



Sunday Night Worship

Second Presbyterian Church · May 13, 2018 · 6:00 p.m.

✦ **Call to Worship** Tim Russell
Assistant Pastor, Middle Adults

✦ **Blessed Be Your Name**

Blessed be Your Name in the land that is plentiful,
Where Your streams of abundance flow, blessed be Your Name.
And blessed be Your Name when I'm found in the desert place,
Though I walk through the wilderness, blessed be Your Name.

Every blessing You pour out I'll turn back to praise;
And when the darkness closes in, Lord, still I will say:

Blessed be the Name of the Lord; blessed be Your Name.

Blessed be the Name of the Lord; blessed be Your glorious Name.

Blessed be Your Name when the sun's shining down on me,
When the world's "all as it should be," blessed be Your Name.
And blessed be Your Name on the road marked with suffering,
Though there's pain in the offering, blessed be Your Name.

You give and take away. You give and take away.
My heart will choose to say: Lord, blessed be Your Name.

✦ **Invocation** (*please raise hands*)

Worship of God with the Gifts of God

Let Us Love and Sing and Wonder

Let us love and sing and wonder, let us praise the Savior's Name!
He has hushed the law's loud thunder, He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame.
He has washed us with His blood, He has washed us with His blood,
He has washed us with His blood, He has brought us nigh to God.

Let us love the Lord Who bought us, pitied us when enemies,
Called us by His grace, and taught us, gave us ears and gave us eyes:
He has washed us with His blood, He has washed us with His blood,
He has washed us with His blood, He presents our souls to God.

Let us sing, though fierce temptation threatens hard to bear us down!
For the Lord, our strong Salvation, holds in view the conqueror's crown:
He, Who washed us with His blood, He, Who washed us with His blood,
He, Who washed us with His blood, soon will bring us home to God.

Let us wonder; grace and justice join and point to mercy's store;
When through grace in Christ our trust is, justice smiles and asks no more:
He, Who washed us with His blood, He, Who washed us with His blood,
He, Who washed us with His blood, has secured our way to God.

Let us praise, and join the chorus of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted Him before us, now their praises fill the sky:
Thou hast washed us with Thy blood; Thou hast washed us with Thy blood;
Thou hast washed us with Thy blood; Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!

✠Prayer of Thanksgiving

✠Greetings and Announcements

Scripture Reading Psalm 131
(page 519 in the pew Bible)

This is the Word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

Sermon: Rest for the Restless Barton Kimbro
Assistant Pastor, Young Adults

Invitation to the Table

All who have publicly professed their faith and joined a Christian church are welcomed to receive communion tonight. We encourage children not to take communion until they have joined the church but do welcome them to come forward with their parents to receive a blessing. If you are unable to come forward, please raise your hand and an elder will serve you in your seat. All communion wafers are gluten free.

Prayers of Confession

Assurance of Divine Pardon

Words of Institution

Prayer of Consecration

Songs for the Table

Abide with Me

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, abide with me.

Thou on my head, in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious, and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
On to the close Lord, abide with me.

I need Thy presence, every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, abide with me.

I fear no foe; with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, tears lose their bitterness.
Where is thy sting, death? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross, before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, Lord, abide with me.

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 ev'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 pow'r of Christ in me;
From life's first cry to final breath, Jesus commands my destiny.
No pow'r 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.

Before the Throne of God Above

Before the throne of God above, I have a strong and perfect plea,
A great High Priest whose name is "Love," Who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is graven on His hands, my name is written on His heart;
I know that while in heav'n He stands no tongue can bid me thence depart.
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair, and tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look and see Him there Who made an end to all my sin.
Because the sinless Savior died, my sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the Just, is satisfied to look on Him and pardon me.
To look on Him and pardon me.

Behold Him there the risen Lamb, my perfect, spotless Righteousness,
The great unchangeable I Am, the King of glory and of grace!
One with Himself I cannot die, my soul is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high, with Christ, my Savior and my God.
With Christ, my Savior and my God.

Jesus Paid It All

I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray, find in Me thine all in all."

*Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.*

Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots and melt the heart of stone.

And when before the throne, I stand in Him complete,
Jesus dies, my soul to save, my lips shall still repeat.

O praise the One who paid my debt
And raised this life up from the dead.

✦ Prayer of Thanksgiving

✦ **Benediction** (*please raise hands*)

✦ *Indicates standing*



4055 Poplar Avenue, Memphis, TN 38111
www.2pc.org · (901) 454-0034