Evening Message – Psalm 103:8

The sun comes up, it’s a new day dawning;
   It’s time to sing your song again.
Whatever may pass and whatever lies before me,
   Let me be singing when the evening comes.

(Chorus)

You’re rich in love and you’re slow to anger;
   Your name is great and your heart is kind.
For all your goodness I will keep on singing,
   Ten thousand reasons for my heart to find.

(Chorus)

And on that day when my strength is failing,
   The end draws near and my time has come;
Still my soul will sing your praise unending,
   Ten thousand years and then forevermore.

(Chorus)

Words and Music: Jonas Myrin & Matt Redman, © 2011 Atlas Mountain Songs (CCLI# 264766)


**Come, Bless the Lord**

Words: Adapted from *The Psalter* (1912), Public Domain;  
Music: Connie Dever (2019), composed to celebrate her husband Mark's 25th anniversary as Pastor of CHBC

1. Come, O my soul, bless the Lord your Maker, And all within me praise his holy name;  
   Come, bless the Lord, forget not all his mercies,  
   His pardoning grace and saving love proclaim.

2. Good is the Lord and full of kind compassion, Slow unto anger, all who fear his name;  
   Rich is his grace to all that humbly seek him,  
   Boundless, enduring, as the heavens above.

3. His love is like a father's to his children, Tender and kind to those who worship him in name, O my soul.

4. We fade and die like flow'rs that grow in beauty, Like tender grass that soon will disappear,  
   Haste, 
   His pardning grace and saving love proclaim.

5. High in the heavens his throne is fixed forever, His kingdom rules over all from pole to pole;  
   Come, bless the Lord, through all his wide dominion,  
   Come, bless the Lord, wondrous in might, Steadfast in love, Upholder of right. He is our Saviour, He is our de-light. Come, bless the Lord, my soul.

**Complete in Thee**

Words: Aaron R. Wolfe (1821-1902) & James M. Gray (1851-1935);  
Music: Ben Nyce, arr. Ruth Coleman, © 1999 Bible Revival Ministries (CCLI #264766)

1. Complete in Thee! No work of mine may take, dear Lord, the place of Thine;

2. Complete in Thee! No more shall sin, Thy grace hath conquered, reign within;

3. Complete in Thee: Each want sup-piled, and no good thing to me de-nied;

4. Dear Sav-iour! When be-fore Thy bar all tribes and tongues as sem-bled are,

   Yea, jus-ti-fied! O bles-sed thought! And san-ci-fi ed! Sal va-tion wrought!

   Thy blood hath par don bought for me, and I am now com-plete in Thee.

   Since Thou my por-tion, Lord, will be, I ask no more, com-plete in Thee.

   Among Thy chosen will I be, at Thy right hand, com-plete in Thee!

   Thy blood hath par don bought for me, and glo ri fi ed, I, too, shall be!

   Note: This song expresses the reality that our position before God is made complete through the work of Christ. The third verse echoes many Psalms which remind us that since the Lord is our portion, every lack is supplied and he gives us the ultimate good in himself (See Psalm 23:1, 34:9-10, 73:26, 84:11).
Everlasting Arms

1. Are you sunk in depths of sorrow, where no arm can reach so low?
2. Other arms grow faint and weary, these can never faint or fail;
3. Underneath us, oh, how easy! We have not to mount on high,
4. Arms of Jesus, fold me closer to Thy strong and loving breast,

There is One whose arms, almighty, reach beyond Thy deepest woe:
Other arms reach our mounts of blessings, these our lowest, darkest vale.
But to sink into His fullness, and in trustful weakness lie.
Till my spirit on Thy bosom, finds its everlasting rest,

God Eternal is Thy refuge, let Him still Thy wild alarms;
Oh, that all might know His friendship! Oh, that all might see His charms!
And we find our humblest falls save us from the strength that harms;
And when life’s last sands are sinking, shield my heart from all alarms,

Underneath Thy deepest sorrow are the everlasting arms.
Oh, that all might have beneath them Jesus’ everlasting arms.
We may fall, but underneath us are the everlasting arms.
Softly whispering, “Underneath thee are the everlasting arms.”

It Is Well

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, When sorrow
2. The sinner should buffet, tho’ trials should come, Let this
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo- ri- ous thine: My sin
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds

rows like sea billows roll; What ever my lot, Thou hast
be rolled back as a scroll, The trump shall resound and the
taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
hadst shed His own blood for my soul, Lord shall descend, “Even so,” it is well with my soul.

It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

Words: Horatio G. Spafford (1828-1888); Music: Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876), Public Domain

Silence for Reflection and Preparation: After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together. The piano will resume to mark the conclusion of the service.