

Yet not I, but through Christ in Me

1. What gift of grace is Je - sus my Re - deem - er, There is no more
 2. The night is dark but I am not for - sak - en, For by my side,
 3. No fate I dread, I know I am for - giv - en, The fu - ture sure,
 4. With eve - ry breath I long to fol - low Je - sus For he has said

for hea - ven now to give; He is my joy, my right - eous - ness, and free - dom,
 the Sav - ior he will stay; I la - bor on in weak - ness and rej - oic - ing,
 the price it has been paid; For Je - sus bled and suf - fered for my par - don,
 that he will bring me home; And day by day I know he will re - new me,

My stead - fast love, my deep and bound - less peace. To this I hold,
 For in my need, his pow - er is dis - played. To this I hold,
 And he was raised to o - ver - throw the grave. To this I hold,
 Un - til I stand with joy be - fore the throne. To this I hold,

my hope is on - ly Je - sus, For my life is whol - ly bound to his; Oh how
 my Shep - herd will de - fend me, Through the deep - est val - ley he will lead; Oh the
 my sin has been de - fea - ted, Je - sus now and ev - er is my plea; Oh the
 my hope is on - ly Je - sus, All the glo - ry ev - er - more to him; When the

strange and di - vine, I can sing: all is mine! Yet not I, but through Christ in me.
 night has been won, and I shall o - ver - come! Yet not I, but through Christ in me.
 chains are re - leased, I can sing: I am free! Yet not I, but through Christ in me.
 race is com - plete, still my lips shall re - peat: Yet not I, but through Christ in me.

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 - tured 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.

Cornerstone

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 - ous - 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 - ous - 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.

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

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!

*This hymn looks forward to the New Jerusalem, the great eternal city where God will dwell with his people.

Words: Joseph Bromehead (1747-1826), Public Domain; v. 3 alt. Andrew Sherwood (2005)

Music: Folk Hymn, arr. Annabel M. Buchanan (1889-1983), ©1938 J. Fischer & Bro. (CCLI# 264766)

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 - vior loves me so, He will hold me fast.

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!

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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.