

Just As I Am

Just as I am without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot.
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

I come broken to be mended.
I come wounded to be healed.
I come desp'rate to be rescued.
I come empty to be filled.
I come guilty to be pardoned
By the blood of Christ, the Lamb.
And I'm welcomed with open arms,
Praise God, just as I am.

Just as I am I would be lost,
But mercy and grace my freedom bought.
And now to glory in Your cross,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

I come broken to be mended.
I come wounded to be healed.
I come desp'rate to be rescued.
I come empty to be filled.
I come guilty to be pardoned
By the blood of Christ, the Lamb.
And I'm welcomed with open arms,
Praise God, just as I am.

Charlotte Elliott, William Batchelder Bradbury, Travis Cottrell, Sue Smith, David Moffitt;
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WELCOME & PRAYER

CALL TO WORSHIP — Psalm 40:1-3

I waited patiently for the LORD;
he inclined to me and heard my cry.

**He drew me up from the pit of destruction,
out of the miry bog,
and set my feet upon a rock,
making my steps secure.**

He put a new song in my mouth,
a song of praise to our God.

**Many will see and fear,
and put their trust in the LORD.**

PRAISE & ADORATION

The Solid Rock

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

On Christ, the solid Rock I stand
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.

His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay,

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in Him be found,
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

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In Christ Alone

In Christ alone my hope is found
He is my light, my strength, my song.
This cornerstone; this solid ground,
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace,
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease;
My comforter, my all in all,
Here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, who took on flesh,
Fullness of God in helpless babe,
This gift of love and righteousness,
Scorned by the ones He came to save.
Till on that cross as Jesus died
The wrath of God was satisfied,
For eve'ry sin on Him was laid,
Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay
Light of the world by darkness slain.
Then bursting forth in glorious day,
Up from the grave He rose again
And as He stands in victory,
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me,
For I am His, and He is mine,
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,
This is the power of Christ in me.
From life's first cry to final breath
Jesus commands my destiny.
No power of hell, no scheme of man
Can ever pluck me from His hand,
Till He returns or calls me home,
Here in the power of Christ I stand.

No power of hell, no scheme of man
Can ever pluck me from His hand,
Till He returns or calls me home,
Here in the power of Christ I stand.

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GRACE & ASSURANCE — Titus 3:4-6

But when the goodness and loving kindness of God our Savior appeared, he saved us, not because of works done by us in righteousness, but according to his own mercy, by the washing of regeneration and renewal of the Holy Spirit, whom he poured out on us richly through Jesus Christ our Savior.

Not What My Hands of Done

Not what my hands have done
Can save my guilty soul;
Not what my toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.
Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.
Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free

I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfalt'ring lip and heart,
I call this Savior mine.
His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each ling'ring shade of gloom.

I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.
'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.

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COMMUNION

Now as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and after blessing it broke it and gave it to the disciples, and said, "Take, eat; this is my body." And he took a cup, and when he had given thanks he gave it to them, saying, "Drink of it, all of you, for this is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins.

~ Matthew 26:26-28