



*First
Presbyterian
Church,
Psallite!*

Procession Allegre

Garry Cornell
Michael McGhee, Organ

Thou Art God!

John Ness Beck

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth,
From everlasting to everlasting, thou art God!

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.
Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto thy children.

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home.
Before the world in order stood, or earth received her frame,
From everlasting to everlasting thou art God, to endless years the same.

Let Me Hide Myself in Thee

Setting by Craig Courtney

Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood, from thy wounded side which flowed.
Be of sin the double cure; save from wrath and make me pure.

Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to the cross I cling;
Naked come to thee for dress; helpless look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly; wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath, when my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown, see thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee.

Nothing but the Blood

arr. Craig Courtney

What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
O precious is the flow that makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know; nothing but the blood of Jesus.

For my pardon this I see: nothing but the blood of Jesus.
For my cleansing this my plea: nothing but the blood of Jesus.
O precious is the flow that makes me white as snow.
No other fount I know; nothing but the blood of Jesus.

This is all my hope and peace: nothing but the blood of Jesus.
This is all my righteousness: nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Nothing can for sin atone: nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Nought of good that I have done; nothing but the blood of Jesus.
O precious is the flow that makes me white as snow.
No other fount I know; nothing but the blood of Jesus.

I Shall Not Want

Audrey Assad

Gillian Ford, Soprano

From the love of my own comfort, from the fear of having nothing,
From a life of worldly passions, deliver me, O God.
From a need to be understood, from a need to be accepted,
From a fear of being lonely, deliver me, O God.

(Refrain) And I shall not want, No, I shall not want,
When I taste your goodness, I shall not want.

From the fear of serving others, from the fear of death or trial,
From the fear of humility, deliver me, O God. (Refrain)

Come, Ye Disconsolate

arr. David Rasbach

Come, ye disconsolate, where're ye languish;
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts; here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of Love, come ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed

arr. Craig Courtney

Alas! and did my Savior bleed, and did my sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head for sinners such as I?
Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine, and bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine the glorious Suff'rer stood!

Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
Well might the sun in darkness hide, and shut its glories in,
When God, the mighty maker, died for his own creature's sin!

Thus might I hide my blushing face while His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, and melt mine eyes with tears.
But drops of tears can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away; 'tis all that I can do.

How Much I Owe

Arr. John Hudson

When this passing world is done, when has sunk yon glaring sun.
When I stand with Christ on high, looking o'er life's history:
Then, Lord, shall I fully know - not till then - how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me; wakened up from wrath to flee;
Hidden in the Savior's side; by thy spirit sanctified:
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show, by thy love, how much I owe.

Of the nights of sorrow reign - weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
But, when fear is at the height, Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessed Jesus, bid me show doubting saints how much I owe.

When I stand upon the throne, dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see thee as thou art, love thee with unsinning heart.
Then, Lord, shall I fully know - not till then - how much I owe.

Heaven's Choir

Pepper Choplin

When we lift our voices to heaven, when we sing alleluias to worship the Lord,
We prepare for the day when we join all heaven's praise.
With an audience of one we will sing to the Son.

(Refrain) In heaven's choir we'll join saints in glory.
In heaven's choir we'll worship the Lord.
And when we bow before His throne, we'll sing "Holy, Holy, Holy."
We'll praise the Lord on high in heaven's choir.

In the church are many nations, diff'rent races, diff'rent songs.
There are sep'rate denominations who proclaim Christ as Lord.
But there will be no more division when we reach our heav'nly home.
We will all sing as one in the presence of the Son. (Refrain)

What a Friend We Have in Jesus

arr. Tim Zimmerman
Brian Cardis, Trumpet

Amen, Amen

arr. Lloyd Larson

Amen. See the little baby lyin' in a manger on Christmas morning.
See him at the temple talkin' to the elders; how they marveled at his wisdom.
See him at the seaside a-preachin' and a-healin' the blind and the feeble.

See him in the garden prayin' to His father in deepest sorrow.
Then they crucified him, Jesus our Savior, but He rose on Easter morn!

Jesus lives again! Hallelujah! Glory, hallelujah! Jesus lives forever! Amen!

It Is Well With My Soul

arr. Mark Hayes

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
It is well with my soul.

(Refrain) It is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed his own blood for my soul. (Refrain)

My sin - oh, the bliss of this glorious thought! -
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! (Refrain)

And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul. (Refrain)

Marching to Zion

Arr. Ken Berg

Come, we that love the Lord, and let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord, and thus surround the throne.
(Refrain) We're marching to Zion, beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion, the beautiful city of God.

Let those refuse to sing, who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King may speak their joys abroad.
The hill of Zion yields a thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heav'nly fields, or walk the golden streets. (Refrain)

Then let our songs abound, and every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground to fairer worlds on high. (Refrain)

CHANCEL CHOIR

Rebecca Lanning, Director

Tom Rule, Accompanist

Soprano

Sue Ballard
Gillian Ford
Beverly Olson
Lauren Reese
Abby Rogers
Phebe Settles

Alto

Rebecca Forsyth
Kathy Hensley
Karmen Lenz
Katie Maddox
Mary Moody
Susan Phillips
Saynor Ponder
Pam Rule

Tenor

Norman Carter
Stephen Hensley
Jim Settles
Elliott Wall
Byrd Wyatt

Bass

Van Edmonds
Jay Hawkins
Mel Leroy
Ben Rives
Matt Rose

First Presbyterian Church

682 Mulberry Street • Macon, Georgia 31201 • www.fpcmacon.org

May 17, 2015