

### 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.

Words: Ignace Franz (c. 1774), trans. Clarence A. Walworth, 1853, based on Te Deum  
 Music: Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna (c. 1774), Public Domain

### 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:

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.

Words and Music: Martin Luther (1483-1546) based off Psalm 46, Trans. Frederic H. Hedge (1805-1890), (Public Domain)

## And Can It Be?

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  
 proach th'e - ter - nal throne, And claim the crown thro'

## And Can It Be? (Cont.)

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

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.  
 throne, And claim the crown thro' Christ my own.

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

## Not in Me



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.



## 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!



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.

Words: St. 1, 3 & 4: Matthew Bridges (1800-1894); st. 2: Godfrey Thring (1823-1903)

Music: George J. Elvey (1816-1893), Public Domain

**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.