

June 1st, 2025
Sunday After Ascension Day

Opening Song: Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Text: Robert Robinson, 1700's; Tune: *Nettleton*, 1800's. Public domain.

1. 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 the mount (I'm fixed upon it),
mount of thy redeeming love.

2. Here I raise my *Ebenezer:
hither by thy help I've come.
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
wand'ring from the fold of God.
He, to rescue me from danger,
interposed his precious blood.

**a reference to 1 Samuel 7:12 - Samuel sets up a stone,
calling it "Ebenezer" meaning "The Lord has helped us."*

3. Oh, 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, Lord, take and seal it,
seal it for thy courts above.

Song 1: His Mercy Is More

Matt Boswell, Matt Papa © 2016 Getty Music Hymns and Songs. Used with permission: CCLI #2820842

1. 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.

2. 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.

Chorus:

Praise the Lord.

His mercy is more!

Stronger than darkness, new every morn.

our sins, they are many: his mercy is more.

3. 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.

Chorus:

Praise the Lord.

His mercy is more!

Stronger than darkness, new every morn.

our sins, they are many: his mercy is more.

Song 2: Behold Our God

Jonathan Baird, Meghan Baird, Ryan Baird, Stephen Altrogge © 2011 Sovereign Grace Praise. Used with permission: CCLI #2820842

1. Who has held the oceans in his hands?
Who has numbered every grain of sand?
Kings and nations tremble at his voice;
All creation rises to rejoice.

Chorus:

Behold our God seated on his throne,
come let us adore him.
Behold our King!
Nothing can compare;
come let us adore him.

2. Who has given counsel to the Lord?
Who can question any of his words?
Who can teach the One who knows all things?
Who can fathom all his wondrous deeds?

3. Who has felt the nails upon his hands,
bearing all the guilt of sinful man?
God eternal, humbled to the grave,
Jesus Saviour risen now to reign.

Offertory Song: Yet Not I But Through Christ in Me

Jonny Robinson, Michael Farren, Rich Thompson © 2018 CityAlight Music. Used with permission: CCLI #2820842

1. What gift of grace is Jesus my redeemer,
there is no more for heaven now to give!
He is my joy, my righteousness and freedom,
my steadfast love, my deep and boundless peace.
To this I hold - my hope is only Jesus
for my life is wholly bound to his.
Oh how strange and divine, I can sing all is mine!
Yet not I but through Christ in me.

2. The night is dark but I am not forsaken
for by my side the Saviour he will stay.
I labour on in weakness and rejoicing
for in my need his power is displayed.
To this I hold - my Shepherd will defend me,
through the deepest valley he will lead.
Oh the night has been won and I shall overcome.
Yet not I but through Christ in me.

3. No fate I dread, I know I am forgiven;
the future sure, the price it has been paid.
For Jesus bled and suffered for my pardon
and he was raised to overthrow the grave.
To this I hold - my sin has been defeated;
Jesus now and ever is my plea.
Oh the chains are released, I can sing I am free!
Yet not I but through Christ in me.

4. With every breath I long to follow Jesus
for he has said that he will bring me home.
And day by day I know he will renew me
until I stand with joy before the throne.
To this I hold - my hope is only Jesus;
all the glory evermore to him!
When the race is complete still my lips shall repeat:
yet not I but through Christ in me.

Music during Communion: Behold the Lamb

Keith Getty, Kristyn Getty, Stuart Townend © 2007 Thankyou Music. Used with permission: CCLI #2820842.

1. Behold the Lamb who bears our sins away
slain for us, and we remember
the promise made, that all who come in faith
find forgiveness at the cross.
So we share in this Bread of Life,
and we drink of his sacrifice
as a sign of our bonds of peace
around the table of the King.

2. The body of our Saviour Jesus Christ
torn for you - eat and remember -
the wounds that heal,
the death that brings us life
paid the price to make us one.
So we share in this Bread of Life,
and we drink of his sacrifice
as a sign of our bonds of love
around the table of the King.

3. The blood that cleanses every stain of sin
shed for you - drink and remember -
he drained death's cup that all may enter in
to receive the life of God.
So we share in this Bread of Life,
and we drink of his sacrifice
as a sign of our bonds of grace
around the table of the King.

4. And so with thankfulness and faith we rise
to respond, and to remember
our call to follow in the steps of Christ
as his body here on earth.
As we share in his suffering
we proclaim Christ will come again,
and we'll join in the feast of heaven
around the table of the King.

Closing Song: Crown Him with Many Crowns

Lyrics: Matthew Bridges, 1800's; Tune: *Diademata*, George Elvy, 1800's. Public domain.

1. Crown him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon his throne.
Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
of him who died for thee,
and hail him as thy matchless King
through all eternity.

2. Crown him the Lord of life,
who triumphed o'er the grave,
and rose victorious in the strife
for those he came to save.
His glories now we sing,
who died and rose on high,
who died eternal life to bring,
and lives that death may die.

3. Crown him the Lord of love;
behold his hands and side,
rich wounds, yet visible above,
in beauty glorified.
No angels in the sky
can fully bear that sight,
but downward bends their burning eye
at mysteries so bright.

4. Crown him the Lord of peace,
whose power a sceptre sways
from pole to pole, that wars may cease,
and all be prayer and praise:
his reign shall know no end,
and round his pierced feet
fair flowers of paradise extend
their fragrance ever sweet.

5. Crown him the Lord of years,
the potentate of time,
creator of the rolling spheres,
ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!

for thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
throughout eternity.