Anthem Text

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing arr. Joe Cox

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 God's redeeming love.

Here I find my greatest treasure; hither by thy help, I've come; and I hope, by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home. Jesus sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, interposed his precious blood.

Oh, 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, oh, take and seal it; seal it for thy courts above.



Offertory Text The Greatest Gift Is Love Mark Hayes

Though I speak with tongues of angels, though my voice is touched with gold. Without love each word is discord, clanging brass and cymbals bold. Though I know as much as prophets, though my faith is strong and sure, Without love these are as nothing, neither words nor work endure.

Though I give my goods to others, and my flesh I give to burn, Without love each gift is worthless, till the gift of love I learn. Love is always kind and patient, neither jealous, boastful, rude; Neither selfish nor conceited, but with every grace imbued.

Love releases all resentment, takes no pleasure in the wrong; Love finds truth delightful always and endures what comes along. Though not easily offended, love is eager to forgive, Always trusting, always hoping, precious love will always live!

In a world that is imperfect, many gifts will pass away;
Faith and hope and love are endless; these, and these alone will stay.
To a world where all is changing comes this promise from above:
Faith and hope will last forever, but the greatest gift is love.