

Opening Hymn #388 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

*Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
he whose word cannot be broken
formed thee for his own abode.
On the rock of ages founded,
what can shake your sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
you may smile at all your foes.*

*See, the streams of living waters,
springing from eternal love,
well supply thy sons and daughters
and all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
ever will their thirst assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
never fails from age to age.*

*Round each habitation hovering,
see the cloud and fire appear
for a glory and a covering --
showing that the Lord is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
light by night and shade by day,
daily on the manna feeding
which God gives them when they pray.*

*Savior, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading are the world's best pleasure,
all its boasted pomp and show;
solid joys and lasting treasures
none but Zion's children know.*

Offertory Hymn #620 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

*How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
in a believer's ear!
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
and drives away our fear.*

*It makes the wounded spirit whole
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul,
and to the weary, rest.*

*Dear name! The rock on which I build,
my shield and hiding place,
my never-failing treasury filled
with boundless stores of grace.*

*Jesus, my shepherd, guardian, friend,
my prophet, priest, and king,
my Lord, my life, my way, my end,
accept the praise I bring.*

*Weak is the effort of my heart,
and cold my warmest thought;
but when I see you as thou art,
I'll praise you as I ought.*

Communion Hymn #533 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

*Jesus, lover of my soul,
let me to thy bosom fly,
while the nearer waters roll,
while the tempest still is high;
hide me, O my Savior, hide,
till the storm of life is past;
safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!*

*Other refuge have I none;
hangs my helpless soul on thee.
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
all my help from thee I bring;
cover my defenseless head
with the shadow of thy wing.*

*Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
more than all in thee I find!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
false and full of sin I am;
thou art full of truth and grace.*

*Plenteous grace with thee is found,
grace to cover all my sin;
let the healing streams abound;
make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
freely let me take of thee;
spring thou up within my heart,
rise to all eternity.*

Closing Hymn #537 In the Cross of Christ I Glory

*In the cross of Christ I glory,
towering o'er the wrecks of time;
all the light of sacred story
gathers round its head sublime.*

*When the woes of life o'ertake me,
hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
never shall the cross forsake me.
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.*

*When the sun of bliss is beaming
light and love upon my way,
from the cross the radiance streaming
adds more luster to the day.*

*Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
by the cross are sanctified;
peace is there that knows no measure,
joys that through all time abide.*

*In the cross of Christ I glory,
towering o'er the wrecks of time;
all the light of sacred story
gathers round its head sublime.*