

## **How Much I Owe**

*Text: Adapted by Brian Davis from Robert Murray M'Cheyne  
Music: Brian Davis*

When this passing world is done,  
When has set the glaring sun;  
When I stand with Christ in glory,  
Looking o'er the finished story,

*Then, Lord, I'll fully know —  
Not till then — how much I owe,  
How much I owe.*

When I stand before the throne,  
Dressed in beauty not my own;  
When I see You as You are,  
Love You with a sinless heart,

When the praise of Heav'n I hear,  
Loud as thunder to my ear;  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,

Chosen not for good in me,  
Wakened up from wrath to flee;  
Hidden in the Savior's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified,  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe.

## **Call to Worship (Psalm 149:1-4)**

**Leader:** Praise the Lord!

Sing to the Lord a new song,  
His praise in the assembly  
of the godly!  
Let Israel be glad in His Maker;  
let the children of Zion  
rejoice in their King!  
Let them praise His name  
with dancing,

making melody to Him  
with tambourine and lyre!  
For the Lord takes pleasure in  
His people;  
He adorns the humble  
with salvation.

## **We Will Feast in the House of Zion**

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We will feast in the house of Zion.  
We will sing with our hearts restored.  
“He has done great things,”  
we will say together.  
We will feast, and weep no more.

We will not be burned by the fire;  
He is the Lord our God.  
We are not consumed by the flood  
upheld, protected, gathered up.

In the dark of night before the dawn,  
my soul be not afraid;  
For the promised morning,  
Oh how long!  
O God of Jacob be my strength.

Every vow we've broken and betrayed,  
You are the faithful One;  
And from the garden to the grave,  
bind us together, bring shalom.

## **Confession of Sin**

O Lord,  
We have not longed for Your coming  
and Your kingdom as we ought.  
We have not denied ourselves, taken  
up the cross and followed You.

Instead, clinging to the things of this  
world and counting them dear,  
we have grown callous to the needs  
of the poor,  
the lonely and the suffering.

We have not cried out for justice  
nor cared about those who are  
without Christ and without hope in  
this world.

Lord, forgive us for our offenses and  
grant that by the power of Your  
Spirit,  
we might live in light of Your  
coming again.

### **Assurance of Pardon (1 John 1:9)**

If we confess our sins, He is faithful  
and just to forgive us our sins and to  
cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

### **I Will Praise Him Still**

*Words and Music by Fernando Ortega  
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When the morning falls  
On the farthest hill  
I will sing His name,  
I will praise Him still.  
When dark trials come  
And my heart is filled  
With the weight of doubt,  
I will praise Him still.

For the Lord, our God  
He is strong to save  
From the arms of death,  
From the deepest grave.  
And He gave us life  
In His perfect will,

And by His good grace  
I will praise Him still.

### **Guide Me (Indelible Grace)**

*Text: William Williams, 1745, alt. by Jeremy Casella. Music: Jeremy  
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Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land.  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven,  
feed me now and evermore;  
Bread of heaven,  
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through.  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee;  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

Land me safe on Canaan's side.  
Bid my anxious fears,  
bid my anxious fears...  
...goodbye.

## **It Is Finished**

### **(Hark the Voice of Love and Mercy)**

*Words attributed to Jonathan Evens; Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005  
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Hark, the voice of love and mercy,  
Sounds aloud from Calvary!  
See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!  
“It is finished, it is finished,”  
Hear the dying Savior cry.  
“It is finished, it is finished,”  
Hear the dying Savior cry.

“It is finished,” O what pleasure,  
Do these charming words afford.  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.  
“It is finished, it is finished,”  
Saints the dying words record.  
“It is finished, it is finished,”  
Saints the dying words record.

Finished all the types and shadows,  
Of the ceremonial law;  
Finished all that God had promised;  
Death and hell no more shall awe.  
“It is finished, it is finished,”  
Saints from hence your comfort draw.  
“It is finished, it is finished,”  
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;  
Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
Saints on earth and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Immanuel’s name.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Glory to the bleeding lamb!

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## **1 Corinthians 15:12-19**

<sup>12</sup> Now if Christ is proclaimed as raised from the dead, how can some of you say that there is no resurrection of the dead? <sup>13</sup> But if there is no resurrection of the dead, then not even Christ has been raised. <sup>14</sup> And if Christ has not been raised, then our preaching is in vain and your faith is in vain.

<sup>15</sup> We are even found to be misrepresenting God, because we testified about God that he raised Christ, whom he did not raise if it is true that the dead are not raised. <sup>16</sup> For if the dead are not raised, not even Christ has been raised. <sup>17</sup> And if Christ has not been raised, your faith is futile and you are still in your sins. <sup>18</sup> Then those also who have fallen asleep in Christ have perished. <sup>19</sup> If in Christ we have hope in this life only, we are of all people most to be pitied.

## **On Jordan’s Stormy Banks I Stand**

*Words by Samuel Stennett; Music by Christopher Miner  
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On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

All o’er those wide extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day  
There God, the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

*I am bound, I am bound,  
I am bound for Promised Land.  
I am bound, I am bound,  
I am bound for Promised Land.*

No chilling winds  
Nor poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore,  
Sickness, sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blessed  
Where shall I see my Father's face,  
And in His bosom rest.

*We are bound, we are bound,  
We are bound for Promised Land.  
We are bound, we are bound,  
We are bound for Promised Land.*

### **The Apostles' Creed**

I believe in God the Father Almighty,  
Maker of heaven and earth.  
I believe in Jesus Christ,  
His only Son, our Lord,  
Who was conceived by the  
Holy Spirit,  
and born of the virgin Mary.  
He suffered under Pontius Pilate  
was crucified, died  
and was buried;  
He descended into hell,  
The third day He rose again  
from the dead,  
He ascended into heaven  
and is seated at the right hand

of God the Father Almighty.  
From there He will come to judge  
the living and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Spirit,  
the holy catholic church,  
the communion of saints,  
the forgiveness of sins,  
the resurrection of the body,  
and the life everlasting.  
Amen.