

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.

Words: Edward Mote (1797-1874); Music: William B. Bradbury (1816-1868), Public Domain
 Music: Connie Dever and Matt Merker (2017)

Here On Christ the Solid Rock I Will Stand

1. Je - sus knows the trou - bles I face; in his blood flow mer - cy and grace.
 2. Je - sus gives me strength when I'm weak; he's the sat - is - fac - tion I seek.
 3. When the judg - ment comes I will be in Christ's pres - ence fear - less and free,

What he gives, I can - not re - pay, all my sin he wash - es a - way.
 He's my shield when trou - bles draw near. He's my com - fort through ev - ry tear.
 where the courts are ring - ing with praise, crowned with right-eous - ness all my days.

Here on Christ the rock I will stand, oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

Yes, on Christ the rock I will stand, oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

Words: Anonymous, Swahili; trans. by Mennonite Worship & Song Committee (2019)
 Music: Kenyan Traditional, arr. Jacob Hargrave, 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 sin - ning, 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, Bring Thy prom - is - es to pass;

Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on 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.
 For I know Thy pow'r will keep me, 'Til I'm home with Thee at last.

Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790), Last 2 lines of verse 4 alt. words by Bob Kauflin;
 Music: Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music (1813), Public Domain

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
 should be long, The Lord will make the temp - ter flee, 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)
 strength shall be. So sing with joy, af - flict - ed one, The bat - tle's
 strength shall be.
 strength shall be.

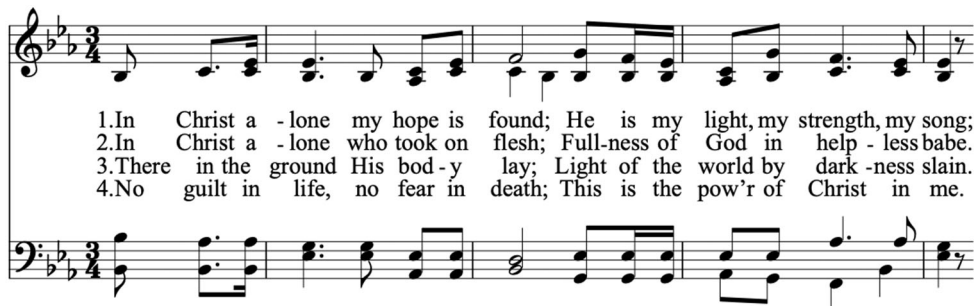
fierce, but the vic - tory's won; God shall sup - ply all that you

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

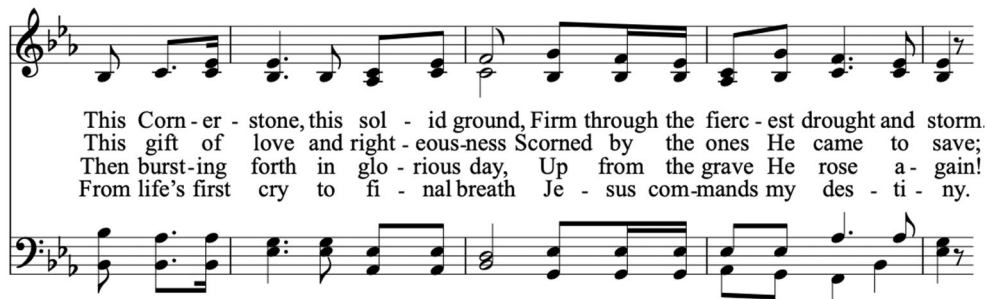
Words (verses): J. Fawcett, 1782 (The phrase "As your days your strength shall be" is taken from Deuteronomy 33:25), Public Domain;
 Words (chorus) and Music: Connie Dever (2017) (CCLI# 264766)

In Christ Alone

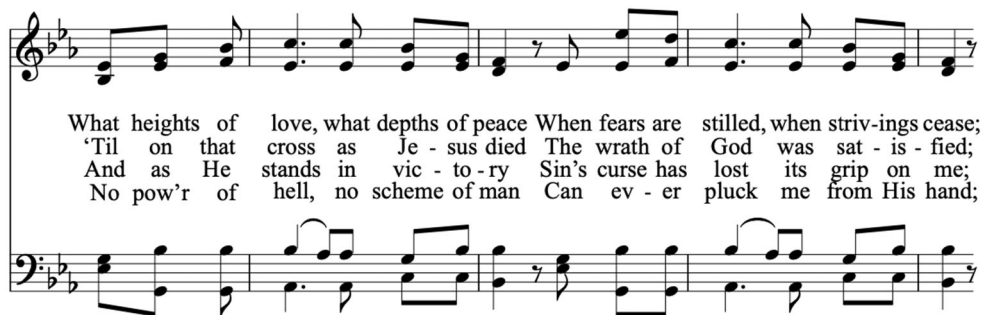
Evening Message – Luke 16:20



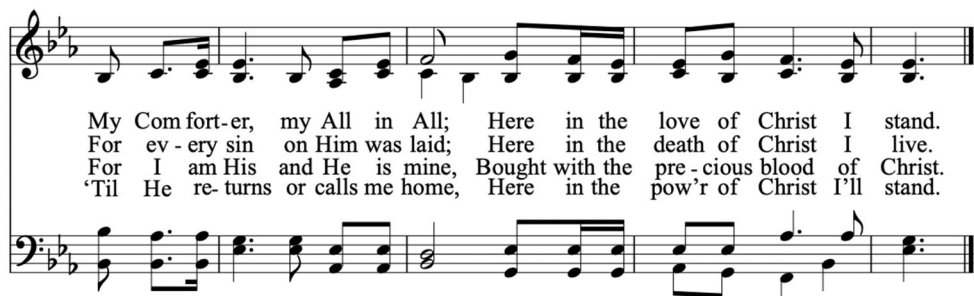
1. In Christ a - lone my hope is found; He is my light, my strength, my song;
2. In Christ a - lone who took on flesh; Full-ness of God in help - less babe.
3. There in the ground His bod - y lay; Light of the world by dark - ness slain.
4. No guilt in life, no fear in death; This is the pow'r of Christ in me.



This Corn - er - stone, this sol - id ground, Firm through the fierc - est drought and storm.
This gift of love and right - eous-ness Scorned by the ones He came to save;
Then burst - ing forth in glo - rious day, Up from the grave He rose a - gain!
From life's first cry to fi - nal breath Je - sus com - mands my des - ti - ny.



What heights of love, what depths of peace When fears are stilled, when striv - ings cease;
'Til on that cross as Je - sus died The wrath of God was sat - is - fied;
And as He stands in vic - to - ry Sin's curse has lost its grip on me;
No pow'r of hell, no scheme of man Can ev - er pluck me from His hand;



My Com - fort - er, my All in All; Here in the love of Christ I stand.
For ev - ery sin on Him was laid; Here in the death of Christ I live.
For I am His and He is mine, Bought with the pre - cious blood of Christ.
'Til He re - turns or calls me home, Here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand.

Come, Ye Sinners (I Will Arise)

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.

Words: Joseph Hart (1712-1768); Music: Walker's Southern Harmony (1835), 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.