



Welcome
to
Worship
in
Penrhyn Bay



Led by
Rev Tim Hodgins

Come, now is the time to worship.
Come, now is the time to give your heart.
Come, just as you are, to worship.
Come, just as you are, before your God,
Come.



One day every tongue
will confess You are God,
One day every knee will bow.
Still the greatest treasure
remains for those
Who gladly choose You now.

Repeat



Come, now is the time to worship.
Come, now is the time to give your heart.
Come, just as you are, to worship.
Come, just as you are, before your God,
Come.



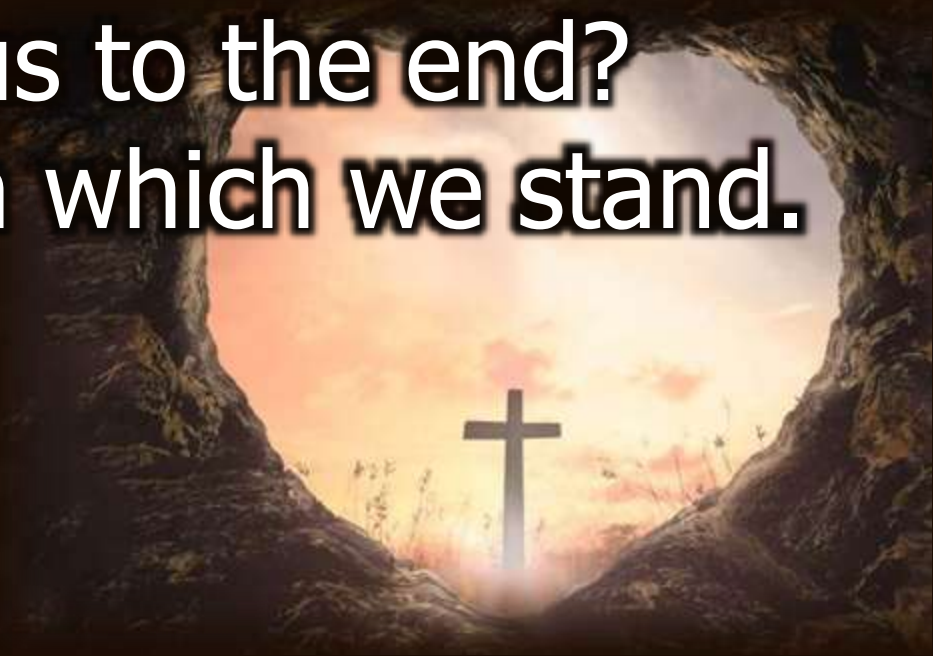


Welcome
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What is our hope in life and death?
Christ alone, Christ alone.
What is our only confidence?
That our souls to Him belong.
Who holds our days within His hand?
What comes, apart from His command?
And what will keep us to the end?
The love of Christ, in which we stand.



*O sing hallelujah!
Our hope springs eternal;
O sing hallelujah!
Now and ever we confess
Christ our hope in life and death.*



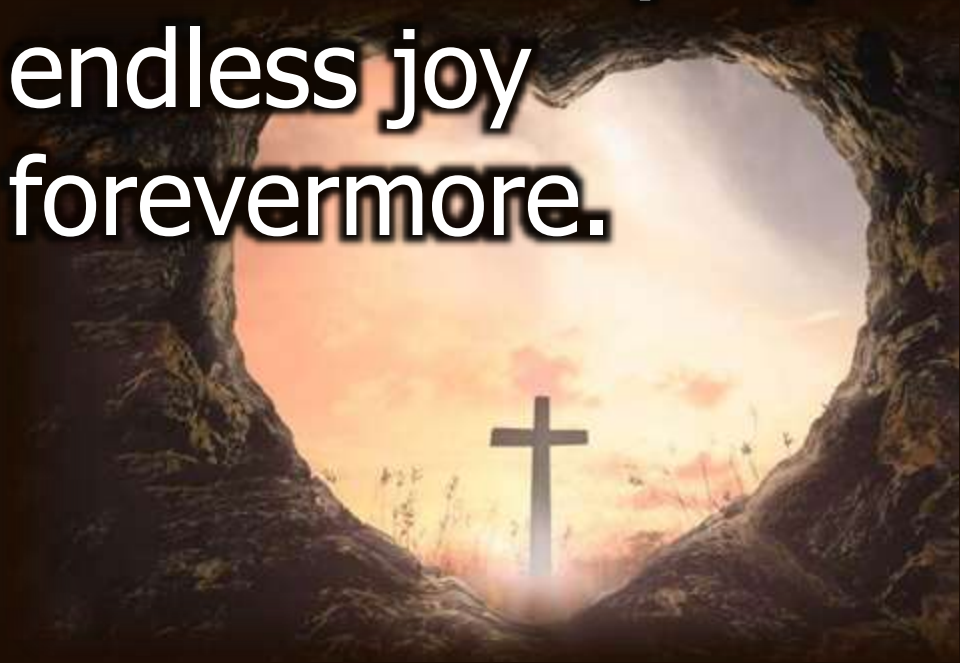
What truth can calm the troubled soul?
God is good, God is good.
Where is His grace and goodness known?
In our great Redeemer's blood.
Who holds our faith when fears arise?
Who stands above the stormy trial?
Who sends the waves that bring us nigh
Unto the shore, the rock of Christ?



*O sing hallelujah!
Our hope springs eternal;
O sing hallelujah!
Now and ever we confess
Christ our hope in life and death.*



Unto the grave, what will we sing?
"Christ, He lives; Christ, He lives!"
And what reward will heaven bring?
Everlasting life with Him.
There we will rise to meet the Lord,
Then sin and death will be destroyed,
And we will feast in endless joy
When Christ is ours forevermore.



*O sing hallelujah!
Our hope springs eternal;
O sing hallelujah!
Now and ever we confess
Christ our hope in life and death.*



*O sing hallelujah!
Our hope springs eternal;
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Matt Boswell, Matt Papa, Keith Getty, Jordan Kauflin, Matthew Sherman Merker.

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What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
What a blessedness,
 what a peace is mine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.



*Leaning, leaning,
Safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.*



Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
Oh, how bright the path grows
from day to day,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.



*Leaning, leaning,
Safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.*



What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
I have blessed peace
with my Lord so near,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.



*Leaning, leaning,
Safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.*





**Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.**



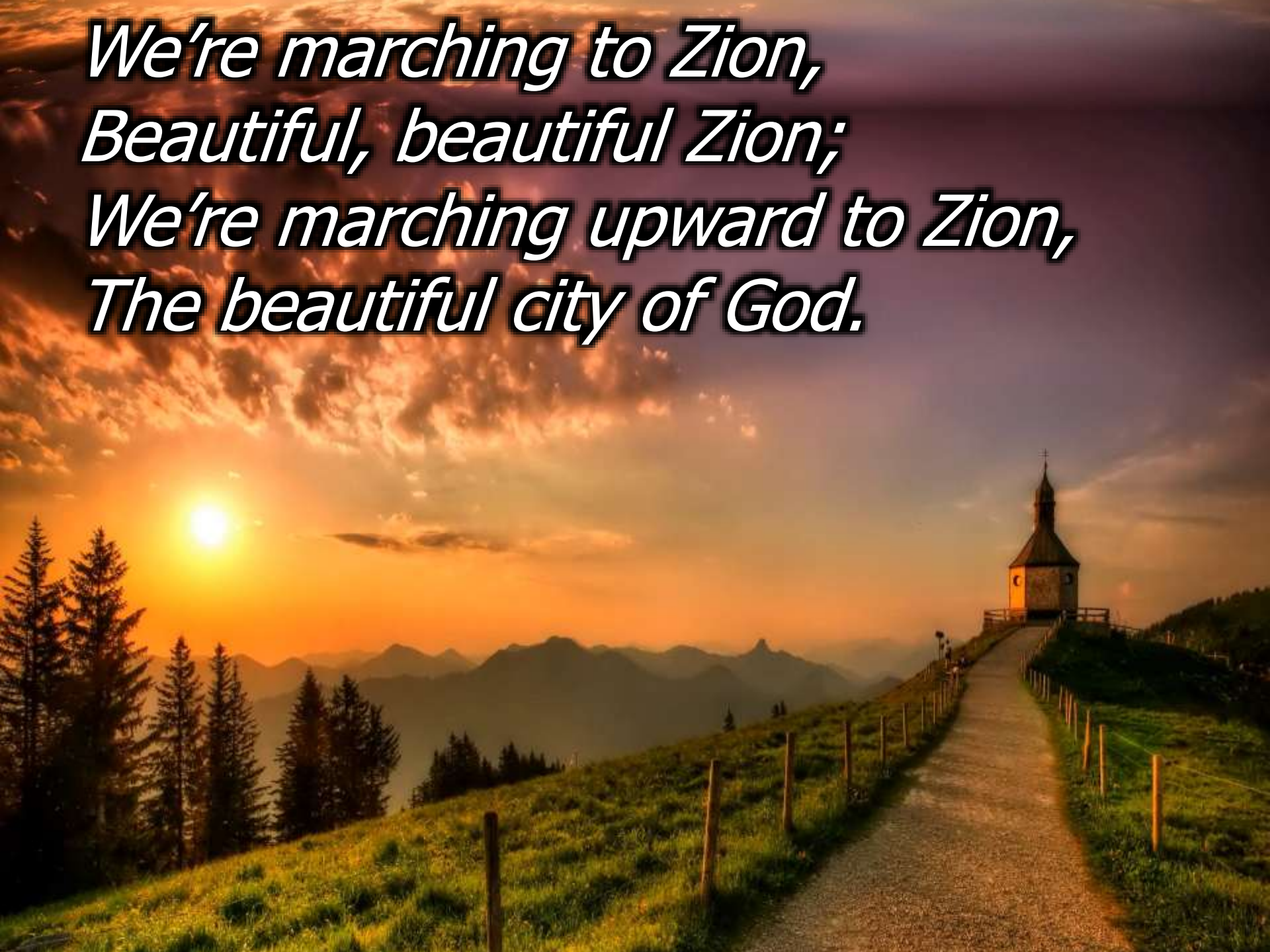
*We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.*



Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King,
But children of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad,
May speak their joys abroad



*We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.*

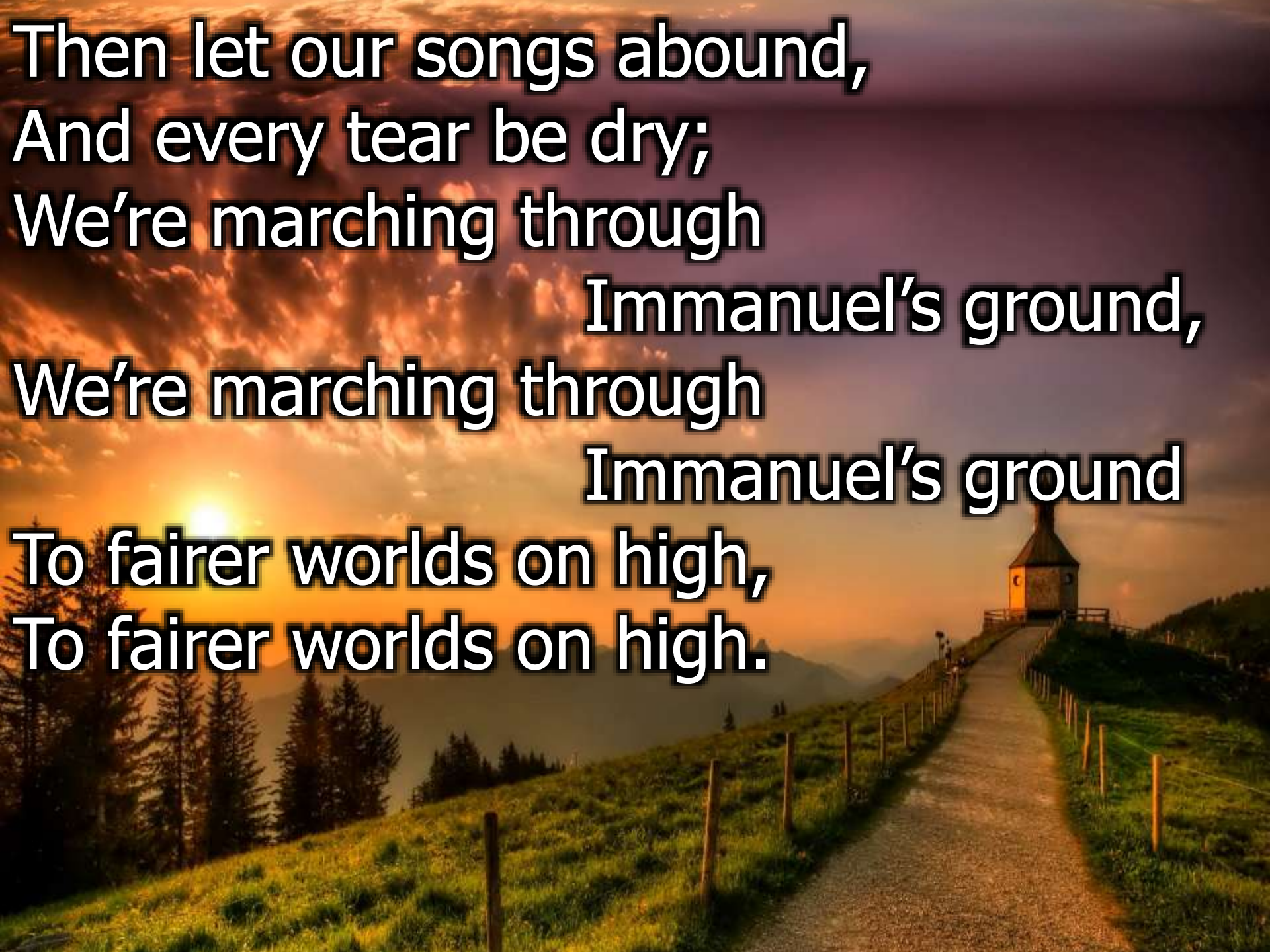


The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields
Or walk the golden streets,
Or walk the golden streets.



*We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.*

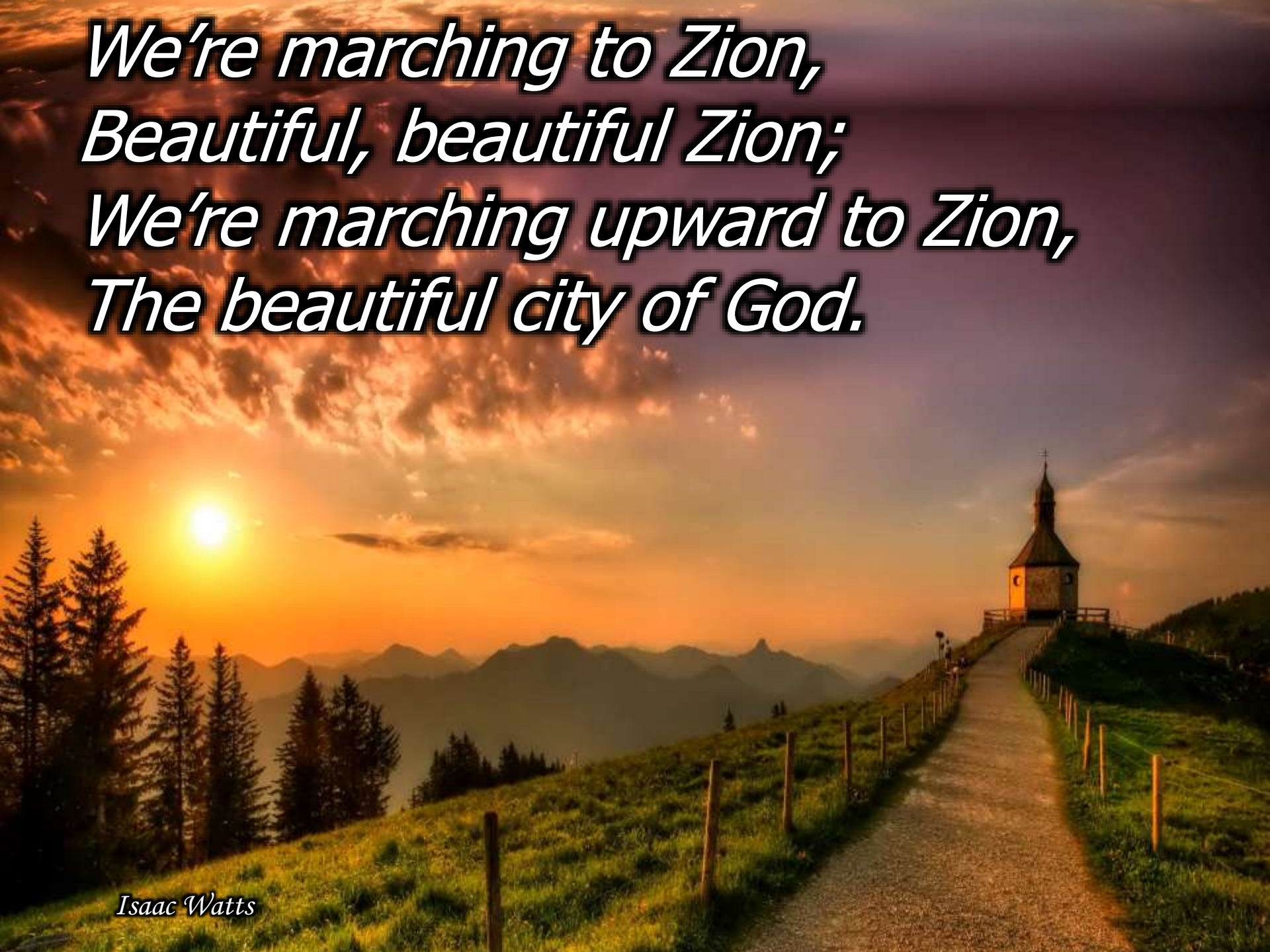




Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through
Immanuel's ground,
We're marching through
Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high,
To fairer worlds on high.

*We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.*

Isaac Watts





John chapter 11

verses 1 - 7

¹Now a man named Lazarus was ill. He was from Bethany, the village of Mary and her sister Martha. ² (This Mary, whose brother Lazarus now lay ill, was the same one who poured perfume on the Lord and wiped his feet with her hair.) ³ So the sisters sent word to Jesus, 'Lord, the one you love is ill.' ⁴ When he heard this, Jesus said, 'This illness will not end in death. No, it is for God's glory so that God's Son may be glorified through it.'

⁵ Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus. ⁶ So when he heard that Lazarus was ill, he stayed where he was two more days, ⁷ and then he said to his disciples, 'Let us go back to Judea.'



When I fear my faith will fail
Christ will hold me fast;
When the tempter would prevail,
He will hold me fast!
I could never keep my hold
Through life's fearful path,
For my love is often cold,
He must hold me fast.

*He will hold me fast,
He will hold me fast.
For my Saviour loves me so,
He will hold me fast.*

Those He saves are His delight.
Christ will hold me fast;
Precious in His holy sight
He will hold me fast.
He'll not let my soul be lost,
His promises shall last.
Bought by Him at such a cost
He will hold me fast.

*He will hold me fast,
He will hold me fast.
For my Saviour loves me so,
He will hold me fast.*

For my life He bled and died,
Christ will hold me fast;
Justice has been satisfied;
He will hold me fast.
Raised with Him to endless life,
He will hold me fast
'Til our faith is turned to sight,
When He comes at last!

*He will hold me fast,
He will hold me fast.
For my Saviour loves me so,
He will hold me fast.*

Repeat





G	U	E	S	S
S	H	O	R	T
W	O	R	D	S
T	O	D	A	Y



¹Now a man named Lazarus was ill. He was from Bethany, the village of Mary and her sister Martha. ²(This Mary, whose brother Lazarus now lay ill, was the same one who poured perfume on the Lord and wiped his feet with her hair.) ³So the sisters sent word to Jesus, 'Lord, the one you love is ill.'
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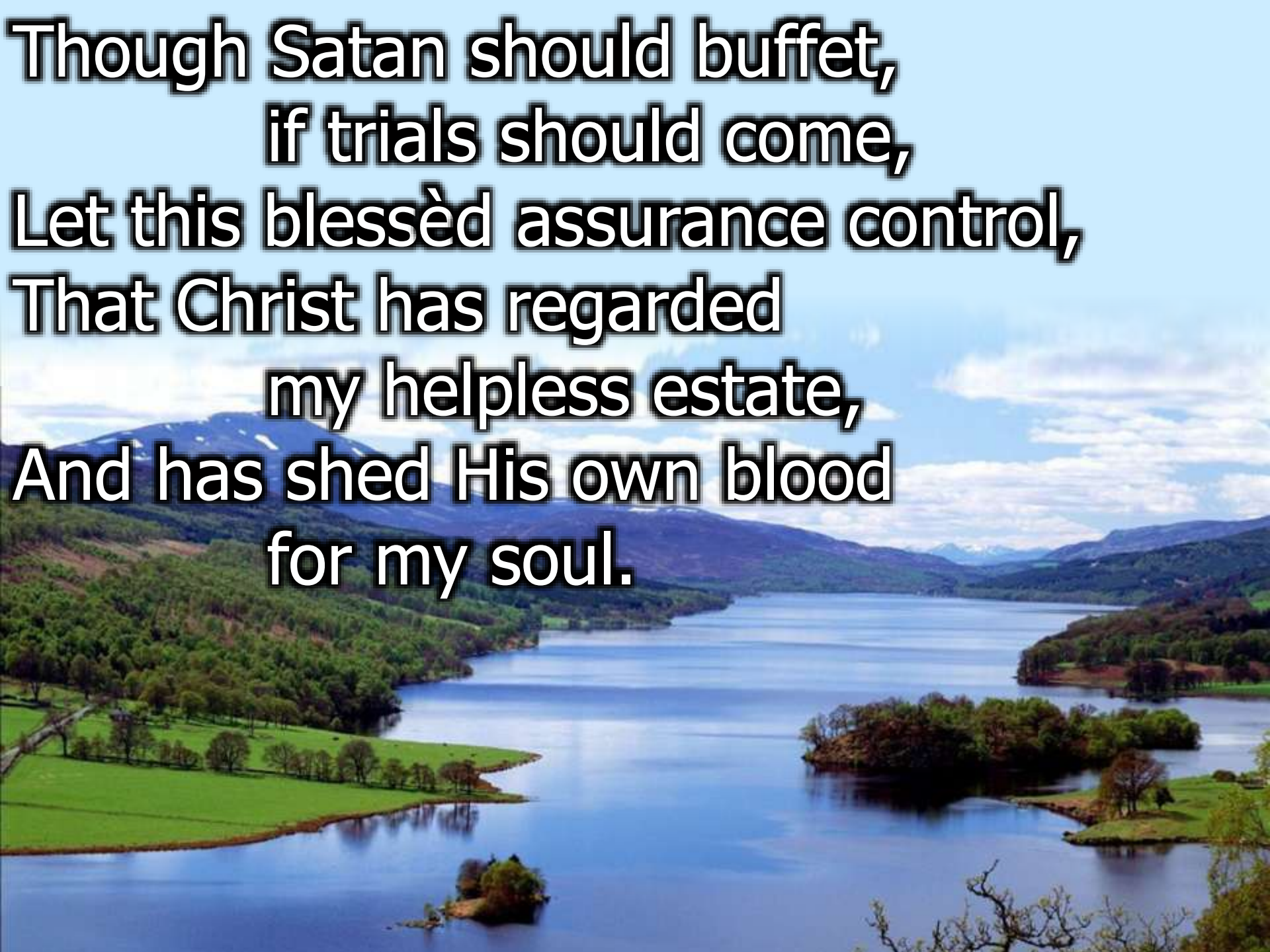
When peace, like a river,
 attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot,
 You have taught me to say,
It is well, it is well, with my soul.



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

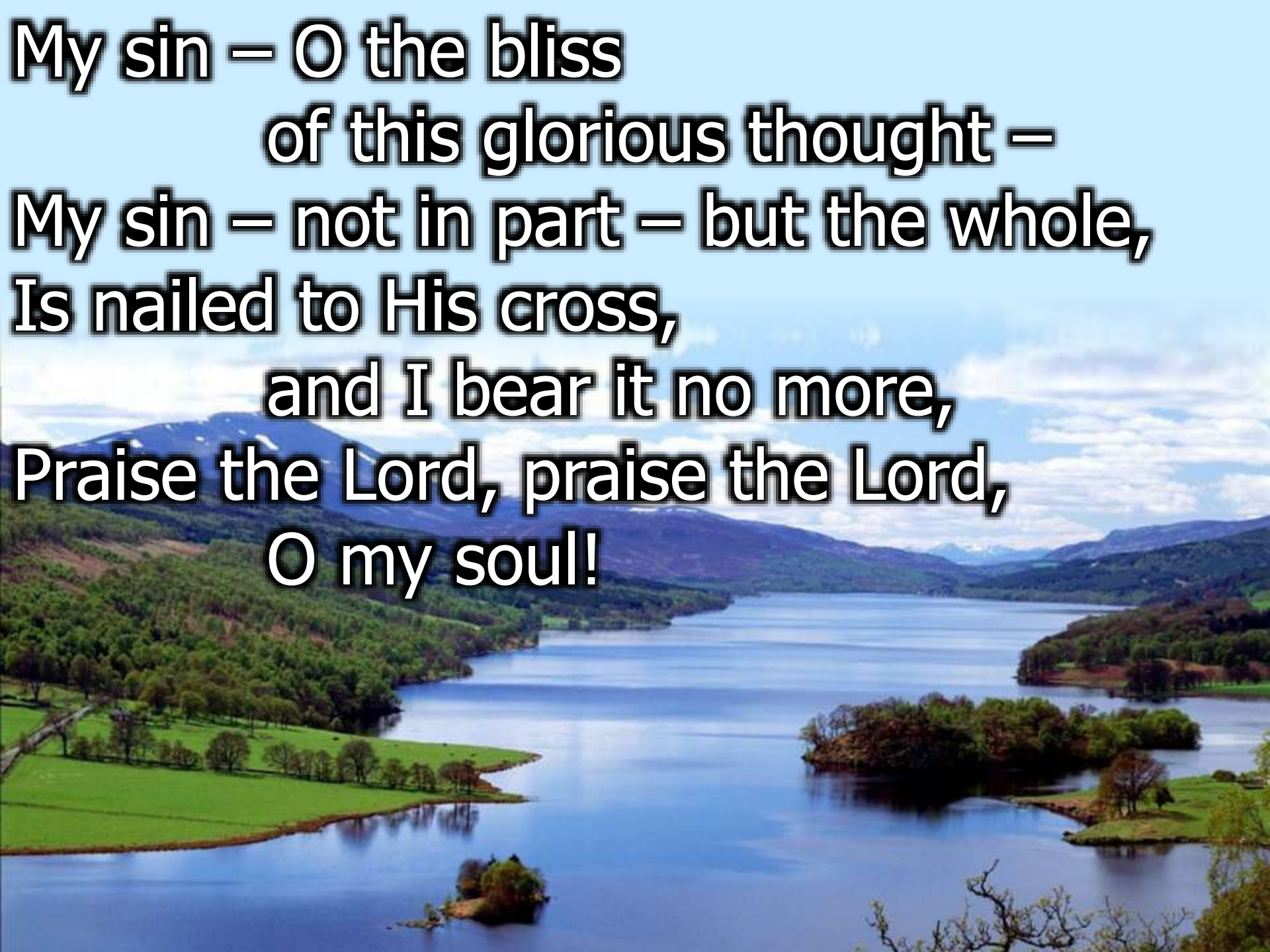


Though Satan should buffet,
if trials should come,
Let this blessèd assurance control,
That Christ has regarded
my helpless estate,
And has shed His own blood
for my soul.



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

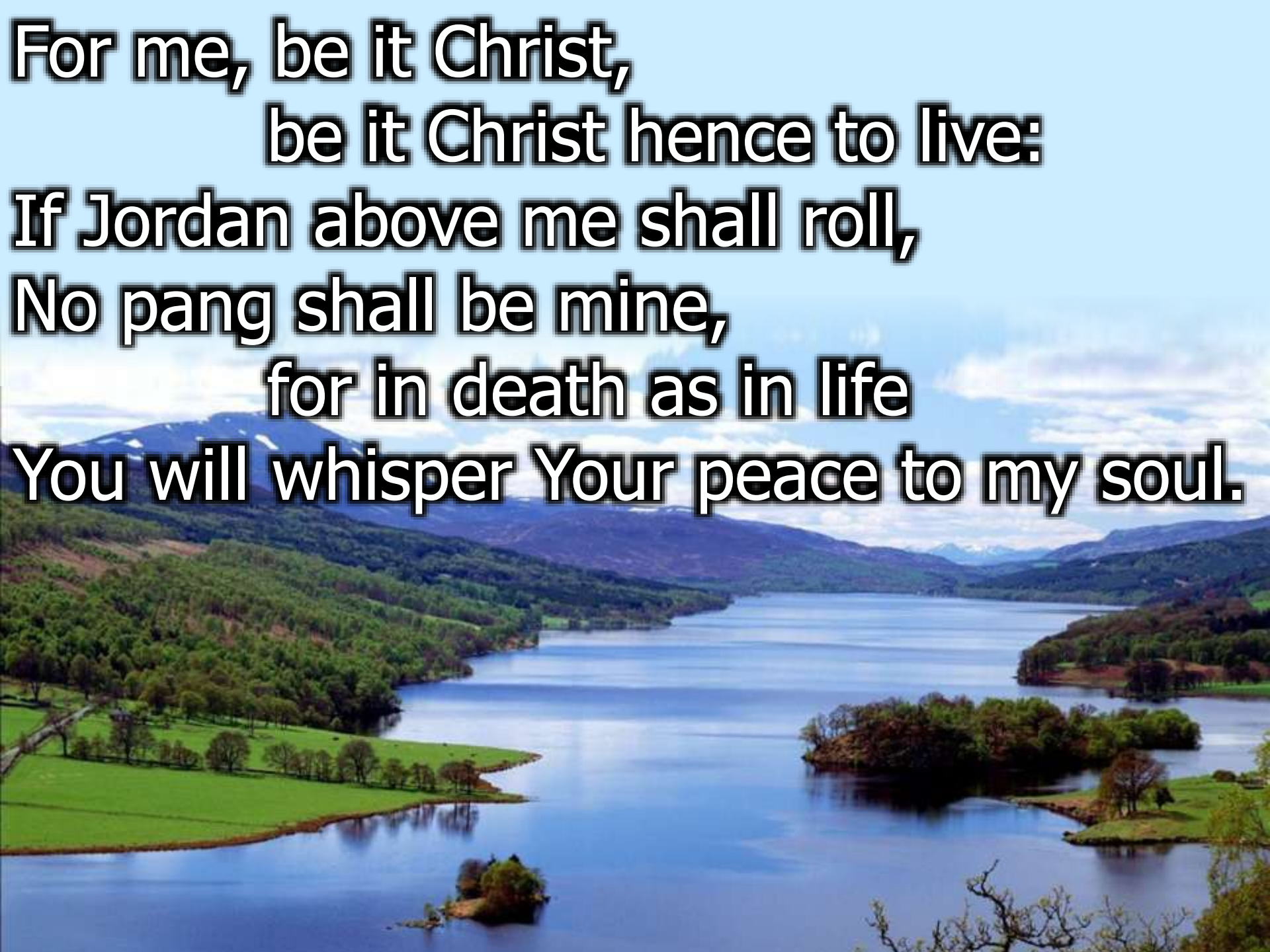




**My sin – O the bliss
of this glorious thought –
My sin – not in part – but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross,
and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
O my soul!**

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

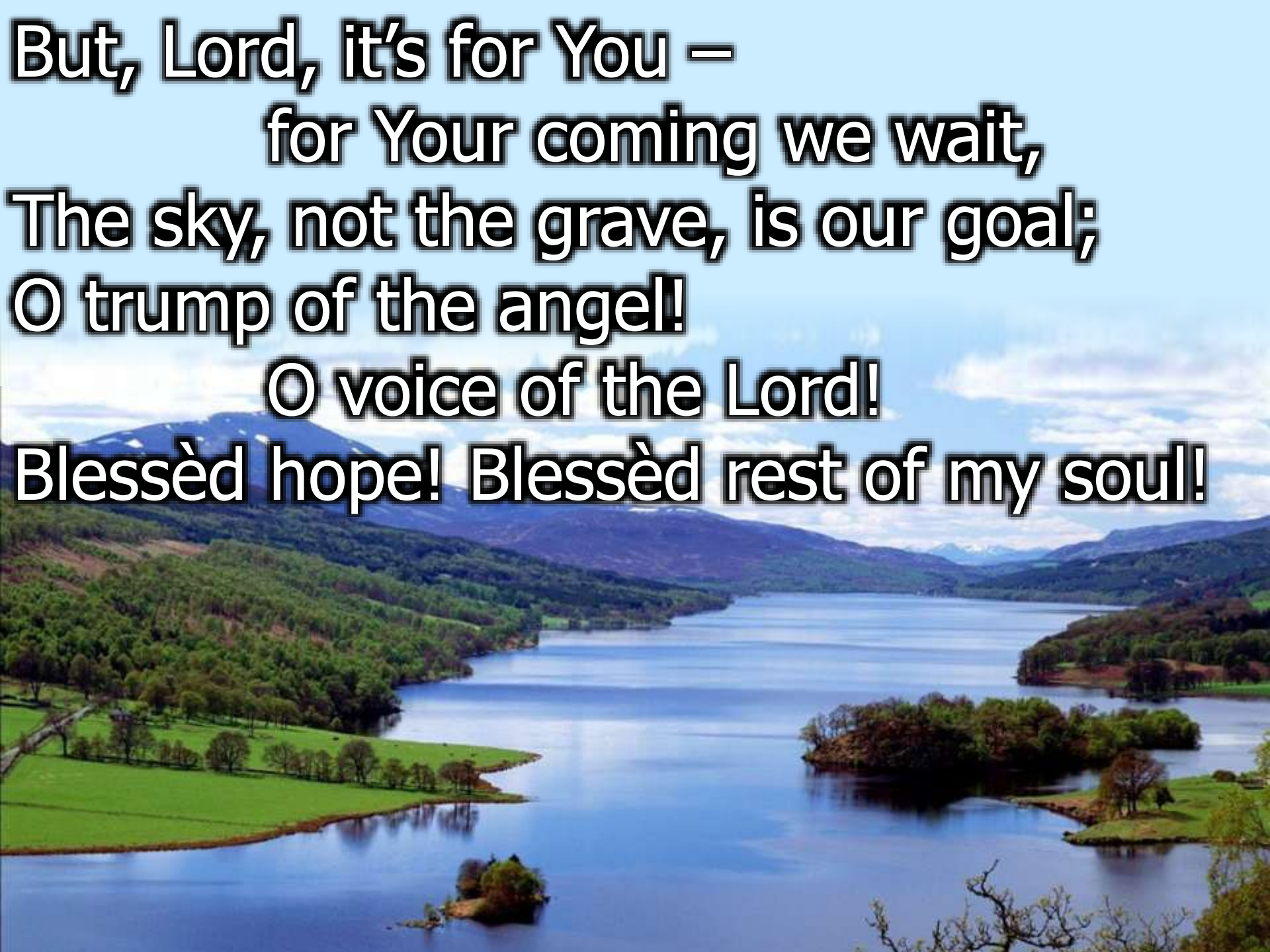




For me, be it Christ,
be it Christ hence to live:
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine,
for in death as in life
You will whisper Your peace to my soul.

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





**But, Lord, it's for You –
for Your coming we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
O trump of the angel!
O voice of the Lord!
Blessèd hope! Blessèd rest of my soul!**

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



Horatio G Spafford

