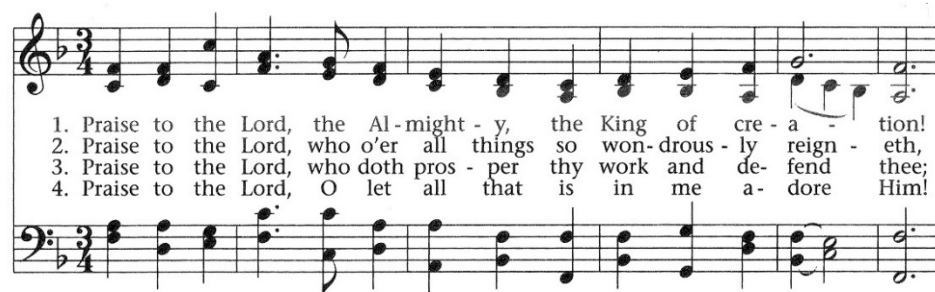
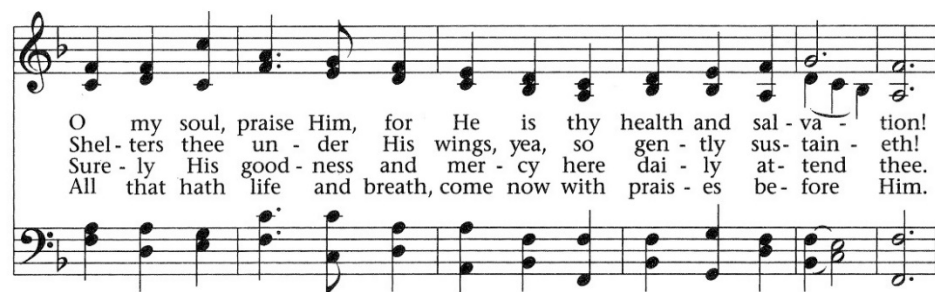


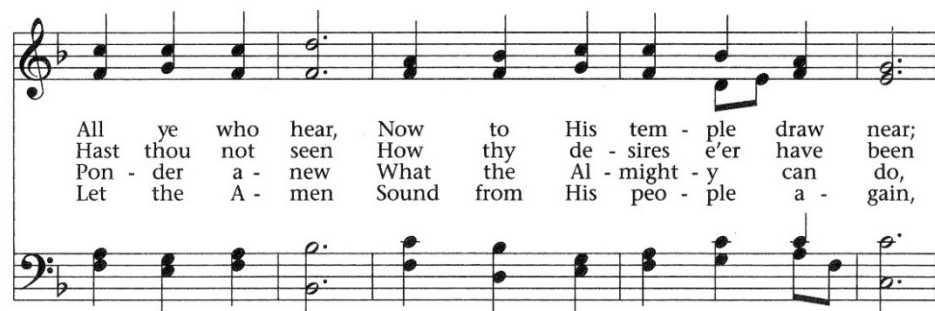
Praise to The Lord, the Almighty



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
 Pon - der a - new What the Al - might - y can do,
 Let the A - men Sound from His peo - ple a - gain,



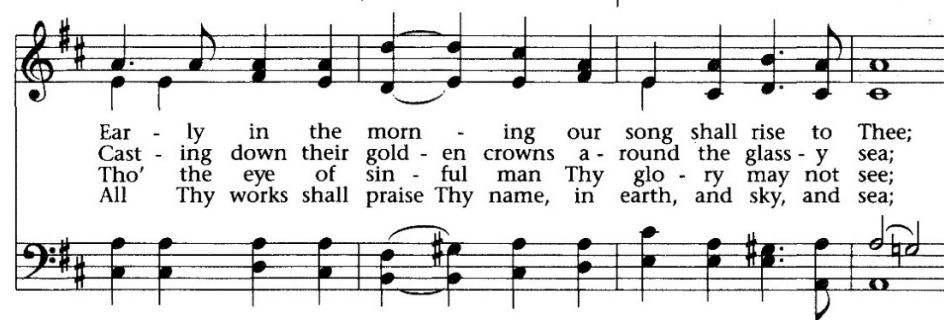
Praise Him in glad ad - o - ra - tion.
 Grant - ed in what He or - dain - eth?
 If with His love He be - friend thee.
 Glad - ly for aye we a - dore Him.

Words: German Hymn, Joachim Neander (1650-1680), tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)
 Music: Stralsund Gesangbuch (1665); harm. W. Sterndale Bennett (1816-1875), Public Domain

Holy, Holy, Holy



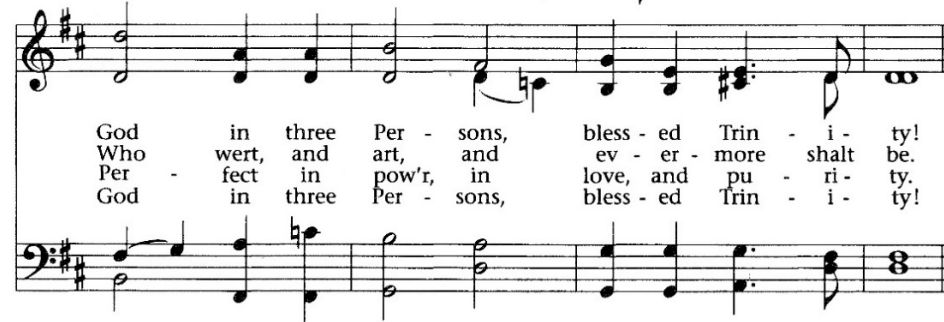
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!



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!

Words: Reginald Heber (1783-1826); Music: John B. Dykes (1823-1876), Public Domain



In Christ Alone





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.



Jesus, Thank You

The mystery of the cross I cannot comprehend,
The agonies of Calvary.
You, the Perfect Holy One, crushed Your Son,
Who drank the bitter cup reserved for me.

*Your blood has washed away my sin,
Jesus, thank You.*

*The Father's wrath completely satisfied,
Jesus, thank You.*

*Once Your enemy, now seated at Your table,
Jesus, thank You.*

By Your perfect sacrifice I've been brought near,
Your enemy you've made Your friend.
Pouring out the riches of Your glorious grace,
Your mercy and your kindness know no end.

Jerusalem, My Happy Home

Evening Message – Isaiah 49:10



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-joyce; 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.*

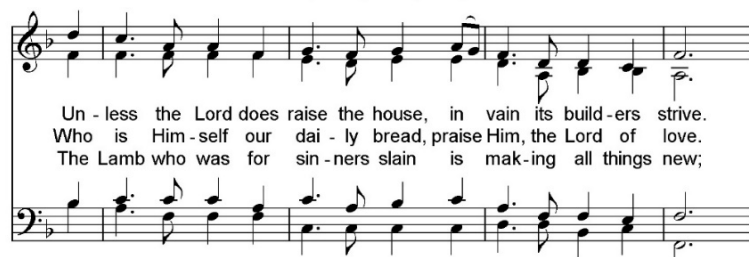
Words: Joseph Bromehead (1747-1826), Public Domain; v. 3 alt. Andrew Sherwood (2005)

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

Words: Dustin Kensrue, © 2012 Dead Bird Theology (CCLI# 264766); Music: Traditional Scottish Folk Melody, 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.