

Welcome

Prayer

Bible Reading – Psalm 125 (page 623)

Song – O come, O come, Immanuel

O come, O come, Immanuel
and ransom captive Israel
who mourns in lonely exile here
until the Son of God draws near:

*Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
shall come to you, O Israel.*

O come, O come, great Lord of might
who long ago on Sinai's height
gave Israel's tribes the holy law
in cloud and majesty and awe:

Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel ...

O come, true Branch of Jesse, free
Your own from Satan's tyranny;
from depths of hell Your people save
to rise victorious from the grave:

Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel ...

O come, bright Morning Star, and cheer
our spirits by Your advent here;
dispel the long night's lingering gloom
and pierce the shadows of the tomb:

Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel ...

O come, strong Key of David, come
and open wide our heavenly home;
make safe the way that leads on high
and close the path to misery:

Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel ...

Latin 18th Century. Trans. John Mason Neale
1818-66 and others.

© in this version Jubilate Hymns

Bible Reading – Hebrews 12:18-24

(page 1211)

Song – Glorious things of You are spoken

Glorious things of You are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken
formed you for His own abode:
on the Rock of Ages founded,
what can shake your sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded
you may smile at all your foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
springing from eternal love,
well supply your sons and daughters
and all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
ever flows their thirst to fade?
Grace, which like the Lord the Giver
never fails from age to age.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus whom their souls rely on,
makes them priests and kings to God.
Ne'er again will be a barrier:
all the guilt and stain are gone,
free to walk beside the Saviour
in the glory of the Lord.

Saviour, since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
let the world condemn or pity,
I will glory in Your name:
fading is the worldly pleasure,
all its weak pretence and show;
solid joys and lasting treasure
none but those of Zion know.

John Newton 1725-1807.

Additional words Luke & Vicki Woodhouse, 2009

Bible Teaching – “Peace be on Israel”

Song – In Christ Alone

In Christ alone my hope is found,
He is my light, my strength, my song;
this corner stone, 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 the cross as Jesus died,
the wrath of God was satisfied –
for every 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’ll stand!

Keith Getty & Stuart Townend
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Prayers

Song – When peace, like a river

When peace, like a river, attends all my way,
when sorrows like sea-billows roll,
whatever my path, You have taught me to say,
‘It is well, it is well with my soul.’

*‘It is well ... it is well,
with my soul ... with my soul,
it is well, it is well with my soul.’*

Though Satan may buffet,
though trials may come,
let this calm assurance control:
that Christ knows my need
and my helplessness here
and has shed His own blood for my soul.

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

The joy, O the joy of
this glorious thought!
my sin, not in part but the whole,
is nailed to His cross
and I bear it no more;
praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

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

For me it is Christ, it is Christ now to live!
Though death’s waters over me roll,
no fear shall be mine, for in death as in life
You will whisper Your peace to my soul.

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

But, Lord, for Your coming in glory we wait;
the sky, not the grave, is our goal;
the trumpet shall sound
and the Lord shall descend:
bless the Lord, bless the Lord, O my soul!

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

Horatio G Spafford 1828-88
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