

Worship Song Lyrics and Readings

February 2, 2025

Call to Worship

*You were ransomed from the futile ways
inherited from your forefathers, not with
perishable things such as silver or gold,
but with the precious blood of Christ, like
that of a lamb without blemish or spot. He
was foreknown before the foundation of
the world but was made manifest in the
last times for the sake of you who through
him are believers in God, who raised him
from the dead and gave him glory, so that
your faith and hope are in God.*

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Come Thou Fount of every blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above
Praise His name I'm fixed upon it
Name of God's redeeming love.

Hitherto Thy love has blest me
Thou hast brought me to this place
And I know Thy hand will lead me
Safely home by Thy good grace
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God
He, to rescue me from danger
Bought me with His precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be
Let Thy goodness like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to Thee
Prone to wander Lord I feel it
Prone to leave the God I love
Here's my heart, O take and seal it
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Blessed Assurance

Blessed assurance Jesus is mine
O what a foretaste of glory divine
Heir of salvation purchase of God
Born of His Spirit washed in His blood

*This is my story, this is my song
Praising my Savior all the day long
This is my story this is my song
Praising my Savior all the day long*

Perfect submission, perfect delight
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy whispers of love

Perfect submission all is at rest
I in my Savior am happy and blest
Watching and waiting looking above
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love

His Mercy Is More

What love could remember
no wrongs we have done
Omniscient all knowing
He counts not their sum
Thrown into a sea
without bottom or shore
Our sins they are many His mercy is more

*Praise the Lord
His mercy is more
Stronger than darkness new every morn
Our sins they are many His mercy is more*

What patience would wait
as we constantly roam
What Father so tender is calling us home
He welcomes the weakest
the vilest the poor
Our sins they are many His mercy is more

What riches of kindness He lavished on
us
His blood was the payment
His life was the cost
We stood 'neath a debt
we could never afford
Our sins they are many His mercy is more

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride

Forbid it Lord that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood

See from His head, His hands, His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown

Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were an offering far too small
Love so amazing so divine
Demands my soul, my life, my all

Confession of Sin

*Have mercy on me, O God,
according to your steadfast love;
according to your abundant mercy
blot out my transgressions.
Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity,
and cleanse me from my sin!
For I know my transgressions,
and my sin is ever before me.
Against you, you only, have I sinned
and done what is evil in your sight,
so that you may be justified in your words
and blameless in your judgment.*

Assurance of Pardon

*If we confess our sins, He is faithful and
righteous to forgive us our sins and to
cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*

Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy
Weak and wounded, sick and sore
Jesus ready stands to save you
Full of pity, love and pow'r

Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome
God's free bounty glorify
True belief and true repentance
Every grace that brings you nigh

*I will arise and go to Jesus
He will embrace me in His arms
In the arms of my dear Savior
O, there are ten thousand charms*

Let not conscience make you linger
Nor of fitness fondly dream
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him

Come, ye weary, heavy laden
Lost and ruined by the fall
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all.

Benediction

*Now to Him who is able to keep you from
stumbling and to present you blameless
before the presence of His glory with great
joy, to the only God, our Savior, through
Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory, majesty,
dominion, and authority, before all time
and now and forever. Amen.*