**Worship Text for Sunday, September 6, 2015**

Anticipating Next Sunday

***Spending ourselves in behalf of the hungry and oppressed turns our night into day!***

**How does this text enlarge your hope in the supremacy of Christ?** 1. Pray: “*Holy Spirit* *Please, open my eyes to see wonderful things in this text*.” 2. Write your thoughts and thanks. 3. Joyfully share your thoughts with someone else.

**What happens to us when we spend ourselves in behalf of the hungry and oppressed?**

**Isaiah 58:6–11 (NIV84)**

6 “Is not this the kind of fasting I have chosen: to loose the chains of injustice and untie the cords of the yoke, to set the oppressed free and break every yoke?

7 Is it not to share your food with the hungry and to provide the poor wanderer with shelter— when you see the naked, to clothe him, and not to turn away from your own flesh and blood?

8 Then your light will break forth like the dawn, and your healing will quickly appear; then your righteousness will go before you, and the glory of the Lord will be your rear guard.

9 Then you will call, and the Lord will answer; you will cry for help, and He will say: Here am I. “If you do away with the yoke of oppression, with the pointing finger and malicious talk, **10 and if you spend yourselves in behalf of the hungry and satisfy the needs of the oppressed, then your light will rise in the darkness, and your night will become like the noonday.**

11 The Lord will guide you always; He will satisfy your needs in a sun-scorched land and will strengthen your frame. You will be like a well-watered garden, like a spring whose waters never fail.

**Worship Songs for Sunday, August 30, 2015**

**O Church Arise**

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1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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.

4. 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.

**Come Thou Fount**

Words and Music by Kim Noblitt, Robert Elkins, Robert Robinson. Public Domain. CCLI License #256413

Come Thou Fount of every 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 my Ebenezer, Here by Thy great 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.

*Come Thou fount, come Thou King,   
Come Thou precious Prince of Peace.   
Hear Your bride ̶ to You we sing, Come Thou fount of all blessing.*

I was lost in utter darkness ‘til You came and rescued me.  
I was bound by all my sin when Your love came and set me free.  
Now my soul can sing a new song, now my heart has found a home.  
Now Your grace is always with me and I’ll never be alone.

O to grace how great a debtor Daily I’m constrained to be.  
Let Thy goodness like a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love.  
Here’s my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts above.

Here’s my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts above.

**Cornerstone**

*Words and Music by Edward Mote, Eric Liljero, Jonas Myrin, Reuben Morgan, and William Batchelder Bradbury. ©2011 Hillsong Music Publishing. CCLI License #256413.*

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

*Christ alone, Cornerstone,*

*Weak made strong In the Savior's love,*

*Through the storm He is Lord, Lord of all*

2. When darkness seems to hide His face  
I rest on His unchanging grace  
In every high and stormy gale My anchor holds within the veil

3. 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.

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

**Our Great Savior**

*Words and Music by John Wilbur Chapman, Rowland Hugh Prichard © Public Domain. CCLI License #256413.*

1. Jesus! What a Friend for sinners!  
Jesus! Lover of my soul;  
Friends may fail me, foes assail me,  
He, my Savior, makes me whole.

*Hallelujah! What a Savior! Hallelujah! What a Friend!  
Saving, helping, keeping, loving, He is with me to the end.*

2. Jesus! What a Strength in weakness! Let me hide myself in Him;  
Tempted, tried, and sometimes failing,

He, my Strength, my victory wins.

3. Jesus! What a Help in sorrow! While the billows o’er me roll;  
Even when my heart is breaking, He, my Comfort, helps my soul.

4. Jesus! What a Guide and Keeper! While the tempest still is high;  
Storms about me, night o’er takes me, He, my Pilot, hears my cry.

5. Jesus! I do now receive Him! More than all in Him I find,  
He hath granted me forgiveness, I am His, and He is mine.

**I See The Lord**

*Words and Music by Chris Falson. ©1992 Maranatha Praise, Inc. CCLI License #256413.*

I see the Lord Seated on the throne, exalted,  
And the train of His robe, Fills the temple with glory.   
And the whole earth is filled, And the whole earth is filled,  
And the whole earth is filled with His glory.

Holy, holy, holy, holy, Holy is the Lord.   
Holy, holy, holy, holy, Holy is the Lord of lords.