Sweet Hour of Prayer

And bidest me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bow;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:

In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has oft en found relief;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize:

And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
And shout, while passing through the air,
Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
And bidest me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;

2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bow;

3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:

Words: William Walford (1772-1850); Music: William Bradbury (1816-1868), Public Domain

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on the everlasting arms,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the everlasting arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
Leaning on the everlasting arms, I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,
Leaning on the everlasting arms, Lean ing, Lean ing on the everlasting arms.

Leaning on Jesus, Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning on Jesus, Lean ing, Lean ing on Jesus, Lean ing on the everlasting arms.

Words: Elisha A. Hoffman (1839-1929); Music: Anthony J. Showalter (1858-1924), Public Domain
I Asked the Lord

1. I asked the Lord that I might grow
   in faith and love and every grace,
   and He I trust in answer my request
   to set thee free.

2. Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
   at once He'd answered my prayer,
   the hidden evils of my heart
   and break thy schemes of earthly joy.

3. I hoped that in some favored hour
   the Lord, why is this, I trembling cried?
   Wilt Thou pursue, Thy worm to death?
   and seek more earnestly His face.

4. Instead of this He made me feel
   might more of His salvation known
   and by His love's constraining power
   as almost drove me to despair.

5. Yea more with His own hand He seemed
   but it has been in such a way
   and let the anger pow'rs of Hell
   as smote my soul in every part.

6. Lord, why is this, I trembling cried?
   But in the costly wounds of love at the cross.
   But in the blood of Christ that flowed at the cross.
   But life eternal calls to us at the cross.

7. These inward trials I employ
   in faith and love has answered my request
   the hidden evils of my heart
   and the signs I schemed.

My Worth Is Not in What I Own

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. (To 2nd verse)

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. (To chorus)

3. As summer flows we fade and die; Fame, youth and beauty hurry by,
   But life eternal calls to us at the cross. (To 4th verse)

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. (To chorus)

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

Chorus: I rejoice in my Redeemer, Greatest Treasure, Well-spring of my soul;

I will trust in Him, no other; My soul is satisfied in Him alone.

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O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing,
2 My gracious Master and my God,
3 Jesus the name that charms our fears,
4 He breaks the pow'r of can - cled sin,
5 He speaks and list - ning to his voice,

my great Redeem - er's praise,
as - sist me to pro - claim,
that bids our sor - rows cease;
he sets the pris - 'ner free;
new life the dead re - ceive;

the glo - ries of my God and King,
to spread through all the earth a - broad
'tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears,
his blood can make the foul - est clean,
the mourn - ful, bro - ken hearts re - joice;

the tri - umphs of his grace.
the hon - ors of thy name.
his blood a - vailed for me.
the hum - ble poor be - lieve.

Evening Message – 1 Corinthians 10:6 (Pew Bible p. 957)
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.