

Opening—

819 Sing Praise to God, the Highest Good

- 1 Sing praise to God, the highest good,
The author of creation,
The God of love who understood
Our need for His salvation.
With healing balm our souls He fills
And ev'ry faithless murmur stills:
To God all praise and glory!
- 2 What God's almighty pow'r has made,
In mercy He is keeping.
By morning glow or evening shade
His eye is never sleeping.
Within the kingdom of His might
All things are just and good and right:
To God all praise and glory!
- 3 We sought the Lord in our distress;
O God, in mercy hear us.
Our Savior saw our helplessness
And came with peace to cheer us.
For this we thank and praise the Lord,
Who is by one and all adored:
To God all praise and glory!
- 4 He never shall forsake His flock,
His chosen generation;
He is their refuge and their rock,
Their peace and their salvation.
As with a mother's tender hand,
He leads His own, His chosen band:
To God all praise and glory!
- 5 All who confess Christ's holy name,
Give God the praise and glory.
Let all who know His pow'r proclaim
Aloud the wondrous story.
Cast ev'ry idol from its throne,
For God is God, and He alone:
To God all praise and glory!

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Sermon Hymn—

430 My Song Is Love Unknown

- 1 My song is love unknown,
My Savior's love to me,
Love to the loveless shown
That they might lovely be.
Oh, who am I
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh and die?

2 He came from His blest throne
 Salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none
 The longed-for Christ would know.
But, oh, my friend,
 My friend indeed,
 Who at my need
His life did spend!

3 Sometimes they strew His way
 And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
 Hosannas to their King.
Then "Crucify!"
 Is all their breath,
 And for His death
They thirst and cry.

4 Why, what hath my Lord done?
 What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
 He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
 Yet they at these
 Themselves displease
And 'gainst Him rise.

5 They rise and needs will have
 My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save,
 The Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful He
 To suff'ring goes
 That He His foes
From thence might free.

6 In life no house, no home
 My Lord on earth might have;
In death no friendly tomb
 But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
 Heav'n was His home
 But mine the tomb
Wherein He lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing,
 No story so divine!
Never was love, dear King,
 Never was grief like Thine.
This is my friend,
 In whose sweet praise
 I all my days
Could gladly spend!

Closing Hymn—

685 Let Us Ever Walk with Jesus

- 1 Let us ever walk with Jesus,
 Follow His example pure,
Through a world that would deceive us
 And to sin our spirits lure.
Onward in His footsteps treading,
 Pilgrims here, our home above,
 Full of faith and hope and love,
Let us do the Father's bidding.
 Faithful Lord, with me abide;
 I shall follow where You guide.
- 2 Let us suffer here with Jesus
 And with patience bear our cross.
Joy will follow all our sadness;
 Where He is, there is no loss.
Though today we sow no laughter,
 We shall reap celestial joy;
 All discomforts that annoy
Shall give way to mirth hereafter.
 Jesus, here I share Your woe;
 Help me there Your joy to know.
- 3 Let us gladly die with Jesus.
 Since by death He conquered death,
He will free us from destruction,
 Give to us immortal breath.
Let us mortify all passion
 That would lead us into sin;
 And the grave that shuts us in
Shall but prove the gate to heaven.
 Jesus, here with You I die,
 There to live with You on high.
- 4 Let us also live with Jesus.
 He has risen from the dead
That to life we may awaken.
 Jesus, You are now our head.
We are Your own living members;
 Where You live, there we shall be
 In Your presence constantly,
Living there with You forever.
 Jesus, let me faithful be,
 Life eternal grant to me.