard Storrs Willis (1819-1900), Public Domain

Fight the Good Fight

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might,
2. Run the straight race through God's good grace,
3. Cast care a - side, lean on thy Guide;
4. Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,

Christ is thy strength and Christ thy light;
Lift up thine eyes and seek His face;
His bound-less mer - cy will pro - vide;
He chang - eth not, and thou art dear;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Life with its way be - fore thee lies,
Lean, and the trus - ting soul shall prove
On - ly be - lieve and thou shalt see

Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
Christ is the path and Christ the prize.
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
That Christ is all in all to thee.

For He Alone Is Worthy

1. For He a - lone is wor - thy, For He a - lone is wor - thy,
2. We'll give Him all the glo - ry, We'll give Him all the glo - ry,
3. O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic setting of the lyrics.

For He a - lone is wor - thy, Christ the Lord!
We'll give Him all the glo - ry, Christ the Lord!
O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord!

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It features a final cadence with a fermata over the final chord in both staves. The lyrics are aligned with the notes in the upper staff.

Preparation Music

From the Squalor of a Borrowed Stable

1. From the squalor of a borrowed stable, By the Spirit and a
2. King of heaven now the Friend of sinners, Humble servant in the
3. Through the kisses of a friend's betrayal, He was lifted on a
4. Now He's standing at the place of honor, Crowned with glory on the

virgin's faith; To the anguish and the shame of scandal Came the
Father's hands, Filled with power and the Holy Spirit, Filled with
cruel cross; He was punished for a world's transgressions, He was
highest throne, Interceding for his own beloved Till His

Savior of the human race! But the skies were filled with the praise of
mercy for the broken man. Yes, He walked my road and He felt my
suffering to save the lost. He fights for breath, He fights for
Father calls to bring them home! Then the skies will part as the trumpet

heav'n, Shepherds listen as the angels tell Of the Gift of
pain, Joys and sorrows that I know so well; Yet his righteous
me, Loosing sinners from the claims of hell; And with a
sounds: Hope of heaven or the fear of hell; But the Bride will

God come down to man At the dawning of Immanuel.
steps give me hope again; I will follow my Immanuel.
shout our souls are free; Death defeated by Immanuel.
run to her Lover's arms, Giving glory to Immanuel.

Words and Music: Stuart Townend, © 1999 Kingsway Music (CCLI #264766)

Give to Our God

1. Give to our God im - mor - tal praise,
 2. Give to the Lord of Lords re - nown;
 3. He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 4. He fills the sun with mor - ning light,
 5. He sent his Son with pow'r to save
 6. Through this vain world he guides our feet,

Mer - cy and truth are all his ways:
 The King of Kings with glo - ry crown:
 And fixed the star - ry lights on high,
 He bids the moon di - rect the night:
 From guilt and dark - ness and the grave:
 And leads us to his mer - cy seat;

Won - ders of grace to God be - long,
 His mer - cies ev - er shall en - dure,
 Won - ders of grace to God be - long,
 His mer - cies ev - er shall en - dure,
 Won - ders of grace to God be - long,
 His mer - cies ev - er shall en - dure,

Re - peat his mer - cies in your song.
 When lords and kings are known no more.
 Re - peat his mer - cies in your song.
 When suns and moons shall shine no more.
 Re - peat his mer - cies in your song.
 When this vain world shall be no more.

Words: Psalm 136, alt. Isaac Watts (1674-1749)

Music: Melody from *Boyd's Psalm & Hymn Tunes* (1793), later attrib. John Hatton (d. 1793), Public Domain

Preparation Music

Glorify Thy Name

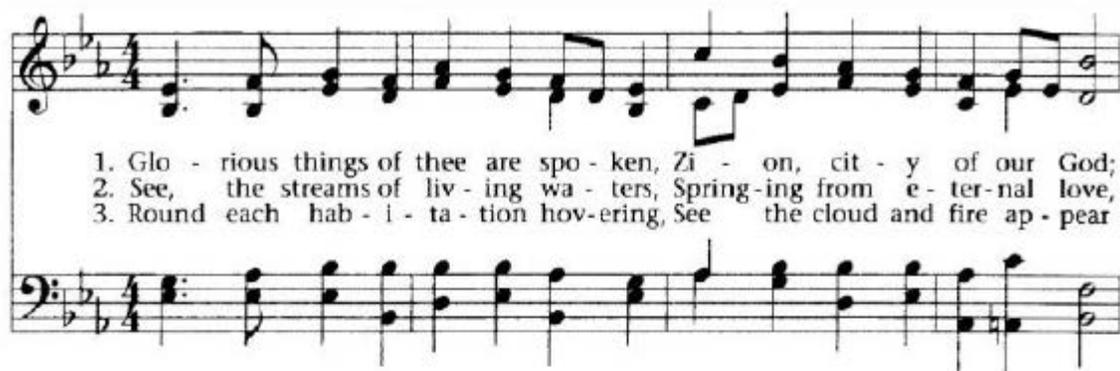
1. Fa - ther, we love You, we wor - ship and a - dore You,
2. Je - sus, we love You, we wor - ship and a - dore You,
3. Spir - it, we love You, we wor - ship and a - dore You,

Glo - ri - fy Thy name in all the earth.

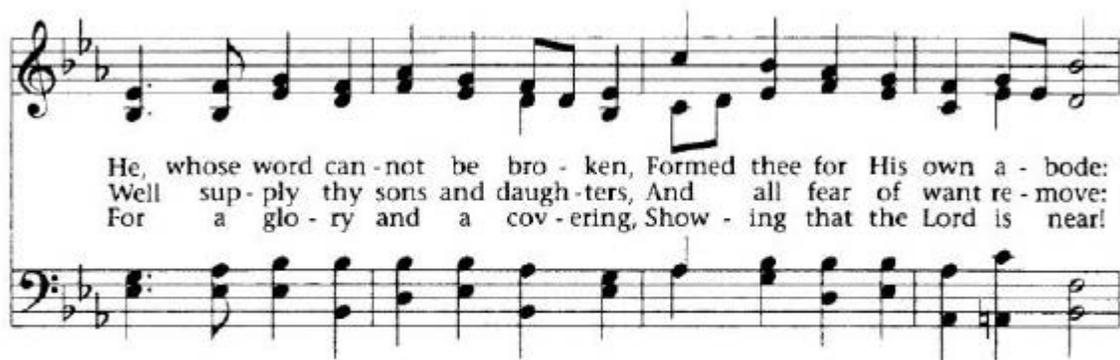
Glo - ri - fy Thy name, Glo - ri - fy Thy name,

Glo - ri - fy Thy name in all the earth.

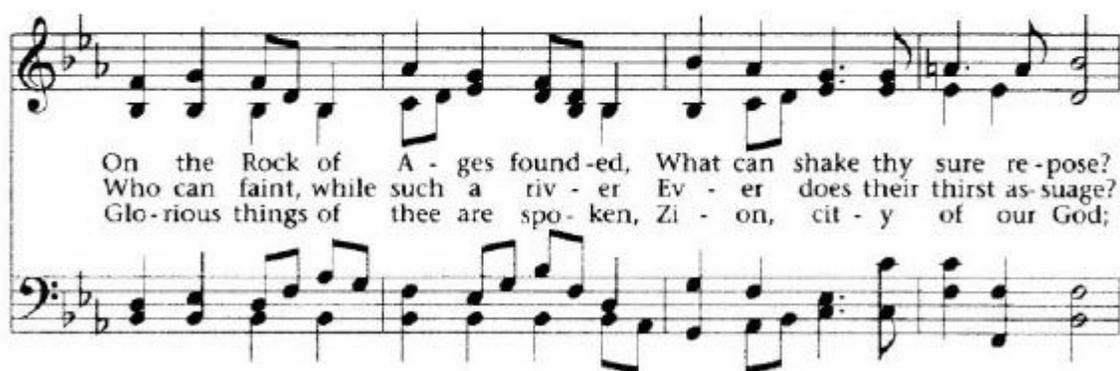
Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken



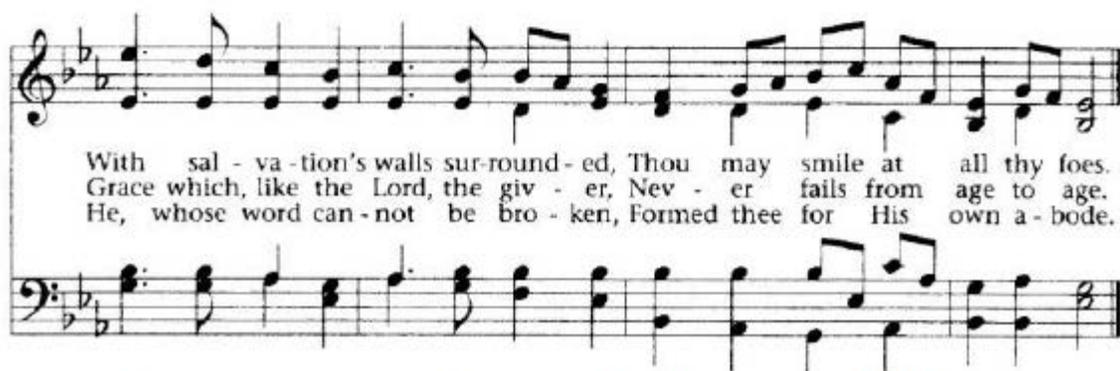
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - ering, See the cloud and fire ap - pear



He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode:
Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move:
For a glo - ry and a cov - ering, Show - ing that the Lord is near!



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er does their thirst as - suage?
Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode.

Preparation Music

Go to Dark Gethsemane

1. Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, You who feel the tempt-er's pow'r;
2. Fol - low to the judg-ment hall; View the Lord of life ar-raigned;
3. Cal - v'ry's mourn-ful moun-tain climb; There, a - dor-ing at His feet,
4. Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb Where they laid His breath-less clay;

Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see; Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;
O the worm-wood and the gall! O the pangs His soul sus - tained!
Mark that mir - a - cle of time, God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete;
All is sol - i - tude and gloom; Who hath tak - en Him a - way?

Turn not from His griefs a - way; Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.
Shun not suf - f'ring, shame, or loss; Learn of Him to bear the cross.
"It is fin - ished!" Hear the cry; Learn of Je - sus Christ to die.
Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes: Sav - ior, teach us so to rise.

God, Be Merciful to Me

1. God, be mer - ci - ful to me, On Thy grace I rest my plea;
 2. My trans - gres - sions I con - fess, Grief and guilt my soul op - press;
 3. *I am e - vil, born in sin; Thou de - sir - est truth with - in.*
 4. Bro - ken, hum - bled to the dust By Thy wrath and judg - ment just,
 5. Gra - cious God, my heart re - new, Make my spi - rit right and true;
 6. Sin - ners then shall learn from me And re - turn, O God, to Thee;

Plen - teous in com - pas - sion Thou, Blot out my trans - gres - sion now;
 I have sinned a - gainst Thy grace And pro - voked Thee to Thy face;
Thou a - lone my Sav - ior art, Teach Thy wis - dom to my heart,
Let my con - trite heart re - joice And in glad - ness hear Thy voice;
 Cast me not a - way from Thee, Let Thy Spi - rit dwell in me;
 Sa - vior, all my guilt re - move, And my tongue shall sing Thy love;

Wash me, make me pure with - in, Cleanse, O cleanse me from my sin.
 I con - fess Thy judg - ment just, Speech - less, I Thy mer - cy trust.
Make me pure, Thy grace be - stow, Wash me whit - er than the snow.
From my sins O hide Thy face, Blot them out in bound - less grace.
 Thy sal - va - tion's joy im - part, Stead - fast make my wil - ling heart.
 Touch my si - lent lips, O Lord, And my mouth shall praise ac - cord.

Preparation Music

God, in the Gospel of His Son

1. God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e -
2. Here sin - ners of a hum - ble frame May taste His
3. The pris - 'ner here may break his chains; The wea - ry and
4. O grant us grace, Al - might - y Lord, To read and

ter - nal coun - sels known; Where love in all its
grace and learn His name; May read in char - ac -
rest from all his pains; The cap - tive feel his
mark Thy ho - ly word; Its truth with meek - ness

glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.
ters of blood, The wis - dom, pow'r and grace of God.
bond - age cease; The mourn - er find the way of peace.
to re - ceive, And by its ho - ly pre - cepts live.

*Words: Benjamin Beddome and Thomas Cotteril (1779-1823)
Music: Edward Miller (1731-1807), Public Domain*

God Moves in a Mysterious Way

1. God moves in a mys - ter - ious way, his won - ders to per - form.
2. You fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; the clouds you so much dread
3. His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, un - fold - ing ev' - ry hour;

He plants His foot - steps in the sea, and rides up - on the storm.
Are big with mer - cy and shall break in bles - sings on your head.
The bud may have a bit - ter taste, but sweet will be the flow'r.

Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines of nev - er - fail - ing skill
Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, but trust Him for His grace;
Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, and seam His work in vain;

He trea - sures up his bright de - signs, and works His sov' - reign will.
Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence he hides a smil - ing face.
God is His own in - ter - pret - er, and He will make it plain.

Preparation Music

God Moves in a Mysterious Way



1. God moves in a mys - ter - ious way His won - ders to per - form
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; The clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by feeb - le sense, But trust Him for His grace;
5. His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, Un - fold - ing ev' - ry hour;
6. Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain;



1. He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
2. He trea - sures up His bright de - signs, And works His sov'-reign will.
3. Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.
4. Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.
5. The bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r.
6. God is His own in - ter - pret - er, And He will make it plain.



God, My King, Thy Might Confessing

1. God, my King, thy might con - fess - ing,
 2. Hon - or great our of God be - fit - teth;
 3. They shall talk of all thy glo - ry,
 4. Nor shall fail from mem - 'ry's trea - sure
 5. Full of kind - ness and com - pass - ion,
 6. All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee;

Ev - er will I bless thy name;
 Who his maj - es - ty can reach?
 On thy might and great - ness dwell,
 Works by love and mer - cy wrought:
 Slow to an - ger, vast saints in love,
 Thee shall all thy saints a - dore.

Day by day thy throne ad - dress - ing,
 Age to age his works trans - mit - teth;
 Speak of thy great acts the sto - ry,
 Works of love sur - pass - ing mea - sure,
 God is good to all cre - a - tion;
 King su - preme shall they con - fess thee,

Still will I thy praise pro - claim.
 Age to age his pow'r shall teach.
 And thy deeds of won - der tell.
 Works of mer - cy pass - ing thought.
 All his works his good - ness prove.
 And pro - claim thy sov - ereign pow'r.

Words: From Psalm 145, adapted by Richard Mant (1824)

Music: "Stuttgart," arr. from Psalmodia Sacra (1715), Public Domain

Service Music

God of Grace and God of Glory

1. God of grace and God of glo - ry, On Thy peo - ple
2. Lo! the hosts of e - vil round us Scorn Thy Christ, as -
3. Cure Thy chil - dren's war - ring mad - ness, Bend our pride to
4. Set our feet on loft - y plac - es; Gird our lives that

pour Thy pow'r; Crown Thine an - cient church - 's sto - ry, Bring her
sail His ways! Fears and doubts too long have bound us, Free our
Thy con - trol; Shame our wan - ton, self - ish glad - ness, Rich in
they may be Ar - mored with all Christ - like grac - es In the

bud to glo - rious flow'r. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,
hearts to work and praise. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,
things and poor in soul. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,
fight to set men free. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,

For the fac - ing of this hour, For the fac - ing of this hour.
For the liv - ing of these days, For the liv - ing of these days.
Lest we miss Thy king - dom's goal, Lest we miss Thy king - dom's goal.
That we fail not man nor Thee! That we fail not man nor Thee!

God of the Prophets

1. God of the proph - ets! Bless the proph - et's sons;
 2. A - noint them proph - ets! Bold to preach Thy Word;
 3. A - noint them priests! Strong in - ter - ces - sors they
 4. A - noint them kings! Aye, king - ly kings, O Lord;
 5. Make them a - pos - tles! Her - alds of Thy cross;

E - li - jah's man - tle o'er E - li - sha cast;
 To its di - vine truths Make their hearts a - wake;
 For par - don, and for char - i - ty and peace!
 A - noint them with the spir - it of Thy Son;
 Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;

Each age its sol - emn task may claim but once;
 O - pen their lips, O make Thy Gos - pel heard!
 O might, with them, the world, though gone a - stray,
 Theirs, not a jew - el'd crown, a blood - stained sword;
 In - spired by Thee, may they count all but loss,

Make each one no - bler, strong - er than the last.
 Lord, keep them faith - ful for Thine own Name's sake.
 Pass in - to Christ's pure life of sac - ri - fice!
 Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a king - dom won.
 And stand at last with joy be - fore Thy face.

1. God rest you mer - ry, gen - tle - men, Let noth - ing you dis - may,
 2. From God our heav - en - ly, Fa - ther A bless - ed an - gel came;
 3. "Fear not, then," said the an - gel, "Let noth - ing you af - fright,
 4. Now to the Lord sing prais - es, All you with - in this place,

Re - mem - ber Christ our Sav - iour Was born on Christ - mas Day;
 And un - to cer - tain shep - herds Brought ti - dings of the same;
 This day is born a Sav - iour Of a pure Vir - gin bright,
 And with true love and broth - er - hood Each oth - er now em - brace;

To save us all from Sa - tan's power When we were gone a - stray.
 How that in Beth - le - hem was born The Son of God by name.
 To free all those who trust in Him From Sa - tan's power and might."
 This ho - ly tide of Christ - mas All oth - ers doth de - face.

REFRAIN

O ti - dings of com - fort and joy, Com - fort and joy;

O ti - dings of com - fort and joy. A - MEN.

Good Christian Men, Rejoice



1. Good Christian men, re - joice With heart and soul and voice!
2. Good Christian men, re - joice With heart and soul and voice!
3. Good Christian men, re - joice With heart and soul and voice!



Give ye heed to what we say: Je - sus Christ is born to - day!
Now ye hear of end - less bliss: Je - sus Christ was born for this!
Now ye need not fear the grave: Je - sus Christ was born to save!



Man and beast be - fore Him bow, And He is in the
He has o - pened heav - en's door, And man is blest for -
Calls you one and calls you all To gain His ev - er -



manger now: Christ is born to - day! Christ is born to - day!
ev - er - more. Christ is born for this! Christ is born for this!
last - ing hall. Christ is born to save! Christ is born to save!



Words: Medieval Latin Carol, 14th c., Tr. John Mason Neale (1818-1866);
Music: Traditional German Carol, 14th c., Public Domain

Preparation Music

Grace Greater Than Our Sin

1. Mar - vel - ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our
2. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - veil to
3. Mar - vel - ous, in - fi - nite, match - less grace, Free - ly be - stowed on

sin and our guilt, Yon - der on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured,
wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;
all who be - lieve; All who are long - ing to see His face,

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt. Grace, grace,
Whit - er than snow you may be to - day. Mar - vel - ous grace,
Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive?

God's grace, Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in; Grace,
in - fi - nite grace, Mar - vel - ous

grace, God's grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin.
grace, in - fi - nite grace,

Words: Julia H. Johnston (1849-1919); Music: Daniel B. Towner (1850-1919), Public Domain

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

1. Great is Thy faith - ful - ness, O God, my Fa - ther, There is no
2. Sum - mer and win - ter, and spring - time and har - vest, Sun, moon, and
3. Par - don for sin and a peace that en - dur - eth, Thine own dear

shad - ow of turn - ing with Thee; Thou chang - est not, Thy com -
stars in their cours - es a - bove Join with all na - ture in
pres - ence to cheer and to guide; Strength for to - day and bright

pas - sions, they fall not; As Thou hast been, Thou for - ev - er wilt be.
man - i - fold wit - ness To Thy great faith - ful - ness, mer - cy, and love.
hope for to - mor - row, Bless - ings all mine, with ten thou - sand be - side!

Great is Thy faith - ful - ness! Great is Thy faith - ful - ness!

Morn - ing by morn - ing new mer - cies I see; All I have need - ed, Thy

hand hath pro - vid - ed; Great is Thy faith - ful - ness, Lord, un - to me!

Words: Thomas O. Chisholm (1866-1960)

Music: William M. Runyan (1870-1957); ©1951 Hope Publishing Company (CCLI# 264766)

Preparation Music

Great God, How Infinite Art Thou

1. Great God, how in - fi - nite art thou! How poor and weak are we!
2. Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made:
3. E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands pres - ent in thy view;
4. Our lives through var - ious scenes are drawn, And vexed with trif - ling cares;
5. Great God, how in - fi - nite art thou! How poor and weak are we!

The first system of music consists of a vocal line in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The bass line begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, Bb2, and C3.

Let the whole race of crea - tures bow, And pay their praise to thee.
Thou art the ev - er - liv - ing God, Were all the na - tions dead.
To thee there's noth - ing old ap - pears; To thee there's noth - ing new.
While thine e - ter - nal thought moves on Thine un - dis - turbed af - fairs.
Let the whole race of crea - tures bow, And pay their praise to thee.

The second system of music continues the vocal and bass lines from the first system. The vocal line ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The bass line also ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Great Is Thy Faithfulness (cont.)

hand hath pro - vid - ed; Great is Thy faith - ful - ness, Lord, un - to me!

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Great Is Thy Faithfulness (cont.)'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music features a melody in the treble staff and a piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Words: Thomas O. Chisholm (1866-1960)

Music: William M. Runyan (1870-1957); ©1951 Hope Publishing Company (CCLI# 264766)

Silence for Reflection and Preparation: After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together this morning. When the piano resumes to mark the conclusion of the service, we invite all to stay around for conversation; refreshments are provided throughout the building.

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

1. Great is Thy faith - ful - ness, O God, my Fa - ther, There is no
2. Sum - mer and win - ter, and spring - time and har - vest, Sun, moon, and
3. Par - don for sin and a peace that en - dur - eth, Thine own dear

shad - ow of turn - ing with Thee; Thou chang - est not, Thy com -
stars in their cours - es a - bove Join with all na - ture in
pres - ence to cheer and to guide; Strength for to - day and bright

pas - sions, they fail not; As Thou hast been, Thou for - ev - er wilt be.
man - i - fold wit - ness To Thy great faith - ful - ness, mer - cy, and love.
hope for to - mor - row, Bless - ings all mine, with ten thou - sand be - side!

Great is Thy faith - ful - ness! Great is Thy faith - ful - ness!

Morn - ing by morn - ing new mer - cies I see; All I have need - ed, Thy

hand hath pro - vid - ed; Great is Thy faith - ful - ness, Lord, un - to me!

Words: Thomas O. Chisholm (1866-1960)

Music: William M. Runyan (1870-1957); ©1951 Hope Publishing Company (CCLI# 264766)

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious



bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me
stream doth flow; Let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar Lead me
fears sub - side; Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me

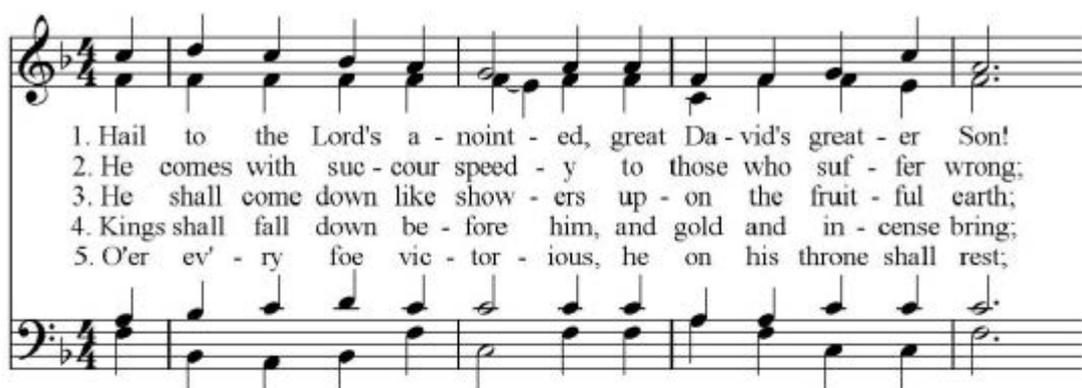


with Thy pow'r - ful hand; Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,
all my jour - ney through; Strong De - liv - erer, strong De - liv - erer,
safe on Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es

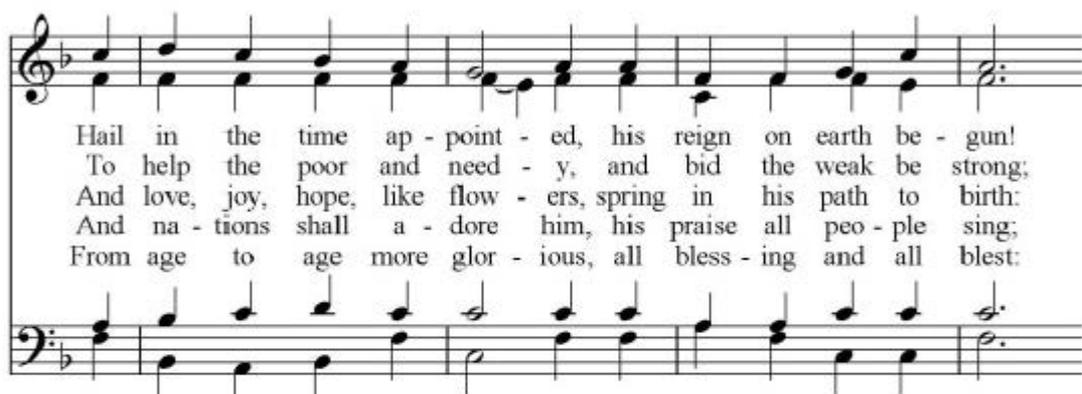


Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee.

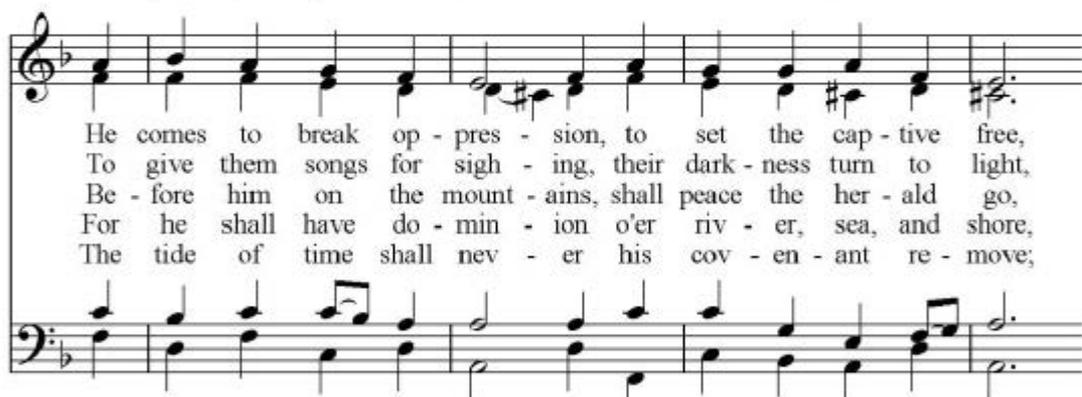
Hail to the Lord's Anointed



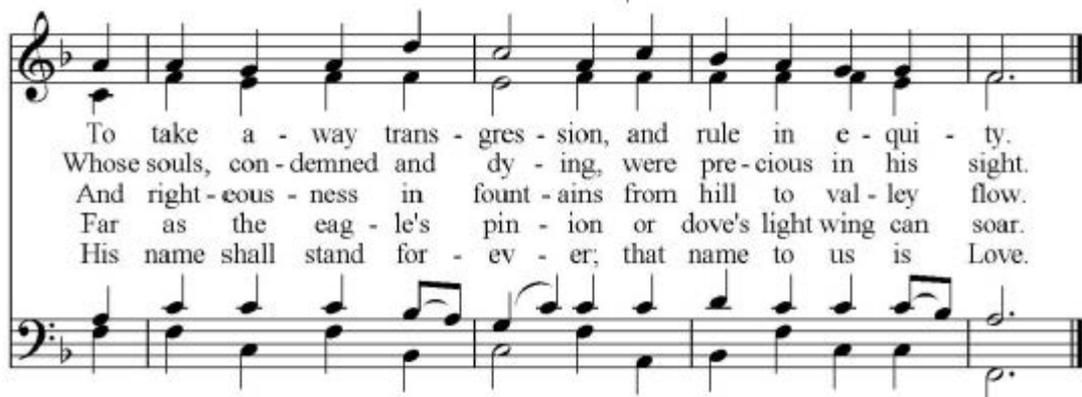
1. Hail to the Lord's a - noint - ed, great Da - vid's great - er Son!
2. He comes with suc - cour speed - y to those who suf - fer wrong;
3. He shall come down like show - ers up - on the fruit - ful earth;
4. Kings shall fall down be - fore him, and gold and in - cense bring;
5. O'er ev' - ry foe vic - tor - ious, he on his throne shall rest;



Hail in the time ap - point - ed, his reign on earth be - gun!
To help the poor and need - y, and bid the weak be strong;
And love, joy, hope, like flow - ers, spring in his path to birth:
And na - tions shall a - dore him, his praise all peo - ple sing;
From age to age more glor - ious, all bless - ing and all blest:



He comes to break op - pres - sion, to set the cap - tive free,
To give them songs for sigh - ing, their dark - ness turn to light,
Be - fore him on the mount - ains, shall peace the her - ald go,
For he shall have do - min - ion o'er riv - er, sea, and shore,
The tide of time shall nev - er his cov - en - ant re - move;



To take a - way trans - gres - sion, and rule in e - qui - ty.
Whose souls, con - demned and dy - ing, were pre - cious in his sight.
And right - eous - ness in fount - ains from hill to val - ley flow.
Far as the eag - le's pin - ion or dove's light wing can soar.
His name shall stand for - ev - er; that name to us is Love.

Words: Adapted from Psalm 72 by James Montgomery (1771-1854)

Music: Adapted by W.H. Monk (1823-1889) from a chorale by Johann Crüger (1598-1662), Public Domain

Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah, O my soul, Je - ho - vah praise;
 2. Hap - py is the man that choos - es Is - rael's God to be his aid;
 3. Food He dai - ly gives the hun - gry, Sets the mourn - ing pris - ner free,
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah, O my soul, Je - ho - vah praise;

I will sing the glo - rious prais - es Of my God through all my days.
 He is blessed whose hope of bless - ing On the Lord his God is stayed.
 Rais - es those bowed down with an - guish, Makes the sight - less eyes to see.
 I will sing the glo - rious prais - es of my God through all my days.

Put no con - fi - dence in princ - es, Nor for help on man de - pend;
 Heav'n and earth the Lord cre - at - ed, Seas and all that they con - tain;
 Well Je - ho - vah loves the right - eous, And the strang - er He be - friends,
 O - ver all God reigns for - ev - er, Through all a - ges He is King;

He shall die, to dust re - turn - ing, And his pur - pos - es shall end.
 He de - liv - ers from op - pres - sion, Right - eous - ness he will main - tain.
 Helps the fa - ther - less and wid - ow, Judgment on the wick - ed sends.
 Un - to Him, thy God, O Zi - on, joy - ful hal - le - lu - jahs sing.

Words: From Psalm 146, *The Psalter* (1912)

Music: Arranged from a Gregorian chant by Lowell Mason (1839), Public Domain

Hark, I Hear the Harps Eternal

1. Hark, I hear the harps e - ter - nal, ring - ing
 2. And my soul, though stain'd with sor - row, fad - ing
 3. Some have cross'd be - fore us safe - ly to that
 4. Might - y Je - sus, bear us o - ver, there to

on the far - ther shore, As I near those swol - len
 as the light of day, Pas - ses swift - ly o'er those
 land of per - fect rest. Can you hear them sing - ing
 kneel be - fore thy throne. May we join Thy saints for -

wat - ers, with their deep and sol - emn roar,
 wat - ers to that ci - ty far a - way,
 faint - ly in the man - sions of the blest?
 e - ver prais - ing Thee, and Thee a - lone:

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

lu - jah, praise the Lamb. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

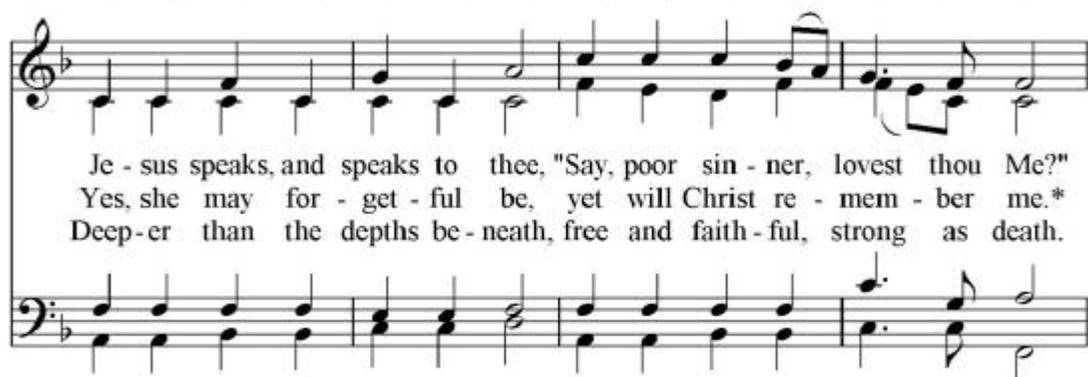
lu - jah, glo - ry to the great I AM!

Words: Unknown; Music: Traditional American Melody, Public Domain

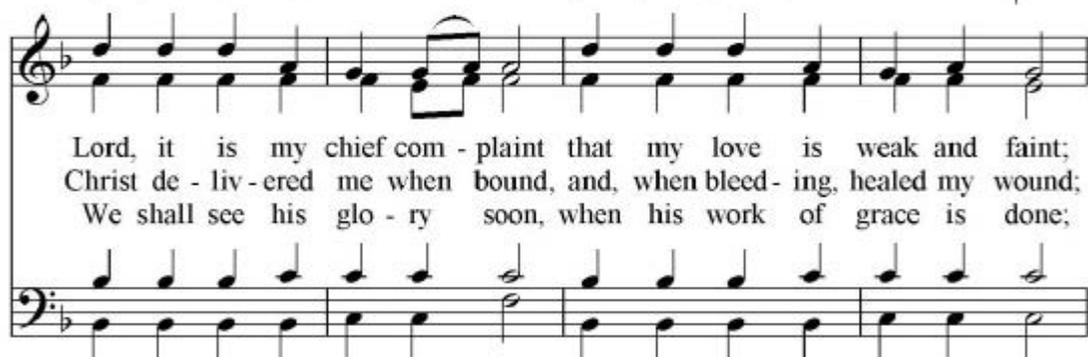
Hark, My Soul, It Is the Lord



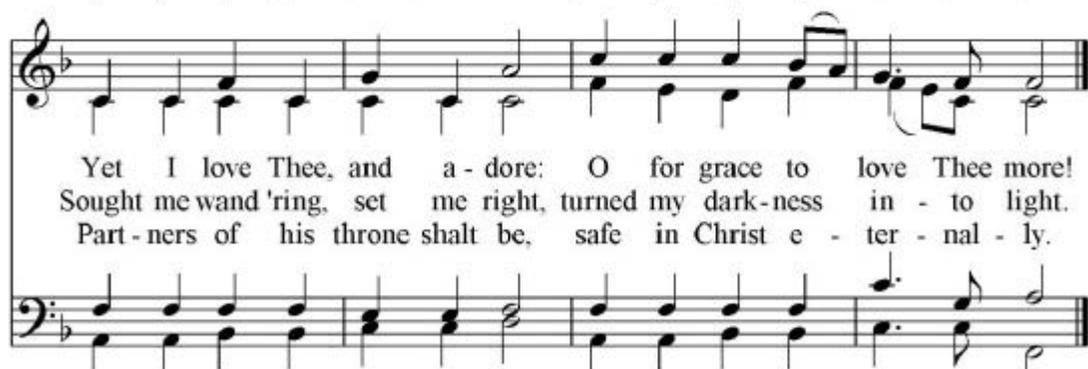
1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sa - vior, hear His Word;
2. Can a mo - ther's ten - der care cease to - ward the child she bare?
3. His is an un - chang - ing love, high - er than the heights a - bove,



Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou Me?"
Yes, she may for - get - ful be, yet will Christ re - mem - ber me.*
Deep - er than the depths be - neath, free and faith - ful, strong as death.



Lord, it is my chief com - plaint that my love is weak and faint;
Christ de - liv - ered me when bound, and, when bleed - ing, healed my wound;
We shall see his glo - ry soon, when his work of grace is done;



Yet I love Thee, and a - dore: O for grace to love Thee more!
Sought me wand 'ring, set me right, turned my dark - ness in - to light.
Part - ners of his throne shalt be, safe in Christ e - ter - nal - ly.

*Reference to Isaiah 49:15: "Can a mother forget the baby at her breast and have no compassion on the child she has borne? Though she may forget, I will not forget you!"

Hark, the Glad Sound!

1. Hark, the glad sound! The Sav - ior comes, the
2. He comes the pris - 'ners to re - lease, in
3. He comes the bro - ken heart to bind, the
4. Our glad ho - san - nas, Prince of Peace, Thy

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in G minor (one flat). The treble staff contains a melody of quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The lyrics are numbered 1 through 4, corresponding to the four parts of the hymn.

Sav - ior prom - ised long; let ev - 'ry heart pre -
Sat - an's bon - dage held. The gates of brass be -
bleed - ing soul to cure, and with the trea - sures
wel - come shall pro - claim, and heav'n's e - ter - nal

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a mix of quarter and eighth notes, and the bass staff continues with chordal accompaniment. The lyrics describe the suffering of the Savior and the opening of the gates of heaven.

pare a throne and ev - 'ry voice a song.
fore Him burst, the i - ron fet - ters yield.
of His grace to fill the hum - ble poor.
arch - es ring with Thy be - lov - ed name.

The final system concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a melodic flourish, and the bass staff provides a final harmonic resolution. The lyrics describe the triumph of the Savior and the filling of the poor with His grace.

CAROL* | HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

* Congregation rises to sing at the end of the one-verse instrumental introduction

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
 2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a-dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
 3. Hail the heav'n - born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-teous-ness!

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."
 Late in time, be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb.
 Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings.

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 Veiled in flesh the God - head see, Hail th'in - car - nate De - i - ty!
 Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,

With an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
 Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus our Im - man - u - el.
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King."

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788), alt. George Whitefield (1714-1770)

Music: Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847); arr. William H. Cummings (1831-1915), Public Domain

He Leadeth Me!



1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught!
2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some-times where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,



What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me!
By wa - ters still, o'er trou-bled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis Thy hand that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me!



He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:



His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.



Preparation Music

He Who Would Valiant Be

1. He who would valiant be 'gainst all di-sas-ter,
2. Who so be-set him round with dis-mal sto-ries,
3. Since, Lord, Thou dost de-fend us with Thy Spi-rit.

Let him in con-stan-cy fol-low the Mas-ter.
Do but them-selves con-found; his strength the more is.
We know we at the end shall life in-her-it.

There's no dis-cour-age-ment shall make him once re-lent
No foes shall stay his might, though he with gi-ants fight;
Then fan-cies flee a-way! I'll fear not what men say,

His first a-vowed in-tent to be a pil-grim.
He will make good his right to be a pil-grim.
I'll la-bor night and day to be a pil-grim.

Words: John Bunyan (1628-1688)

Music: "Monk's Gate," English trad. melody, arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958), Public Domain

He Will Hold Me Fast

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast; When the tempt-er
 2. Those He saves are His de-light, Christ will hold me fast; Pre-cious in his
 3. For my life He bled and died, Christ will hold me fast; Just-ice has been

would pre-vail, He will hold me fast. I could nev-er keep my hold
 ho-ly sight, He will hold me fast. He'll not let my soul be lost; His
 sat-is-fied; He will hold me fast. Raised with Him to end-less life.

Through life's fear-ful path; For my love is oft-en cold; He must hold me
 Prom-is-es shall last; Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me
 He will hold me fast 'Till our faith is turned to sight, When He comes at

fast. He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast;
 fast.
 last!

For my Sa-rior loves me so, He will hold me fast.

Here Is Love

1. Here is love vast as the o - cean, lov - ing - kind - ness as the flood,
2. On the Mount of Cru - ci - fix - ion foun - tains op - ened deep and wide;
3. That same love be - yond all mea - sure, mocked and slain by hate - ful men,

when the Prince of life, our ran - som shed for us His pre - cious blood.
Through the flood - gates of God's mer - cy flowed a vast and gra - cious tide.
lives and reigns in res - ur - rection and can ne - ver die a - gain.

Who His love will not re - mem - ber? Who can cease to sing His praise?
Grace and love, like migh - ty ri - vers, poured in - ces - sant from a - bove,
Here is love for all the a - ges, ra - diant Sun of Heav'n He stands,

He can ne - ver be for - got - ten through - out heav'n's e - ter - nal days.
Hea - ven's peace and per - fect just - ice kissed a guil - ty world in love.
Cal - ling home His Fa - ther's child - ren, hold - ing forth His wound - ed hands.

Words: v. 1, 2 William Rees (1802-1883), trans. William Edwards (1848-1929);
V. 3 Vell Rives (© 2003, used with permission); Music: Robert Lowry, (1826-1899), Public Domain

Here, O My Lord

1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
2. Here would I feed up - on the bread of God;
3. I have no help but Thine, nor do I need
4. Mine is the sin, but Thine the right - eous - ness;

Here would I touch and han - dle things un - seen;
Here drink with Thee the roy - al wine of heav'n;
An - oth - er arm save Thine to lean up - on;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleans - ing blood;

Here grasp with firm - er hand th'e - ter - nal grace,
Here would I lay a - side each earth - ly load,
It is e - nough, my Lord, e - nough in deed;
Here is my robe, my ref - uge and my peace:

And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean.
Here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - giv'n.
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might a - lone.
Thy blood, Thy right - eous - ness, O Lord, my God.

Words: Horatius Bonar (1855)

Music: Frederick C. Atkinson (1870), Public Domain

1. He's done so much for me, I can-not tell it all,
 2. He washed my sins a - way; I can-not tell it all,
 3. He gave me vic - to - ry; I can-not tell it all,

I can-not tell it all, I can-not tell it all.
 I can-not tell it all, I can-not tell it all.
 I can-not tell it all, I can-not tell it all.

He's done so much for me, I can-not tell it all.
 He washed my sins a - way; I can-not tell it all.
 He gave me vic - to - ry; I can-not tell it all.

I can - not tell it all.

His Forever

Jesus, friend of sinners,
Loved me ere I knew Him;
Drew me with His cords of love,
Tightly bound me to Him.
Round my heart still closely twined,
The ties that none can sever;
For I am His and He is mine
Forever and forever.

Jesus, friend of sinners,
A crown of thorns You wore for me;
Bruised for my transgressions,
Pierced for my iniquities.
The wrath of God that I deserved
Was poured out on the innocent;
He took my place, my soul to save;
Now I am his forever.

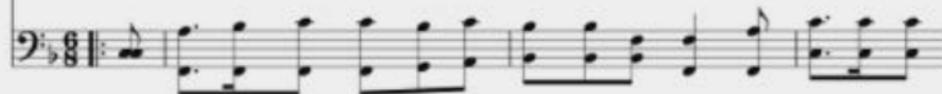
Jesus, friend of sinners,
I love to tell the story;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And will be when in glory.
Not death nor life nor anything
Can ever separate me;
O love that will not let me go,
Yes I am his forever.
Not death nor life nor anything
Can ever separate me;
O love that will not let me go,
Yes I am his forever.

Preparation Music

His Mercy Is More



1. What love could re - mem - ber no wrongs we have done? Om - nis - cient, all -
 2. What pat - ience would wait as we con - stant - ly roam? What Fa - ther, so
 3. What rich - es of kind - ness he lav - ished on us: His blood was the



know - ing, he counts not their sum; Thrown in - to a sea with - out
 ten - der, is cal - ling us home? He wel - comes the weak - est, the
 pay - ment, his life was the cost. We stood 'neath a debt we could



bot - tom or shore, Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is more!
 vil - est, the poor; Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is
 ne - ver af - ford, Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is



more!
 more! *Praise the Lord!* *His mer - cy is more!*



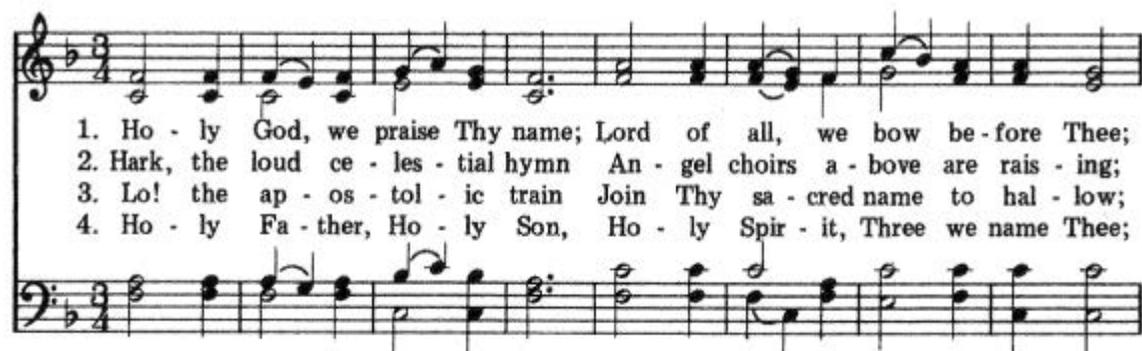
Stron - ger than dark - ness, new ev - ry morn, *Our sins they are ma - ny, his mer - cy is more!*



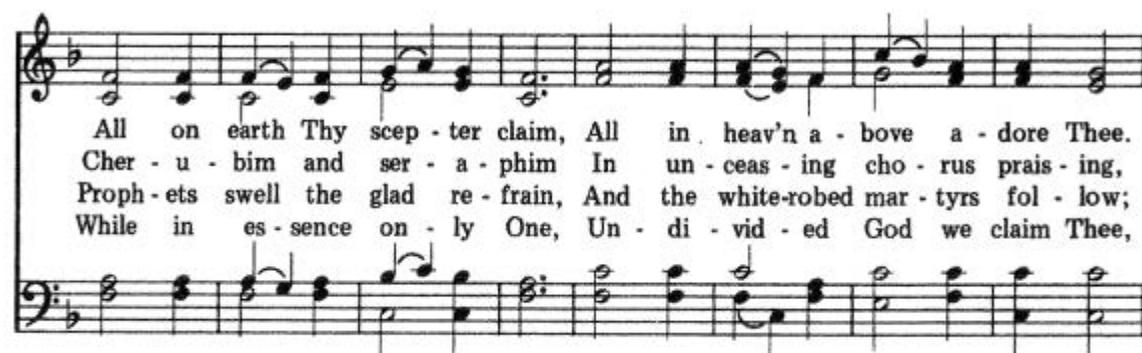
Words & Music: Matt Boswell & Matt Papa, © 2016 Common Hymnal Publishing, Love Your Enemies Music (CCLI# 264766)

Preparation Music

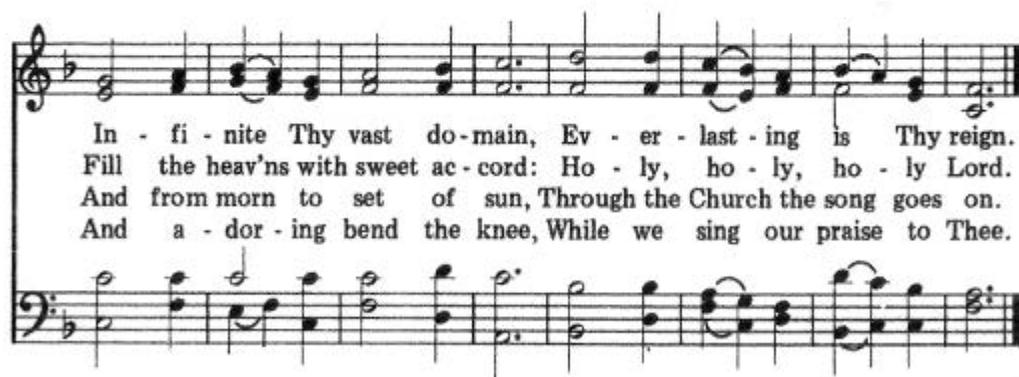
Holy God, We Praise Thy Name



1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name; Lord of all, we bow be - fore Thee;
2. Hark, the loud ce - les - tial hymn An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;
3. Lo! the ap - os - tol - ic train Join Thy sa - cred name to hal - low;
4. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three we name Thee;



All on earth Thy scep - ter claim, All in heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee.
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,
Proph - ets swell the glad re - frain, And the white-robed mar - tyrs fol - low;
While in es - sence on - ly One, Un - di - vid - ed God we claim Thee,



In - fi - nite Thy vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.
Fill the heav'ns with sweet ac - cord: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord.
And from morn to set of sun, Through the Church the song goes on.
And a - dor - ing bend the knee, While we sing our praise to Thee.

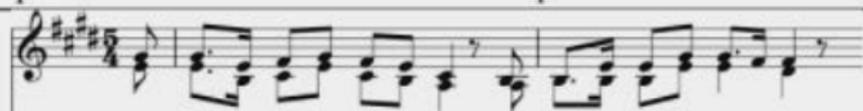
Holy, Holy, Holy

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!

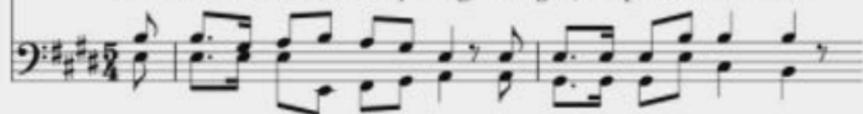
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y!
 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee,
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly; mer - ci - ful and might - y!

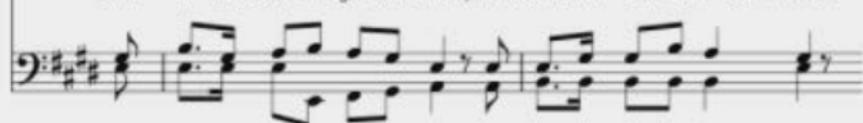
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!



1. How deep the Fa-ther's love for us, how vast be-yond all mea - sure
 2. Be - hold the Man up - on a cross, my sin up - on his shoul - ders.
 3. I will not boast of an - y-thing; no gifts, no pow'r no wis - dom.



That he should give his on - ly Son to make a wretch his trea - sure.
 A - shamed, I hear my mock ing voice call out a - mong the scof - fers.
 But I will boast in Je - sus Christ, his death and res - ur - rec - tion.



How great the pain of sear-ing loss; the Fa - ther turns his face a-way
 It was my sin that held him there un - til it was ac - com - plished;
 Why should I gain from his re ward? I can - not give an an - swer.



As wounds which mar the Cho - sen One bring ma - ny sons to glo - ry.
 His dy - ing breath has brought me life. I know that it is fin - ished.
 But this I know with all my heart; his wounds have paid my ran - som.



Preparation Music

How Firm a Foundation

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
2. "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dis - mayed,
3. "When thro' fi - ery tri - als thy path - way shall lie,
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose

Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent Word!
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
My grace, all - suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply;
I will not, I will not de - sert to his foes;

What more strength - can He say than to you He hath said,
I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign
That soul, tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake,

To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
Up - held by My righ - teous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
Thy dress to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake!"

Words: John Rippon's Selection of Hymns (1787);
Music: Joseph Funk's Genuine Church Music (1832), Public Domain

Preparation Music

How Great Our God's Majestic Name

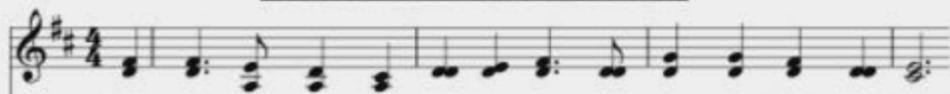
1. How great our God's ma - jes - tic Name! His glo - ry
2. His fin - gers set the moon in place, The stars their
3. And what of us? Cre - a - tion's crown, Up - held in
4. His praise the heav'n - ly host pro - claim, And we His

fills the earth and sky. His praise the heav'n - ly
Mak - er's hand de - clare; In earth and sky a -
God's e - ter - nal mind; On whom He looks in
chil - dren tell His worth: And great is God's ma -

host pro - claim, E - ter - nal God and Lord most high.
like we trace The pat - tern of His con - stant care.
mer - cy down For ten - der love of hu - man - kind.
jes - tic Name, His glo - ry seen in all the earth.

Large-print bulletins are available at the hall entrances.

How Rich a Treasure We Possess



1. How rich a treas - ure we pos - sess in Je - sus Christ, our Lord.
2. How free and cost - ly was the love dis - played up - on the cross!
3. How vast and meas - ure - less the flood of mer - cy un - re strained!



His blood, our ran - som and de - fense; his glo - ry, our re - ward.
While we were dead in un - told sin, the Sov'-reign pur - chased us.
The pen - al - ty was paid in full; the spot - less Lamb was slain.



The sum of all cre - a - ted things is worth - less in com - pare,
The will of God, the Fa - ther dem - on - strat - ed through the Son.
Sal - va - tion, what a price - less gift, re - ceived by grace through faith,



For our in - her - it - ance is Him whose praise an - gels de - clare.
The Spir - it seals the great - est work, the work which Christ has done.
We stand in robes of right - eous - ness; we stand in Je - sus' Name.



How Sweet and Awful

1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place With
 2. While all our hearts and all our songs Join
 3. "Why was I made to hear Thy voice, And
 4. 'T was the same love that spread the feast That
 5. Pit - y the na - tions, O our God, Con -
 6. We long to see Thy church - es full, That

Christ with - in the doors, While ev - er - last - ing
 to ad - mire the feast, Each of us cry, with
 en - ter while there's room, When thou - sands make a
 sweet - ly drew us in; Else we had still re -
 strain the earth to come; Send Thy vic - to - rious
 all the cho - sen race May, with one voice and

love dis - plays The choic - est of her stores.
 thank - ful tongues, "Lord, why was I a
 wretch - ed choice, And rath - er starve than
 fused to taste, And per - ished in our sin.
 Word a - broad, And bring the strang - ers home.
 heart and soul, Sing Thy re - deem - ing grace.

Service Music

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds in
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole and
3. *Dear name, the rock on which I build, my*
4. *Je - sus! My Shep - herd. Sav - ior, Friend, My*
5. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, and
6. Till then I would Thy love pro - claim With

a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sor - rows,
calms the trou - bled breast; 'Tis man - na to the
shield and hid - ing place, My nev - er - fail - ing
Proph - et, Priest and King, My Lord, my Life, my
cold my warm - est thought; But when I see Thee
ev - ery fleet - ing breath; And may the mu - sic

heals his wounds, and drives a - way his fear.
hun - gry soul, and to the wea - ry rest.
treas - ury filled with bound - less stores of grace!
way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring,
as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
of Thy name re - fresh my soul in death.

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds in a be - liev - er's ear! It
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole. And calms the trou - bled breast; 'Tis
3. Dear name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place, My
4. Je - sus! My Shep - herd, Sav - ior, Friend, My Proph - et, Priest and King, My
5. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm - est thought; But
6. Till then I would Thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath; And



1. soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, and drives a - way his fear.
2. man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
3. nev - er - fail - ing trea - s'ry filled With bound - less stores of grace!
4. Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
5. when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
6. may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.



I Asked the Lord

1. I asked the Lord that I might grow
 2. 'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
 3. I hoped that in some fa - vored hour
 4. In - stead of this He made me feel
 5. Yea more with His own hand He seemed
 6. Lord, why is this, I trem - bling cried?
 7. "These in - ward tri - als I em - ploy

in faith and love and ev - 'ry grace,
 and He I trust has an - swered prayer,
 at once He'd an - swer my re -
 the hid - den e - - vils of my heart
 in - tent to ag - gra - vate my woe,
 Wilt Thou pur - sue Thy worm to death?
 from self and pride to set thee free

might more of His sal - va - tion know
 but it has been in such a way
 and by His love's con - strain - ing pow'r
 and let the an - gry pow'rs of Hell
 crossed all the fair de - signs I schemed,
 "Tis in this way," the Lord re - plied,
 and break thy schemes of earth - ly joy

and seek more ear - nest - ly His face.
 as al - most drove me to de - spair.
 sub - due my sins and give me rest.
 as - sault my soul in ev - 'ry part.
 cast out my feel - ings, laid me low.
 "I an - swer prayer for grace and faith."
 that thou may'st find thy all in me."

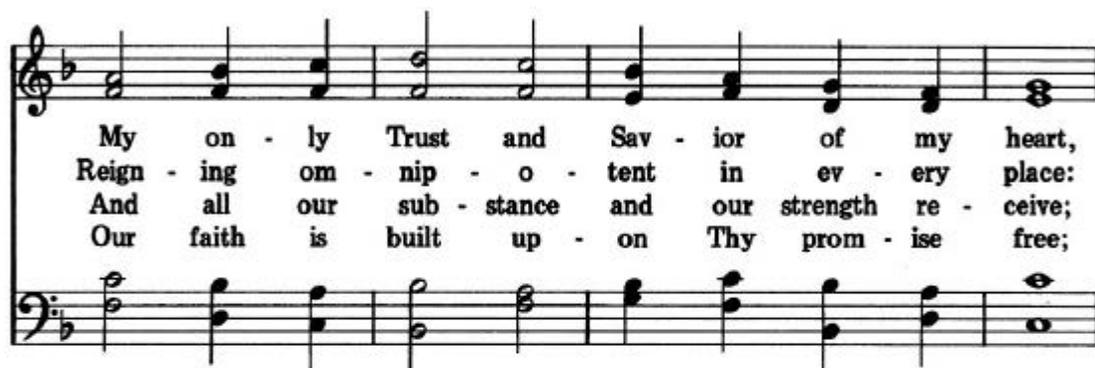
Words: John Newton (1779), Public Domain

Music: Hal Hopson (1933 -), based on a trad. English melody, ©1972 Hope Publishing Co. (CCLI# 264766)

I Greet Thee, Who My Sure Redeemer Art



1. I greet Thee, who my sure Re - deem - er art,
2. Thou art the King of mer - cy and of grace,
3. Thou art the life, by which a - lone we live,
4. Our hope is in no oth - er save in Thee;



My on - ly Trust and Sav - ior of my heart,
Reign - ing om - nip - o - tent in ev - ery place:
And all our sub - stance and our strength re - ceive;
Our faith is built up - on Thy prom - ise free;



Who pain didst un - der - go for my poor sake;
So come, O King, and our whole be - ing sway;
Sus - tain us by Thy faith and by Thy pow'r,
Lord, give us peace, and make us calm and sure,



I pray Thee from our hearts all cares to take.
Shine on us with the light of Thy pure day.
And give us strength in ev - ery try - ing hour.
That in Thy strength we ev - er - more en - dure.

Preparation Music

I Have Decided to Follow Jesus

1. I have de - cid - ed to fol - low Je - sus; I have de -
2. Tho' none go with me, I still will fol - low; Tho' none go
3. My cross I'll car - ry, till I see Je - sus; My cross I'll
4. The world be - hind me, the cross be - fore me; The world be -

cid - ed to fol - low Je - sus; I have de - cid - ed to fol - low
with me, I still will fol - low; Tho' none go with me, I still will
car - ry, till I see Je - sus; My cross I'll car - ry, till I see
hind me, the cross be - fore me; The world be - hind me, the cross be -

Je - sus; No turn - ing back, no turn - ing back.
fol - low; No turn - ing back, no turn - ing back.
Je - sus; No turn - ing back, no turn - ing back.
fore me; No turn - ing back, no turn - ing back.

Words: Anonymous (St. 1-2, 4); John Clark (St. 3), Public Domain

Music: Indian Folk Song, Arr. William J. Reynolds (1920-2009), © 1959 Broadman Press (CCLI# 264766)

I Hear the Words of Love

1. I hear the words of love, I gaze up - on the blood, I
2. 'Tis e - ver - last - ing peace! Sure as Je - ho - vah's Name; 'Tis
3. The clouds may come and go, And storms may sweep my sky This
4. My love is oft - times low, My joy still ebbs and flows; But
5. I change, He chan - ges not, The Christ can ne - ver die; His

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with line numbers 1 through 5 corresponding to the five lines of the system.

see the might - y sac - ri - fice And I have peace with God.
sta - ble as His stead - fast throne, For e - ver - more the same.
blood-seal'd friend-ship chan - ges not: The cross is e - ver nigh,
peace with Him re - mains the same No change Je - ho - vah knows.
love, not mine, the rest - ing place, His truth, not mine, the tie.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, continuing from the previous system.

Preparation Music

I Love Thee

1. I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, my Lord;
2. I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py, oh, won - drous ac - count!
3. O Je - sus, my Sav - ior, with Thee I am blest,
4. Oh, who's like my Sav - ior? He's Sa - lem's bright King;

I love Thee, my Sav - ior, I love Thee, my God:
My joys are im - mor - tal, I stand on the mount:
My life and sal - va - tion, my joy and me my rest:
He smiles and He loves me and helps me to sing:

I love Thee, I love Thee, and that Thou dost know;
I gaze on my trea - sure and long to be there;
Thy name be my theme, and Thy love be my song;
I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him with notes loud and clear,

But how much I love Thee my ac - tions will show.
With Je - sus and an - gels and kin - dred so dear.
Thy grace shall in - spire both my heart and my tongue.
While riv - ers of plea - sure my spir - it shall cheer.

I Love You, Lord

I love You, Lord, and I lift my voice to wor - ship

The first system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a dotted quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a half note C5, a quarter note B4, a dotted quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, a half note F4, a quarter note E4, a dotted quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The bass line provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

You. O my soul, re - joice! Take joy, my King, in

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble clef melody includes a dotted quarter note C4, a quarter note D4, a dotted quarter note E4, a quarter note F4, a dotted quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a dotted quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a dotted quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a dotted quarter note G4, and a quarter note F4. The bass line continues with harmonic accompaniment.

what You hear: may it be a sweet, sweet sound in Your ear.

The third system of music concludes the piece. The treble clef melody features a dotted quarter note E4, a quarter note F4, a dotted quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a dotted quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a dotted quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a dotted quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, a dotted quarter note E4, and a quarter note D4. The bass line provides a final accompaniment.

I Must Tell Jesus

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou - bles; He is a kind, com -
3. Tempt - ed and tried, I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion - ate friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my trou - bles quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

I Need Thee Every Hour

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near - by;
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain;
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Teach me Thy will;
 5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
 Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 Come quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
 Thy prom - is - es so rich In me ful - fill.
 O make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee!

O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee.

I Saw the Cross of Jesus

1. I saw the cross of Je - sus, When bur - dened with my sin;
 2. I love the cross of Je - sus, It tells me what I am —
 3. I trust the cross of Je - sus, In ev - 'ry try - ing hour,
 4. Safe in the cross of Je - sus! There let my wea - ry heart

I sought the cross of Je - sus, To give me peace with - in;
 A vile and guilt - y crea - ture, Saved on - ly thro' the Lamb;
 My sure and cer - tain ref - uge, My nev - er - fail - ing tow'r;
 Still rest in peace un - shak - en, Till with Him, ne'er to part;

I brought my soul to Je - sus, He cleansed it in His blood;
 No righ - teous - ness nor mer - it, No beau - ty can I plead;
 In ev - 'ry fear and con - flict, I more than con - queror am;
 And then in strains of glo - ry I'll sing His won - drous pow'r,

And in the cross of Je - sus I found my peace with God.
 Yet in the cross I glo - ry, My ti - tle there I read.
 Liv - ing, I'm safe, or dy - ing, Thro' Christ, the ris - en Lamb.
 Where sin can nev - er en - ter, And death is known no more.

I Sing the Mighty Power of God



1. I sing the might - y pow'r of God, that made the moun-tains rise,
2. I sing the good-ness of the Lord, who filled the earth with food,
3. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, but makes Thy glo - ries known,



That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad; and built the loft - y skies.
Who formed the crea-tures through the Word, and then pro - nounced them good.
And clouds a - rise, and tem - pests blow, by or - der from Thy throne;



I sing the wis - dom that or - dained the sun to rule the day;
Lord, how Thy won - ders are dis - play'd, wher - e'er I turn my eye,
While all that bor - rows life from Thee is ev - er in Thy care;



The moon shines full at God's com - mand, and all the stars o - bey.
If I sur - vey the ground I tread, or gaze up - on the sky,
And eve - ry - where that we can be, Thou, God, art pres - ent there.



Preparation Music

I Stand Amazed in the Presence

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed, "Not my will, but Thine;"
3. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
4. When with the ran - sored in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, con - demned, un - clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fered and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful! And my song shall ev - er be;
Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful!

How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful! Is my Sav - ior's love for me!
Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful!

I will glory in my Redeemer
Whose priceless blood has ransomed me.
Mine was the sin that drove the bitter nails
And hung Him on that judgment tree.

I will glory in my Redeemer
Who crushed the power of sin and death;
My only Savior before the Holy Judge;
The Lamb who is my righteousness,
The Lamb who is my righteousness.

I will glory in my Redeemer;
My life He bought, my love He owns.
I have no longings for another;
I'm satisfied in Him alone.

I will glory in my Redeemer,
His faithfulness my standing place;
Though foes are mighty and come against me,
My feet are firm held by His grace,
My feet are firm held by His grace.

I will glory in my Redeemer
Who carries me on eagle's wings;
He crowns my life with loving kindness,
His triumph song I'll ever sing.

I will glory in my Redeemer
Who waits for me on streets of gold;
And when He calls me it will be paradise;
His face forever to behold,
His face forever to behold.

I Will Sing the Wondrous Story

1. I will sing the wondrous story Of the Christ who
2. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me; Faint was I from
3. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters

died for me. How He left His home in glo - ry For the
man - y a fall; Slight was gone, and fears pos - sessed me, But He
at my feet; Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the

cross of Cal - va - ry. I was lost, but Je - sus found me,
freed me from them all. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me,
loved ones I shall meet. Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry

Found the sheep that went a - stray, Threw His lov - ing
Sor - row's paths I of - ten tread, But the Sav - ing
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with the

arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way,
still is with me; By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
saints in glo - ry, Gath - ered by the crys - tal sea.

Words: Francis H. Rowley (1854-1952); Music: Rowland H. Prichard (1811-1887), Public Domain

Preparation Music

I Will Sing



1. I will sing of the mer - cy of Je - sus, the name by which all men are saved.
2. I will sing of the pow - er of Je - sus, through whom all cre - a - tion was made.
3. I will sing of the beau - ty of Je - sus, I'll join in the an - gels' re - frain.



He laid down His life for our ran - som, the debt of re - demp - tion to pay.
His glo - ri - ous light shines e - ter - nal and chas - es the dark - ness a - way.
Lav - ish - ing our a - do - ra - tion on Him with the love - li - est name.



I will sing of the won - der of Je - sus and the cross that he bore for our sin.



I will sing of a love that has con - quered the grave and the day



He's re - turn - ing a - gain.

1. Out of the depths I cry to you, In dark-est pla-ces I will call;
 2. Were You to count my sin-ful ways, How could I come be-fore Your throne?
 3. So put your hope in God a-lone, Take cour-age in His pow'r to save;
 4. His stead-fast love has made a way, And God Him-self has paid the price

In-cline Your ear to me a-a-new, And hear my cry for mer-cy, Lord.
 Yet full for-give-ness meets my gaze; I stand re-deemed by grace a-
 Com-plete-ly and for-ev-er won By Christ, e-mer-ging from the
 That all who trust in Him to-day Find heal-ing in His sac-ri-

2, 3, 4.
 (2.) lone. I will wait for You, I will wait for You, On Your Word I will re-ly.
 (3.) grave. I will wait for You, I will wait for You, On Your Word I will re-ly.
 (4.) fice. I will wait for You, I will wait for You, On Your Word I will re-ly.
 Final chorus: I will wait for You, I will wait for You, Through the storm and through the night.

I will wait for You, Sure-ly wait for You, Till my soul is sat-is-fied.
 I will wait for You, Sure-ly wait for You, Till my soul is sat-is-fied.
 I will wait for You, Sure-ly wait for You, Till my soul is sat-is-fied.
 I will wait for You, Sure-ly wait for You, For Your love is my de-light.

If You Will Only Let God Guide You

1. If you will on - ly let God guide you, And hope in
2. On - ly be still, and wait His lei - sure In cheer - ful
3. Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways, But do your

Him thro' all your ways, What - ev - er comes, He'll stand be - side you,
hope, with heart con - tent To take what - e'er the Fa - ther's plea - sure
part in con - science true; Trust His rich prom - is - es of grace,

To bear you thro' the e - vil days; Who trusts in God's un -
And all dis - cern - ing love have sent; Nor doubt our in - most
So shall they be ful - filled in you; God hears the call of

chang - ing love Builds on the Rock that can - not move.
wants are known To Him who chose us for His own.
those in need, The souls that trust in Him in - deed.

Immanuel

1. From the squa-lor of a bor-rowed sta-ble, By the Spi-rit and a
2. King of hea-ven now the Friend of sin-ners, Hum-ble ser-vant in the
3. Through the kis-ses of a friend's be-tray-al, He was lift-ed on a
4. Now He's stand-ing at the place of hon-or, Crowned with glo-ry on the

vir-gin's faith; To the ang-uish and the shame of scan-dal Came the
Fa-ther's hands, Filled with pow-er and the Ho-ly Spi-rit, Filled with
cru-el cross; He was pun-ished for a world's trans-gres-sions, He was
high-est throne, In-ter-ced-ing for his own be-lov-ed Till His

Sa-rior of the hu-man race! But the skies were filled with the praise of
mer-cy for the bro-ken man. Yes, He walked my road and He felt my
suf-fer-ing to save the lost. He fights for breath, He fights for
Fa-ther calls to bring them home! Then the skies will part as the trum-pet

heav'n, Shep-herds lis-ten as the an-gels tell Of the Gift of
pain, Joys and sor-rows that I know so well; Yet his right-eous
me, Loos-ing sin-ners from the claims of hell; And with a
sounds: Hope of hea-ven or the fear of hell; But the Bride will

God come down to man At the dawn-ing of Im-man-u-el.
steps give me hope a-gain; I will fol-low my Im-man-u-el.
shout our souls are free; Death de-feat-ed by Im-man-u-el.
run to her Lo-ver's arms, Giv-ing glo-ry to Im-man-u-el.

Preparation Music

Immortal Honors

1. Im - mor - tal hon - ors rest on Je - sus' head,
2. He is my re - fuge in each deep dis - tress,
3. My ev' - ry need He rich - ly will sup - ply,
4. O that my soul could love and praise Him more,

My God, my por - tion, and my liv - ing Bread;
The Lord My Strength and my glor - ious right - eous - ness.
Nor will His mer - cy ev - er let me die;
His beau - ties trace, His maj - es - ty a - dore,

In Him I live, up - on Him cast my care;
Through floods and flames He leads me safe - ly on,
In Him there dwells a trea - sure all di - vine,
Live near His heart, up - on His bo - som lean,

He saves from death, de - struc - tion and des - pair.
And dai - ly makes His sov' - reign good - ness known.
And match - less grace has made that trea - sure mine.
O - bey His voice and all His will es - teem.

Words: William Gadsby (1838); Music: C. Goudimel (1551), Public Domain

Service Music

Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

1. Im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise,
2. Un - rest - ing, un - hast - ing, and si - lent as light,
3. To all, life Thou giv - est, to both great and small;
4. Great Fa - ther of glo - ry, pure Fa - ther of light,

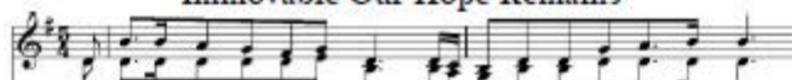
In light in - ac - ces - si - ble hid from our eyes,
Nor want - ing, nor wast - ing, Thou rul - est in might;
In all life Thou liv - est, the true life of all;
Thine an - gels a - dore Thee, all veil - ing their sight;

Most bless - ed, most glo - rious, the An - cient of Days,
Thy jus - tice, like moun - tains, high soar - ing a - bove
We blos - som and flour - ish as leaves on the tree,
All praise we would ren - der; O help us to see

Al - might - y, vic - to - rious, Thy great name we praise.
Thy clouds, which are foun - tains, of good - ness and love.
And with - er and per - ish — but naught chang - eth Thee.
'Tis on - ly the splen - dor of light hid - eth Thee!

Preparation Music

Immovable Our Hope Remains



1. Im-mov-a-ble our hope re-mains though shift-ing sands be-fore us lie.
2. This is e-ter-nal life to know the liv-ing God and Christ, the Son.
3. The Lord ac-qui-ts, who can con-demn? Though Sa-tan's ac-cu-sa-tions fly,
4. Built in-to Christ, se-cure we stand, for with His Spi-rit we've been sealed



The One who washed a-way our stains shall bear us safe-ly to the skies.
The Sa-rior will not let us go un-til His sav-ing work is done.
His pow'r can nev-er reach our names to blot them from the Book of Life.
By grace we'll see the prom-ised land where ev-ery sor-row shall be healed.



The floods may rise, the winds may beat, tor-ren-tial rains de-scend,
Our debt was great, as was our need, but now the price is paid.
The Son has sure-ly made us free, His Word for-ev-er stands;
To God who gave His on-ly Son, to Je-sus Christ, our Lord,



Yet God His own will not for-get, He'll love and keep us till the end;
Who can be-hold im-man-u-el bleed and doubt His wil-ling-ness to save?
And all our joy is know-ing we are gra-ven on His wound-ed hands,
To God the Spi-rit, Three-in-One, be songs of praise for-ev-er more;



You'll love and keep us till the end.
We trust Your wil-ling-ness to save.
We're gra-ven on Your wound-ed hands.
We'll sing Your praise for-ev-er more.



Words: Augustus Toplady (1740-1778), Public Domain;

Alt. Words and Music: Bob Keyflin & Brittany Keyflin, © 2012 Sovereign Grace Praise (CCLI# 264766)

It Is Well

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor -
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this
3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't: My sin
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds

rows like sea bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast
blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my
not in part, but the whole Is nailed to the cross and I
be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the

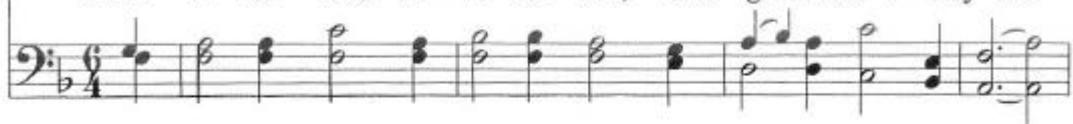
taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
Lord shall de - scend, "E - ven so," it is well with my soul.

It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well with my soul,

Jerusalem, My Happy Home



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, When shall I come to thee?
2. Thy saints are crowned with glo - ry great; They see God face to face;
3. From e - very tribe doth music rise, All na - tions form the choir;
4. Why should I shrink at pain and woe Or feel at death dismay?
5. Oh when thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend;
6. Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, God grant that I may see



When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
They tri - umph still, they still re-joice; Most hap - py is their case.
Ten thou - sand times that man were blest That might this mu - sic hear.
I've Ca - naan's goodly land in view And realms of endless day.
Where con - gre - gations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end?
Thine end - less joy, and of the same Par - tak - er ev - er be!



Preparation Music

Jesus Christ, the Apple Tree

1. The tree of life my soul hath seen, La - den with fruit, and
2. His beau - ty doth all things ex - cel: By faith I know, but
3. For hap - pi - ness I long have sought, and plea - sure dear - ly
4. I'm wear - y with my for - mer toil, Here I will sit and
5. This fruit doth make my soul to thrive, It keeps my dy - ing

al - ways green: The tree of life my soul hath seen, La -
ne'er can tell, His beau - ty doth all things ex - cel: By
I have bought: For hap - pi - ness I long have sought, And
rest a - while; I'm wear - y with my for - mer toil, Here
faith a - live; This fruit doth make my soul to thrive, It

den with fruit, and al - ways green: The trees of na - ture
faith I know, but ne'er can tell The glo - ry which I
plea - sure dear - ly I have bought: I missed of all; but
I will sit and rest a - while: Un - der the sha - dow
keeps my dy - ing faith a - live; Which makes my soul in

fruit - less be Com - pared with Christ the ap - ple tree.
now can see In Je - sus Christ the ap - ple tree.
now I see 'Tis found in Christ the ap - ple tree.
I will be, Of Je - sus Christ the ap - ple tree.
haste to be With Je - sus Christ the ap - ple tree.

Jesus, I Come



1. Out of my bon - dage, sor - row and night, Je - sus, I
2. Out of my shame - ful fail - ure and loss, Je - sus, I
3. Out of un - rest and ar - ro - gant pride, Je - sus, I
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I



come; Je - sus, I come. In - to Thy free - dom,
come; Je - sus, I come. In - to the glo - rious
come; Je - sus, I come. In - to Thy bless - ed
come; Je - sus, I come. In - to the joy and



glad - ness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee.



Out of my sick - ness, in - to Thy health, Out of my
Out of earth's sor - rows, in - to Thy balm, Out of life's
Out of my - self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de -
Out of the depths of ru - in un - told, In - to the



want - ing and in - to Thy wealth, Out of my sin and
storms and in - to Thy calm, Out of dis - tress, in - to
spair in - to rap - tures a - bove, Up - ward for - ev - er on
peace of Thy shel - ter - ing fold, Ev - er Thy glo - rious



in - to Thy - self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
ju - bi - lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;



Des - ti-tute, de - spised, for-sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shall be;
Hu-man hearts and looks de-ceive me, Thou art not, like man, un-true;
Heav'n's e-ter-nal days be-fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there;



Per - ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought or hoped or known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis-sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days;



Yet how rich is my con-di-tion: God and heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me: Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross! I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day With its shad - ow o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

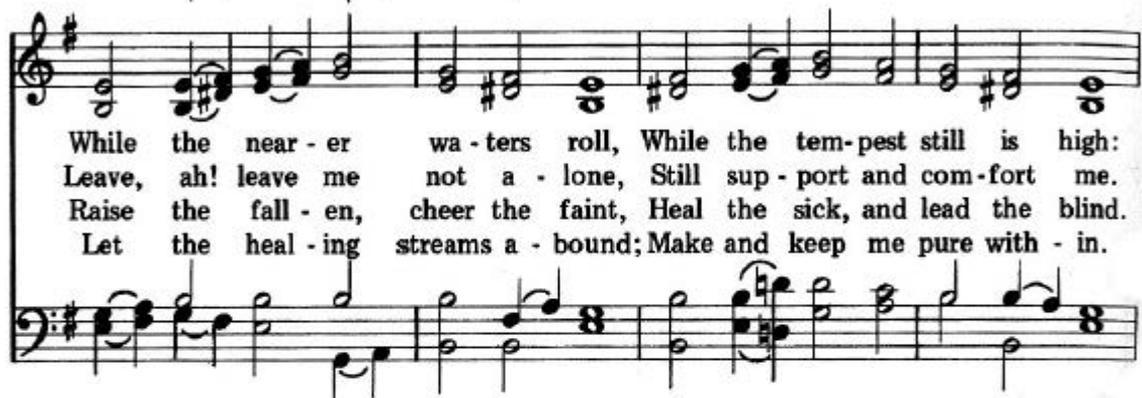
In the cross, in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,

Till my ran - somed soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

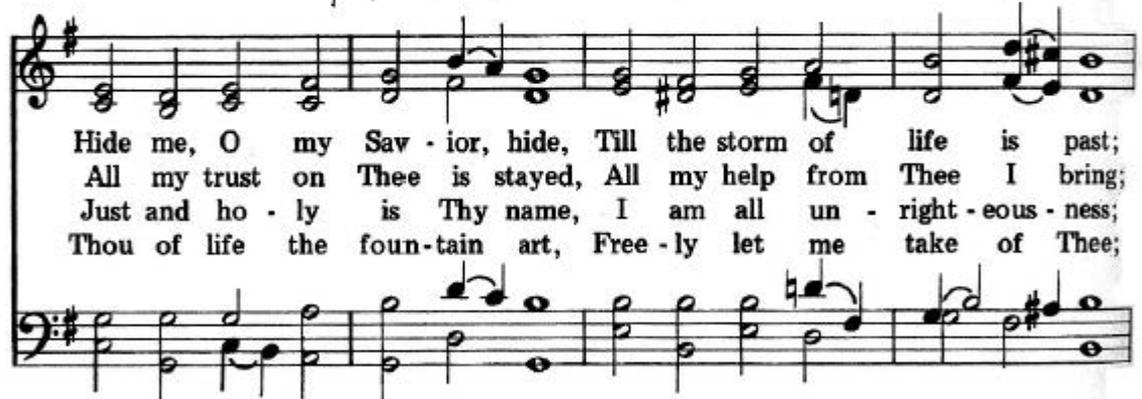
Jesus, Lover of My Soul



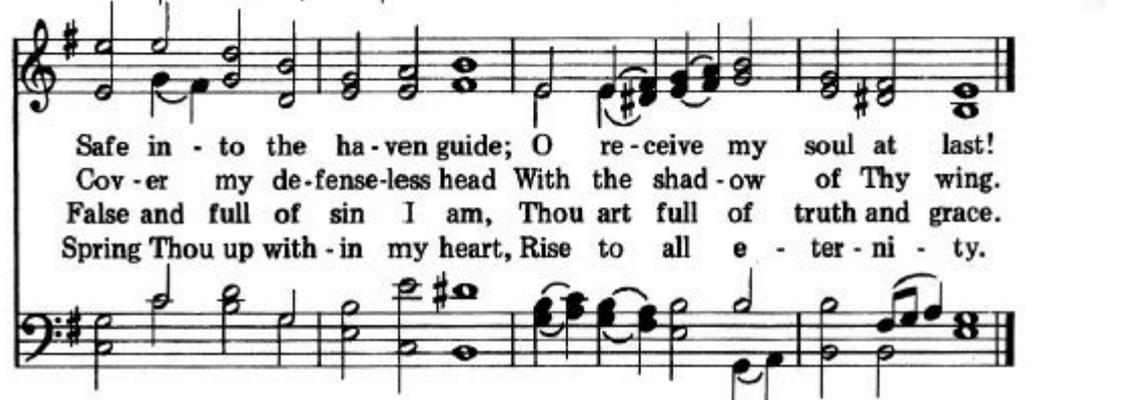
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Jesus Paid It All

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small,
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone,
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim;
4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com - plete,

Child of weak - ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
Can change the lep - er's spots And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my gar - ments white In the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb.
"Je - sus died my soul to save," My lips shall still re - peat.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crim - son stain, He washed it white as snow.

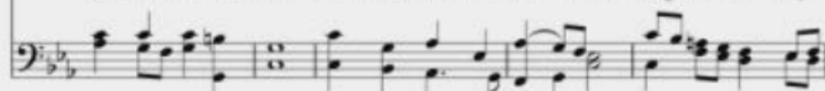
Jesus, Priceless Treasure



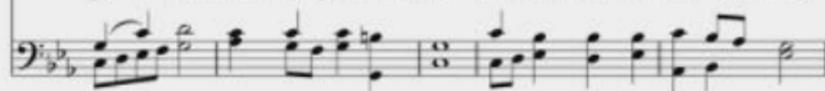
1. Je - sus price - less trea - sure; Source of pur - est plea - sure,
2. In thine arm I rest me; Foes who would op - press me
3. Leave, all thoughts of sad - ness! For the Lord of glad - ness,



Tru - est friend to me: Long my heart hath pant - ed, Till it well-nigh
Can - not reach me here. Though the earth be shak - ing, E - v'ry heart be
Je - sus, en - ters in. Those who love the Fa - ther, Though the storm may



faint - ed, Thirst - ing af - ter thee. Thine I am, O spot - less Lamb,
quak - ing, God dis - pels our fear. Sin and hell in con - flict fell
ga - ther, Still have peace with - in. Yea, what - e'er we must here bear,



I will suf - fer nought to hide thee, Ask for nought be - side thee.
With their heav - iest storm as - sail us; Je - sus will not fail us.
Still in thee lies pur - est plea - sure, Je - sus price - less trea - sure.



Jesus Shall Reign

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does its suc -
2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end - less
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His
4. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Hon - or and

ces - sive jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from
prais - es crown His head; His name like sweet per -
love with shall est song, And in - fant voic - es
glo - ry to our King; An - gels de - scend with

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.
songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud "A - men"!

Jesus! The Name

1. Je - sus! The name high o - ver all,
 2. Je - sus! The name to sin - ners dear,
 3. Je - sus! The pri - s'ner's fet - ters breaks,
 4. O that the world might taste and see
 5. His on - ly right - eous - ness I show,
 6. Hap - py if with my lat - est breath

In hell, or earth, or sky;
 The name to sin - ners giv'n;
 And bruises Sa - tan's head;
 The rich - es of His grace:
 His sav - ing grace pro - claim;
 I might but gasp His name;

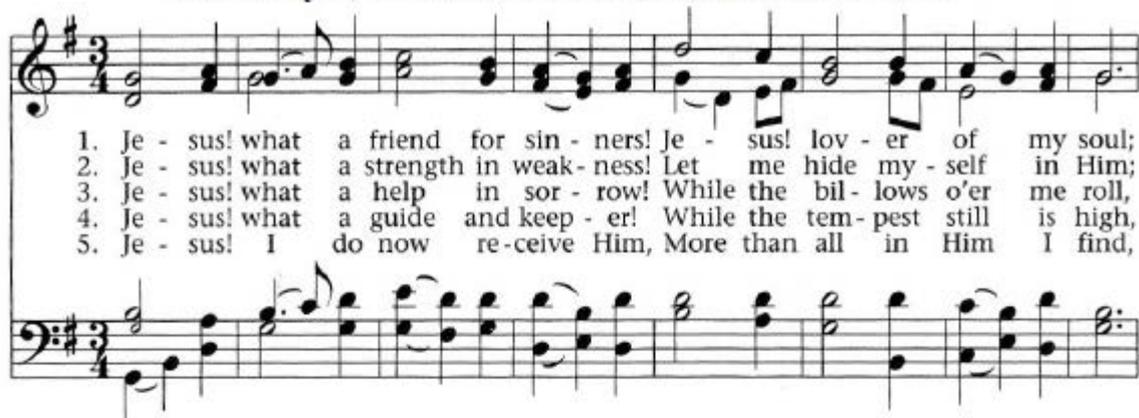
An - gels and men be - fore it fall,
 It scat - ters all their guil - ty fear,
 Pow'r in - to strength - less souls it speaks,
 The arms of love that com - pass me
 'Tis all my busi - ness here be - low
 Preach him to all and cry in death:

And de - vils fear and fly.
 It turns their hell to heav'n.
 And life in - to the dead.
 Would all man - kind em - brace.
 To cry: "Be - hold the Lamb!"
 "Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb!"

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788);

Music: Carl G. Gläser (1784-1829), arr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872), Public Domain

Final Hymn – Jesus! What a Friend for Sinners



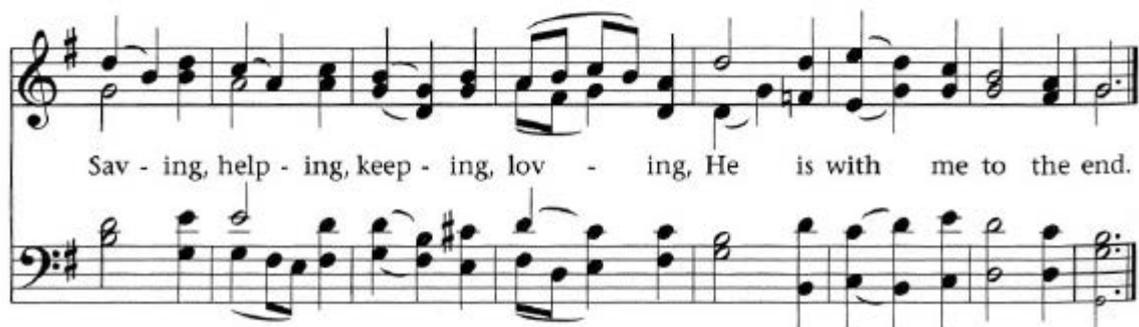
1. Je - sus! what a friend for sin - ners! Je - sus! lov - er of my soul;
2. Je - sus! what a strength in weak - ness! Let me hide my - self in Him;
3. Je - sus! what a help in sor - row! While the bil - lows o'er me roll,
4. Je - sus! what a guide and keep - er! While the tem - pest still is high,
5. Je - sus! I do now re - ceive Him, More than all in Him I find,



Friends may fail me, foes as - sail me, He, my Sav - ior, makes me whole.
Tempt - ed, tried, and some - times fail - ing, He, my strength, my vic - t'ry wins.
E - ven when my heart is break - ing, He, my com - fort, helps my soul.
Storms a - bout me, night o'er - takes me, He, my pi - lot, hears my cry.
He hath grant - ed me for - give - ness, I am His, and He is mine.



Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a friend!



Sav - ing, help - ing, keep - ing, lov - ing, He is with me to the end.

Words: J. Wilbur Chapman (1859-1918); Music: Rowland H. Prichard (1811-1887), Public Domain

Silence for Reflection and Preparation: After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together this evening. The piano will resume to mark the conclusion of the service.

Joy to the World!

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King;
 2. Joy to the earth! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy;
 3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground;
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
 He comes to make His bless-ings flow
 The glo-ries of His righ-teous-ness,

And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture
 Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat the sound-ing
 Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
 And won-ders of His love, And won-ders of His

1. And heav'n and na-ture sing, And

sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
 joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
 found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 love, And won-ders, won-ders of His love.

heav'n and na-ture sing,

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748);

Music: George Frederick Handel (1685-1759), arr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872), Public Domain

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;
2. All Thy works with joy sur-round Thee, Earth and heav'n re - flect Thy rays,
3. Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,

Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore Thee, Op - 'ning to the sun a - bove.
Stars and an - gels sing a - round Thee, Cen - ter of un - broken praise.
Well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, O - cean - depth of hap - py rest!

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; Drive the dark of doubt a - way;
Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, Flow - 'ry mead - ow, flash - ing sea,
Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our Broth - er — All who live in love are Thine;

Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, Fill us with the light of day!
Sing - ing bird and flow - ing foun - tain, Call us to re - joice in Thee.
Teach us how to love each oth - er, Lift us to the joy di - vine.

Just As I Am

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With man - y a
4. Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind; Sight, rich - es,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come,
6. Just as I am, Thy love un - known Hath bro - ken

blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
soul of one dark blot, To Thee whose blood can
con - flict, many a doubt, Fight - ings with - in and
heal - ing of the mind, Yea, all I need in
par - don, cleanse, re - lieve, Be - cause Thy prom - ise
ev - 'ry bar - rier down; Now to be Thine, yea,

come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-

last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing arms? I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,

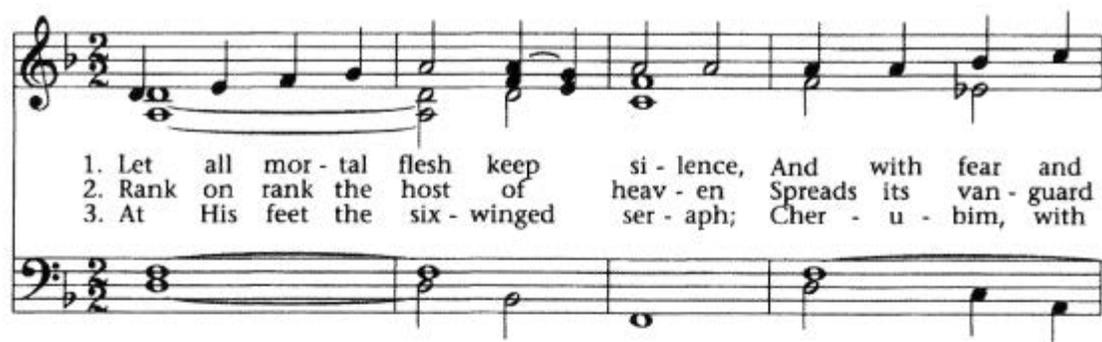
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing,
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Je-sus,
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

lean-ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean-ing on
lean-ing on Je-sus, Lean-ing on

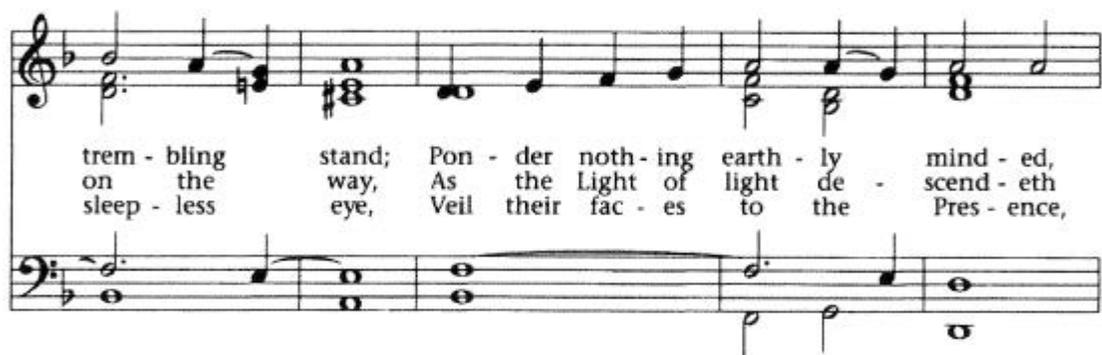
ing, lean-ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

Preparation Music

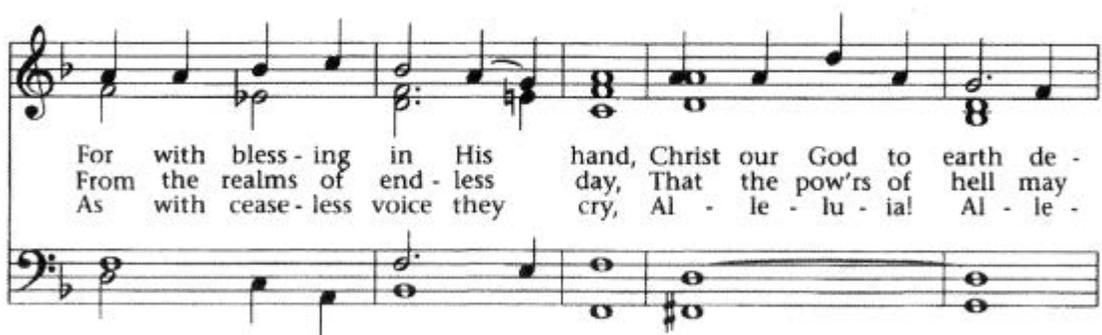
Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence



1. Let all mor-tal flesh keep si-lence, And with fear and
2. Rank on rank the host of heav-en Spreads its van-guard
3. At His feet the six-winged ser-aph; Cher-u-bim, with



trem-bling stand; Pon-der noth-ing earth-ly mind-ed,
on the way, As the Light of light de-scend-eth
sleep-less eye, Veil their fac-es to the Pres-ence,



For with bless-ing in His hand, Christ our God to earth de-
From the realms of end-less day, That the pow'rs of hell may
As with cease-less voice they cry, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-



scend-eth, Our full hom-age to de-mand.
van-ish As the dark-ness clears a-way.
lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Lord Most High.

Words: From the Liturgy of St. James, 9th Century; tr. Gerard Moultrie (1829-1885);
Music: Traditional French Carol, Public Domain

Let Us Love and Sing and Wonder

1. Let us love and sing and won - der, Let us praise the
 2. Let us love the Lord Who bought us, Pit - ied us when
 3. Let us sing, though fierce temp - ta - tion Threa - ten hard to
 4. Let us won - der: grace and jus - tice Join and point to
 5. Let us praise, and join the cho - rus Of the saints en -

Sav - ior's name! He has hushed the law's loud thun - der,
 en - e - mies, Called us by his grace and taught us,
 bear us down! For the Lord, our strong Sal - va - tion,
 mer - cy's store; When through grace in Christ our trust is,
 throned on high; Here they trust - ed him be - fore us,

He has quenched Mount Si - nai's flame. He has washed us
 Saved us from sin's dark dis - ease, He has wahsed us
 Holds in view the con - queror's crown; He who washed us
 Jus - tice smiles and asks no more: He who washed us
 Now their prais - es fill the sky: "You have washed us

with his blood, He has brought us nigh to God.
 with his blood, He pre - sents our souls to God.
 with his blood, Soon will bring us home to God.
 with his blood, Has se - cured our way to God.
 with your blood; You are wor - thy, Lamb of God!"

Let Us with a Gladsome Mind



1. Let us with a glad - some mind, Praise the Lord for He is kind;
2. He, with all com - man - ding might, Filled the new - made world with light:
3. All things liv - ing He doth feed, His full hand sup - plies their need:
4. He His cho - sen race did bless in the waste - ful wil - der - ness:
5. He hath with a pit - eous eye looked up - on our mis - er - y:
6. Let us, then, with glad - some mind, Praise the Lord for He is kind;



For His mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.



Like a River Glorious

1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver
2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er
3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Trac'd up -

all vic - to - rious In its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it
foe can fol - low, Nev - er trai - tor stand; Not a surge of
on our di - al By the Sun of Love; We may trust Him

flow - eth Ful - ler ev - 'ry day; Per - fect, yet it grow - eth
wor - ry, Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry
ful - ly All for us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly

Deep - er all the way.
Touch the spir - it there, Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are
Find Him whol - ly true.

ful - ly blessed; Find - ing, as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

1. 2. 3.

Je - sus Christ, my liv - ing hope.
 Je - sus Christ, my liv - ing hope.
 Je - sus won the vic - to - ry!

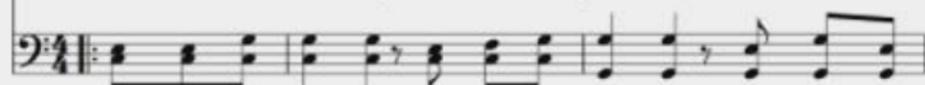
Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the One who set me free! Hal - le - lu - jah! Death has

lost its grip on me! You have bro - ken eve - ry chain, there's sal -

va - tion in Your Name, Je - sus Christ, my liv - ing hope.



1. How great the cha - sm that lay be - tween us, How high the
 2. Who could i - ma - gine so great a mer - cy? What heart could
 3. Then came the morn - ing that sealed the prom - ise, Your bur - ied



moun - tain I could not climb; In des - per - a - tion I turned to
 fa - thom such bound - less grace? The God of ag - es stepped down from
 bo - dy be - gan to breathe. Out of the si - lence the roar - ing



hea - ven and spoke Your name in - to the night. Then through the
 glo - ry to wear my sin and bear my shame. The cross has
 Li - on de - clared, "The grave has no claim on me." Then came the



dark - ness Your lov - ing - kind - ness tore through the shad - ows of my
 spo - ken, I am for - giv - en; The King of kings calls me His
 morn - ing that sealed the prom - ise, Your bo - dy then be - gan to



soul; The work is fin - ished, the end is writ - ten,
 own; Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, I'm yours for - ev - er,
 breathe; Out of the si - lence a - rose the Li - on:



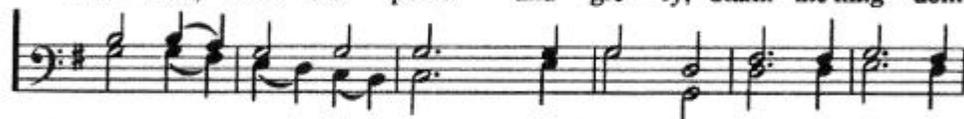
Lo, He Comes with Clouds Descending



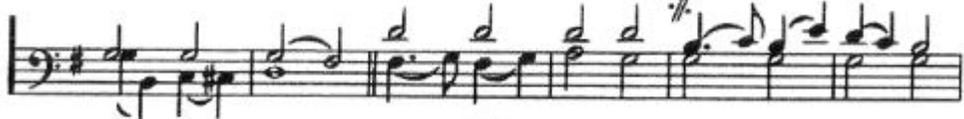
1. Lo, He comes, with clouds de - scend-ing, Once for fa-voured sin-ners slain!
2. Ev - ery eye shall now be - hold Him Robed in dread-ful ma - jes-ty;
3. Now re-demp-tion, long ex - pec - ted, See in sol - emn pomp ap - pear!
4. Yea, A - men! Let all a - dore Thee, High on Thine e - ter - nal throne!



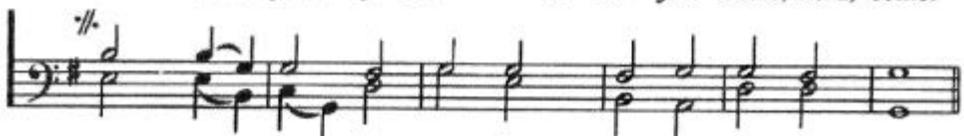
Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing Swell the tri - umph
Those who set at nought and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him
All His saints by man re - jec - ted, Now shall meet Him
Sav - iour, take the power and glo - ry; Claim the king - dom



of His train: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
to the tree, Deep - ly wail - ing Deep - ly wail - ing,
in the air: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
for Thine own: O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly!



Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus now shall ev - er reign.
Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the great Mes - si - ah see.
Hal - le - lu - jah! See the day of God ap - pear!
O come quick - ly! Hal - le lu - jah! Come, Lord, come!



Words: John Cennick (1718-1755), alt. by Charles Wesley (1707-1788)
Music: Traditional English melody, arr. Martin Madan (1726-1790), Public Domain

Large-print bulletins are available at the hall entrances.

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

1. Lo, how a Rose e'er bloom - ing From ten - der stem
 2. I - sa - lah 'twas fore - told it, The Rose I have fills
 3. This Flow'r, whose fra - grance ten - der With sweet - ness

hath sprung! Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing As
 in the mind: With Ma - ry we be - hold it, The
 the air, Dis - pels with glo - rious splen - dor, The

men of old have sung. It came, a flow - er bright,
 vir - gin moth - er kind. To show God's love a - right
 dark - ness ev - 'ry - where. True man, yet ver - y God,

A - mid the cold of win - ter, When half - gone was the night.
 She bore to men a Sav - ior, When half - gone was the night.
 From sin and death He saves us, And light - ens ev - 'ry load.

A reflection on Isaiah 11:1: "A shoot will come up from the stump of Jesse, from his roots a Branch will bear fruit."

Words: 15th c. German; st. 1, 2, tr. Theodore Baker (1851-1934); st. 3, tr. Harriet Krauth Spoeth (1845-1925)

Music: "Gedultliche Kirchengesang" (1599), harm. Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)

Look, Ye Saints! The Sight Is Glorious

1. Look, ye saints! The sight is glo - rious: see the man of sor - rows now;
2. Crown the Sav - ior! An - gels crown him; rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings;
3. Sin - ners in de - ris - ion scorn him, mock - ing thus the Sav - ior's claim;
4. Hark, those bursts of acc - la - ma - tion! Hark, those loud tri - um - phant chords!

From the fight re - turned vic - tor - ious, ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow;
In the seat of pow'r en - throne him, While the vault of hea - ven rings;
Saints and an - gels crowd a - round him, Own his ti - tle, praise his name;
Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion; O what joy the sight af - fords!

Crown him,
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,
Crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,

Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow, crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.
Crown the Sav - ior King of kings, crown the Sav - ior King of kings.
Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame, spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame.
King of kings and Lord of lords! King of kings and Lord of lords!

Large-print bulletins are available at the hall entrances.

Lord, I Deserve Thy Deepest Wrath

1. Lord, I de - serve Thy deep - est wrath, Un - grate - ful,
 2. My heart is vile, my mind de - praved, My flesh re -
 3. With - out de - fense, to Thee I look, To Thee, the
 4. Speak peace to me, my sins for - give, Dwell Thou with -

faith - less I have been; No ter - rors have my soul de -
 bels a - gainst Thy will; I am pol - lut - ed in Thy
 on - ly Sa - vior, fly; With - out a hope, with - out a
 in my heart, O God, The guilt and pow'r of sin re -

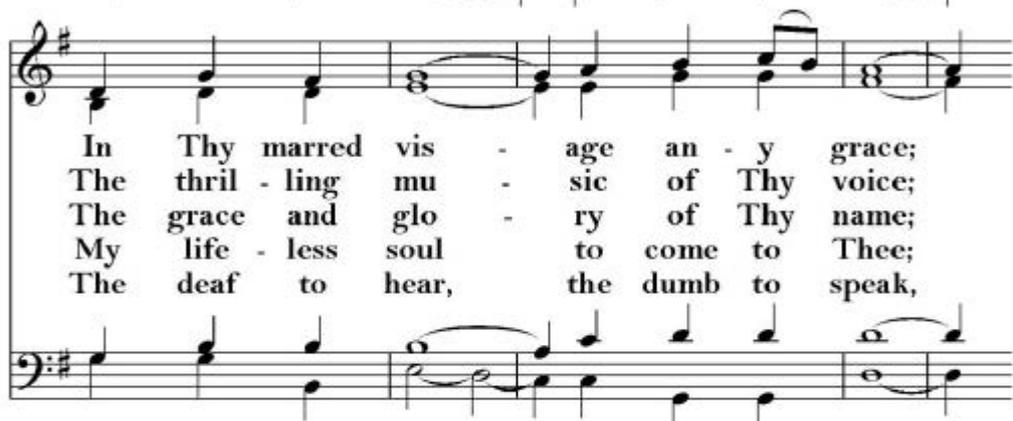
tered, Nor good - ness wooed me from my sin. No ter - rors
 sight, Yet, Lord, have mer - cy on me still! I am pol -
 friend, In deep dis - tress to Thee I cry. With - out a
 move, And fit me for Thy blest a - bode. The guilt and

have my soul de - terred, Nor good - ness wooed me from my sin.
 lut - ed in Thy sight, Yet, Lord, have mer - cy on me still!
 hope, with - out a friend, In deep dis - tress to Thee I cry.
 pow'r of sin re - move, And fit me for Thy blest a - bode.

Lord! I Was Blind



1. Lord! I was blind, I could not see
2. Lord! I was deaf, I could not hear
3. Lord! I was dumb, I could not speak
4. Lord! I was dead, I could not stir
5. For Thou hast made the blind to see,



In Thy marred vis - age an - y grace;
The thril - ling mu - sic of Thy voice;
The grace and glo - ry of Thy name;
My life - less soul to come to Thee;
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,



But now the beau - ty of Thy face
But now I hear Thee and re - joice
But now, as touched with liv - ing flame,
But now since Thou hast quick - en'd me
The dead to live: and Thou didst break



In rad - iant vi - sion dawns on me.
And sweet are all Thy words, and dear!
My lips Thine ea - ger prais - es wake!
I rise from sin's dark se - pul - cher!
The chains of my cap - ti - vi - ty!

Lord, It Belongs Not to My Care

1. Lord, it be - longs not to my care
2. If life be long, I will be glad,
3. Christ leads me through no dark - er rooms
4. Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
5. Then I shall end my sad com - plaints
6. My know - ledge of that life is small,

Whe - ther I die or live;
That I may long o - bey;
Than he went through be - fore;
Your bles - sed face to see:
And wea - ry, sin - ful days,
The eye of faith is dim;

To love and serve you is my share,
If short, yet why should I be sad
He that in - to God's king - dom comes
For if your work on earth be sweet,
And join with the tri - um - phant saints
But 'tis e - nough that Christ knows all,

And this your grace must give.
To end my lit - tle day?
Must en - ter by this door.
What will your glo - ry be!
That sing my Sav - ior's praise.
And I shall be with him.

Words: Richard Baxter (1615-1691); Music: Scottish Psalter (1615), Public Domain

1. Lord, keep me day by day
 2. Lord, keep me fixed on You;
 3. I'm just a stran - ger here,

In a pure and per - fect way.
 Lead me by your light and truth.
 Trav - ling through this bar - ren land.

I want to live I want to live on
 Lord, give me grace to run this Chris-tian race
 Lord, I know there's a build - ing some-where,

in a build-ing not made by hand.
 to a build-ing not made by hand.
 it's a build-ing not made by hand.

Lord, Thou Hast Searched Me

1. Lord, thou hast searched me, and dost know wher - e'er I
2. My words from thee I can - not hide; I feel thy
3. Where can I go a - part from thee, or whith - er
4. If I the wings of morn - ing take, and far a -
5. If deep - est dark - ness cov - er me, the dark - ness

rest, wher - e'er I go; thou know - est all that
pow'r on ev - ery side; O won - drous knowl - edge,
• from thy pres - ence flee? In heav'n?— it is thy
way my dwell - ing make, the hand that lead - eth
hid - eth not from thee; to thee both night and

I have planned, and all my ways are in thy hand.
awe - some might, un - fath - omed depth, un - mea - sured height!
• dwell - ing fair; in death's a - bode?— lo, thou art there.
me is thine, and my sup - port thy pow'r di - vine.
day are bright, the dark - ness shin - eth as the light.

Preparation Music

Lord, with Glowing Heart I'd Praise You

1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise You for the bliss your love be -
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought you, wretch - cd wan - d'rer far a -
3. Praise your Sav - ior God that drew you to that cross, new life to
4. Lord, my soul's most ear - nest feel - ing vain - ly would my lips ex -

stows, For the par - d'ning grace that saves me, and the peace that
stray; Found you lost, and kind - ly brought you from the paths of
give, Held a blood - scald par - don to you, that you'd look to
press: Low be - fore your foot - stool kneel - ing, ask - ing that my

from it flows, Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or;
death a - way. Praise, with love's de - vout - est feel - ing,
him and live. Praise the grace whose threats a - larmed you,
prayer You'd bless. Let Your love, my soul's chief trea - sure,

my dull soul to glo - ry raise; You must light the
Him who saw your guilt - born fear; And, the light of
roused you from your fa - tal ease; Praise the grace whose
love's pure flame with - in me raise, And, since words can

flame, or nev - er can my love be warmed to praise.
hope re - veal - ing, made the blood - stain'd cross ap - pear.
prom - ise warmed you, praise the grace that whis - pered peace.
nev - er mea - sure, let my life show forth your praise.

Words: Francis Scott Key (1779-1849), Public Domain; Music: Connie Dever (2012), used by permission

Preparation Music

Love Divine, All Loves Excelling



1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it, In - to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast!
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest;
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave.
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee:



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

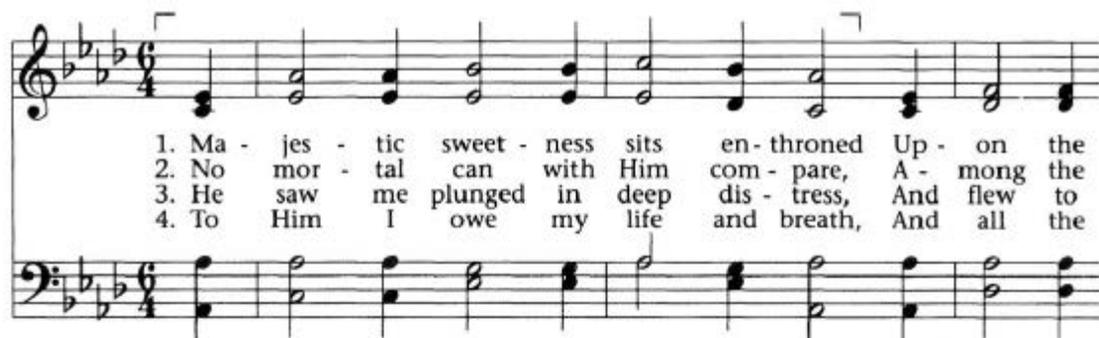


Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.



Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788); Music: John Zundel (1815-1882), Public Domain

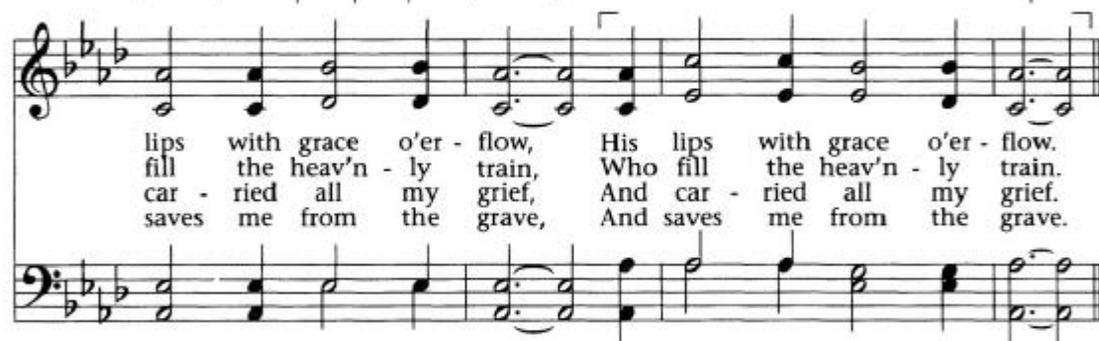
Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned



1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the



Sav - ior's brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His
sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair Who
my re - lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And
joys I have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And



lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
fill the heav'n - ly train, Who fill the heav'n - ly train.
car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

Words: Samuel Stennett (1797-1795)

Music: Thomas Hastings (1784-1872), Public Domain

Make Me a Captive, Lord



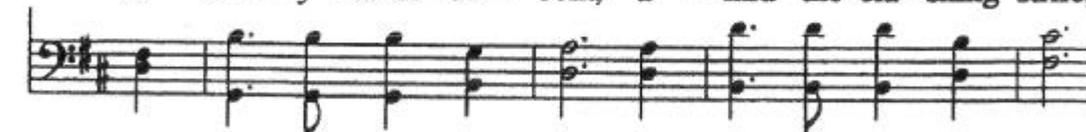
1. Make me a cap - tive, Lord, and then I shall be free;
2. My heart is weak and poor un - til it mas - ter find;
3. My will is not my own till Thou hast made it Thine;



Force me to ren - der up my sword and I shall con - queror be.
It has no spring of ac - tion sure, it va - ries with the wind;
If it would reach the mo - narch's throne it must its crown re - sign;



I sink in life's a - larms when by my - self I stand;
It can - not free - ly move till Thou hast wrought its chain,
It on - ly stands un - bent, a - mid the cla - shing strife,



Im - pri - son me with - in Thine arms and strong shall be my hand.
En - slave it with Thy match - less love, and death - less it shall reign.
When on Thy bo - som it has leant and found in Thee its life.



Final Hymn – Man of Sorrows, Lamb of God



1. Man of sor - rows, Lamb of God, by His own be - trayed;
2. Si - lent as He stood ac - cused, beat - en, mocked and scorned;
3. Sent of hea - ven God's own Son to pur - chase and re - deem,
4. See the stone is rolled a - way, be - hold the em - pty tomb;



The sin of man and wrath of God has been on Je - sus laid.
Bow - ing to the Fath - er's will, He took a crown of thorns.
And rec - on - cile the sin - ful ones who nailed Him to that tree.
Hal - le - lu - jah, God be praised: He's ri - sen from the grave!



Oh that rug - ged cross, my sal - va - tion, where Your love poured out o - ver me;



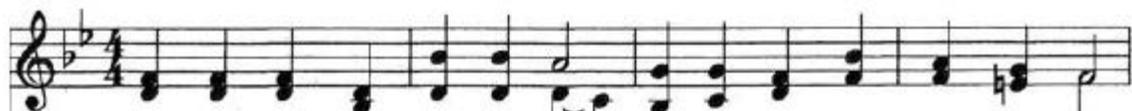
Now my soul cries out: "Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise and hon - or - un - to Thee!"



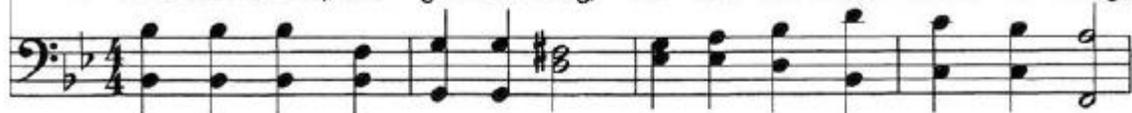
Words & Music: Matt Crocker & Brooke Ligerwood, © 2012. Admin. by Capitol CMG Publishing (CCLI# 264766)

Silence for Reflection and Preparation: After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together. The piano will resume to mark the conclusion of the service.

Man of Sorrows



1. "Man of sor-rows!" what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile, and help-less we, Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,



Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!
Seal'd my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!
Full a - tone-ment! can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - ior!



Preparation Music

May the Mind of Christ, My Savior



1. May the mind of Christ my Sa - vior Live in me from day to day,
2. May the Word of God dwell rich - ly In my heart from hour to hour,
3. May the peace of God my Fa - ther Rule my life in e - v'ry thing,
4. May the love of Je - sus fill me, As the wa - ters fill the sea:
5. May I run the race be - fore me, Strong and brave to face the foe,
6. May His beau - ty rest up - on me As I seek the lost to win,



By His love and pow'r con - trol - ling All I do and say.
So that all may see I tri - umph On - ly thro' His pow'r.
That I may be calm to com - fort Sick and sor - row - ing.
Him ex - alt - ing, self a - bas - ing, This is vic - to - ry.
Look - ing on - ly un - to Je - sus As I on - ward go.
And may they for - get the chan - nel, See - ing on - ly Him.

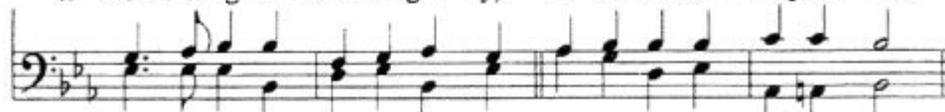
Words: Kate B. Wilkinson (1859-1928)

Music: A. Cyril Barnham-Gould (1892-1953) (CCLI# 264766)

Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee



1. Might-y God, while an-gels bless thee, may a mor-tal sing thy name?
2. For the grand-eur of thy na-ture, grand be-yond a ser-aph's thought;
3. But thy rich, thy free re-demp-tion, dark though bright-ness all a-long -
4. From the high-est throne of glor-y, to the cross of deep-est woe,



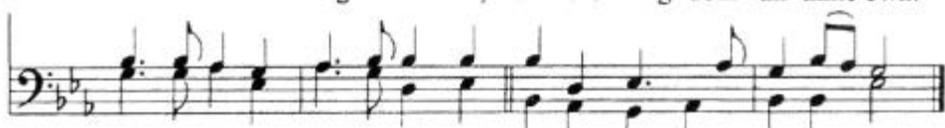
Lord of earth as well as heav-en, thou art ev'-ry crea-ture's theme.
for cre-a-ted works of pow-er, work with skill and kind-ness wrought;
thought is poor and poor ex-pres-sion -who dare sing that awe-some song?
all to ran-som guilt-y cap-tives, flow, my praise, for ev-er flow!



Lord of ev'-ry land and na-tion, An-cient of e-ter-nal Days,
for thy pro-vi-dence that gov-erns through thine em-pire's wide do-main,
Bright-ness of the Fa-ther's glor-y, shall thy praise un-ut-tered lie?
Go, re-turn, im-mor-tal Sa-viour, leave thy foot-stool, take thy throne;



sound-ed through the wide cre-a-tion be thy just and faith-ful praise.
wings an an-gel, guides a spar-row, bles-sed by thy gen-tle reign.
Break, my tongue, such guilt-y si-lence, sing the Lord who came to die.
thence re-turn and reign for ev-er, be the king-dom all thine own!



The Lord's Supper

More Love to Thee, O Christ

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

Preparation Music

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -

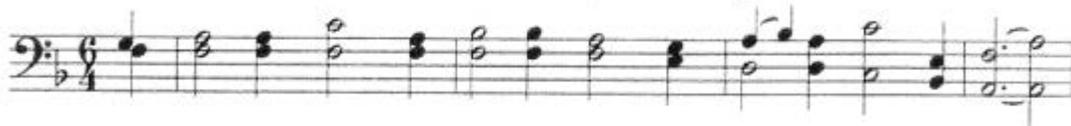
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul!

Preparation Music

My God, How Wonderful Thou Art



1. My God how won - der - ful Thou art! Thy maj - es - ty how bright!
2. How dread are Thine et - er - nal years, O ev - er - las - ting Lord,
3. O how I fear Thee, liv - ing God, With deep - est, ten - derest fears,
4. Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord, Al - might - y as Thou art,
5. No earth - ly fa - ther loves like Thee; No mo - ther, e'er so mild,
6. How won - der - ful, how beau - ti - ful, The sight of Thee must be,



How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy seat, In depths of burn - ing light!
By pros - trate spir - its day and night In - ces - sant - ly a - dored!
And wor - ship Thee with trem - bling hope And pen - i - ten - tial tears!
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart.
Bears and for - bears as Thou hast done With me, Thy sin - ful child.
Thine end - less wis - dom, bound - less power, And aw - ful pu - ri - ty!



Words: Frederick W. Faber (1849), Public Domain

Music: Folk Hymn, arr. Annabel M. Buchanan (1889-1988), ©1938 J. Fischer & Bro. (CCLI# 264766)

My Heart Is Filled with Thankfulness

1. My heart is filled with thank - ful - ness to Him who bore my pain;
2. My heart is filled with thank - ful - ness to Him who walks be - side;
3. My heart is filled with thank - ful - ness to Him who reigns a - bove;

Who plumbed the depths of my dis - grace and gave me life a - gain;
Who floods my weak - ness - es with strength and caus - es fears to fly;
Whose wis - dom is my per - fect peace, whose ev - 'ry thought is love.

Who crushed my curse of sin - ful - ness and clothed me in His light,
Whose ev - 'ry prom - ise is e - nough for ev - 'ry step I take;
For ev - 'ry day I have on earth is gi - ven by the King.

And wrote His law of right - eous - ness with pow'r u - pon my heart.
Sus - tain - ing me with arms of love, and crown - ing me with grace.
So I will give my life, my all, to love and fol - low Him.

My Jesus, I Love Thee

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,

For Thee, all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 And praise - Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou;
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
 And say, when the death dew lies cold on my brow;
 And sing - ing Thy prais - es, be - fore Thee I'll bow;

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Preparation Music

My Lord, I Did Not Choose You

1. My Lord, I did not choose You, For that could nev - er be;
2. Un - less Your grace had called me And taught my op - 'ning mind,

The first system of music is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The key signature has four flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat, D-flat).

My heart would still re - fuse You, Had You not cho - sen me.
The world would have en - thralled me, To heav'n - ly glo - ries blind.

The second system continues the melody and bass line from the first system.

You took the sin that stained me, You cleansed me, made me new;
My heart knows none a - bove You; For Your rich grace I thirst.

The third system continues the melody and bass line.

Of old You have or - dained me, That I should live in You.
I know that if I love You, You must have loved me first.

The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence in the treble staff.

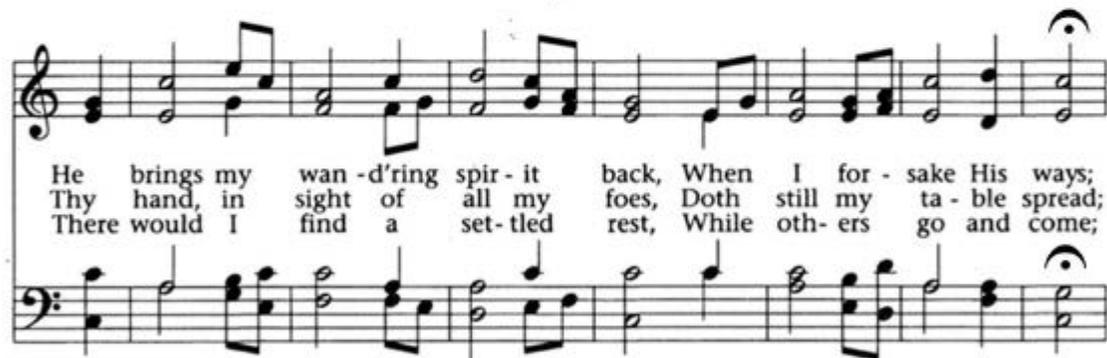
My Shepherd Will Supply My Need



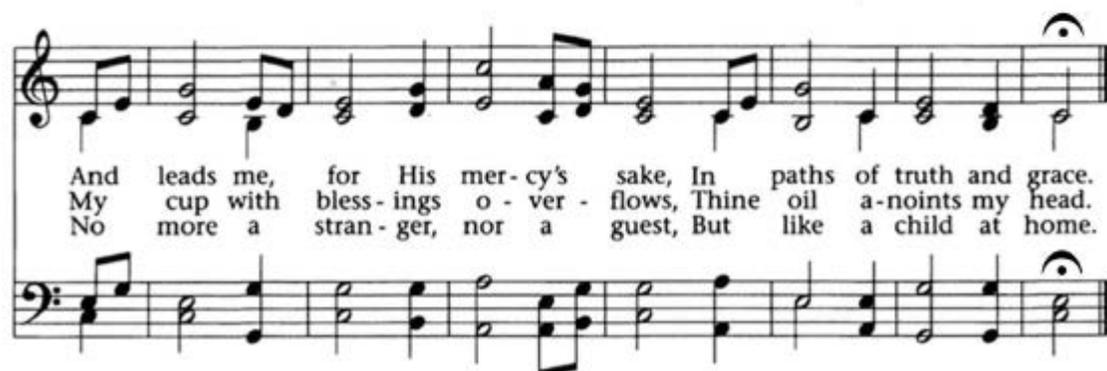
1. My Shep-herd will sup-ply my need; Je-ho-vah is His name;
2. When I walk thro' the shades of death Thy pres-ence is my stay;
3. The sure pro-vi-sions of my God At-tend me all my days;



In pas-tures fresh He makes me feed, Be-side the liv-ing stream.
One word of Thy sup-port-ing breath Drives all my fears a-way.
O may Thy house be my a-bode, And all my work be praise.



He brings my wan-d'ring spir-it back, When I for-sake His ways;
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes, Doth still my ta-ble spread;
There would I find a set-tled rest, While oth-ers go and come;



And leads me, for His mer-cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.
My cup with bless-ings o-ver-flows, Thine oil a-noints my head.
No more a stran-ger, nor a guest, But like a child at home.

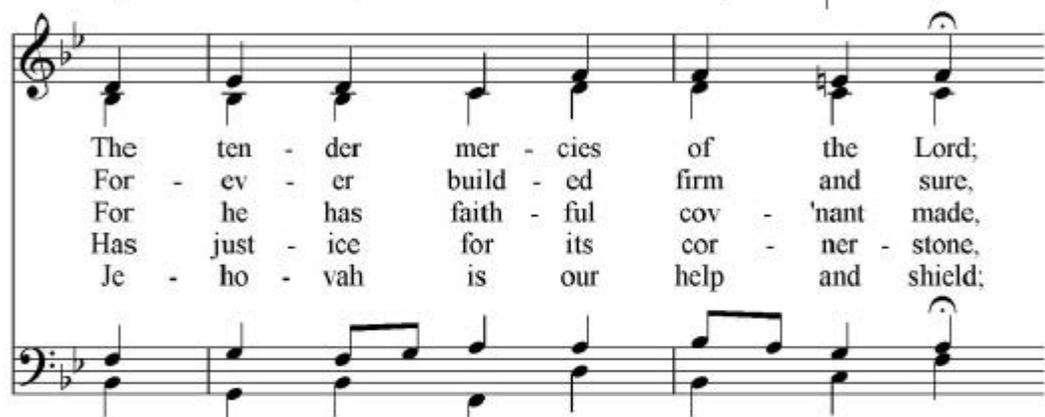
Words: Psalm 23; Paraphrased, Isaac Watts (1674-1698), Public Domain

Music: Southern Harmony (1835), arr. Richard Starr © 1991 McKinney Music (CCLI# 267766)

My Song Forever Shall Record



1. My song for - ev - er shall re - cord
2. I sing of mer - cies that en - dure,
3. Be - hold God's truth and grace dis - played,
4. Al - might - y God, your loft - y throne
5. All glo - ry un - to God we yield,



The ten - der mer - cies of the Lord;
For - ev - er build - ed firm and sure,
For he has faith - ful cov - 'nant made,
Has just - ice for its cor - ner - stone;
Je - ho - vah is our help and shield;



Your faith - ful - ness will I pro - claim,
Of faith - ful - ness that nev - er dies,
And he has sworn that Da - vid's son
And shi - ning bright be - fore your face
All praise and hon - or we shall bring



And ev - ery age shall know your name.
Es - tab - lished change - less in the skies.
Shall ev - er sit up - on his throne.
Are truth and love and bound - less grace.
To Is - rael's Ho - ly One, our King.

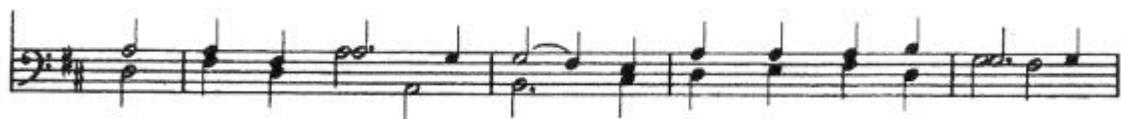
Words: From Psalm 89, "The Psalter" (1902);

Music: Adapted from Musicalisches Handbuch, Hamburg, 1690, Public Domain

My Song Is Love Unknown



1. My song is love un - known, my Sa - viour's love to me; love
2. He came from His blest throne sal - va - tion to be - stow; but
3. Some-times they strew His way, and His strong prais - es sing; re -
4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He
5. They rise and needs will have my dear Lord made a - way, a
6. In life, no house, no home my Lord on earth might have; in
7. Here might I stay and sing, no sto - ry so di - vine, nev -



1. to the love - less shown, that they might love - ly be. O
2. men made strange, and none the longed-for Christ would know: But
3. sound-ing all the day ho - san - nas to their King: Then
4. made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight. Sweet
5. mur - der - er they save, the Prince of life they slay; Yet
6. death, no friend - ly tomb, but what a strang - er gave. What
7. er was love, dear King! Nev - er was grief like Thine. This



1. who am I, that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
2. O! my Friend, my Friend in - deed, who at my need His life did spend.
3. "Cru - ci - fy!" is all their breath, and for His death they thirst and cry.
4. in - ju - ries! Yet they at these them-selves dis - please and 'gainst Him rise.
5. stead-fast He to suf - fering goes that He His foes from thence might free.
6. may I say? Heav'n was His home; but mine the tomb where-in He lay.
7. is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could glad - ly spend.



Preparation Music

My Times of Sorrow and of Joy

1. My times of sor - row and of joy,
2. If Thou should'st take them all a - way,
3. Nor would I drop a mur - m'ring word,
4. What is the world with all its store?
5. Here per - fect bliss can ne'er be found,

great God, are in thy hand;
yet would I not re - pine;
tho' the whole world were gone,
'Tis but a bit ter - sweet;
the hon - ey's mix'd with gall;

My choic - est com - forts come from Thee,
Be - fore they were pos - sess'd by me,
But seek en - dur - ing hap - pi - ness
When I at - tempt to pluck the rose,
Midst chang - ing scenes and dy - ing friends,

and go at Thy com - mand.
they were en - tire - ly Thine.
in Thee, and Thee a - lone.
a prick - ing thorn I meet.
be Thou my all in all.

Words: Benjamin Beddome, (1778); Music: "St. Columba," Traditional Irish Arrangement, Public Domain



1. My worth is not in what I own, Not in the strength of flesh and bone,
2. My worth is not in skill or name, In win or lose, in pride or shame,
3. As sum-mer flow'rs we fade and die; Fame, youth and beau - ty hur - ry by,
4. I will not boast in wealth or might, Or hu - man wis - dom's fleet - ing light,



1, 3 | 2, 4



But in the cost - ly wounds of love at the cross. *(To 2nd verse)*
 But in the blood of Christ that flowed at the cross. *(To chorus)*
 But life e - ter - nal calls to us at the cross. *(To 4th verse)*
 But I will boast in know - ing Christ at the cross. *(To chorus)*



Chorus: I re-joice in my Re-deem - er, Great - est Treas - ure, Well - spring of my soul;



I will trust in Him, no oth - er; My soul is sat - is - fied in Him a - lone.



Preparation Music

Nearer, My God, to Thee

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it
2. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
3. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
send-est me, In mer- cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my
ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my

God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

Preparation Music

No, Not One

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! No, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! No, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! No, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for - sake Him? No, not one! No, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! No, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! No, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! No, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! No, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! No, not one!
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! No, not one!

Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug - gles, He will guide till the day is done;

There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! No, not one!



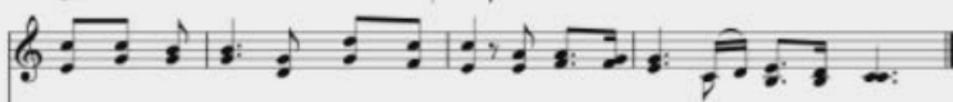
1. No list of sins I have not done, no list of vir - tues I pur - sue,
 2. No hum - ble dress, no fer - vent prayer, no lift - ed hands, no tear - ful song,
 3. No sep - a - ra - tion from the world, no work I do, no gift I give



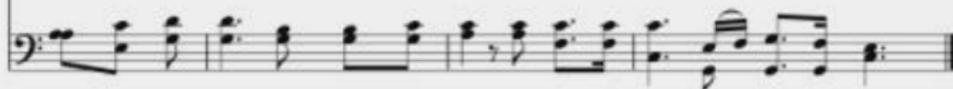
No list of those I am not like can earn my - self a place with you.
 No rec - i - ta - tion of the truth, can jus - ti - fy a sin - gle wrong.
 Can cleanse my con - science, cleanse my hands; I can - not cause my soul to live.



O God! Be mer - ci - ful to me; I am a sin - ner through and through.
 My right - eous - ness is Je - sus' life; my debt was paid by Je - sus' death.
 But Je - sus died and rose a - gain; the pow'r of death is ov - er - thrown!



My on - ly hope of right - eous - ness is not in me, but on - ly you.
 My wear - y load was borne by him and he a - lone can give me rest.
 My God is mer - ci - ful to me and mer - ci - ful in Christ a - lone.



Not What My Hands Have Done

1. Not what my hands have done Can save my guilt - y soul;
 2. Thy work a - lone, O Christ, Can ease this weight of sin;
 3. Thy grace a - lone, O God, To me can par - don speak;
 4. I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love di - vine;
 5. I praise the God of grace; I trust His truth and might;

Not what my toil - ing flesh has borne Can make my spir - it whole,
 Thy blood a - lone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace with - in.
 Thy pow'r a - lone, O Son of God, Can this sore bond - age break.
 And with un - fal - t'ring lip and heart, I call this Sav - ior mine.
 He calls me His, I call Him mine, My God, my joy, my light.

Not what I feel or do Can give me peace with God;
 Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to Thee;
 No oth - er work, save Thine, No oth - er blood will do;
 His cross dis - pels each doubt; I bur - y in His tomb;
 'Tis He who sav - eth me, And free - ly par - don gives;

Not all my prayers and sighs and tears Can bear my aw - ful load.
 Can rid me of this dark un - rest, And set my spir - it free.
 No strength, save that which is di - vine, Can bear me safe - ly through.
 Each thought of un - be - lief and fear, Each lin - g'ring shade of gloom.
 I love be - cause He lov - eth me, I live be - cause He lives.

Words: Horatius Bonar (1808-1889); Music: George William Martin, (1828-1881), Public Domain

Nothing but the Blood

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par - don, this I see, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;

The first system of music consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of quarter notes and chords. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords and some eighth-note patterns.

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans - ing, this my plea, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my righ - teous - ness, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

The second system continues the musical notation with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

The third system features the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

No oth - er fount I know, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

The fourth system concludes the piece with the final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

Now Blessed Be the Lord Our God

1. Now bless - ed be the Lord our God, the
2. And bless - ed be his glo - rious name to
3. His wide do - min - ion shall ex - tend from
4. Yea, all the kings shall bow to him, his

God of Is - ra - el, for he a - lone does
all e - ter - ni - ty; the whole earth let his
sea to ut - most sea, and un - to earth's re -
rule all na - tions hail; he will re - gard the

won - drous works in glo - ry that ex - cel.
glo - ry fill. A - men, so let it be.
mot - est bounds his peace - ful rule shall be.
poor man's cry when oth - er help - ers fail.

Now Thank We All Our God

1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voices,
2. O may this bounteous God Thro' all our life be near us,
3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be giv - en,

Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;
The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en,

Who, from our moth - er's arms, Hath blest us on our way
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,
The one e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore;

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And free us from all ills, In this world and the next.
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

Words: Martin Rinkart (1586-1649); tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)
Music Johann Crüger (1598-1662); harm. Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847), Public Domain

Now to the Lord a Noble Song

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song!
 2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face,
 3. The spa - cious earth and spread - ing flood
 4. Grace! 'Tis a sweet, a charm - ing theme;
 5. O may I live to reach the place

A - wake my soul; a - wake my tongue;
 The bright - est im - age of His grace;
 Pro - claim the wise and pow'r - ful God;
 My thoughts re - joice at Je - sus' Name;
 Where he un - veils His love - ly face!

Ho - san - na to th'e - ter - nal Name,
 God, in the per - son of His Son,
 And Thy rich glo - ries from a - far
 Ye an - gels dwell up - on the sound!
 Where all his beau - ties we'll be - hold,

And all His bound - less love pro - claim.
 Has all his might - iest works out - done.
 Spar - kle in ev - 'ry roll - ing star.
 Ye heav'ns, re - flect it to the ground!
 And sing His Name to harps of gold!

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748); Music: John Hatton (c. 1710-1793), Public Domain

O Christ, Our Hope, Our Heart's Desire

1. O Christ, our hope, our heart's de - sire, Re - demp-tion's on - ly spring,
2. How vast the mer - cy and the love Which laid our sins on Thee,
3. But now the bonds of death are burst, The ran - som has been paid;
4. O Christ, be Thou our last - ing joy, Our ev - er great re - ward;

Cre - at - or of the world art Thou, Its Sav - ior and its King.
And led Thee to a cru - el death To set Thy peo - ple free.
And Thou art on Thy Fa - ther's throne, In glo - rious robes ar - rayed.
Our on - ly glo - ry may it be To glo - ry in the Lord!

O Christ, What Burdens Bowed Thy Head

1. O Christ, what bur - dens bowed thy head! Our
2. Death and the curse were in my cup: O
3. Je - ho - vah lift - ed up his rod: O
4. Je - ho - vah bade his sword a - wake: O
5. For me, Lord Je - sus Thou hast died, And

load was laid on Thee; Thou stood - est in the
Christ, 'twas full for Thee! But Thou hast drained the
Christ, it fell on Thee! Thou wast sore strick - en
Christ it woke 'gainst Thee! Thy blood the flam - ing
I have died in Thee: Thou'rt ris'n, my bands are

sin - ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me.
last of dark drop, 'Tis emp - ty now for me.
of Thy God; There's not one stroke for me.
blade must slake, Thy heart its sheath must be.
all un - tied, And now Thou livest in me;

A vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed!
That bit - ter cup, love drank it up,
Thy tears, Thy blood, be - neath it flowed;
All for my sake, my peace to make;
When pu - ri - fied, made white, and tried,

Now there's no load for me.
Now bless - ings draught for me.
Thy bruise - ings heal - eth me.
Now sleeps that sword for me.
Thy glo - ry then for me.

Words: Anne R Cousins (1824-1906)

Music: Weyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second (1813), Public Domain

O Church, Arise

O church, arise, and put your armor on;
Hear the call of Christ our Captain.
For now the weak can say that they are strong
In the strength that God has given.
With shield of faith and belt of truth,
We'll stand against the devil's lies;
An army bold, whose battle cry is love,
Reaching out to those in darkness.

Our call to war: to love the captive soul,
But to wage against the captor;
And with the sword that makes the wounded whole,
We will fight with faith and valor.
When faced with trials on every side,
We know the outcome is secure;
And Christ will have the prize for which He died:
An inheritance of nations.

Come see the cross, where love and mercy meet,
As the Son of God is stricken;
Then see his foes lie crushed beneath his feet,
For the Conqueror has risen!
And as the stone is rolled away
And Christ emerges from the grave,
This victory march continues till the day
Every eye and heart shall see Him.

So Spirit, come, put strength in every stride,
Give grace for every hurdle;
That we may run with faith to win the prize
Of a servant good and faithful.
As saints of old still line the way,
Retelling triumphs of his grace,
We hear their calls and hunger for the day
When with Christ we stand in Glory.

CAROL* | O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

*Congregation rises to sing at the end of the one-verse instrumental introduction

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O come ye, O
 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, O sing, all ye
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap - py morn - ing, Je - sus, to

come ye to Beth - le - hem! Come and be - hold Him, born the King of
 bright hosts of heav'n a - bove! Glo - ry to God, all glo - ry in the
 Thee be all glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap -

an - gels!
 high - est! O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,
 pear - ing!

O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord!

Words: Latin Hymn, ascribed to John Francis Wade (c. 1710-1786); tr. Frederick Oakeley (1802-1880) and others
 Music: John Francis Wade (c. 1710-1786), Public Domain

Preparation Music

O Come and Mourn with Me Awhile

1. O come and mourn with me a - while; O come ye
2. Sev'n times he spake, sev'n words of love; and all three
3. O break, O break, hard heart of mine! Thy weak self -
4. A bro - ken heart, a fount of tears, ask, and they
5. O love of God! O sin of man! In this dread

to the Sav - ior's side; O come, to - geth - er let us mourn:
hours his si - lence cried for mer - cy on the souls of men:
• love and guilt - y pride his Pi - late and his Ju - das were:
will not be de - nied; a bro - ken heart love's cra - dle is:
act your strength is tried, and vic - to - ry re - mains with love:

REFRAIN

Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied!

O Come, O Come Emmanuel

1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
2. O come, Thou Day - spring, come and cheer Our spir - its by Thine
3. O come, Thou Wis - dom from on high, And or - der all things,
4. O come, De - sire of na - tions, bind All peo - ples in one

Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un -
ad - vent here; Dis - perse the gloom - y clouds of night, And
far and nigh; To us the path of knowl - edge show, And
heart and mind; Bid en - vy, strife, and quar - rels cease; Fill

til the Son of God ap - pear.
death's dark shad - ows put to flight.
cause us in her ways to go. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -
the whole world with heav - en's peace.

man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!

O Father, You Are Sovereign

1. O Fa - ther, you are sov - ereign in all the worlds you made;
2. O Fa - ther, you are sov - ereign in all af - fairs of man;
3. O Fa - ther, you are sov - ereign, the Lord of hu - man pain,
4. O Fa - ther, you are sov - ereign! We see you dim - ly now,

your might - y word was spo - ken and light and life o - beyed.
no pow'rs of death or dark - ness can thwart your per - fect plan.
trans - mut - ing earth - ly sor - rows to gold of heav'n - ly gain.
but soon be - fore your tri - umph earth's ev - ery knee shall bow.

Your voice com - mands the sea - sons and bounds the o - cean's shore,
All chance and change tran - scend - ing, su - preme in time and space,
All e - vil o - ver - rul - ing, as none but Con - qu'ror could,
With this glad hope be - fore us our faith springs up a - new:

sets stars with - in their cours - es and stills the tem - pest's roar.
you hold your trust - ing chil - dren se - cure in your em - brace.
your love pur - sues its pur - pose—our souls' e - ter - nal good.
our sov - ereign Lord and Sav - ior, we trust and wor - ship you!

O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God,
3. Je - sus the name that charms our fears,
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin,
5. He speaks and list - 'ning to his voice,
6. Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,

my great Re - deem - er's praise,
as - sist me to pro - claim,
that bids our sor - rows cease;
he sets the pris - 'ner free;
new life the dead re - ceive;
your loos - en'd tongues em - ploy;

The glo - ries of my God and King,
To spread through all the earth a - broad
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears,
His blood can make the foul - est clean,
The mourn - ful, bro - ken hearts re - joice;
Ye blind, be - hold your Sav - ior come;

the tri - umphs of his grace.
the hon - ors of thy name.
'tis life and health and peace.
his blood a - vailed for me.
the hum - ble poor be - lieve.
and leap, ye lame, for joy.

O God Beyond All Praising



1. O God be-yond all prais - ing, we wor - ship you to - day,
2. Then hear, O gra - cious Sav - ior, ac - cept the love we bring,



And sing the love a - ma - zing that songs can - not re - pay;
That we who know your fa - vor may serve you as our king;



For we can on - ly won - der at ev - 'ry gift you send,
And wheth - er our to - mor - rows be filled with good or ill,



At bless - ings with - out num - ber and mer - cies with - out end;
We'll tri - umph through our sor - rows and rise to bless you still:



We lift our hearts be - fore you and wait up - on your Word,
To mar - vel at your beau - ty and glo - ry in your ways,



We hon - or and a - dore you, our great and might - y Lord.
And make a joy - ful du - ty our sac - ri - fice of praise.

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;
5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
6. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the op - 'ning day.
Be Thou our guard while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

O God, the Rock of Ages

1. O God, the Rock of Ages, who ever-more hast been,
 2. Our years are like the shadows on sun-ny hills that lie,
 3. O thou who canst not slum-ber, whose light grows nev-er pale,
 4. Lord, crown our faith's en-deav-or with beau-ty and with grace,

what time the tem-pest ra-ges, our dwell-ing place se-rene:
 or grass-es in the mead-ows that blos-som but to die;
 teach us a-right to num-ber our years be-fore they fail;
 till, clothed in light for-ev-er, we see thee face to face:

be-fore thy first cre-a-tions, O Lord, the same as now,
 a sleep, a dream, a sto-ry by strang-ers quick-ly told,
 on us thy mer-cy light-en, on us thy good-ness rest,
 a joy no lan-guage mea-sures; a foun-tain brim-ming o'er;

to end-less gen-er-a-tions the Ev-er-last-ing Thou!
 an un-re-main-ing glo-ry of things that soon are old.
 and let thy Spir-it bright-en the hearts thy-self hast blessed.
 an end-less flow of plea-sures; an o-cean with-out shore.

O God, We Praise Thee

1. O God, we praise Thee; and confess that
 2. To Thee all an - gels cry a - loud; to
 3. O ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, whom
 4. Th'a - pos - tles' glo - rious com - pa - ny and
 5. The ho - ly church through - out the world, O
 6. Thine hon - ored, true, and on - ly Son; and

Thou the on - ly Lord And ev - er - last - ing
 Thee the pow'rs on high, Both cher - u - bim and
 heav'n - ly hosts o - bey, The world is with the
 proph - ets crowned with light, With all the mar - tyrs'
 Lord, con - fes - ses thee, That Thou E - ter - nal
 Ho - ly Ghost, the Spring Of nev - er - ceas - ing

Fa - ther art, by all the earth a - dored.
 ser - a - phim, con - tin - ual - ly do cry.
 glo - ry filled of thy maj - es - tic ray.
 no - ble host, thy con - stant praise re - cite.
 Fa - ther art, of bound - less maj - es - ty;
 joy: O Christ, of glo - ry Thou art King.

Words: "Te Deum" (ca. 4th cent.), tr. In Tate and Brady's "Supplement to the New Version" (1708)

Music: "Dundee," Scottish Psalter (1615), Public Domain

O Great God

1. O great God of high - est heav'n, oc - cu - py my low - ly heart.
2. I was blind - ed by my sin, had no ears to hear your voice,
3. Help me now to live a life that's de - pend - ent on your grace.

Own it all and reign su - preme, con - quer ev - 'ry re - bel pow'r.
Did not know your love with - in, had no taste for heav - en's joys.
Keep my heart and guard my soul from the e - vils that I face.

Let no vice or sin re - main that re - sists your ho - ly war.
Then your Spir - it gave me life, o - pened up your Word to me,
You are wor - thy to be praised with my ev - 'ry thought and deed.

You have loved and pur - chased me, make me Yours for - ev - er more.
Through the gos - pel of your Son, gave me end - less hope and peace.
O great God of high - est heav'n, glo - ri - fy Your name through me.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
 2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
 3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-ery day
 4. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe,

It sounds like mu-sic in my ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
 It tells me of His pre-cious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
 And, tho' I tread a dark-some path, Yields sun-shine all the way.
 Who in each sor-row bears a part That none can bear be-low.

Refrain

O how I love Je-sus! O how I love Je-sus!

O how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me!

CAROL* | O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

* Congregation rises to sing at the end of the one-verse instrumental introduction

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n!
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day!

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
 No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im - man - u - el!

Preparation Music

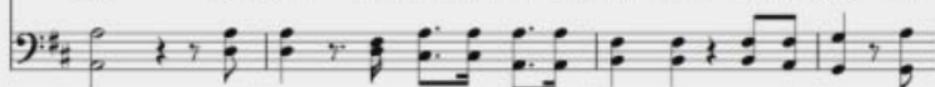
O Lord, My Rock and My Redeemer



1. O Lord, my Rock and my Re-deem-er, Great-est trea-sure of my long-ing
 2. O Lord, my Rock and my Re-deem-er, Strong de-fend-er of my wea-ry
 3. O Lord, my Rock and my Re-deem-er, Gra-cious Sa-rior of my ru-ined



soul, My God, like You there is no oth-er; True de-light is
 heart, My sword to fight the cruel de-ceiv-er, And my shield a-
 life, My guilt and cross laid on Your shoul-ders, In my place You



found in You a-lone. Your grace, a well too deep to fath-om,
 gainst his hate-ful darts. My song when en-e-mies surround me,
 suf-fered, bled, and died. You rose, the grave and death are con-quer-ed;



Your love ex-ceds the heav-ens' reach; Your truth, a fount of per-fect
 My hope when tides of sor-row rise; My joy when tri-als are a-
 You broke my bonds of sin and shame. O Lord, My Rock and my Re



wis-dom, My high-est good, and my un-end-ing need.
 bound-ing, Your faith-ful-ness, my ref-uge in the night.
 deem-er, May all my days bring glo-ry to Your Name.



Preparation Music

O My Soul, Bless God the Father

1. O my soul, bless God the Fa - ther; All with - in me bless His name;
2. Who for - gives all your trans - gres - sions, Your dis - eas - es all who heals;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He has put a - way our sin;
4. As it was with - out be - gin - ning, So it lasts with - out an end;
5. Un - to such as keep His cov - 'nant And are stead - fast in His way;
6. Bless the Fa - ther, all His crea - tures, Ev - er un - der His con - trol,

Bless the Fa - ther, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Who re - deems you from de - struc - tion, Who with you so kind - ly deals.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Has the Lord's com - pas - sion been.
To their chil - dren's chil - dren ev - er Shall His righ - teous - ness ex - tend.
Un - to those who still re - mem - ber His com - mand - ments, and o - bey.
All thro' - out His vast do - min - ion: Bless the Fa - ther, O my soul.

Words: "The Book of Psalms" (1871), paraphrase of Psalm 103;
Music: Christian F. Witt (1660-1716), adapt. Henry Gauntlett (1805-1876), Public Domain

1. I cast my mind to Cal - va - ry, Where Je - sus bled
 2. His bod - y bound and drenched in tears, They laid Him down
 3. Then on the third, at break of dawn, The Son of heav -
 4. He shall re - turn in robes of white, The blaz - ing sun

and died for me. I see His wounds, His hands, His feet:
 in Jo - seph's tomb. The en - trance sealed by heav - y stone,
 en rose a - gain. O tram - pled death, where is your sting?
 shall pierce the night. And I will rise a - mong the saints,

1. My Sav - ior on that curs - ed tree,
 2, 3, 4. Mes - si - ah still and all a - lone. O praise the name of the
 The an - gels roar for Christ the King -
 My gaze trans - fixed on Je - sus' face.

Lord our God! O praise His name for - ev - er - more; For

end - less days we will sing Your praise, O Lord, O Lord, our God!

Preparation Music

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain;
For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?

How pale Thou art with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
O make me Thine for - ev - er, And should I faint - ing be,

How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.

Words: P. Gerhardt (1607-1676), based on a Medieval Latin poem

Music: melody by H.L. Hassler (1564-1612), harmony by J.S. Bach (1685-1750) Public Domain

O Splendor of God's Glory Bright

1. O Splen - dor of God's glo - ry bright,
 2. Come, ver - y Sun of heav - en's love,
 3. And now to you our prayers as - cend,
 4. Con - firm our will to do the right,
 5. O joy - ful be the pas - sing day
 6. Dawn's glo - ry gilds the earth and skies,

From light e - ter - nal bring - ing light,
 In last - ing ra - diance from a - bove,
 O Fa - ther, glo - rious with - out end;
 And keep our hearts from en - vy's blight;
 With thoughts as pure as morn - ing's ray,
 Let him, our per - fect Morn a - rise,

O Light of light, light's liv - ing Spring,
 And pour the Ho - ly Spir - it's ray
 We plead with Sov - ereign Grace for pow'r
 Let faith her ea - ger fires re - new,
 With faith like noon - tide shin - ing bright,
 The Word in God the Fa - ther one,

True Day, all days il - lu - min - ing:
 On all we think or do to - day.
 To con - quer in temp - ta - tion's hour.
 And hate the false, and love the true.
 Our souls un - shad - owed by the night.
 The Fa - ther im - aged in the Son.

Words: Ambrose of Milan (340-397), Trans. Louis F. Benson (1910, alt. 1990);
 Music: "Musikalisches Handbuch," Hamburg (1690), Public Domain

O the Deep, Deep Love of Jesus

1. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus, Vast, un - mea - sured,
 2. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus, Spread his praise from
 3. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus, Love of e - v'ry

bound - less, free; Rol - ling as a might - y o - cean In its
 shore to shore; How he lov - eth, e - ver lov - eth, Chang - eth
 love the best; 'Tis an o - cean vast of bles - sing, 'Tis a

full - ness o - ver me. Un - der - neath me, all a - round me,
 ne - ver, ne - ver - more; How He watch - es o'er His loved ones,
 ha - ven sweet of rest. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus,

Is the cur - rent of Thy love; Lead - ing on - ward,
 Died to call them all His own; How for them He
 'Tis a heav'n of heav'ns to me; And it lifts me

lead - ing home - ward, To my glo - rious rest a - bove
 in - ter - ced - eth, Watch - eth o'er them from the throne.
 up to glo - ry, For it lifts me up to Thee.

Words: S. Trevor Francis (1834-1925); Music: Thomas Williams (1869-1944), Public Domain

O Worship the King

1. O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
light, whose can-o-py space! His char-iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail: Thy mer-cies how ten-der, how

An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
thun-der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end, Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend.

Words: Robert Grant (1779-1838)

Music: Attr. Johann Michael Haydn (1737-1806), in William Gardiner's Sacred Melodies (1815), Public Domain

Of the Father's Love Begotten

Unison

1. Of the Fa-ther's love be-got-ten, Ere the worlds be-gan to be,
 2. O ye heights of heav'n a-dore Him; An-gel hosts, His prais-es sing;
 3. Christ, to Thee with God the Fa-ther, And, O Ho-ly Ghost, to Thee,

He is Al-pha and O-me-ga, He the source, the
 Pow'rs, do-min-ions, bow be-fore Him, And ex-tol-our
 Hymn and chant and high thanks-giv-ing And un-wea-ried

end-ing He, Of the things that are, that have been,
 God and King; Let no tongue on earth be si-lent,
 prais-es be: Hon-our, glo-ry, and do-min-ion,

And that fu-ture years shall see, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!
 Ev-'ry voice in con-cert ring, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!
 And e-ter-nal vic-to-ry, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!

Words: Aurelius Prudentius (348-413); Tr. J. M. Neale (1818-1866) & H. W. Baker (1821-1877), Public Domain
 Music: 13^c. Plainsong Melody; arr. Mark Blankenship (b. 1943), © 1991 McKinney Music, Inc. (CCLI # 264766)

Preparation Music

On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand

1. On Jor-dan's storm - y banks I stand And cast a wish - ful eye
2. All o'er those wide - ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill - ing winds nor pois - 'nous breath Can reach that health - ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place And be for - ev - er blest?

To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face And in His bo - som rest?

I am bound for the prom - ised land, I am bound for the prom-ised land;

O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

Words: Samuel Stennett (1727-1795)

Music: American Folk Hymn; arr. Rigdon M. McIntosh (1896-1899), Public Domain

Preparation Music

Once in Royal David's City

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty, stood a low - ly cat - tle
2. He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is God and Lord of
3. And our eyes at last shall see Him through his own re - deem - ing
4. Not in that poor low - ly sta - ble, with the ox - en stand - ing

shed, Where a mo - ther laid her ba - by in a
all, And his shel - ter was a sta - ble, and His
love; For that child, so dear and a gen - tle, is our
by, We shall see Him, but in heav - en, set at

man - ger for His bed, Ma - ry was that mo - ther
cra - dle was a stall; With the poor and meek and
Lord in heav - en a - bove; And he leads his chil - dren
God's right hand on high; When like stars His chil - dren

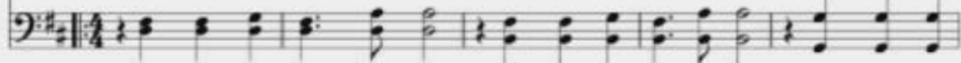
mild, Je - sus Christ, her lit - tle child.
lowly Lived on earth, our Sav - ior holy.
on to the earth place where he has gone.
crowned, all in white shall wait a - round.

Words: Cecil F. Alexander (1818-1895); Music: Henry John Gauntlett (1805-1876), Public Domain

Only You, My Lord



1. Not what my hands have done can save my guilt-y soul; Not what my
2. Your voice a-lone, O Lord, can speak to me of grace; Your pow'r a-
3. I praise the Christ of God; I rest on love di-vine, And with un-



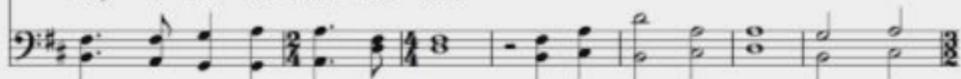
toil-ing flesh has borne can make my spir-it whole. Not what I feel or do
lone, O Son of God, can all my sin e-raise. No oth-er work but Yours,
fal-tr'ring lips and heart I call this Sav-ior mine. My Lord has saved my life,



can give me peace with God; Not all my prayers and sighs and
no oth-er blood will do; No strength but that which is di-
and free-ly par-don gives; I love be-cause He first loved



tears can bear my aw-ful load. On ly You, my Lord; You, my
vine can bear me safe-ly through.
me, I live be-cause He lives.



Lord! Your per-fect life, My rest com-plete; You are my Prince of Peace.



Service Music

Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Unison

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-

low; O praise Him! Al-le-lu-ia! Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly

host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. O praise Him, O

praise Him! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711)

Music: Geistliche Kirchengesang (1628), harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958), Public Domain

Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

The first system of the musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains a vocal line with lyrics and a melodic line with notes and rests. The bass staff contains a bass line with notes and rests. The lyrics are: "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;"

Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It also consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains a vocal line with lyrics and a melodic line. The bass staff contains a bass line. The lyrics are: "Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711)

Music: Geneva Psalter (1551) Edition: Louis Bourgeois (1510-1561); Public Domain

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

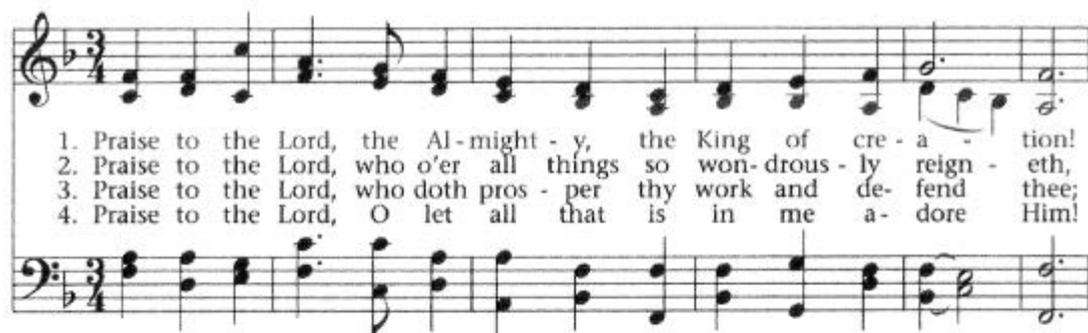
1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, to his feet your trib - ute bring;
2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor to our fa - thers in dis - tress;
3. Fa - ther - like, he tends and spares us; well our fee - ble frame he knows;
4. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish, blows the wind and it is gone;
5. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; you be - hold him face to face;

ran - sored, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, who, like me, his praise should sing?
praise him, still the same for - ev - er, slow to chide and swift to bless;
• in his hands he gent - ly bears us, res - cues us from all our foes;
but while mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on.
sun and moon, bow down be - fore him, dwell - ers all in time and space,

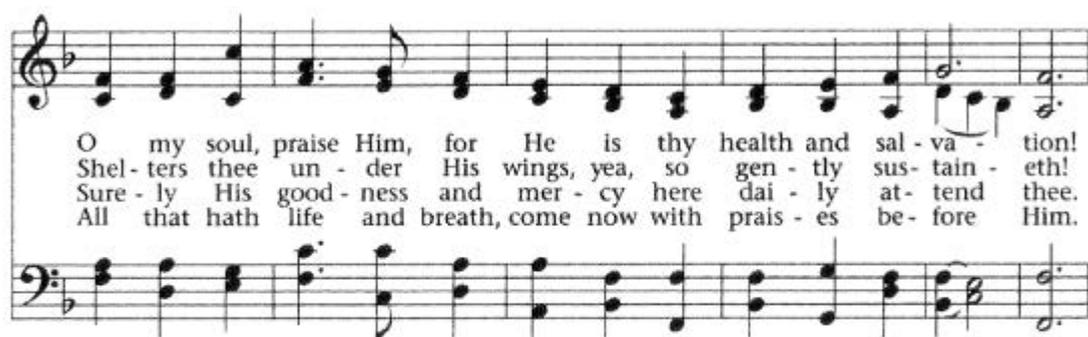
Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.
• praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, wide - ly as his mer - cy goes.
Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, praise the High E - ter - nal One.
praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, praise with us the God of grace.

Service Music

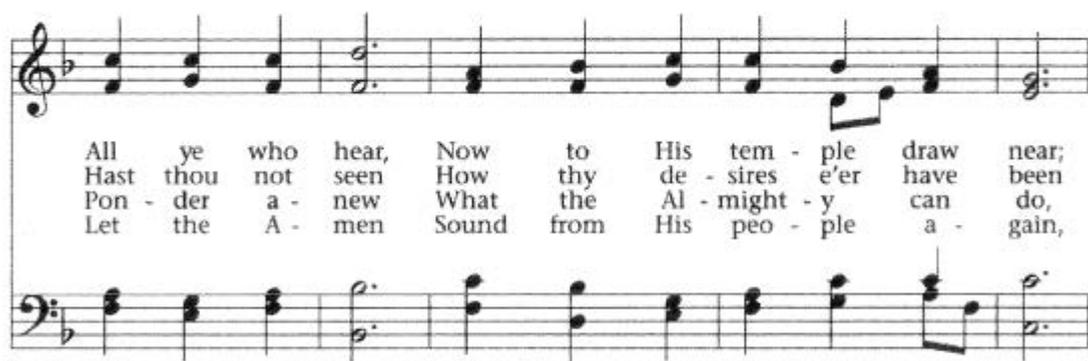
Praise to the Lord, the Almighty



1. Praise to the Lord, the Al-might - y, the King of cre - a - tion!
2. Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so won-drous - ly reign - eth,
3. Praise to the Lord, who doth pros - per thy work and de - fend thee;
4. Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in me a - dore Him!



O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal - va - tion!
Shel - ters thee un - der His wings, yea, so gen - tly sus - tain - eth!
Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy here dai - ly at - tend thee.
All that hath life and breath, come now with prais - es be - fore Him.



All ye who hear, Now to His tem - ple draw near;
Hast thou not seen How thy de - sires e'er have been do,
Pon - der a - new What the Al - might - y can gain,
Let the A - men Sound from His peo - ple a -



Praise Him in glad ad - o - ra - tion.
Grant - ed in what He or - dain - eth?
If with His love He be - friend thee.
Glad - ly for aye we a - dore Him.

Words: German Hymn, Joachim Neander (1650-1680), tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)
Music: Stralsund Gesangbuch (1665); harm. W. Sterndale Bennett (1816-1875), Public Domain

1. Pre - cious Lord, take my hand, Lead me on, help me stand — I am
 2. When my way grows drear, Pre - cious Lord, lin - ger near — When my

tired, I am weak, I am worn; Thro' the storm, thro' the night, Lead me
 life is al - most gone; Hear my cry, hear my call, Hold my

on to the light — Take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.
 hand lest I fall — Take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.

Words: Thomas A. Dorsey (1899-1993)

Music: George N. Allen (1812-1877); adapt. Thomas A Dorsey; © 1938 Hill & Range Songs (CCLI# 264766)

Preserve Us, Lord

1. Pre - serve us, Lord, in this world's strife; we
 2. Pre - serve us, Lord, from e - vil's ways, a -
 3. Pre - serve us, Lord, from Thy just wrath, nor
 4. Pre - serve us, Lord! Thy peo - ple save! In

fear but Thee, our Strength, our Life. What foe hath pow'r o'er
 bound - ing in these dread - ful days. The wick - ed sound the
 lay us bare in judg - ment's path, but clothe Thy church in
 Christ up - raise us from the grave. Re - ceive Thy saints on

death and Hell? Thou shalt de - fend Thine Is - ra - el!
 call to sin; how quick - ly we have fal - len in!
 blood - wash'd robes; the cleans - ing stream at Cal - v'ry flows.
 Zi - on's shore to reign with Thee for ev - er - more.

Rejoice, the Lord Is King

1. Re - joice, the Lord is King: Your Lord and King a - dore!
2. Je - sus, the Sav - ior, reigns, The God of truth and love;
3. His king - dom can - not fail, He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
4. Re - joice in glo - rious hope! Our Lord and judge shall come

Re - joice, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more: Lift
When He had purged our stains, He took His seat a - bove: Lift
The keys of death and hell, Are to our Je - sus giv'n: Lift
And take His ser - vants up To their e - ter - nal home: Lift

up your heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!
up your heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!
up your heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!
up your heart, lift up your voice! Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice!

Preparation Music

Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart

1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing
2. Bright youth and snow - crowned age, Strong men and maid - ens fair,
3. Yes, on thro' life's long path, Still sing - ing as ye go;
4. Still lift your stan - dard high, Still march in firm ar - ray,

Be - neath the stan - dard of your God, The cross of Christ your King.
Raise high your free, ex - ult - ing song, God's won - drous praise de - clare.
From youth to age, by night and day, In glad - ness and in woe.
As war - riors thro' the dark - ness toil Till dawns the gold - en day.

Re - joice, Re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing.
Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice,

Ride On! Ride On in Majesty

1 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho -
 2 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride
 3 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an - gel ar - mies
 4 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Thy last and fierc - est
 5 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride

san - na cry; thy hum - ble beast pur - sues his road
 on to die; O Christ, thy tri - umphs now be - gin
 of the sky look down with sad and won - d'ring eyes
 strife is nigh; the Fa - ther on his sap - phire throne
 on to die; bow thy meek head to mor - tal pain,

with palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed.
 o'er cap - tive death and con - quer'd sin.
 to see th'ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice.
 ex - pects his own a - noint - ed Son.
 then take, O God, thy pow'r, and reign.

Preparation Music

Rock of Ages

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide
2. Not the la - bors of my hands can ful - fill
3. No - thing in my hand I bring, sim - ply to
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes

my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
thy law's de - mands; Could my zeal no res - pite know,
thy cross I cling; Na - ked, come to thee for dress;
shall close in death, When I soar to worlds un - known,

from thy wound - ed side which flowed, Be of sin the
could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin could
Help - less, look to thee for grace; Foul, I to the
see Thee on thy judg - ment throne, Rock of A - ges,

dou - ble cure, save from wrath and make me pure.
not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foun - tain fly; wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
cleft for me, let me hide my - self in Thee.

Rock of Ages

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee;
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands can ful - fil thy law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, sim - ply to thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, when mine eye - lids close in death,

let the wa - ter and the blood, from thy riv - en side which flowed,
 could my zeal no res - pite know, could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 na - ked, come to thee for dress; help - less, look to thee for grace;
 when I soar to worlds un - known, see thee on thy judg - ment throne.

be of sin the dou - ble cure, cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r,
 all for sin could not a - tone; thou must save, and thou a - lone,
 foul, I to the Foun - tain fly; wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee.

Romans Doxology



1. Oh, the depth of the riches, — the wisdom of God, how un-
2. Oh, the depth of the riches, — the wisdom of God, how mag-
3. Oh, the depth of the riches, — the wisdom of God, how im-



search - a - ble are His ways. How pro - found are His judg - ments so
ni - fi - cent are His ways. Who has been His ad - vis - or — and
meas - 'ra - ble is His grace. How un - fail - ing His kind - ness, — so



high a - bove our thoughts, and His path - ways no man can trace.
who has coun - seled Him, all He gives us who can re - pay? For —
far re - moved His wrath, and His mer - cies are new each day.



from — Him and through — Him and to Him are all things,



to Him be glo - ry for - ev - er more. To Him be glo - ry for - ev - er. A -



men! A - men! A - - - men!

Savior, Teach Me Day by Day

1. Sav - ior, teach me day by day Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
2. With a child's glad heart of love At Thy bid - ding may I move,
3. Teach me thus Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace,
4. Thus may I re - joice to show That I feel the love I owe;

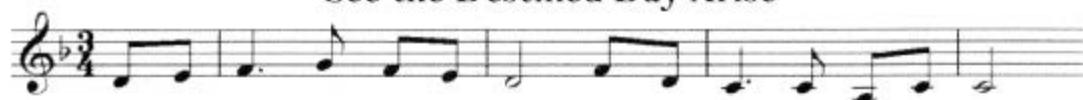
The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Learn - ing how to love from Thee, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
Sing - ing, till Thy face I see, Of His love who first loved me.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Preparation Music

See the Destined Day Arise



1. See the des - tined day a - rise! See a wil - ling sac - ri - fice!
2. Who but Christ had dared to drain, steeped in gall, the cup of pain,
3. Ho - ly Je - sus, grant us grace in that sac - ri - fice to place



Je - sus, to re - deem our loss, hangs up - on the shame - ful cross;
And with ten - der bo - dy bear thorns, and nails, and pierc - ing spear?
All our trust for life re - newed, Par - doned sin, and prom - ised good.



Je - sus, who but You could bear wrath so great and just - ice fair?
Slain for us, the wa - ter flowed, ming - led from your side with blood;
Grant us grace to sing your praise, 'round your throne through end - less days.



Ev - ery pang and bit - ter throe, fin - ish - ing your life of woe?
Sign to all at - tes - ting eyes of the fin - ished sac - ri - fice,
Ev - er with the sons of light: "Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, might!"



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Lamb of God for sin - ners slain!



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus Christ, we praise your name!



*Words (verses): Venantius Forinatus (c. 530-c. 600), tr. Richard Mant (1837), Public Domain;
Words (chorus) and Music: Matt Merker, 2012*

See, What a Morning

See, what a morning, gloriously bright,
With the dawning of hope in Jerusalem;
Folded the graveclothes, tomb filled with light,
As the angels announce Christ is risen.

See God's salvation plan,
Wrought in love, born in pain, paid in sacrifice,
Fulfilled in Christ, the Man,
For He lives: Christ is risen from the dead!

See Mary weeping, 'Where is He laid?'
As in sorrow she turns from the empty tomb.
Hears a voice speaking, calling her name;
It's the Master, the Lord raised to life again!
The voice that spans the years,
Speaking life, stirring hope, bringing peace to us,
Will sound till He appears,
For He lives, Christ is risen from the dead!

One with the Father, Ancient of Days,
Through the Spirit who clothes faith with certainty,
Honor and blessing, glory and praise
To the King crowned with pow'r and authority.
And we are raised with Him,
Death is dead, love has won, Christ has conquered;
And we shall reign with Him,
For He lives, Christ is risen from the dead!

CAROL* | SILENT NIGHT

*Congregation rises to sing at the end of the one-verse instrumental introduction

1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright Round yon
2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Dark - ness flies, all is light; Shep - herds
3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light Ra - diant
4. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Won - drous star, lend thy light; With the

vir - gin moth - er and child! Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild,
hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,
an - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King;

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Christ the Sav - ior is born."
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Christ the Sav - ior is born.

Words: Joseph Mohr (1792-1848); tr. st. 1,3, John Freeman Young (1820-1885); tr. st. 2,4, Anonymous
Music: Franz Gruber (1787-1863), Public Domain

So Send I You

1. So send I you to la - bor un - re - ward - ed, To serve un -
2. So send I you to bind the bruised and bro - ken. O'er wand - ring
3. So send I you to lone - li - ness and long - ing. With heart a -
4. So send I you, to bear My cross with pa - tience. And then one

paid. un - loved, un - sought, un - known, To bear re - buke, to
souls to work, to weep, to wake. To bear the bur - dens
hung - ring for the loved and known, For - sak - ing home and
day with joy to lay it down, To hear My voice, "Well

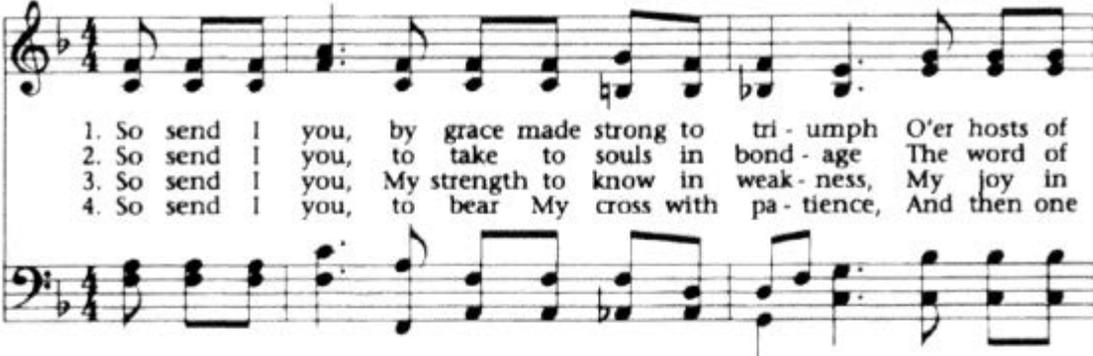
suf - fer scorn and scof - fing, So send I you to toil for
of a world a - wear - y, So send I you to suf - fer
kin - dred, friend and dear one, So send I you to know My
done, My faith - ful ser - vant, Come share My throne, My King dom.

Me a - lone: To bear re - buke, to suf - fer scorn and
for My sake; To bear the bur - dens of a world a -
love a - lone; For - sak - ing home and kin - dred, friend and
and My crown;" To hear My voice, "Well done, My faith - ful

scof - fing, So send I you to toil for Me a - lone.
wear - y. So send I you to suf - fer for My sake.
dear one. So send I you to know My love a - lone.
ser - vant, Come share My throne, My King - dom, and My crown."

Preparation Music

So Send I You



1. So send I you, by grace made strong to tri - umph O'er hosts of
2. So send I you, to take to souls in bond - age The word of
3. So send I you, My strength to know in weak - ness, My joy in
4. So send I you, to bear My cross with pa - tience, And then one



hell, o'er dark - ness, death, and sin, My name to bear, and in that
truth that sets the cap - tive free, To break the bonds of sin, to
grief, My per - fect peace in pain, To prove My pow'r, My grace, My
day with joy to lay it down, To hear My voice, "Well done, My



name to con - quer, So send I you, My vic - to - ry to win.
loose death's fet - ters, So send I you, to bring the lost to Me.
prom - ised pres - ence, So send I you, e - ter - nal fruit to gain.
faith - ful ser - vant, Come, share My throne, My king - dom and My crown!"

Preparation Music

Soldiers of Christ

1. Sol - diers of Christ, in truth ar - rayed, A world in
2. His gos - pel to the lost pro - claim, Good news for
3. Morn - ing and eve - ning sow the seed, God's grace the
4. We meet to part, but part to meet When earth - ly

ru - ins needs your aid: A world by sin de - stroyed and
all in Je - sus' name; Let light up - on the dark - ness
ef - fort shall suc - ceed. Seed - times of tears have oft been
la - bors are com - plete, To join in yet more blest em -

dead; A world for which the Sav - ior bled.
break That sin - ners from their death - may wake.
found With sheaves of joy and plen - ty crowned.
ploy, In an e - ter - nal world of joy.

Speak, O Lord

1. Speak, O Lord, as we come to You to re - ceive the food of your
2. Teach us, Lord, full o - be - di - ence, ho - ly rev - er - ence, true hu -
3. Speak, O Lord, and re - new our minds; help us grasp the heights of your

ho - ly Word. Take your truth, plant it deep in us; shape and fash-ion us
mil - i - ty, Test our thoughts and our at - ti-tudes in the rad - i-ance
plans for us. Truths un-changed from the dawn of time, that will ech - o down

in your like - ness, That the light of Christ might be seen to-day
of your pur - i - ty. Cause our faith to rise, cause our eyes to see
through e - ter - ni-ty. And by grace we'll stand on your prom - is - es,

in our acts of love and our deeds of faith. Speak, O Lord, and ful -
Your ma - jes - tic love and au - thor - i - ty: Words of pow'r that can
And by faith we'll walk as You walk with us. Speak, O Lord, 'til your

fill in us all your pur - pos - es for your glo - ry.
nev - er fail; let their truth pre-vail o - ver un - be - lief.
church is built, and the earth is filled with Your glo - ry.

Speed Thy Servants

1. Speed Thy ser - vants, Sav - ior, speed them; Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
 2. Friends, and home, and all for - sak - ing, Lord they go at Thy com - mand;
 3. When they think of home, now dear - er Than it ev - er seemed be - fore,
 4. Where no fruit ap - pears to cheer them, And they seem to toil in vain,
 5. In the midst of op - po - si - tion, Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
 6. There to reap in joy for - ev - er Fruit that grows from seed here sown,

They were bound, but Thou has freed them; Now they go to free the slaves.
 As their stay Thy pro - mise tak - ing, While they tra - verse sea and land:
 Bring the pro - mised glo - ry near - er, Let them see that peace - ful shore,
 Then in mer - cy, Lord, draw near them, Then their sink - ing hopes sus - tain;
 When suc - cess at - tends their mis - sion, Let Thy ser - vants hum - bler be;
 There to be with Him who ne - ver Cea - ses to pre - serve His own,

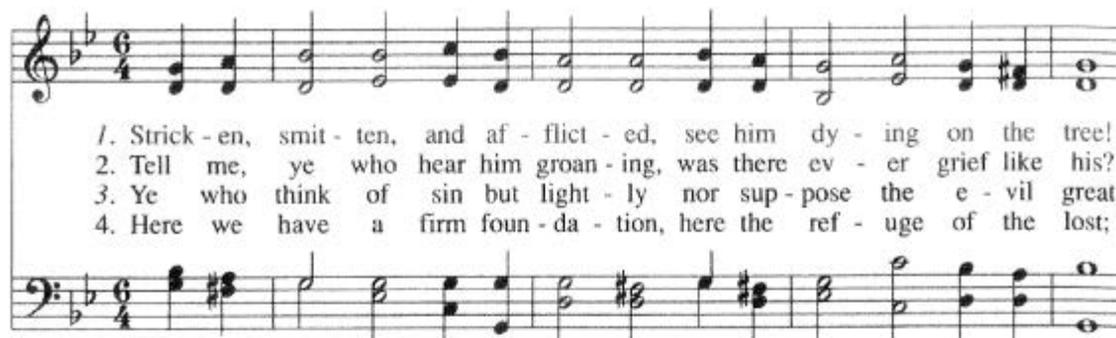
Be Thou with them! Be thou with them! 'Tis Thine arm a - lone that saves.
 O be with them! O be with them! Lead them safe - ly by the hand.
 Where Thy peo - ple, Where Thy peo - ple Rest from toil and weep no more.
 Thus sup - port - ed, Thus sup - port - ed, Let their zeal re - vive a - gain.
 Ne - ver leave them, Ne - ver leave them Till Thy face in heav'n they see.
 And with glad - ness, And with glad - ness, Give the praise to Him a - lone.

Be Thou with them! Be Thou with them! 'Tis Thine arm a - lone that saves.
 O be with them! O be with them! Lead them safe - ly by the hand.
 Where Thy peo - ple, Where Thy peo - ple Rest from toil and weep no more.
 Thus sup - port - ed, Thus sup - port - ed, Let their zeal re - vive a - gain.
 Ne - ver leave them, Ne - ver leave them, Till Thy face in heav'n they see.
 And with glad - ness, And with glad - ness, Give the praise to Him a - lone.

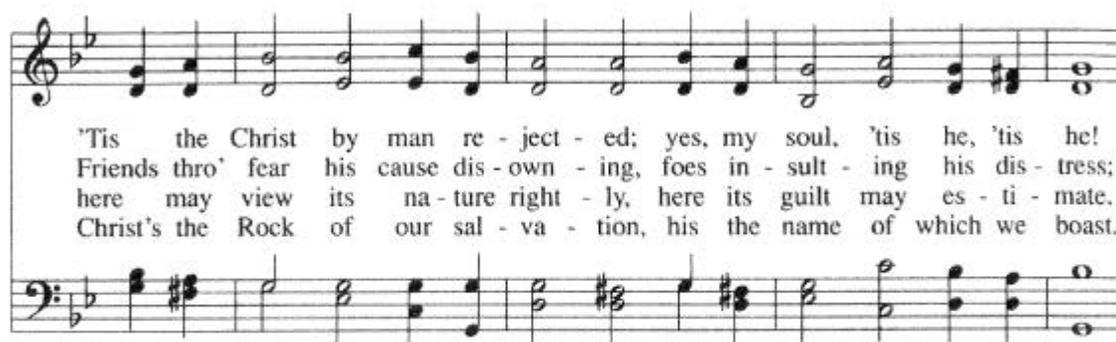
Words: Thomas Kelly (1769-1855), Public Domain

Music: The Sacred Harp, 1844; harm. James H. Wood, © 1958 Broadman Press, (CCLI# 964766)

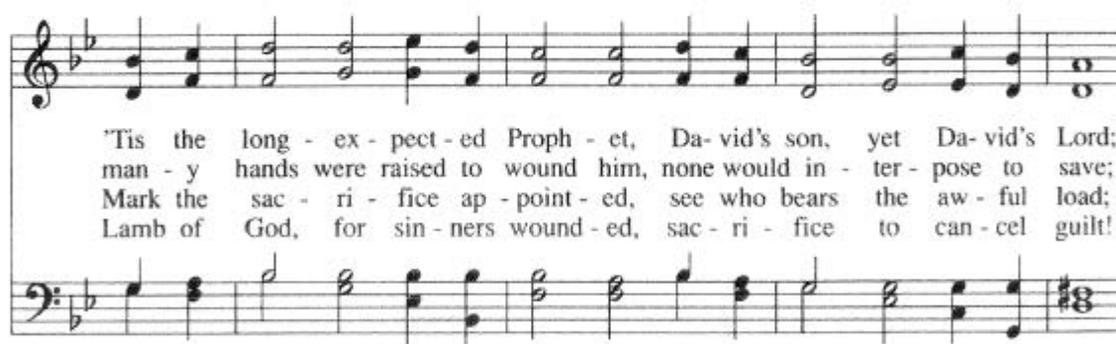
Stricken, Smitten and Afflicted



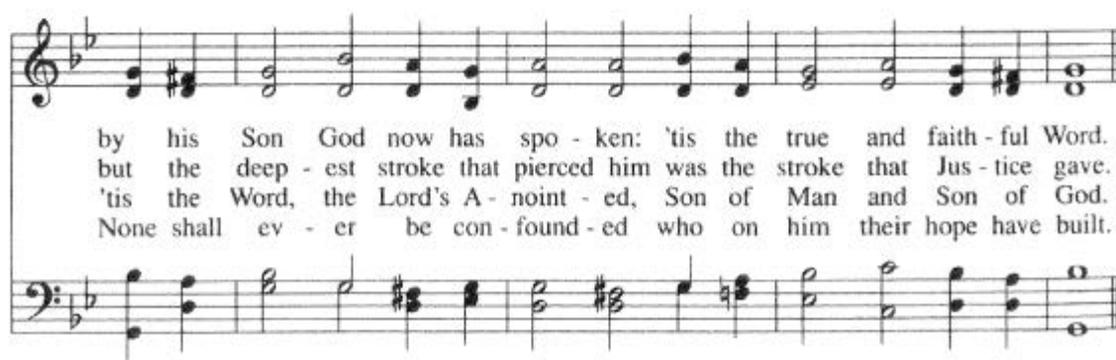
1. Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, see him dy - ing on the tree!
2. Tell me, ye who hear him groan - ing, was there ev - er grief like his?
3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly nor sup - pose the e - vil great
4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, here the ref - uge of the lost;



'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he!
Friends thro' fear his cause dis - own - ing, foes in - sult - ing his dis - tress;
here may view its na - ture right - ly, here its guilt may es - ti - mate.
Christ's the Rock of our sal - va - tion, his the name of which we boast.

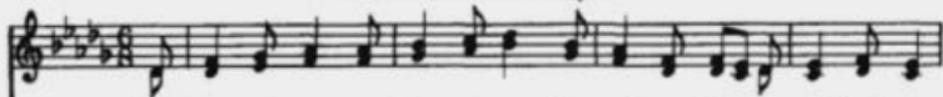


'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed Proph - et, Da - vid's son, yet Da - vid's Lord;
man - y hands were raised to wound him, none would in - ter - pose to save;
Mark the sac - ri - fice ap - point - ed, see who bears the aw - ful load;
Lamb of God, for sin - ners wound - ed, sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt!

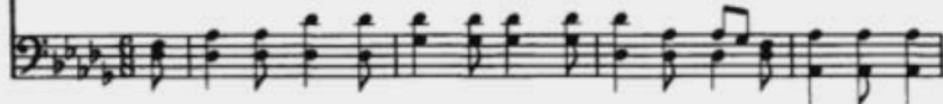


by his Son God now has spo - ken: 'tis the true and faith - ful Word.
but the deep - est stroke that pierced him was the stroke that Jus - tice gave.
'tis the Word, the Lord's A - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.
None shall ev - er be con - found - ed who on him their hope have built.

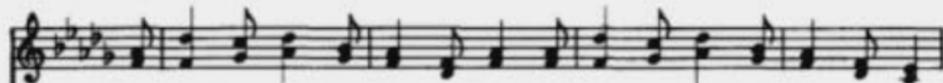
Sweet Hour of Prayer



1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so - la - tion share,



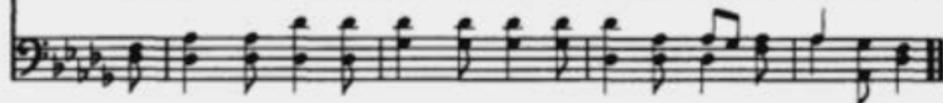
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;
To Him whose truth and faith-ful - ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pis-gah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:



In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;



And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!



*Note: Mount Pisgah is the site from which Moses viewed the Promised Land in Deut 34:1-4.

Words: William Walford (1772-1850); Music: William Bradbury (1816-1868), Public Domain

Take My Life and Let It Be

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed,
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti -
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would
4. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no

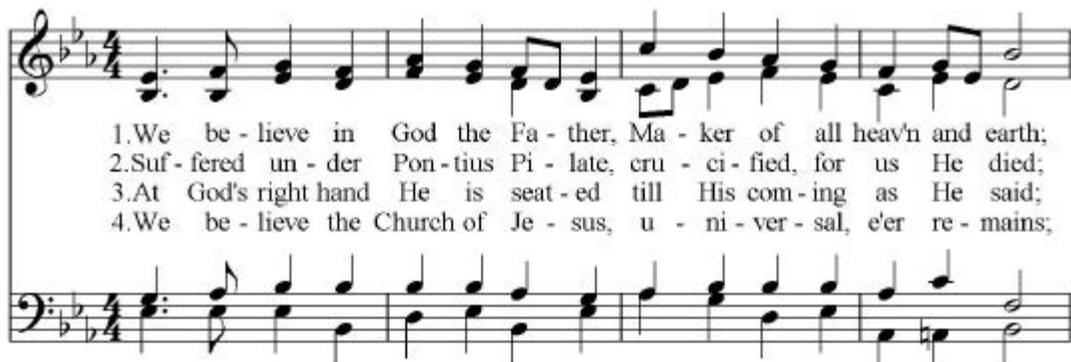
Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse
ful for Thee; Take my voice and let me sing Al- ways, on - ly,
I with - hold; Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in
lon - ger mine; Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy

of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
cease - less praise, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

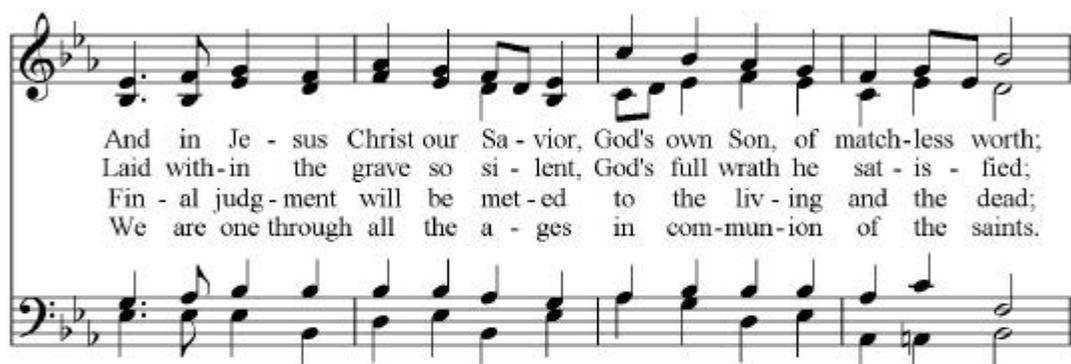
Words: Frances R. Havergal (1836-1879)

Music: Henri A. C. Malan (1787-1864); harm. Lowell Mason (1792-1872), Public Domain

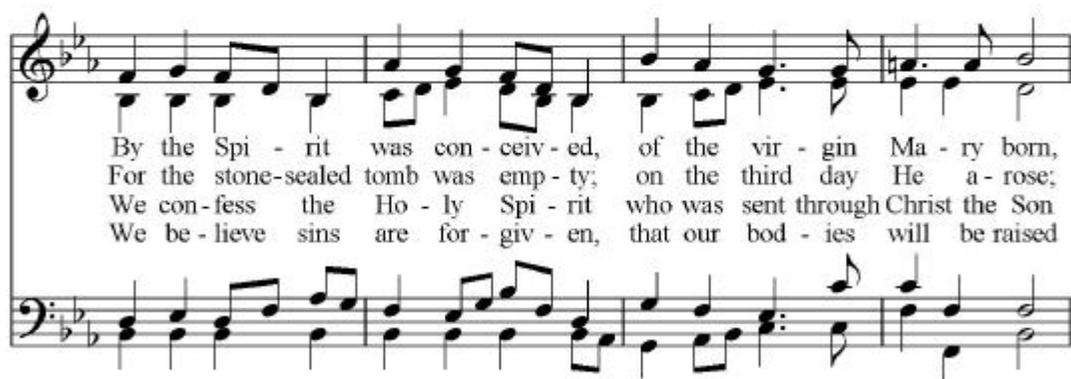
The Apostles' Creed



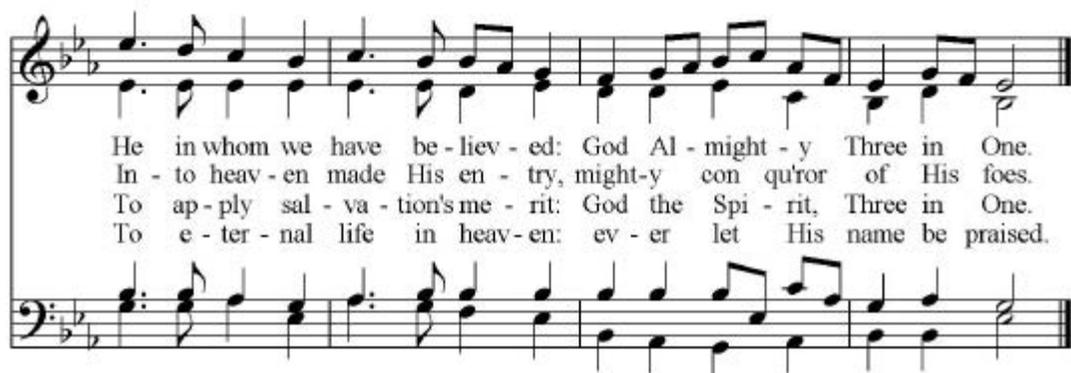
1. We be - lieve in God the Fa - ther, Ma - ker of all heav'n and earth;
2. Suf - fered un - der Pon - tius Pi - late, cru - ci - fied, for us He died;
3. At God's right hand He is seat - ed till His com - ing as He said;
4. We be - lieve the Church of Je - sus, u - ni - ver - sal, e'er re - mains;



And in Je - sus Christ our Sa - vior, God's own Son, of match - less worth;
Laid with - in the grave so si - lent, God's full wrath he sat - is - fied;
Fin - al judg - ment will be met - ed to the liv - ing and the dead;
We are one through all the a - ges in com - mun - ion of the saints.



By the Spi - rit was con - ceiv - ed, of the vir - gin Ma - ry born,
For the stone - sealed tomb was emp - ty; on the third day He a - rose;
We con - fess the Ho - ly Spi - rit who was sent through Christ the Son
We be - lieve sins are for - giv - en, that our bod - ies will be raised



He in whom we have be - liev - ed: God Al - might - y Three in One.
In - to heav - en made His en - try, might - y con - qu'ror of His foes.
To ap - ply sal - va - tion's me - rit: God the Spi - rit, Three in One.
To e - ter - nal life in heav - en: ev - er let His name be praised.

The Church's One Foundation

1. The church - 's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,

She is His new cre - a - tion, By Spir - it and the Word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride,
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
Till with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest,

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.

The First Nowell*

1. The first Now - ell the an - gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor
2. For all to see there was a star Shin - ing in the
3. And by the light of that same star The wise men
4. Then let us all with one ac - cord Sing prais - es

shep - herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay
east, be - yond them far, And to the earth it
came from coun - try far; To seek for a king was
to our heav - en - ly Lord Who hath made heav'n and

keep - ing their sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep.
gave great light, And so it con - tin - ued both day and night.
their in - tent, And to fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went.
earth of naught, And with His blood man - kind hath bought.

Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

* "Nowell" is an Anglicisation of the French "Noël," a term for Christmas from the Latin "natalis," or "birthday."
Words and Music: Anonymous, Traditional English Carol, Public Domain

The Gospel Song

Ho - ly God, in love, be - came
Per - fect Man to bear my blame.
On the cross He took my sin;
By His death I live a - gain. *(Repeat)*

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are placed below the treble staff of each system. The music features a simple harmonic structure with chords and single notes. The final system ends with a repeat sign.

The King of Glory Standeth



1. The King of Glo - ry stand - eth be - side the heart of sin;
2. At times, with sud - den glo - ry, He speaks, and all is done;
3. O Christ, Thy love is might - y, long - suf - fring is Thy grace;



His might - y voice com - man - deth the rag - ing waves with - in;
With one swift stroke of bat - tle the vic - to - ry is won,
And glo - rious is the splen - dor that beam - eth from Thy face.



The floods of deep - est an - guish roll back - ward at his will,
While we, with joy be - hold - ing, can scarce be - lieve it true
Our hearts up - leap in glad - ness when we be - hold that love,



As o'er the storm a - ris - eth His man - date, "Peace, be still."
That ev - en our Lord Je - sus can form such hearts a - new.
As we go sing - ing on - ward, to dwell with Thee a - bove.



The King of Love

1. The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My
 3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With
 5. Thou spread'st a ta - ble in my sight; Thine
 6. And so through all the length of days Thy

- 3 -

good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
 ran - somed soul He lead - eth, And where the ver - dant
 yet in love He sought me, And on His shoul - der
 Thee, dear Lord, be - side me; Thy rod and staff my
 unc - tion grace be - stow - eth; And O what trans - port
 good - ness fail - eth nev - er; Good Shep - herd, may I

I am His And He is mine for - ev - er.
 pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 gent - ly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
 com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
 of de - light From Thy pure chal - ice flow - eth!
 sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er.

The Law of God Is Good and Wise

1. The law of God is good and wise
 2. Its light of ho - li - ness im - parts
 3. To those who help in Christ have found
 4. When men the of - fered help dis - dain
 5. The law is good; but since the fall
 6. To Je - sus we for ref - uge flee,

And sets his will be - fore our eyes,
 The know - ledge of our sin - ful hearts
 And would in works of love a - bound
 And wil - ful - ly in sin re - main,
 Its ho - li - ness con - demns us all;
 Who from the curse has set us free,

Shows us the way of right - eous - ness,
 That we may see our lost es - tate
 It shows what deeds are his de - light
 Its ter - ror in their ear re - sounds
 It dooms us for our sin to die
 And hum - bly wor - ship at his throne,

And dooms to death when we trans - gress.
 And seek de - liv - rance ere too late.
 And should be done as good and right.
 And keeps their wick - ed - ness in bounds.
 And has no pow'r to jus - ti - fy.
 Saved by his grace through faith a - lone.

The Lord Is King

1. The Lord is King! Lift up your voice
 2. The Lord is King! Who then shall dare
 3. The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
 4. He reigns! O saints, ex - alt your strains;
 5. Come, make your wants, your bur - dens known;
 6. One Lord, one em - pire, all se - cures;

O earth, and all the heav'ns re - joice!
 Re - sist his will, dis - trust his care,
 The judge of all the earth is just;
 Your God is King, your Fa - ther reigns;
 Christ will pre - sent them at the throne;
 He reigns and life and death are yours;

From world to world the joy shall ring:
 Or mur - mur at his wise de - crees,
 Hol - y and true are all his ways;
 And he is at the Fa - ther's side,
 This world of ours and worlds un - seen:
 Through earth and heav'n one song shall ring:

"The Lord om - ni - po - tent is King!"
 Or doubt his roy - al prom - is - es?
 Let ev' - ry crea - ture speak his praise.
 The Man of love, the Cru - ci - fied.
 How thin the boun - dar - y be - tween!
 "The Lord om - ni - po - tent is King!"

Words: Josiah Conder (1789-1855), Public Domain

Music: Robert Jackson (1840-1914), ©1993 United Reformed Church, Oxford University Press (CCLI# 264766)

Preparation Music

The Lord's My Shepherd

1. The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want; he makes me down to lie
2. My soul he doth re - store a - gain; and me to walk doth make
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, yet will I fear none ill,
4. My ta - ble thou hast fur - nish - ed in pres - ence of my foes;
5. Good - ness and mer - cy all my life shall sure - ly fol - low me:

in pas - tures green; he lead - eth me the qui - et wa - ters by.
with - in the paths of righ - teous - ness, e'en for his own name's sake;
• for thou art with me; and thy rod and staff me com - fort still;
my head thou dost with oil a - noint, and my cup o - ver - flows.
and in God's house for - ev - er - more my dwell - ing place shall be;

He lead - eth me, he lead - eth me the qui - et wa - ters by.
with - in the paths of righ - teous - ness, e'en for his own name's sake.
• for thou art with me, and thy rod and staff me com - fort still.
My head thou dost with oil a - noint, and my cup o - ver - flows.
and in God's house for - ev - er - more my dwell - ing place shall be.

Preparation Music

The Love of Christ Is Rich and Free (cont.)

2, 4.

(2.) end. Love can - not from its post with - draw;

(4.) part. Love can - not from its post with - draw;

Nor death, nor hell, nor sin, nor law,
Nor death, nor hell, nor sin, nor law,

Can turn the Sur - ety's heart a - way;
Can turn the Sur - ety's heart a - way;

He'll love His own to end - less day.
He'll love His own to end - less day.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked '2, 4.' (half note = 2, quarter note = 4). The score includes two endings: a 2-measure ending and a 4-measure ending. The lyrics are: 'Love can - not from its post with - draw;'. The first system includes the 2-measure ending and the 4-measure ending. The second system includes the lyrics: 'Nor death, nor hell, nor sin, nor law, Nor death, nor hell, nor sin, nor law,'. The third system includes the lyrics: 'Can turn the Sur - ety's heart a - way; Can turn the Sur - ety's heart a - way;'. The fourth system includes the lyrics: 'He'll love His own to end - less day. He'll love His own to end - less day.'.

Words: William Gadsby (1774-1844), Public Domain;

Music: Sandra McCracken, © 2001 Same Old Dress Music (ASCAP) (CCLI #264766)

The Love of Christ Is Rich and Free

1. The love of Christ is rich and free;
 2. His lov - ing heart en - gaged to be
 3. Love has re - deemed His sheep with blood;
 4. He loves through ev - ery chang - ing scene,
 5. At death, be - yond the grave, He'll love;

Fixed on his own e - ter - nal - ly;
 Their ev - er - last - ing Sur - e - ty;
 And love will bring them safe to God.
 Nor aught from Him can Zi - on wean;
 In end - less bliss, His own shall prove

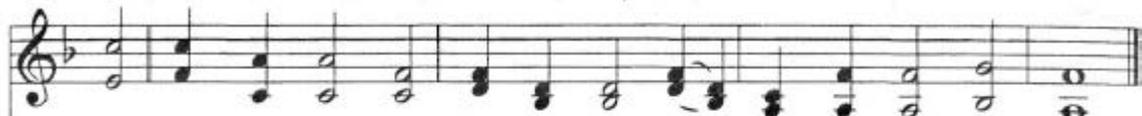
Nor earth, nor hell, can it re - move;
 'Twas love that took their cause in hand.
 Love calls them all from death to life;
 Not all the wan - derings of her heart
 The blaz - ing glo - ry of that love

Long as He lives, His own He'll love. *(repeat to verse 2)*
 And love main - tains it to the end. *(continue to 2nd page)*
 And love will fin - ish all their strife. *(repeat to verse 4)*
 Can make His love for her de - part. *(continue to 2nd page)*
 Which ne - ver could from them re - move.

The Love of Christ Who Died for Me



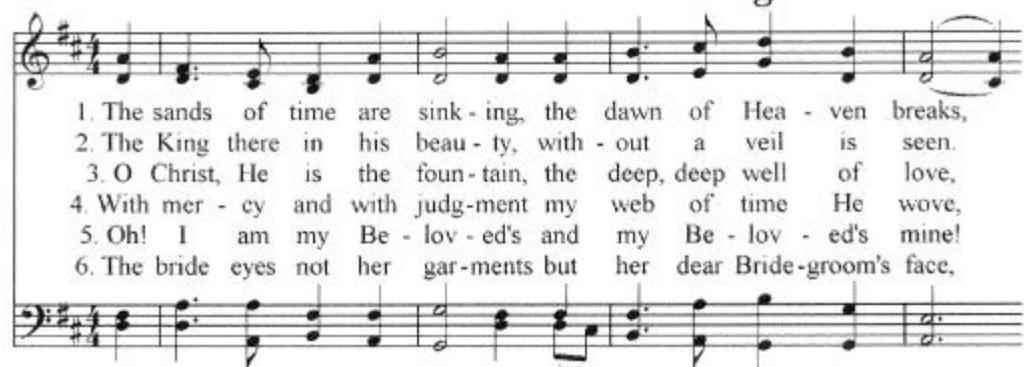
1. The love of Christ who died for me Is more than mind can know;
2. He came my sin - ful cause to plead, He laid His glo - ries by,
3. My sins I on - ly see in part, My self - re - gard - ing ways;
4. O liv - ing Lord of life, for whom The heav - ens held their breath,
5. Pos - sess my heart that it may be Your king - dom with - out end;



His mer - cy mea - sure - less and free To meet the debt I owe.
For me a home - less life to lead, A shame - ful death to die.
The se - cret plac - es of my heart Lie bare be - fore His gaze.
To see, tri - um - phant from the tomb, A love that con - quers death,
O Christ, who died for love of me And lives to be my friend.



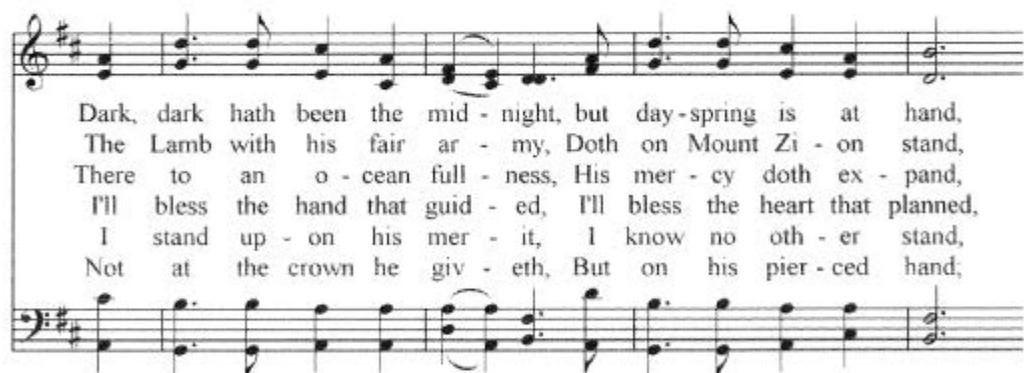
The Sands of Time Are Sinking



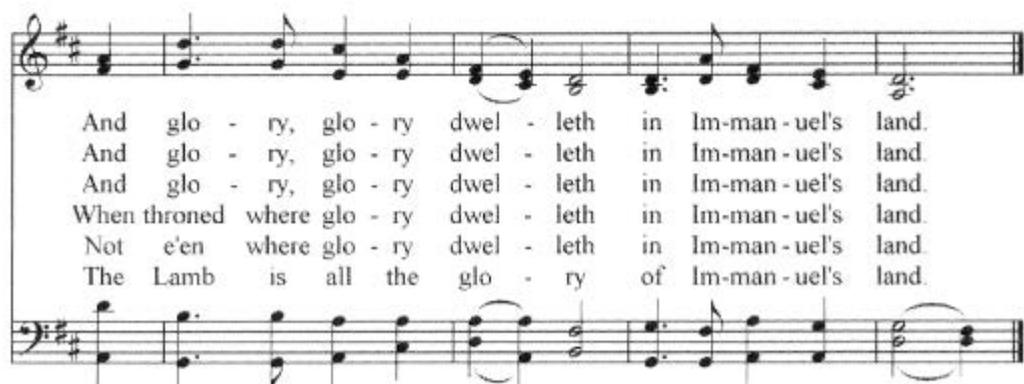
1. The sands of time are sink - ing, the dawn of Hea - ven breaks,
2. The King there in his beau - ty, with - out a veil is seen.
3. O Christ, He is the foun - tain, the deep, deep well of love,
4. With mer - cy and with judg - ment my web of time He wove,
5. Oh! I am my Be - lov - ed's and my Be - lov - ed's mine!
6. The bride eyes not her gar - ments but her dear Bride - groom's face,



The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, the fair sweet morn a - wakes,
It were a well spent jour - ney though sev'n deaths lay be - tween,
The streams on earth I've tast - ed, more deep I'll drink a - bove,
And aye the dews of sor - row were lus - tred with his love,
He brings a poor, vile sin - ner in - to his "house of wine,"
I will not gaze at glo - ry but on my King of Grace:



Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, but day - spring is at hand,
The Lamb with his fair ar - my, Doth on Mount Zi - on stand,
There to an o - cean full - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,
I stand up - on his mer - it, I know no oth - er stand,
Not at the crown he giv - eth, But on his pier - ced hand;



And glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
When throned where glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
Not e'en where glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
The Lamb is all the glo - ry of Im - man - uel's land.

*Words: Anne Ross Cousin (1857), based on the letters of Samuel Rutherford, Public Domain
Music: Connie Dever, 2009, used by permission*

The Solid Rock

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righ-teous-ness;
2. When dark-ness seems to hide His face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood Sup - port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trum-pet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the veil.
When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His righ-teous-ness a - lone, Fault-less to stand be - fore the throne.

On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

Preparation Music

The Steadfast Love of the Lord Never Ceases

The steadfast love of the Lord nev-er ceas - es, His
mer - cies nev - er_ come to an end. They are
new ev - 'ry morn - ing, new ev - 'ry morn - ing,
great is Thy faith - ful - ness, O Lord, great is Thy faith - ful -
ness, O Lord, great is Thy faith - ful - ness.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef for the voice parts and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

There Is a Fountain

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, drawn from Im - man - uel's
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see that foun - tain in his
 3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream your flow - ing wounds sup -
 4. When this poor lisp - ing stam - m'ring tongue lies si - lent in the
 5. Dear dy - ing Lamb, your pre - cious blood shall nev - er lose its

veins; And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, lose all their guilt - y
 day; And there have I, as vile as he, washed all my sins a -
 ply, Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, and shall be till I
 grave, Then in a no - bler sweet - er song I'll sing your pow'r to
 pow'r, Till all the ran - somed church of God be saved to sin no

stains: Lose all their guilt - y stains, lose all their guilt - y stains;
 way: Washed all my sins a - way, washed all my sins a - way;
 die: And shall be till I die, and shall be till I die;
 save: I'll sing your pow'r to save, I'll sing your pow'r to save;
 more: Be saved to sin no more, be saved to sin no more;

And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, lose all their guilt - y stains.
 And there have I, as vile as he, washed all my sins a - way.
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.
 Then in a no - bler sweet - er song I'll sing your pow'r to save.
 Till all the ran - somed church of God be saved to sin no more.

There Is a Happy Land

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
2. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,
3. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; Why will you doubting stand?

Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-thy is our
Love can-not die. Oh, then, to glo-ry run; Be a crown and
Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and

Sav-ior King;" Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
king-dom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more.
sor-row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev-er-more.

Preparation Music

Thine Be the Glory

1. Thine be the glo - ry, ris - en, con - qu'ring Son; end - less is the
2. Lo! Je - sus meets us, ris - en from the tomb; lov - ing - ly he
3. No more we doubt thee, glo - rious Prince of life; life is naught with -

vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won; an - gels in bright rai - ment
greet us, scat - ters fear and gloom; let the church with glad - ness,
out thee: aid us in our strife; make us more than con - qu'rors,

rolled the stone a - way, kept the fold - ed grave - clothes,
hymns of tri - umph sing, for her Lord now liv - eth,
thro' thy death - less love: bring us safe thro' Jor - dan

where thy bod - y lay.
death hath lost its sting. Thine be the glo - ry, ris - en, con - qu'ring Son;
to thy home a - bove.

end - less is the vic - t'ry thou o'er death hast won.

Words: Edmond Budry (1884), Trans. Richard B. Hoyle (1929); Music: G. F. Handel (1747), Public Domain

Thou Who Wast Rich

1. Thou Who wast rich be-yond all splen-dor, all for love's sake
2. Thou Who art God be-yond all prais-ing, all for love's sake
3. Thou Who art love be-yond all tel-ling, Sa-vior and King,

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

be - cam - est poor; Thrones for a man - ger didst sur - ren - der,
be - cam - est Man; Stoop - ing so low, but sin - ners rais - ing
we wor - ship Thee. Im - man - u - el, with - in us dwel - ling,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

sap - phire - paved courts for stab - le floor. Thou Who wast rich
heav'n - wards by Thine e - ter - nal plan. Thou Who art God
make us what Thou wouldst have us be. Thou Who art love,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

be - yond all splen - dor, all for love's sake be - cam - est poor.
be - yond all prais - ing, all for love's sake be - cam - est Man.
be - yond all tel - ling, Sa - vior and King, we wor - ship Thee.

The fourth system concludes the piece with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Though Troubles Assail Us

1. Though trou - bles as - sail us and dan - gers af - fright,
 2. The birds, with - out gar - ner or store - house, are fed;
 3. When Sa - tan as - sails us to stop up our path,
 4. No strength of our own and no good - ness we claim;

though friends should all fail us and foes all u - nite,
 from them let us learn to trust God for our bread.
 and cour - age all fails us, we tri - umph by faith.
 yet, since we have known of the Sav - ior's great name,

yet one thing se - cures us, what - ev - er be - tide,
 His saints what is fit - ting shall ne'er be de - nied
 He can - not take from us, though oft he has tried,
 in this our strong tow - er for safe - ty we hide:

the prom - ise as - sures us, "The Lord will pro - vide."
 so long as 'tis writ - ten, "The Lord will pro - vide."
 this heart - cheer - ing prom - ise, "The Lord will pro - vide."
 the Lord is our pow - er, "The Lord will pro - vide."

Preparation Music

'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Him, Pre - cious Je - sus,

at His word; Just to rest up - on His prom - ise,
cleans - ing blood; Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me
self to cease; Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing
Sav - ior, Friend; And I know that He is with me,

Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
'Neath the heal - ing, cleans - ing flood!
Life and rest, and joy and peace. Je - sus, Je - sus,
Will be with me to the end.

how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

Preparation Music

To Calvary, Lord, in Spirit Now

1. To Cal - vary, Lord, in spir - it now,
2. Sweet rest - ing place of ev - ery heart
3. There through Thine hour of deep - est woe,
4. Dear suff - ering Lamb, Thy bleed - ing wounds
5. Our long - ing eyes would fain be - hold

Our wear - y souls re - pair,
That feels the plague of sin,
Thy suff - ering spir - it passed;
With cords of love di - vine,
That bright and bless - ed brow,

To dwell up - on Thy dy - ing love,
Yet knows that deep my - ster - ious joy,
Grace there its won - drous vic - tory gained,
Have drawn our will - ing hearts to Thee,
Once rung with bitt - erest ang - uish, wear

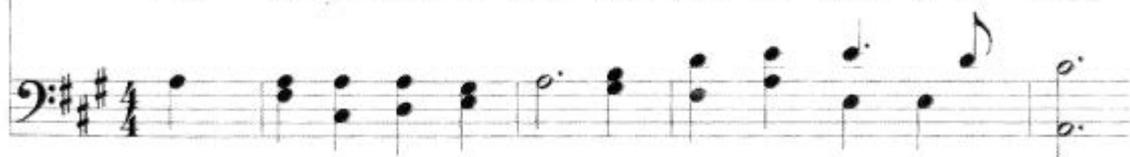
And taste its sweet - ness there,
That peace of God with - in
And love en - dured its last
And linked our life with Thine,
Its crown of glo - ry now.

Words Edward Denny (1796-1889); Music: "St. Columba," Traditional Irish Arrangement, Public Domain

To God the Only Wise



1. To God the on - ly wise, Our Sav - ior, and our King.
2. 'T is His al - migh - ty love, His coun - sel and His care,
3. He will pre - sent our souls Un - blem - ished and com - plete
4. Then all the cho - sen seed Shall meet a - round the throne;
5. To our Re - deem - er God, Wis - dom and Pow'r be - longs;



Let all the saints be - low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring.
Pre - serves us safe from sin and death, And ev - 'ry hurt - ful snare.
Be - fore the glo - ry of His face With joys di - vine - ly great.
Shall bless the con - duct of His grace, And make His won - ders known.
Im - mor - tal crowns of maj - es - ty And ev - er - last - ing songs.



Preparation Music

To the Praise of His Grace (cont.)

gi - ven us life from a - bove, Sent Je - sus to save the un -
ni - ted with Je - sus our King; God's kind - ness in all com - ing
fi - nal - ly take us home, To gaze on the beau - ty of

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a soprano or alto register, and the piano accompaniment is in a bass register. The music is in a 4/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note Bb4. The piano accompaniment begins with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a quarter note Bb3. The music continues with various rhythmic patterns and dynamics.

wor - thy: The great - est ex - pres - sion of love,
a - ges Will cause us to wor - ship and sing,
Je - sus: To God be the glo - ry a - lone,

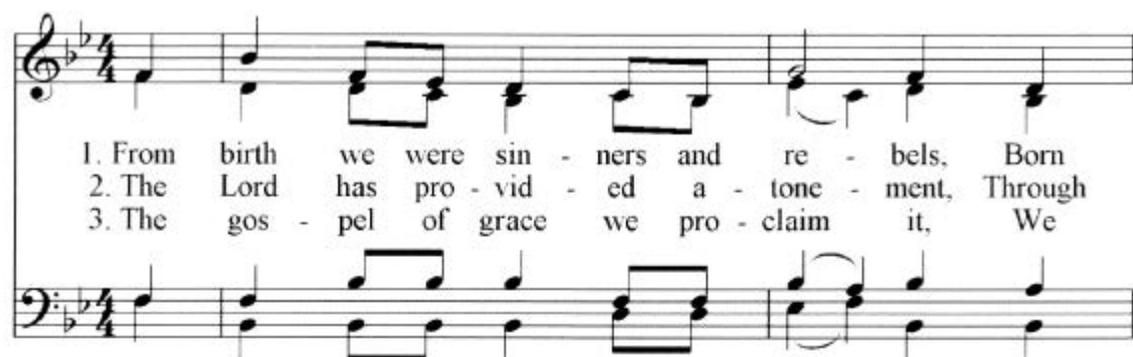
The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note Bb4. The piano accompaniment begins with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a quarter note Bb3. The music continues with various rhythmic patterns and dynamics.

The great - est ex - pres - sion of love!
Will cause us to wor - ship and sing!
To God be the glo - ry a - lone!

The third system of music concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note Bb4. The piano accompaniment begins with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a quarter note Bb3. The music continues with various rhythmic patterns and dynamics.

Preparation Music

To the Praise of His Grace



1. From birth we were sin - ners and re - bels, Born
2. The Lord has pro - vid - ed a - tone - ment, Through
3. The gos - pel of grace we pro - claim it, We



dead on a dan - ger - ous path; We fol - lowed the ways of the
faith in the Lamb we re - ceive; And we can - not boast for one
now live to spread Je - sus' fame; We la - bor, for God has or -



de - vil, By na - ture were child - ren of wrath;
mo - ment; It's on - ly by grace we be - lieve.
dained it, Good works for the sake of his name.



But God, be - ing rich in his mer - cy Has
We're seat - ed in heav - en - ly plac - es, U -
The same grace that saved us will keep us And

Victory in Jesus

1. I heard an old, old sto - ry, how a Sav - ior came from glo - ry,
 2. I heard a - bout His heal - ing, of His cleans - ing pow'r re - veal - ing,
 3. I heard a - bout a man - sion He has built for me in glo - ry,

How He gave His life on Cal - va - ry to save a wretch like me;
 How He made the lame to walk a - gain and caused the blind to see;
 And I heard a - bout the streets of gold be - yond the crys - tal sea;

I heard a - bout His groan - ing, of His pre - cious blood's a - ton - ing,
 And then I cried, "Dear Je - sus, come and heal my bro - ken spir - it,"
 A - bout the an - gels sing - ing, and the old re - demp - tion sto - ry,

Then I re - pent - ed of my sins and won the vic - to - ry.
 And some - how Je - sus came and bro't to me the vic - to - ry.
 And some sweet day I'll sing up there the song of vic - to - ry.

O vic - to - ry in Je - sus, my Sav - ior, for - ev - er, He sought me and

bo't me with His re - deem - ing blood; He loved me ere I knew Him, and all my

love is due Him, He plunged me to vic - to - ry, be - neath the cleans - ing flood.

let the de-vil lose all do-min-ion; For the
Lamb of God, he came! And the Lamb of God was
slain! And the Lamb of God was raised!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The time signature changes from 2/4 to 4/4 and back to 2/4. The lyrics are: "let the de-vil lose all do-min-ion; For the Lamb of God, he came! And the Lamb of God was slain! And the Lamb of God was raised!"

Preparation Music

Victory in the Lamb

1. He will clothe the poor with crowns in the king - dom He calls
2. And the hard times they will come, and the black clouds they will
3. We will fix our wan - d'ring eyes on the won - ders of our
4. Now the strong ones and the weak are the same un - der His

theirs. He will raise them to the halls of hea ven
break. But His rich - es come with the morn - ing sun,
Lord. By his sac - red stripes we have been healed,
blood. For emp - ty - hand - ed all must come

and re - lease their earth - ly cares.
and they grow green fields of grace. So let all
through his wounds our joys sup - plied.
to re - ceive His end - less love.

con - dem - na - tion cease, let guilt have no more claim,

Preparation Music

Wait, O My Soul

1. Wait, O my soul, thy Mak - er's will; Tu -
2. He in the thick - est dark - ness dwells, Per -
3. In heav'n and earth and air and seas, He
4. Wait then, my soul, sub - mis - sive wait; Fall

mul - tuous pas - sions, all be still! Nor
forms His work, the cause con - ceals; But
ex - e - cutes His firm de - crees; And
down be - fore His awe - ful seat; And

let a mur - m'ring thought a - rise;
though His meth - ods are un - known,
by His saints it stands con - fess'd,
'midst the ter - rors of His rod,

His ways are just, His coun - sels wise.
Judg - ment and truth sup - port His throne.
That what he does is ev - er best.
Trust in a wise and gra - cious God.

Words: Benjamin Beddome (1717-1795), v. 4 alt;

Melody: "Orientis Partibus" (12th c.), Arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1985), Public Domain

Preparation Music

We Come, O Christ, to Thee

1. We come, O Christ, to Thee, True Son of God and man, By Whom all things con-
2. Thou art the Way to God, Thy blood our ran-som paid; In Thee we face our
3. Thou art the liv - ing Truth! All wis-dom dwells in Thee, Thou Source of ev - ery
4. Thou on - ly art true Life, To know Thee is to live The more a - bund-ant
5. We wor-ship Thee, Lord Christ, Our Sav - ior and our King, To Thee our youth and

sist, In Whom all life be - gan: In Thee a - lone we
Judge And Mak - er un - a - fraid. Be - fore the throne ab -
skill, E - ter - nal Ver - i - ty! Thou great I Am! In
life That earth can nev - er give: O ris - en Lord! We
strength A - dor - ing - ly we bring: So fill our hearts, that

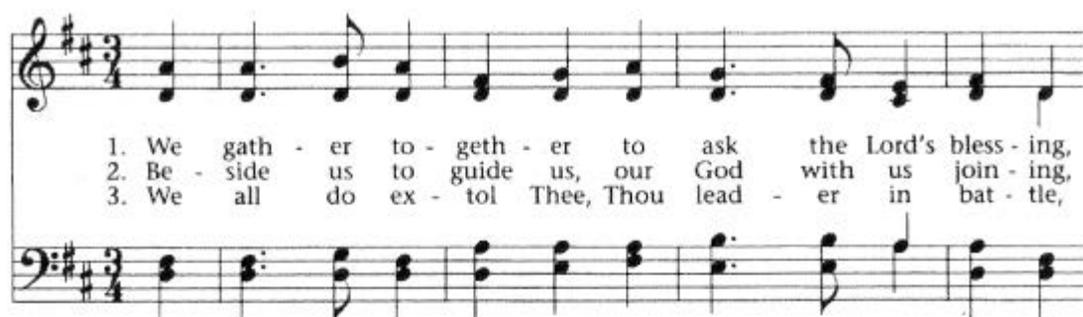
live and move, And have our be - ing in Thy love.
solved we stand, Thy love has met Thy law's de - mand.
Thee we rest, True an - swer to our ev - ery quest.
live in Thee, And Thou in us e - ter - nal - ly.
men may see Thy life in us, and turn to Thee.

Words: Margaret Clarkson (1915-2008) (CCLI #264766)

Music: William Croft (1678-1727), Public Domain

Preparation Music

We Gather Together



1. We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless - ing,
2. Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing,
3. We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou lead - er in bat - tle,



He chas - tens and has - tens His will to make known;
Or - dain - ing, main - tain - ing His king - dom di - vine;
And pray that Thou still our de - fend - er wilt be.



The wick - ed op - press - ing now cease from dis - tress - ing,
So from the be - gin - ning the fight we were win - ning,
Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape trib - u - la - tion;



Sing prais - es to His name, He for - gets not His own.
Thou, Lord, wast at our side: the glo - ry be Thine!
Thy name be ev - er praised: O Lord, make us free!

Words: Anonymous Dutch Hymn, 16th c., trans. Theodore Baker (1851-1934)
Music: Dutch Folk Song, harm. Edward Kremser (1898-1914), Public Domain

We Give Thee But Thine Own

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be;
2. May we Thy boun - ties thus As stew - ards true re - ceive,
3. The cap - tive to re - lease, To God the lost to bring,
4. And we be - lieve Thy Word, Though dim our faith may be;

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
And glad - ly as Thou bless - est us, To Thee our first-fruits give.
To teach the way of life and peace, It is a Christ-like thing.
What - e'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it un - to Thee.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

We Give Thee But Thine Own

The first system of music is written in a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, featuring a series of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be;"

The second system of music continues the piece in the same 4/4 time signature and key signature. It also consists of two staves. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "All that we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee."

We Rest on Thee

1. We rest on Thee, our Shield and our De - fen - der! We go not
 2. Yea, in Thy Name, O Cap - tain of sal - va - tion! In Thy dear
 3. We go in faith, our own great weak - ness feel ing, And need ing
 4. We rest on Thee, our Shield and our De - fen - der! Thine is the

forth a - lone a - gainst the foe; Strong in Thy strength, safe
 Name, all oth - er names a - bove; Je - sus our Right - eous -
 more each day Thy grace to know; Yet from our hearts a
 bat - tle, Thine shall be the praise. When pas - sing through the

in Thy keep - ing ten - der, We rest on Thee, and in Thy name we
 ness, our sure foun - da - tion, Our Prince of glo - ry and our King of
 song of tri - umph peal - ing; We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we
 gates of pear - ly splen - dor, Vic - tors, we rest with Thee, through end - less

go. Strong in Thy strength, safe in Thy keep - ing ten - der,
 love, Je - sus our Right - eous - ness, our sure foun - da - tion,
 go. Yet from our hearts a song of tri - umph peal - ing,
 days, When pas - sing through the gates of pear - ly splen - dor,

We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go.
 Our Prince of glo - ry and our King of love.
 We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go.
 Vic - tors, we rest with Thee through end - less days.

We Three Kings



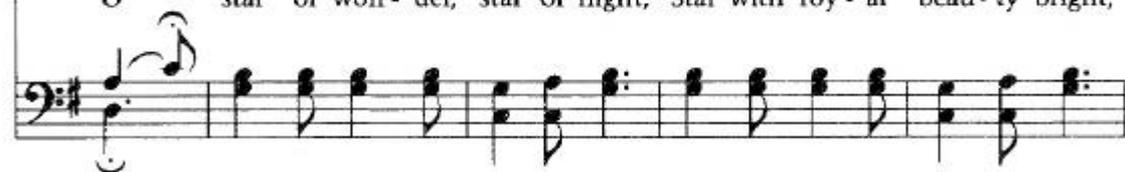
1. We three kings of Or - i - ent are: Bear - ing gifts we trav - erse a - far—
2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem's plain: Gold I bring to crown Him a - gain,
3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I, In - cense owns a De - i - ty nigh;
4. Myrrh is mine, its bit - ter per - fume Breathes a life of gath - er - ing gloom—
5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise: King and God and Sac - ri - fice;



Field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain—Fol - low - ing yon - der star.
King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign.
Prayer and prais - ing, all men rais - ing, Wor - ship Him, God on high.
Sor - r'wing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone - cold tomb.
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Earth to heav'n re - plies.



O star of won - der, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,



West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light.



Preparation Music

We Will Glorify

1. We will glo - ri - fy the King of kings, We will glo - ri - fy the Lamb;
2. Lord Je - ho - vah reigns in ma - jes - ty, We will bow be - fore His throne;
3. He is Lord of heav - en, Lord of earth, He is Lord of all who live;
4. Hal - le - lu - jah to the King of kings, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb;

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time, key of D major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

We will glo - ri - fy the Lord of lords, Who is the great I Am.
We will wor - ship Him in righ - teous - ness, We will wor - ship Him a - lone.
He is Lord a - bove the u - ni - verse, All praise to Him we give.
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lord of lords, Who is the great I Am.

The second system of music continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Words: Twila Paris, (1958-)

Music: Twila Paris, (1958-); arr. David Allen, Public Domain

We'll Work Till Jesus Comes

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come When I shall
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for
3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps to roam: With Him I'll

lay my ar - mor by And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till
com - fort on His breast Till He con - ducts me home. We'll work
brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n - ly home.

Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
We'll work

Words: Elizabeth Mills (1805-1829); Music: "O Land of Rest," William Miller, Public Domain

Silence for Reflection and Preparation: After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together this morning. When the piano resumes to mark the conclusion of the service, we invite all to stay around for conversation; refreshments are provided throughout the building.

Were the Whole Realm of Nature Mine

Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,

The first system of musical notation features a treble and bass clef in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

That were a pre - sent far too small;

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,

The third system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

The fourth system concludes the melody and bass line. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

What a Friend We Have in Jesus

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, Cum - bered with a load of care?

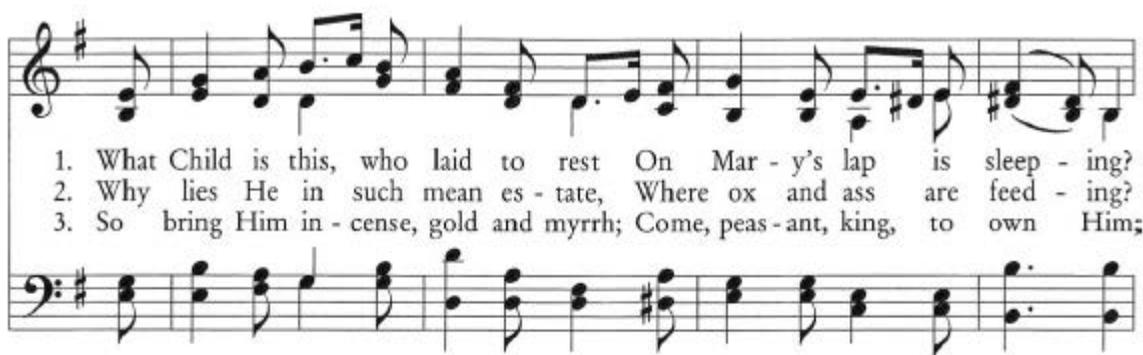
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer:
Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge; Take it to the Lord in prayer:

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

CAROL* | WHAT CHILD IS THIS

*Congregation rises to sing at the end of the one-verse instrumental introduction



1. What Child is this, who laid to rest On Mar - y's lap is sleep - ing?
2. Why lies He in such mean es - tate, Where ox and ass are feed - ing?
3. So bring Him in - cense, gold and myrrh; Come, peas - ant, king, to own Him;



Whom an - gels greet with an - thems sweet, While shep - herds watch are keep - ing?
Good Chris - tian, fear; for sin - ners here The si - lent Word is plead - ing.
The King of kings sal - va - tion brings, Let lov - ing hearts en - throne Him.



This, this is Christ the King, Whom shep - herds guard and an - gels sing;
Nails, spear shall pierce Him through, The cross be borne for me, for you.
Raise, raise a song on high, The vir - gin sings her lul - la - by.



Haste, haste, to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Mar - y!
Hail, hail the Word made flesh, The Babe, the Son of Mar - y!
Joy, joy, for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Mar - y!

Words: William C. Dix (1837-1898);

Music: Trad. English Melody, 16th c.; harm. John Stainer (1840-1901), Public Domain

What Though I Cannot Break My Chain

1. What though I can - not break my chain,
 2. Who, who shall in Thy pre - sence stand,
 3. Faith to be healed I fain would have,
 4. Bound down with twice ten thou - sand ties,
 5. Thou canst o'er - come this heart of mine,

Or e'er throw off my load,
 Or match Om - ni - po - tence;
 O might it now be giv'n;
 Yet let me hear Thy call;
 Thou wilt vic - tor - ious prove;

The things im - pos - si - ble for men
 Un - fold the grasp of Thy right hand
 Thou canst, Thou canst the sin - ner save,
 My soul in con - fi - dence shall rise,
 For ev - er - last - ing strength is Thine,

Are pos - si - ble to God.
 And pluck the sin - ner thence?
 And make me meet for heav'n.
 Shall rise and break through all.
 And ev - er - last - ing love.

What Wondrous Love Is This

1. What won - drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What
 2. When I was sink - ing down, sink - ing down, sink - ing down, When
 3. To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing; To
 4. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And

won - drous love is this, O my soul! What won - drous love is
 I was sink - ing down, sink - ing down, When I was sink - ing
 God and to the Lamb, I will sing. To God and to the
 when from death I'm free, I'll sing on. And when from death I'm

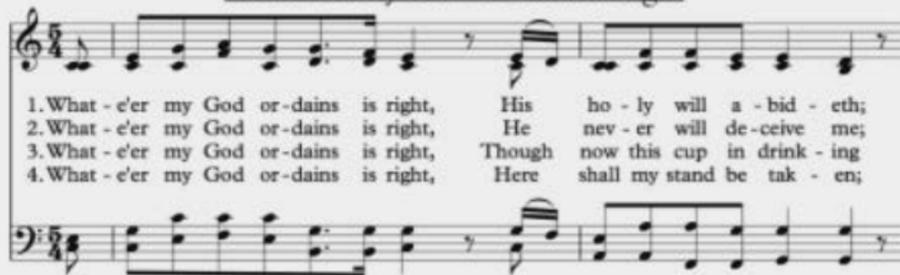
this That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread - ful curse
 down Be - neath God's righ - teous frown, Christ laid a - side His crown
 Lamb Who is the great "I Am"; While mil - lions join the theme,
 free I'll sing and joy - ful be; And thro' e - ter - ni - ty,

for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul.
 for my soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side His crown for my soul.
 I will sing, I will sing; While mil - lions join the theme, I will sing.
 I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And thro' e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing on.

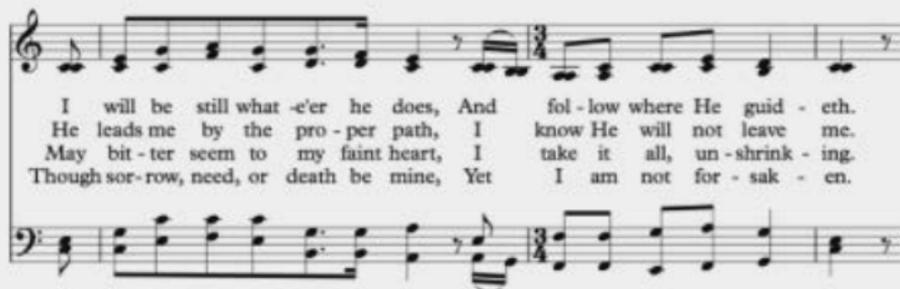
Words: American Folk Hymn

Music: Walker's Southern Harmony (1835), arr. William J. Reynolds (1920-2009), Public Domain

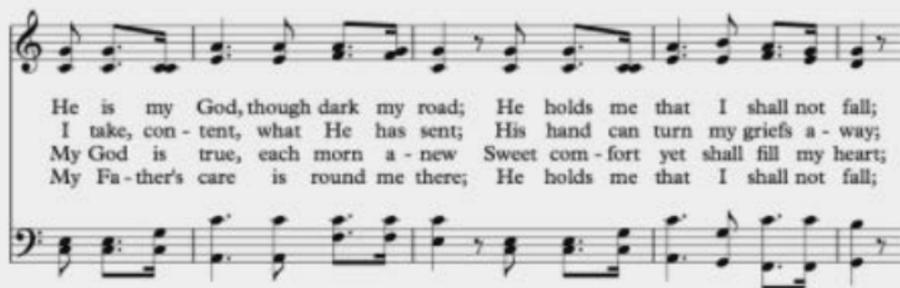
Whate'er My God Ordains Is Right



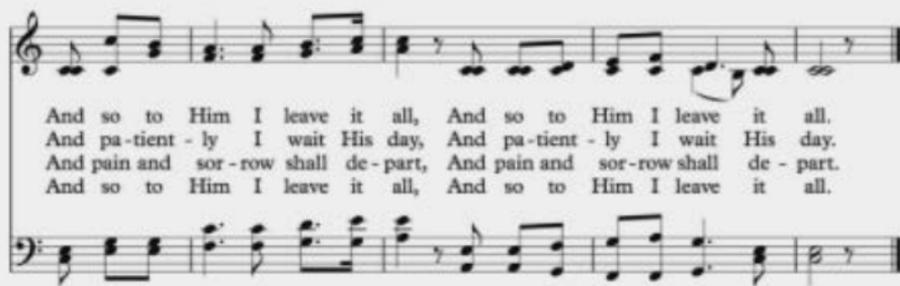
1. What - e'er my God or - dains is right, His ho - ly will a - bid - eth;
2. What - e'er my God or - dains is right, He nev - er will de - ceive me;
3. What - e'er my God or - dains is right, Though now this cup in drink - ing
4. What - e'er my God or - dains is right, Here shall my stand be tak - en;



I will be still what -e'er he does, And fol - low where He guid - eth.
He leads me by the pro - per path, I know He will not leave me.
May bit - ter seem to my faint heart, I take it all, un - shrink - ing.
Though sor - row, need, or death be mine, Yet I am not for - sak - en.



He is my God, though dark my road; He holds me that I shall not fall;
I take, con - tent, what He has sent; His hand can turn my griefs a - way;
My God is true, each morn a - new Sweet com - fort yet shall fill my heart;
My Fa - ther's care is round me there; He holds me that I shall not fall;



And so to Him I leave it all, And so to Him I leave it all.
And pa - tient - ly I wait His day, And pa - tient - ly I wait His day.
And pain and sor - row shall de - part, And pain and sor - row shall de - part.
And so to Him I leave it all, And so to Him I leave it all.

Words: Samuel Rodgus, 1675; tr. Catherine Winkworth, (1829-1878), Public Domain;
Music: Matt Merker & Keith Getty, © 2018 Getty Music Publishing & Matthew Merker Music (BMI)

Silence for Reflection and Preparation: After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together. The piano will resume to mark the conclusion of the service.

When I Can Read My Title Clear



1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled,
3. Let cares, like a wild de - luge come, And storms of sor - row fall!



I'll bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.



And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes,
And face a frown - ing world, And face a frown - ing world,
My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all,



I'll bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.



When I Survey the Wondrous Cross



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the cross of Christ my God:
3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, sor-row and love flow min-gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were an of-fering far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, and pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sa - cri-vice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - ma- zing, so di - vine, de-mands my soul, my life, my all!



When I Survey the Wondrous Cross



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

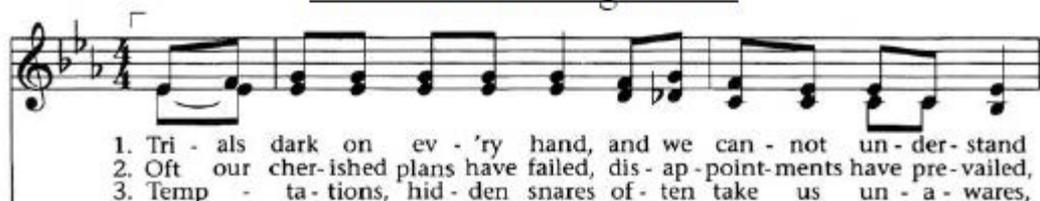


Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
love flow min - gled down; Did e'er such love and
pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,

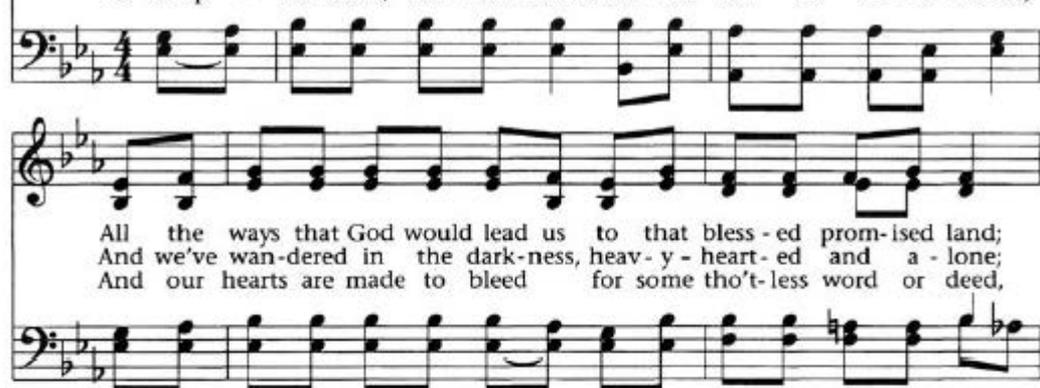


count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

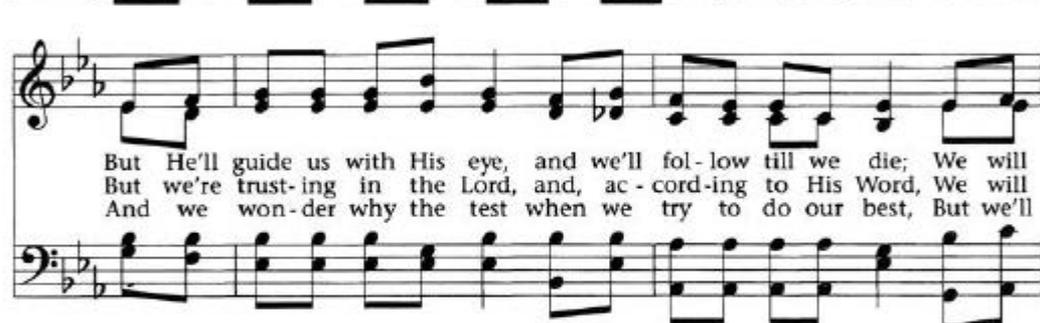
When the Morning Comes



1. Tri - als dark on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der - stand
2. Oft our cher - ished plans have failed, dis - ap - point - ments have pre - vailed,
3. Temp - ta - tions, hid - den snares of - ten take us un - a - wares,



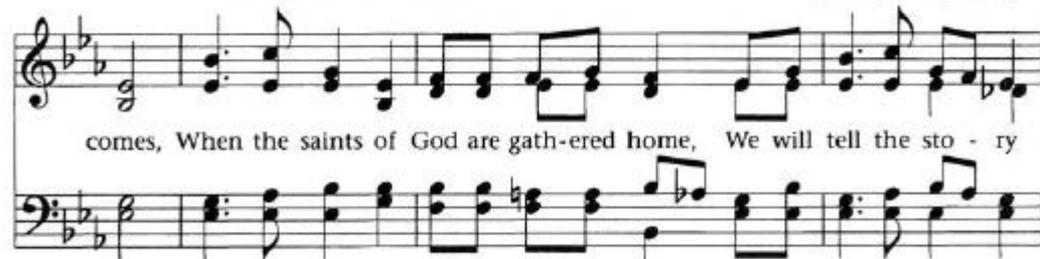
All the ways that God would lead us to that bless - ed prom - ised land;
And we've wan - dered in the dark - ness, heav - y - heart - ed and a - lone;
And our hearts are made to bleed for some tho't - less word or deed,



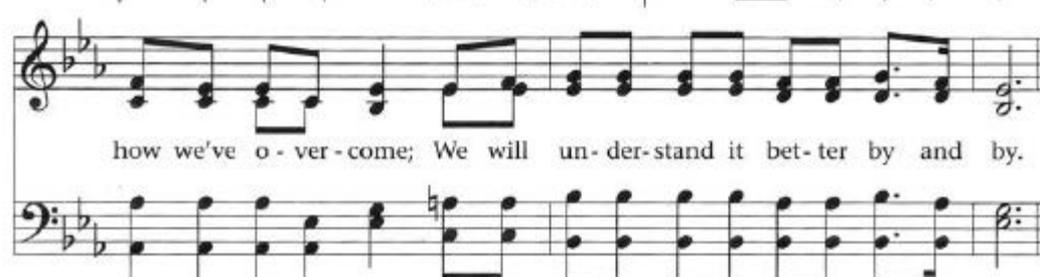
But He'll guide us with His eye, and we'll fol - low till we die; We will
But we're trust - ing in the Lord, and, ac - cord - ing to His Word, We will
And we won - der why the test when we try to do our best, But we'll



un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by. By and by, when the morn - ing



comes, When the saints of God are gath - ered home, We will tell the sto - ry



how we've o - ver - come; We will un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.

Preparation Music

When Trials Come

1. When tri - als come, no long - er fear, for in the pain, our
2. With - in the night, I know Your peace; the breath of God brings
3. I turn to wis - dom not my own, for ev - 'ry bat - tle
4. When I am wea - ry with the cost, I see the tri - umph
5. One day all things will be made new; I'll see the hope you've

God draws near to fire a faith worth more than gold
strength to me and new each morn - ing mer - cies flow,
You have known, My con - fi - dence will rest in You;
of the cross, So in its sha - dow I shall run,
called me to, And in your King - dom paved with gold,

And there his faith - ful - ness dark is told;
As trea - sures of the dark - ness grow;
Your love en - dures, Your ways are good;
'Til He com - pletes the work be - gun;
I'll praise your faith - ful - ness of old;

And there his faith - ful - ness dark is told.
As trea - sures of the dark - ness grow.
Your love en - dures, Your ways are good.
'Til He com - pletes the work be - gun.
I'll praise your faith - ful - ness of old.

Preparation Music

Where Shall I Be? (cont.)

O where shall I be when the first trum - pet sounds,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in the key of D major. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "O where shall I be when the first trum - pet sounds,"

O where shall I be when it sounds so loud?

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "O where shall I be when it sounds so loud?"

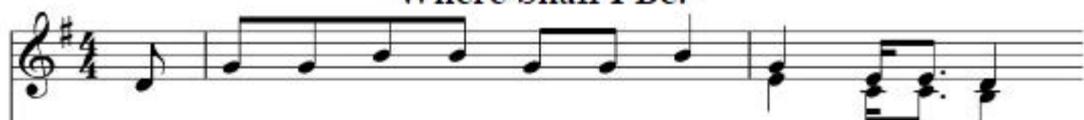
When it sounds so loud as to wake up the dead?

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "When it sounds so loud as to wake up the dead?"

O where shall I be when it sounds?

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. The melody in the treble clef ends with a final chord and a fermata. The lyrics are: "O where shall I be when it sounds?"

Where Shall I Be?



1. When judg - ment day is draw - ing nigh, Where shall I be?
2. When wick - ed men His wrath shall see, Where shall I be?
3. When heav'n and earth as some great scroll, Where shall I be?
4. All trou - ble done, all con - flict past, Where shall I be?



When God the works of men shall try, Where shall I be?
And to the rocks and moun-tains flee, Where shall I be?
Shall from God's ho - ly pres-ence roll, Where shall I be?
Our en - e - my o'er-come at last, Where shall I be?



When east and west the fire shall roll, Where shall I be?
When hills and moun-tains flee a - way, Where shall I be?
When all the saints re - deemed shall stand, Where shall I be?
When Christ shall reign from shore to shore, Where shall I be?

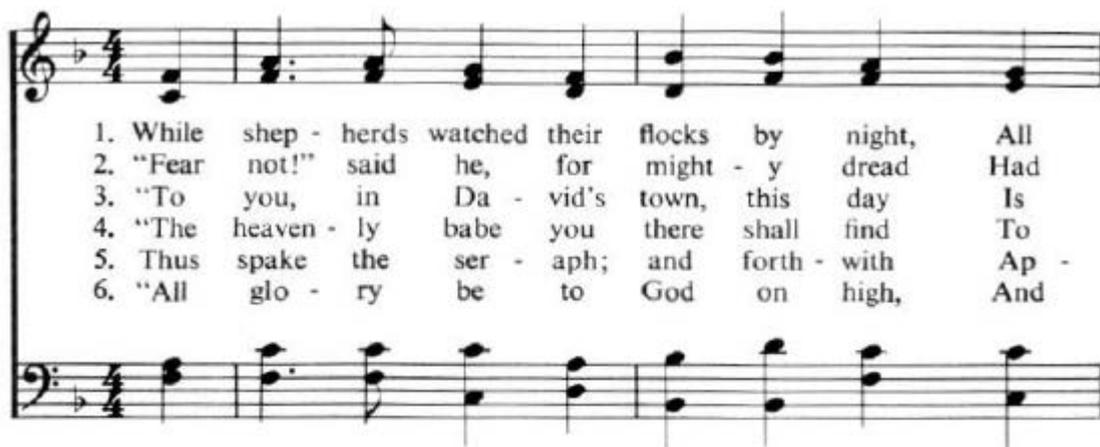


How will it be with my poor soul; Where shall I be?
When all the works of man de - cay, Where shall I be?
For - ev - er blest at God's right hand, Where shall I be?
And peace a - bide for - ev - er - more, Where shall I be?

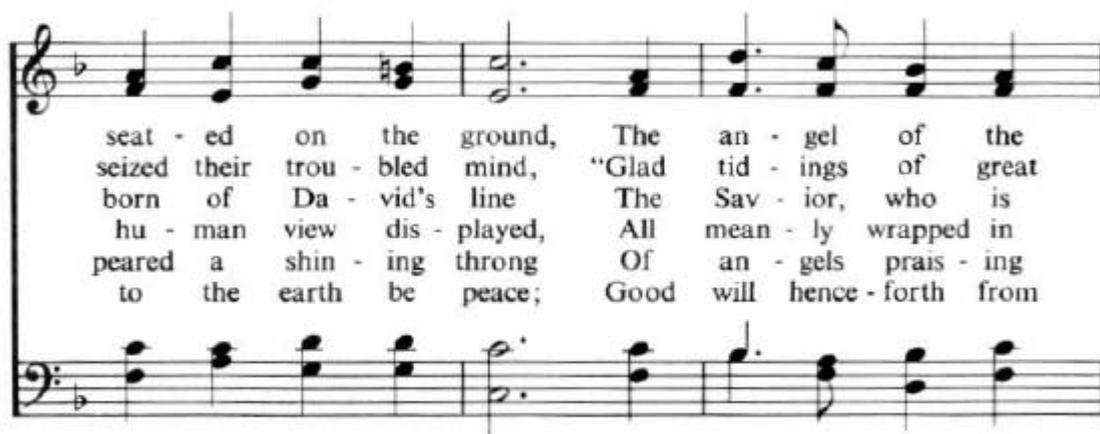


Preparation Music

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night



1. While shep - herds watched their flocks by night, All
2. "Fear not!" said he, for might - y dread Had
3. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day Is
4. "The heaven - ly babe you there shall find To
5. Thus spake the ser - aph; and forth - with Ap -
6. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And



seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the
seized their trou - bled mind, "Glad tid - ings of great
born of Da - vid's line The Sav - ior, who is
hu - man view dis - played, All mean - ly wrapped in
peared a shin - ing throng Of an - gels prais - ing
to the earth be peace; Good will hence - forth from



Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.
joy I bring To you and all man - kind.
Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign:
swath - ing bands, And in a man - ger laid."
God on high, Who thus ad - dressed their song:
heaven to men Be - gin and nev - er cease!"

Words: Nahum Tate (1652-1715);

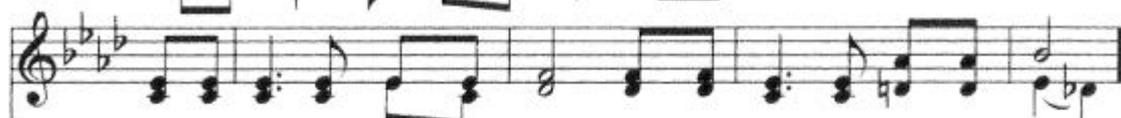
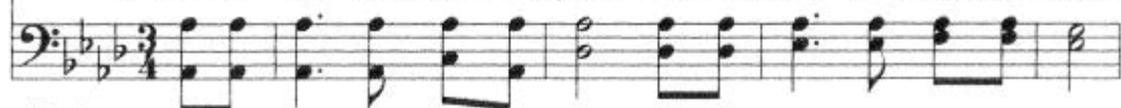
Music: From Est's *The Whole Book of Psalms* (1592), arr. George Kirbye (c. 1560-1634), Public Domain

Preparation Music

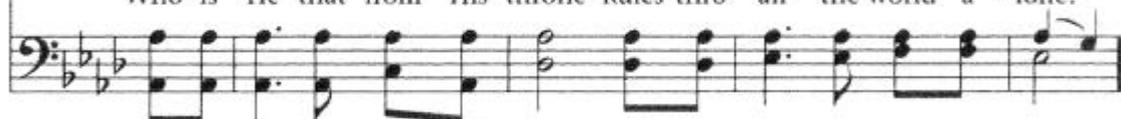
Who Is He



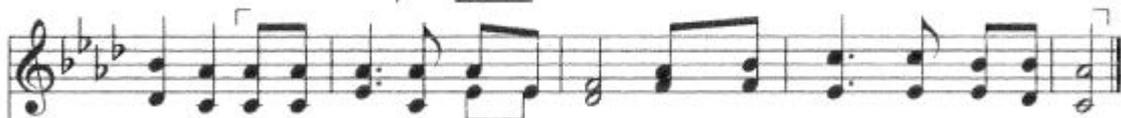
1. Who is He in yon - der stall, At whose feet the shep - herds fall?
2. Who is He the peo - ple bless For His words of gen - tle - ness?
3. Who is He that stands and weeps At the grave where Laz - 'rus sleeps?
4. Lo! at mid - night, who is He Prays in dark Geth - sem - a - ne?
5. Who is He that from the grave Comes to heal and help and save?



Who is He in deep dis - tress, Fast - ing in the wil - der - ness?
Who is He to whom they bring All the sick and sor - row - ing?
Who is He the gath - 'ring thron' Greet with loud tri - um - phant song?
Who is He on yon - der tree, Dies in grief and ag - o - ny?
Who is He that from His throne Rules thro' all the world a - lone?



'Tis the Lord! O won - drous sto - ry! 'Tis the Lord! the King of



glo - ry! At His feet we hum - bly fall, Crown Him! crown Him, Lord of all!



Who Shall Condemn the Lord's Elect?

1. Who shall condemn the Lord's elect?
 2. Who shall judge the saints to hell?
 3. He lives! He lives! and sits above,
 4. Shall persecution, or distress,
 5. Faith has an overcoming pow'r;
 6. Not all that men on earth can do,

'Tis God who justifies their souls.
 'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;
 For - ever in - ter - ced - ing there:
 Shall fame, sword, or nakedness?
 It triumphs in the dying hour.
 Nor pow'rs on high nor pow'rs be - low,

And mercy, like a mighty stream,
 And their salvation to fulfil,
 Who shall divide us from His love,
 He, who hath loved us, bears us through,
 Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
 Shall cause his mercy to re - move,

O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
 Be - hold Him rising from the dead.
 Or what should tempt us to despair?
 And makes us more than conquerors too.
 Nor can we sink with such a prop.
 Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748); alt., 1994

Music: Thomas Williams' *Psalmodia Evangelica* (1789), Public Domain

Preparation Music

With Glory Clad

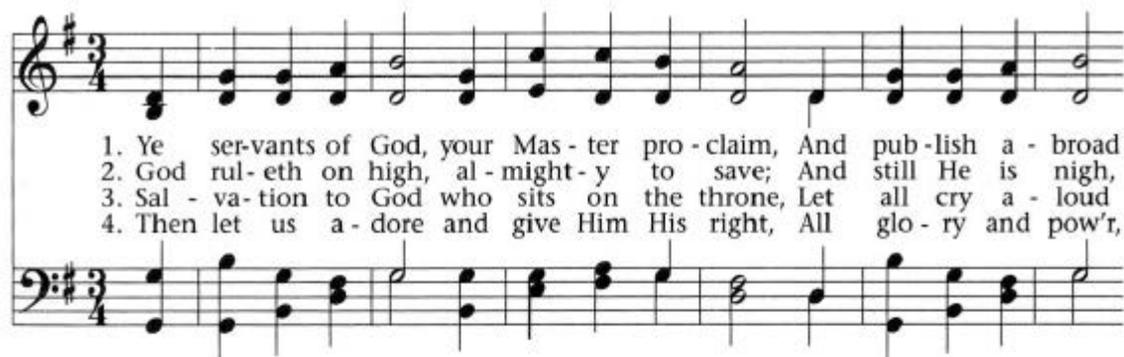
1. With glo - ry clad, with strength ar - rayed, The Lord, that
2. How sure - ly stab - lished is Thy throne, Which shall no
3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, And toss the
4. Thy prom - ise, Lord, is ev - er sure, And they that

o'er all na - ture reigns, The world's foun - da - tions
change or per - iod see! For Thou, O Lord, and
trou - bled waves on high; But God a - bove can
in Thy house would dwell, That hap - py sta - tion

strong - ly laid, And the vast fab - ric still sus - tains.
Thou a - lone Art God from all e - ter - ni - ty.
still their noise, And make the an - gry sea com - ply.
to se - cure, Must still in ho - li - ness ex - cel.

Words: Tate and Brady's "New Version" (1698);
Music: German Melody, arr. Samuel Dyer (1828), Public Domain

Ye Servants of God



1. Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a - broad
2. God rul - eth on high, al - might - y to save; And still He is nigh,
3. Sal - va - tion to God who sits on the throne, Let all cry a - loud
4. Then let us a - dore and give Him His right, All glo - ry and pow'r,



His won - der - ful name; The name all - vic - to - rious of Je - sus
His pres - ence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion His tri - umph
and hon - or the Son: The prais - es of Je - sus the an - gels
- all wis - dom and might; All hon - or and bless - ing, with an - gels



ex - tol; His king - dom is glo - rious and rules o - ver all.
shall sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus our King.
pro - claim, Fall down on their fac - es and wor - ship the Lamb.
a - bove, And thanks nev - er - ceas - ing, and in - fi - nite love.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Music: William Gardiner's Sacred Melodies (1815); attr. Johann Michael Haydn (1737-1806); Public Domain

Preparation Music

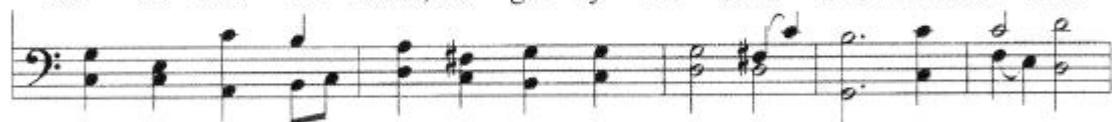
You Holy Angels Bright



1. You ho - ly an - gels bright, who wait at God's right hand, or
2. You bless - ed souls at rest, who ran this earth - ly race, and
3. All na - tions of the earth, ex - tol the world's great King; with
4. Sing forth Je - ho - vah's praise, you saints, that on Him call! Him
5. My soul, bear now your part, tri - umph in God a - bove; with
6. A - way dis - trust - ful care! I have your prom - ise, Lord; to
7. With your tri - um - phant flock then I shall num - bered be; built



through the realms of light fly at your Lord's com - mand, as - sist our
now, from sin re - leased, be - hold the Sav - ior's face; God's prais - es
mel - o - dy and mirth his glo - rious prais - es sing; for he still
mag - ni - fy al - ways, his ho - ly church - es all! In him re -
a well tun - ed heart sing now the songs of love; you are his
ban - ish all des - pair, I have your oath and word; and there - fore
on th' eter - nal Rock, his glo - ry we shall see. The heav' ns so



song, for else the theme too high does seem for mor - tal tongue.
sound, as in his sight with sweet de - light you do a - bound.
reigns, and will bring low the proud - est foe that him dis - dains.
joice, and there pro - claim his ho - ly name with sound - ing voice.
own, whose pre - cious blood shed for your good his love made known.
I shall see your face and there your grace shall mag - ni - fy.
high with praise shall ring and all shall sing in har - mo - ny.



*Words: Based on Psalm 148, Richard Baxter (1672);
Music: John Darwall (1770), Public Domain*