

Welcome to Worship in Penrhyn Bay



Led by
Rev Tim Hodgins

Exalt the Lord our God,
Exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at His footstool,
Worship at His footstool ;
Holy is He, holy is He.



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My Jesus, my Saviour,
Lord, there is none like You.
All of my days, I want to praise
The wonders of Your mighty love.



I will sing to
the LORD all my
life; I will sing
praise to my
God as long as I
live.

Psalm 104:33

My comfort, my shelter,
Tower of refuge and strength,
Let every breath, all that I am,
Never cease to worship You.



I will sing to
the LORD all my
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Psalms 104:33

*Shout to the Lord all the earth,
let us sing,
Power and majesty, praise to the King.
Mountains bow down
and the seas will roar
At the sound of Your name.*



I will sing to
the LORD all my
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Psalm 104:33

*I sing for joy at the work of Your hands,
For ever I'll love You, for ever I'll stand.
Nothing compares to the promise
I have in You.*



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What gift of grace is Jesus, my Redeemer.
There is no more for heaven now to give.
He is my joy, my righteousness, and freedom
My steadfast love,
my deep and boundless peace.



To this I hold: my hope is only Jesus.
For my life is wholly bound to His.
Oh, how strange and divine,
I can sing, "all is mine!"
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.



**The night is dark, but I am not forsaken,
For by my side the Saviour, He will stay.
I labour on in weakness and rejoicing,
For in my need, His power is displayed.**



To this I hold: my Shepherd will defend me.
Through the deepest valley He will lead.
Oh the night has been won,
and I shall overcome!
Yet not I, but through Christ in me



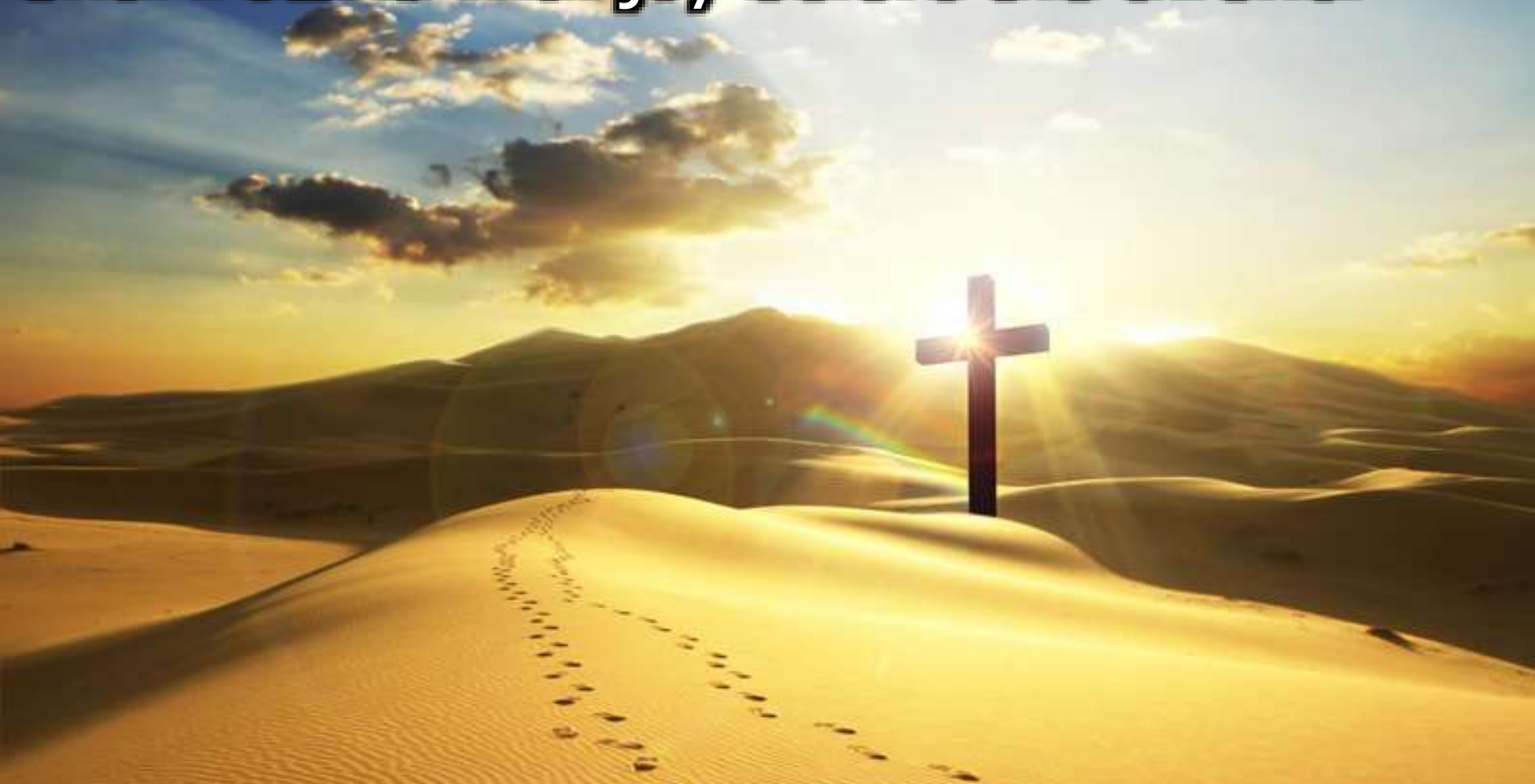
**No fate I dread, I know I am forgiven,
The future sure, the price, it has been paid.
For Jesus bled and suffered for my pardon,
And He was raised to overthrow the grave.**



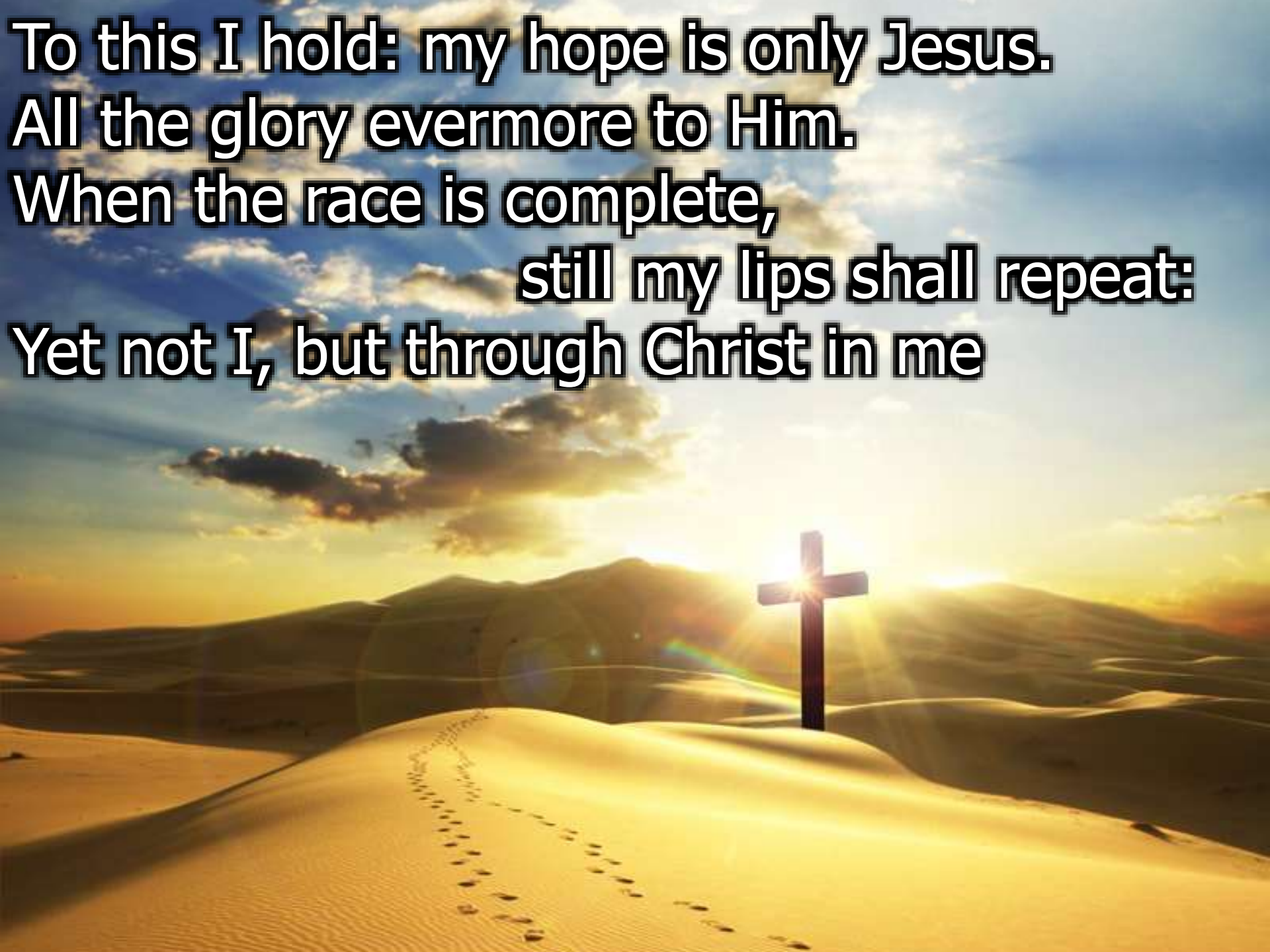
To this I hold, my sin has been defeated.
Jesus now, and ever, is my plea.
Oh, the chains are released,
I can sing "I am free!"
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.



**With every breath I long to follow Jesus,
For He has said that He will bring me home.
And day by day, I know He will renew me
Until I stand with joy before the throne.**



To this I hold: my hope is only Jesus.
All the glory evermore to Him.
When the race is complete,
still my lips shall repeat:
Yet not I, but through Christ in me



When the race is complete,
still my lips shall repeat:
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.
Yet not I, but through Christ in me.





1 Timothy

chapter 1 verses 12-17

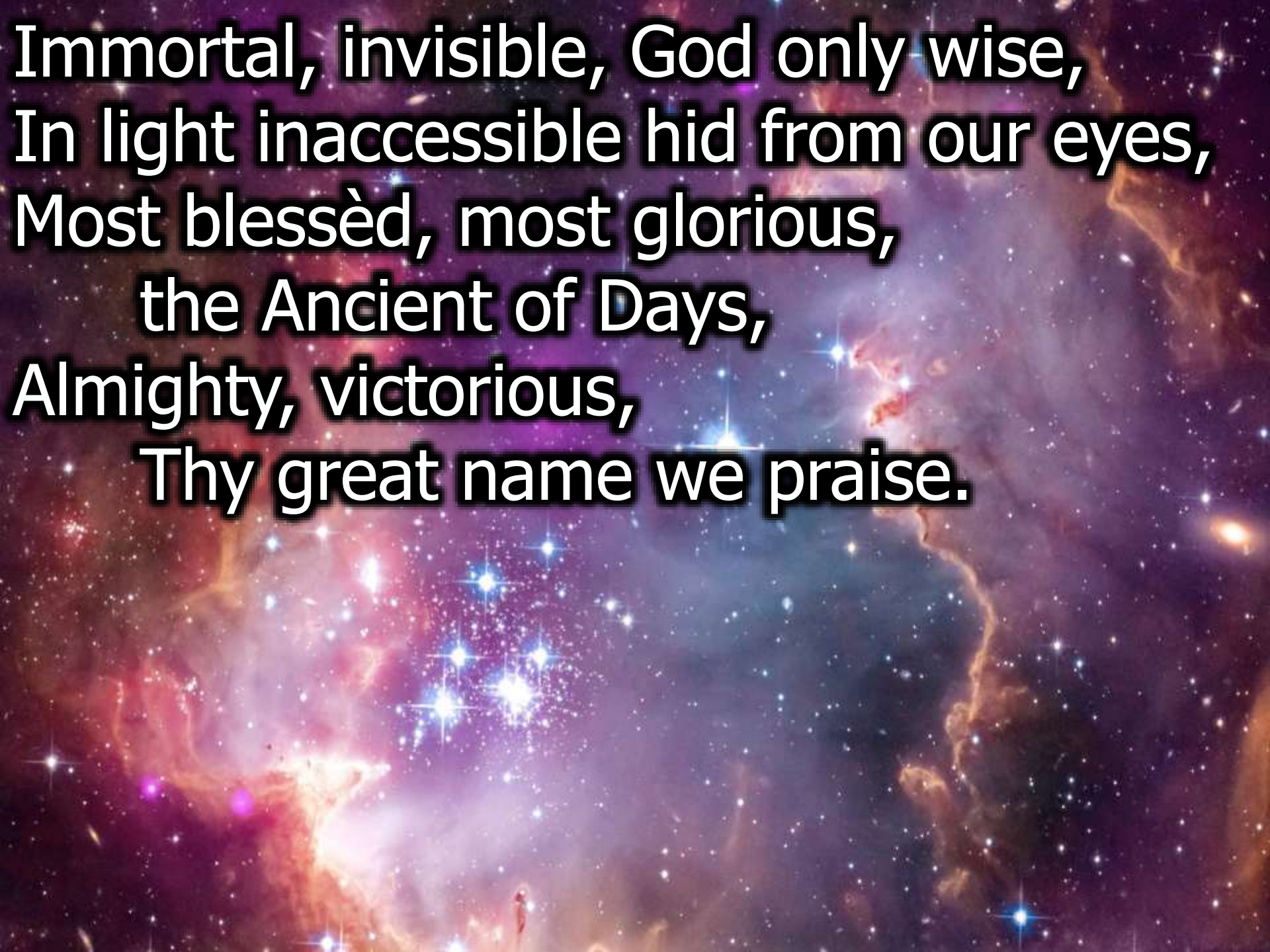
¹² I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who has given me strength, that he considered me trustworthy, appointing me to his service.

¹³ Even though I was once a blasphemer and a persecutor and a violent man, I was shown mercy because I acted in ignorance and unbelief. ¹⁴ The grace of our Lord was poured out on me abundantly, along with the faith and love that are in Christ Jesus.

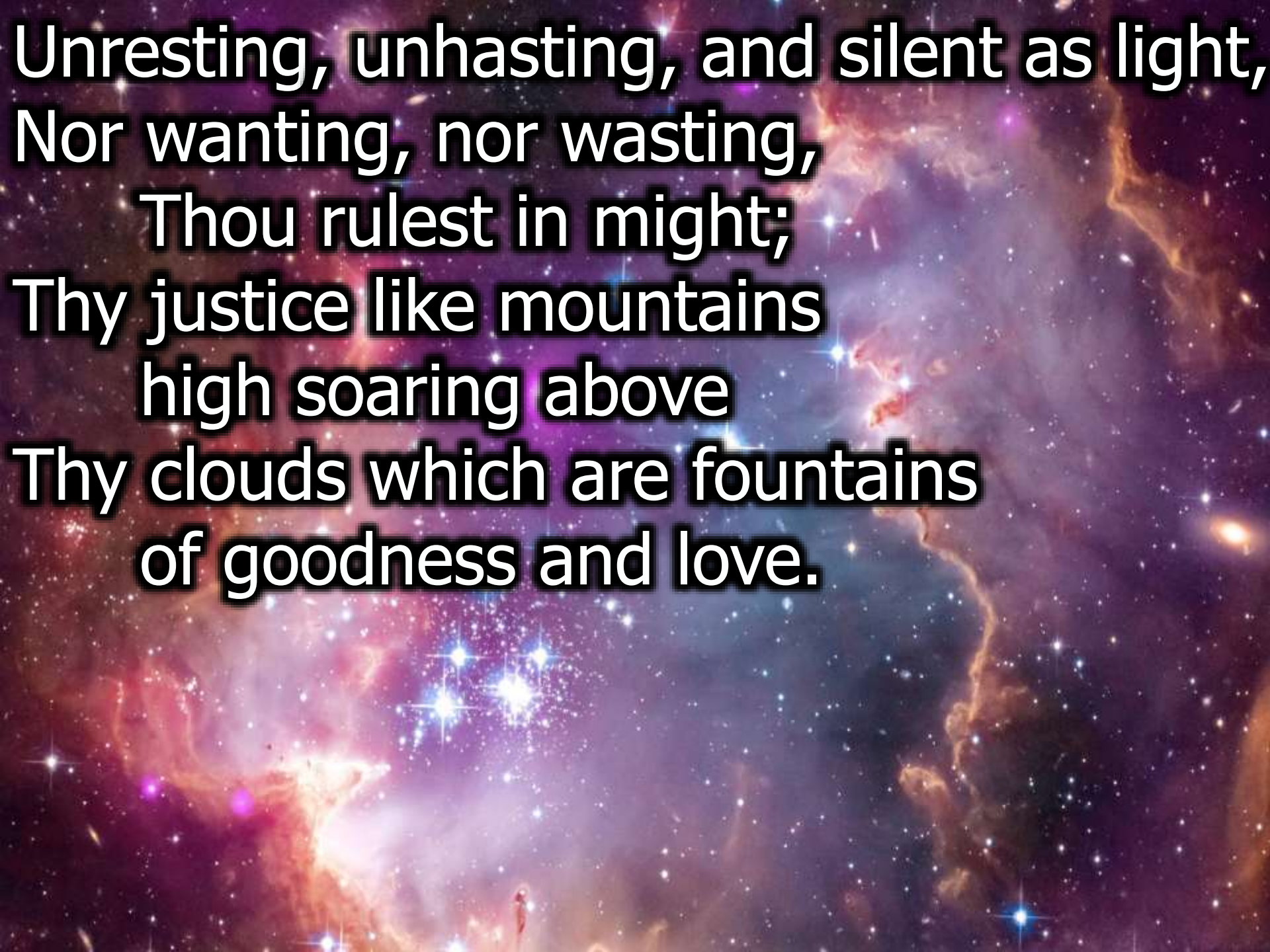
¹⁵ Here is a trustworthy saying that deserves full acceptance: Christ Jesus came

into the world to save sinners – of whom I am the worst. ¹⁶ But for that very reason I was shown mercy so that in me, the worst of sinners, Christ Jesus might display his immense patience as an example for those who would believe in him and receive eternal life. ¹⁷ Now to the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

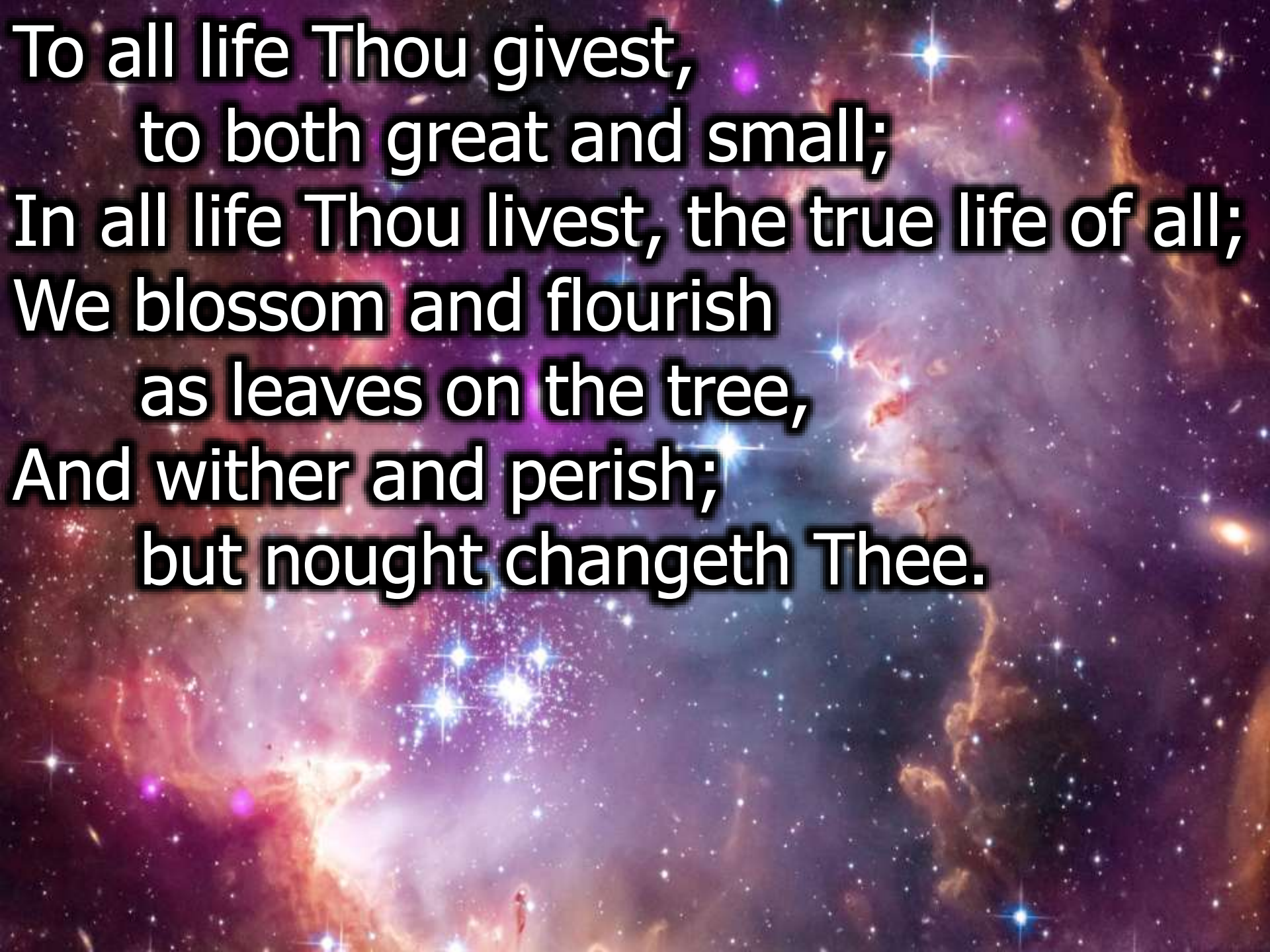




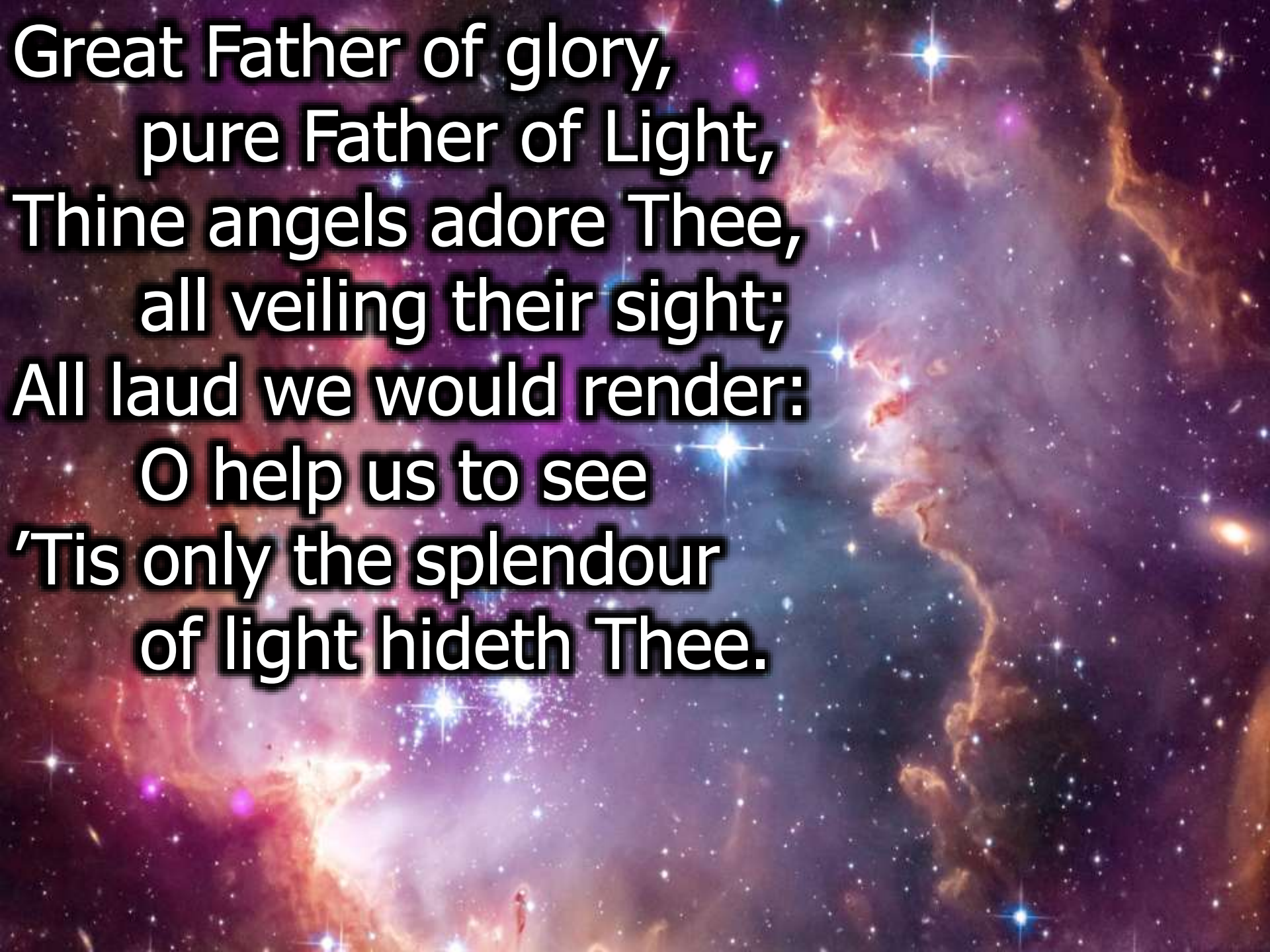
Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessèd, most glorious,
the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious,
Thy great name we praise.



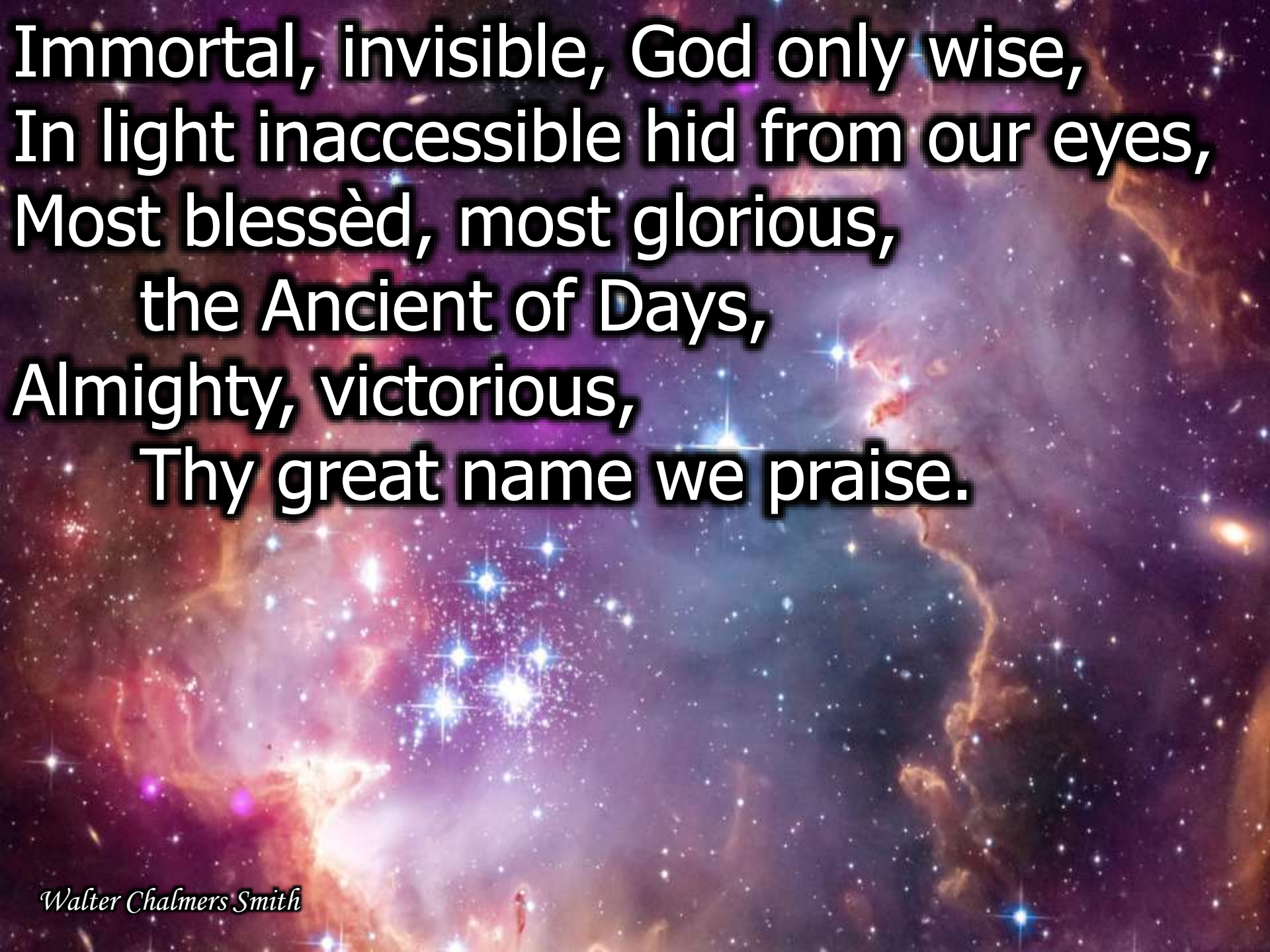
Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting,
Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains
high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains
of goodness and love.



To all life Thou givest,
to both great and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish
as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish;
but nought changeth Thee.



Great Father of glory,
pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore Thee,
all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render:
O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour
of light hideth Thee.



Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessèd, most glorious,
the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious,
Thy great name we praise.



Years I spent in vanity and pride,
Caring not my Lord was crucified,
Knowing not it was for me
He died On Calvary.



*Mercy there was great,
and grace was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my burdened soul found liberty,
At Calvary.*



By God's Word at last my sin I learned;
Then I trembled at the law I'd spurned,
Till my guilty soul imploring
turned to Calvary.



*Mercy there was great,
and grace was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my burdened soul found liberty,
At Calvary.*



Now I've given to Jesus everything,
Now I gladly own Him as my King,
Now my raptured soul
can only sing of Calvary.



*Mercy there was great,
and grace was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my burdened soul found liberty,
At Calvary.*



Oh, the love that drew salvation's plan!
Oh, the grace that brought
it down to man!
Oh, the mighty gulf that
God did span at Calvary!



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and grace was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
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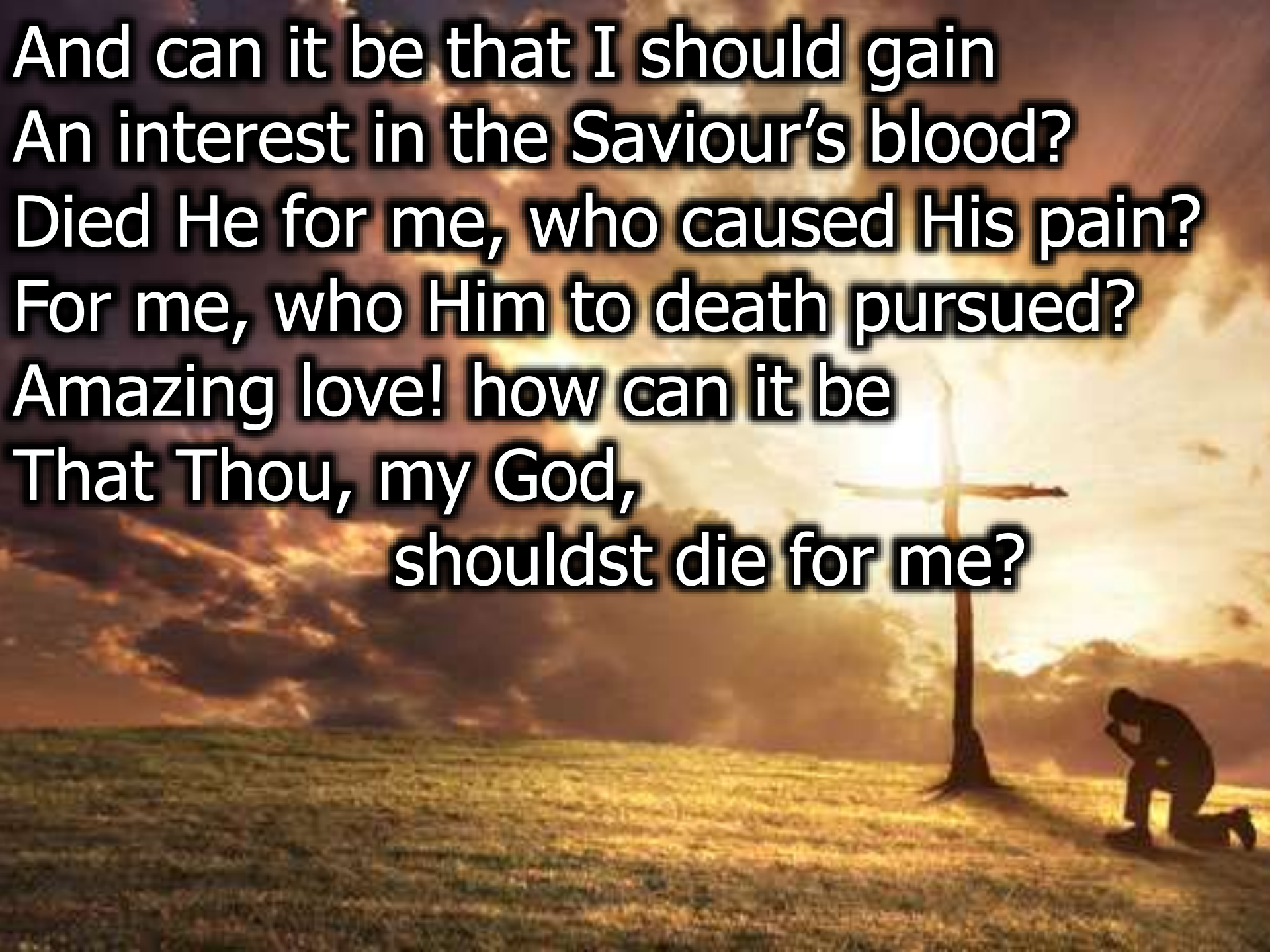




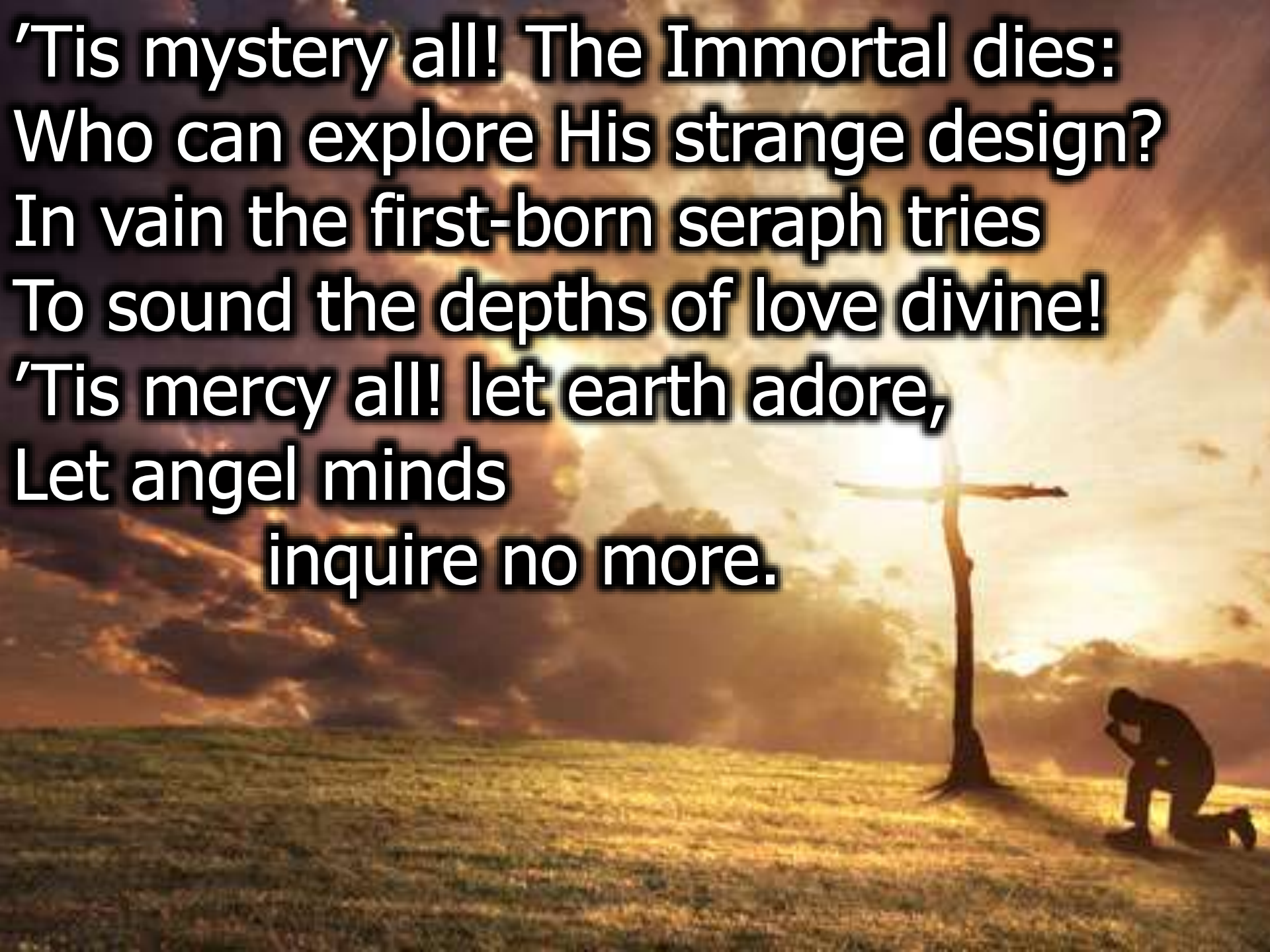
THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME



And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God,
shouldst die for me?



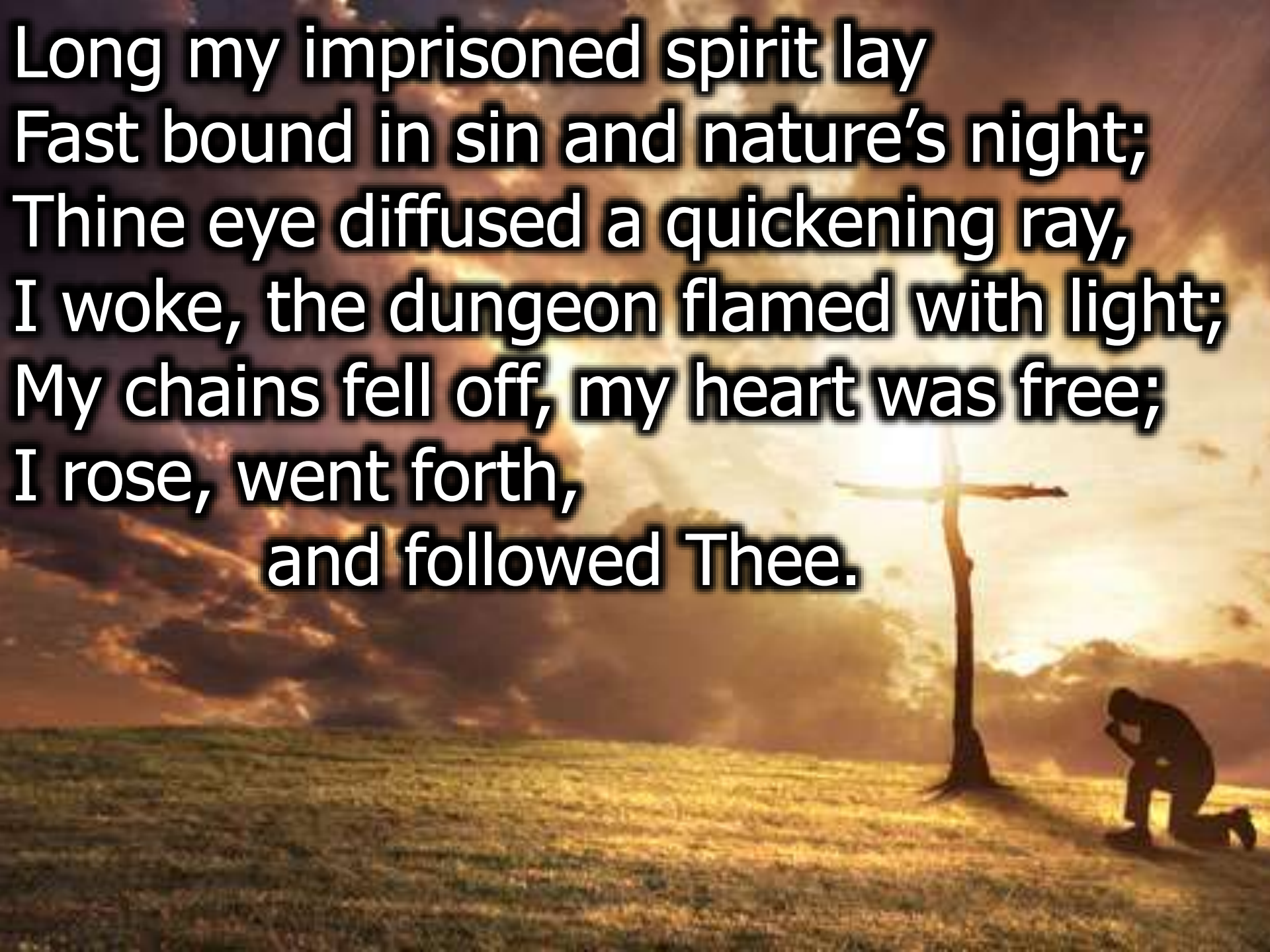
'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds
inquire no more.



He left His Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite His grace;
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God,
it found out me.



Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth,
and followed Thee.



No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown,
through Christ my own.

Charles Wesley

