



Sunday Night Worship

Second Presbyterian Church
November 20, 2016 · 6:00 p.m.

✦ Call to Worship Tim Johnson

"Again I Say, Rejoice!"

"The Wonderful Cross"

✦ Prayer of Adoration

✦ Greetings and Announcements Michael Davis

Worship of God with the Gifts of God

"Take My Life"

✦ Prayer of Thanksgiving Michael Parsons

Scripture Reading: Matthew 5:14-16 Yuna Jhang
(page 810 in the pew Bible)

Sermon: "The Influential Life: Shine Your Light" Barton Kimbro

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. Gluten-free bread is offered in the center aisle.

Prayers of Confession

Assurance of Divine Pardon

Words of Institution

Prayer of Consecration

Songs for the Table

"There Is a Fountain"

"How Deep the Father's Love for Us"

"O Church Arise"

✦ Prayer of Thanksgiving

✦ Benediction

✦ *Indicates standing*

Song lyrics printed on reverse side. License #252778

Getting Connected at Second

To find out more about who we are and how you can become part of our church community, contact Todd Erickson at (901) 531-8895 or todd.erickson@2pc.org.

Again I Say, Rejoice!

Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say,
Again I say rejoice in the Lord always,
And again I say, and again I say, rejoice!

Come bless the Lord, come bless the Lord,
Draw near to worship Christ the Lord.
And bless His name, His holy name,
Declaring He is good!

O that men would praise Him,
O that men would praise Him.

O that men would praise His name,
Praise His name to the ends of the earth.

The Wonderful Cross

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and blood flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

*O the wonderful cross, O the wonderful cross
Bids me come and die
And find that I may truly live.
O the wonderful cross, O the wonderful cross
All who gather here, by grace draw near
And bless Your name.*

Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all! (*Chorus*)
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

Take My Life

Take my life and let it be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

*Here am I – all of me;
Take my life, it's all for Thee.*

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
Take my silver and my gold—
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect and use
Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Your feet its treasure store.
Take my self, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

There Is a Fountain

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains:
Lose all their guilty stains, lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away:
Washed all my sins away, washed all my sins away;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
And shall be till I die, and shall be till I die.
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

When this poor lisp'ing, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave:
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Your pow'r to save,
I'll sing Your pow'r to save, I'll sing Your pow'r to save,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Your pow'r to save.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more:
Be saved to sin no more, be saved to sin no more;
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

How Deep the Father's Love for Us

How deep the Father's love for us,
How vast beyond all measure,
That He should give His only Son
To make a wretch His treasure.
How great the pain of searing loss;
The Father turns His face away,
As wounds which mar the Chosen One
Bring many sons to glory.

Behold the Man upon a cross,
My sin upon His shoulders;
Ashamed, I hear my mocking voice
Call out among the scoffers.
It was my sin that held Him there
Until it was accomplished;
His dying breath has brought me life.
I know that it is finished.

I will not boast in anything –
No gifts, no power, no wisdom;
But I will boast in Jesus Christ,
His death and resurrection.
Why should I gain from His reward?
I cannot give an answer.
But this I know with all my heart:
His wounds have paid my ransom.

O Church Arise

O church, arise and put your armor on;
Hear the call of Christ our captain;
For now the weak can say that they are strong
In the strength that God has given.
With shield of faith and belt of truth
We'll stand against the devil's lies;
An army bold whose battle cry is "Love!"
Reaching out to those in darkness.

Our call to war, to love the captive soul,
But to rage against the captor;
And with the sword that makes the wounded whole
We will fight with faith and valor.
When faced with trials on ev'ry side,
We know the outcome is secure,
And Christ will have the prize for which He died—
An inheritance of nations.

Come, see the cross where love and mercy meet,
As the Son of God is stricken;
Then see His foes lie crushed beneath His feet,
For the Conqueror has risen!
And as the stone is rolled away,
And Christ emerges from the grave,
This vict'ry march continues till the day
Ev'ry eye and heart shall see Him.

So Spirit, come, put strength in ev'ry stride,
Give grace for ev'ry hurdle,
That we may run with faith to win the prize
Of a servant good and faithful.
As saints of old still line the way,
Retelling triumphs of His grace,
We hear their calls and hunger for the day
When with Christ we stand in glory.