

Worship in Song

May 4, 2025

Call to Worship

Praise the Lord

The Lord's name be praised!

*We will give thanks to You, O Lord, with
our whole heart;*

We will tell of all Your wonderful deeds.

We will be glad and exult in You;

*We will sing praise to Your name, O Most
High.*

Come Christians, Join to Sing

Come Christians, join to sing

Alleluia! Amen!

Loud praise to Christ our King

Alleluia! Amen!

Let all, with heart and voice

Before His throne rejoice

Praise is His gracious choice

Alleluia! Amen!

Come lift your hearts on high

Alleluia! Amen!

Let praises fill the sky;

Alleluia! Amen!

He is our Guide and Friend

To us He'll condescend

His love shall never end

Alleluia! Amen!

Praise yet our Christ again

Alleluia! Amen!

Life shall not end the strain;

Alleluia! Amen!

On heaven's blissful shore

His goodness we'll adore

Singing forever more,

Alleluia! Amen!

O Come to the Altar

Are you hurting and broken within,

Overwhelmed by the weight of your sin?

Jesus is calling.

Have you come to the end of yourself,

Do you thirst for a drink from the well?

Jesus is calling.

O come to the altar;

The Father's arms are open wide.

Forgiveness was bought with

The precious blood of Jesus Chris.

Leave behind your regrets and mistakes.

Come today; there's no reason to wait.

Jesus is calling.

Bring your sorrows and trade them for
joy;

From the ashes a new life is born.

Jesus is calling.

Oh, what a Savior, isn't he wonderful?

Sing alleluia, Christ is risen.

Bow down before him,

for he is Lord of all;

Sing alleluia, Christ is risen.

Bear your cross

as you wait for the crown;

Tell the world

of the treasure you've found.

Come Behold the Wondrous Mystery

Come behold the wondrous myst'ry

In the dawning of the King

He the theme of heaven's praises

Robed in frail humanity

In our longing in our darkness

Now the light of life has come

Look to Christ who condescended

Took on flesh to ransom us

Come behold the wondrous myst'ry

He the perfect Son of Man

In His living in His suffering

Never trace nor stain of sin

See the true and better Adam

Come to save the hell-bound man

Christ the great and sure fulfillment

Of the law in Him we stand

Come behold the wondrous myst'ry

Christ the Lord upon the tree

In the stead of ruined sinners

Hangs the Lamb in victory

See the price of our redemption

See the Father's plan unfold

Bringing many sons to glory

Grace unmeasured love untold

Come behold the wondrous myst'ry
Slain by death the God of life
But no grave could e'er restrain Him
Praise the Lord He is alive
What a foretaste of deliv'rance
How unwavering our hope
Christ in power resurrected
As we will be when He comes

Confession of Sin

*Out of the depths I cry to you, O LORD.
Lord, hear my voice!
Let your ears be attentive to the voice of
my supplications!
If you, O LORD, should mark iniquities,
Lord, who could stand?*

Assurance of Pardon

*There is forgiveness with you, so that you
may be revered.
I wait for the LORD, my soul waits, and
in his word I hope;
my soul waits for the Lord more than
those who watch for the morning,
more than those who watch for the
morning.
O Israel, hope in the LORD!
For with the LORD there is steadfast love,
and with him is great power to redeem.
It is he who will redeem Israel from all its
iniquities.*

There Is a Fountain

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains:
Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains:

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away:
Wash all my sins away,
Wash all my sins away;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away

Dear dying lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more:
Be saved to sin no more,
Be saved to sin no more;
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die:
And shall be till I die,
And shall be till I die;
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

Blessing

*May the God of peace himself sanctify you
entirely;
and may your spirit and soul and body be
kept sound
and blameless at the coming of our Lord
Jesus Christ.*