

And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll:
The trump shall resound and the 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.

Public Domain. Words by Horatio Spafford, Music by Philip Bliss

SERMON —

“Do Not Be Anxious About...Anything!” - Philippians 4:4-7

My Soul Finds Rest

My soul finds rest in God alone
He only is my salvation
My Rock, my Peace, my fortress strong
I will ever love and adore Him.

My soul finds rest in God alone
He only is my salvation
My Rock, my Peace, my fortress strong
I will ever love and adore Him.

Great love of God, Jesus His name
He only is my foundation
For on the cross He bled and died
And He took my sorrows forever.

For on the cross He bled and He died
And He took my sorrows forever.
And I will praise Him come whatever.

By Mary MacLean; © 1999 Mercy/Vineyard Publishing; CCLI #2850991

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CALVARY COMMUNITY CHURCH

Worship Guide | February 26, 2023

WELCOME & PRAYER

CALL TO WORSHIP — *Psalm 36:5-9*

Your steadfast love, O LORD, extends to the heavens,
Your faithfulness to the clouds.

Your righteousness is like the mountains of God;

Your judgments are like the great deep;

How precious is your steadfast love, O God!

The children of mankind take refuge in the shadow of your wings.

For with you is the fountain of life;

In your light do we see light.

PRAISE & ADORATION

Come Thou Fount

Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

Oh to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Words: Robert Robinson Music: NETTLETON; John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music

Praise the Father, Praise the Son
O sov'reign God, O matchless King,
The saints adore, the angels sing
And fall before the throne of grace;
To You belongs the highest praise.

These sufferings, this passing tide,
Under Your wings I will abide,
And ev'ry enemy shall flee;
You are my hope and victory.

Praise the Father, praise the Son,
Praise the Spirit, Three in One.
Clothed in power and in grace
The name above all other names.

To the valley for my soul,
Thy great descent has made me whole.
Your Word my heart has welcomed home,
Now peace like water ever flows.

Praise the Father, praise the Son,
Praise the Spirit, Three in One.
Clothed in power and in grace,
The name above all other names.

Ed Cash and Chris Tomlin; © 2008 Worshiptogether.com Songs; CCLI #2850991

GRACE & ASSURANCE — Psalm 32

Blessed is the one whose transgression is forgiven,
whose sin is covered.

I acknowledged my sin to you,
and I did not cover my iniquity;
I said, "I will confess my transgressions to the Lord,"
and you forgave the iniquity of my sin.
Therefore let everyone who is godly
offer prayer to you at a time when you may be found;

I Will Sing The Wondrous Story

I will sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me
How He left the realms of glory
For the cross of Calvary.

Yes I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray,
Raised me up and gently led me
Back into the narrow way.

Yes I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then at last He'll bring me over
Saved by grace and victory

Yes I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

Words: Francis H. Rowley (1886) Tune: Rowland H. Prichard, 1830, HYFRYDOL

It Is Well With My Soul

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll –
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to know,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

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

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control –
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

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

My sin — O the bliss of this glorious thought —
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more:
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

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