

# May 15th, 2022

## The Fourth Sunday of Easter

### Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness

Text: J.S.B. Monsell, 1800's; Tune: *Was Lebet*, by J. H. Reinhardt, 1700's. Public domain.

1. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;  
bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;  
with gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,  
kneel and adore Him: the Lord is His name.
2. Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness:  
high on His heart He will bear it for thee,  
comfort thy sorrows and answer thy prayerfulness,  
guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.
3. Fear not to enter His presence in poverty,  
bearing no gifts to present as your own.  
Bring truth in its beauty and love in its tenderness,  
these are the offerings to lay at His throne.
4. These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,  
He will accept for the Name that is dear;  
mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,  
trust for our trembling and hope for our fear.
5. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;  
bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;  
with gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,  
kneel and adore Him: the Lord is His name.

### My Worth is Not in What I Own

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1. My worth is not in what I own,  
not in the strength of flesh and bone,  
but in the costly wounds of love  
at the cross.
2. My worth is not in skill or name,  
in win or lose, in pride or shame,  
but in the blood of Christ that flowed  
at the cross.

Chorus:

I rejoice in my Redeemer,  
greatest treasure,  
wellspring of my soul!  
I will trust in Him, no other.  
My soul is satisfied in Him alone.

3. As summer flowers we fade and die,  
fame, youth, and beauty hurry by,  
but life eternal calls to us  
at the cross.

4. I will not boast in wealth or might,  
or human wisdom's fleeting light,  
but I will boast in knowing Christ  
at the cross. (*chorus*)

5. Two wonders here that I confess:  
my worth and my unworthiness.  
My value fixed, my ransom paid  
at the cross. (*chorus*)

## **Shout to the North and the South**

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1. Men of faith, rise up and sing  
of the great and glorious King,  
you are strong when you feel weak,  
in your brokenness, complete.

Chorus:

Shout to the north and the south!  
Sing to the east and the west!  
Jesus is Savior to all,  
Lord of heaven and earth.

2. Rise up women of the truth,  
stand and sing to broken hearts  
who can know the healing power  
of our awesome King of love. (*chorus*)

3. Rise up church with broken wings,  
fill this place with songs again

of our God who reigns on high,  
by His grace again we'll fly. (*chorus*)

Bridge:

We've been through fire,  
We've been through rain,  
We've been refined by the power of His name,  
We've fallen deeper in love with You,  
You've burned the truth on our lips. (*chorus*)

## **Offertory: Come Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy**

Words: Joseph Hart, 1700's; Music: *Restoration*, Walker's Southern Harmony, 1800's. Public domain.

1. Come ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save us,  
Full of pity, love and power.  
He is able, He is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more!

2. Come, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
true belief and true repentance,  
every grace that brings us nigh,  
without money, without money,  
come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
bruised and broken by the fall;  
if we tarry 'til we're better  
we will never come at all:  
not the righteous, not the righteous,  
sinners Jesus came to call.

4. Let not conscience make us linger,  
nor of fitness fondly dream;  
all the fitness He requireth  
is to feel our need of Him;  
this He gives us, this He gives us,  
'tis the Spirit's rising beam.

5. Lo! The incarnate God ascending  
pleads the merit of His blood;  
Venture on Him, venture wholly;

Let no other trust intrude.  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,  
can do helpless sinners good.

## **Music during communion: Open the Eyes of my Heart, Lord**

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Open the eyes of my heart, Lord  
Open the eyes of my heart  
I want to see You  
I want to see You

To see You high and lifted up,  
Shining in the light of Your glory.  
Pour out Your power and love  
as we sing holy, holy, holy

Holy, holy, holy  
Holy, holy, holy  
Holy, holy, holy  
I want to see You

## **All My Hope on God is Founded**

Words: Joachim Neander, German, 1600's; Translation: Robert Bridges, 1800's; Tune: *Michael*, by Herbert Howells, 1900's. Public domain.

1. All my hope on God is founded;  
He doth still my trust renew.  
Me through change and chance He guideth,  
only good and only true.  
God unknown,  
He alone  
calls my heart to be His own.

2. Pride of man and earthly glory,  
sword and crown betray \*his trust;  
what with care and toil he buildeth,  
tower and temple fall to dust.  
But God's power,  
hour by hour,  
is my temple and my tower.

*\*his = humankind's trust*

3. God's great goodness aye endureth,  
deep His wisdom, passing thought:  
splendour, light, and life attend Him,

beauty springeth out of naught.  
Evermore  
from His store  
new-born worlds rise and adore.

4. Daily doth the almighty Giver  
bounteous gifts on us bestow;  
His desire our soul delighteth,  
pleasure leads us where we go.  
Love doth stand  
at His hand;  
joy doth wait on His command.

5. Still from man to God eternal  
sacrifice of praise be done,  
high above all praises praising  
for the gift of Christ, His Son.  
Christ doth call  
one and all:  
ye who follow shall not fall.