

Come, Christians, Join to Sing

*Text: Christian H. Bateman. Music: Traditional Spanish Melody
Arr.: David B. Hampton ©1998 Community Worship Music; CCLI # 353794*

Come, Christians, join to sing
Alleluia! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our King;
Alleluia! Amen!
Let all, with heart and voice,
Before His throne rejoice;
Praise is His gracious choice.
Alleluia! Amen!

Come, lift your hearts on high,
Alleluia! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky;
Alleluia! Amen!
He is our Guide and Friend;
To us He'll condescend;
His love shall never end.
Alleluia! Amen!

Praise yet our Christ again,
Alleluia! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain;
Alleluia! Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore,
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing forevermore,
"Alleluia! Amen!"

Call to Worship (Psalm 47:5-7)

Leader:

God has gone up with a shout,
the Lord with the sound
of a trumpet.
Sing praises to God, sing praises!
Sing praises to our King,
sing praises!
For God is the King of all the earth;
sing praises with a psalm!

Christ the Lord Is Risen Today

Text: Charles Wesley Music: from Lyra Davidica, London, 1708

Christ the Lord is ris'n today,
Alleluia!
Sons of men and angels say:
Alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Alleluia!
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply:
Alleluia!

Lives again our glorious King,
Alleluia!
Where O death, is now thy sting?
Alleluia!
Dying once He all doth save,
Alleluia!
Where thy victory, O grave?
Alleluia!

Love's redeeming work is done,
Alleluia!
Fought the fight, the battle won,
Alleluia!
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Alleluia!
Christ has opened Paradise,
Alleluia!

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Alleluia!
Foll'wing our exalted Head,
Alleluia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Alleluia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies,
Alleluia!

I Will Glory in My Redeemer

*Words & Music by Steve & Vikki Cook ©2001 PDI Worship
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I will glory in my Redeemer
Whose priceless blood
Has ransomed me.
Mine was the sin
That drove the bitter nails
And hung Him on that judgment tree.
I will glory in my Redeemer
Who crushed the pow'r
Of sin and death; My only Savior
Before the Holy Judge,
The Lamb Who is my righteousness,
The Lamb Who is my righteousness.

I will glory in my Redeemer.
My life He bought, my love He owns.
I have no longings for another
I'm satisfied in Him alone.
I will glory in my Redeemer
His faithfulness, my standing place
Though foes are mighty
And rush upon me
My feet are firm, held by His grace,
My feet are firm, held by His grace.

I will glory in my Redeemer.
Who carries me on eagle's wings.
He crowns my life with
lovingkindness,
His triumph song I'll ever sing.
I will glory in my Redeemer
Who waits for me at gates of gold
And when He calls me
It will be paradise
His face forever to behold,
His face forever to behold.

Confession of Sin

Gracious Lord,
We confess that we have dishonored
You in our words, thoughts and deeds.
Depending on our strength,
we have stumbled.
Trusting in our goodness,
we have become prideful.
Confident in our plans for our lives,
we have failed to seek Your will.
We pray now, Lord, for You to forgive
all of our many sins;
to cleanse the darkness from
our lives,
and to turn our faces and our hearts
back toward You.

We pray these things in the name of
Your most precious Son,
Jesus Christ. Amen.

Assurance of Pardon

(Isaiah 62:11-12)

Behold, the Lord has proclaimed
to the end of the earth:
Say to the daughter of Zion,
“Behold, your salvation comes;
behold, his reward is with him,
and his recompense before him.”
And they shall be called
The Holy People,
The Redeemed of the Lord;
and you shall be called Sought Out,
A City Not Forsaken.

Heidelberg Catechism

Question 31

Question: Why is He called “Christ,”
meaning “anointed”?

Answer:

Because He has been ordained by God
the Father and has been anointed with
the Holy Spirit to be

our chief prophet and teacher

who perfectly reveals to us the
secret counsel and will of God for
our deliverance;

our only high priest

who has set us free by the one
sacrifice of His body,

and who continually pleads our
cause with the Father;

and our eternal king

who governs us by His Word
and Spirit,

and who guards us and keeps us
in the freedom He has won for us.

Worship Christ the Risen King

*Text: Jack W. Hayford Music: Henry T. Smart
Words ©1986 Living Way Ministries CCLI #353794*

Rise, O Church, and lift your voices,
Christ has conquered death and hell.

Sing as all the earth rejoices;

Resurrection anthems swell.

Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the Risen King!

See the tomb

Where death had laid Him,

Empty now, its mouth declares;

“Death and I could not contain Him,
For the Throne of Life He shares.”

Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the Risen King!

Hear the earth protest and tremble,
See the stone removed with pow'r;

All hell's minions may assemble
But cannot withstand His hour.
He has conquered, He has conquered,
Christ the Lord, the Risen King!

Doubt may lift its head to murmur,
Scoffers mock and sinners jeer;
But the truth proclaims a wonder
Thoughtful hearts receive with cheer.
He is risen, He is risen,
Now receive the Risen King!

We acclaim Your life, O Jesus,
Now we sing Your victory;
Sin or hell may seek to seize us
But Your conquest keeps us free.
Stand in triumph, Stand in triumph,
Worship Christ, the Risen King!

How Sweet and Awful is the Place

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707 Music: Traditional Irish melody

How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongue,
“Lord, why was I a guest?”

“Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make
a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?”

‘Twas the same love
that spread the feast

That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious Word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

Crown Him with Many Crowns

*Text by Matthew Bridges, 1851; Godfrey Thring, 1874
Tune by George Elvey, 1868; arr. David Hampton, 1998*

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! How the heav'nly 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
Thru all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love:
Behold His hands and side--
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends
His wond'ring eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of life:
Who triumphed o'er the grave
Who rose victorious to 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.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time;
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou has died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
throughout eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of heav'n:
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit thru Him giv'n
From yonder glorious throne.
To Thee be endless praise,
For Thou for us hast died;
Be thou, O Lord through endless days
Adored and magnified.