

The logo consists of the letters 'CCH' in a white, bold, sans-serif font, centered within a red rounded square. The background of the entire page is dark blue with a faint, light-colored image of a decorative architectural element, possibly a fleur-de-lis or a similar ornate design, visible on the right side. There are also four red L-shaped corner brackets, one in each corner of the page.

CCH

**SUNDAY
26TH JUNE
2022**

SONG LYRICS

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

early in the morning
our song of praise shall be.

Holy, holy, holy!
merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, glorious Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea;
cherubim and seraphim
falling down before Thee,
You were and are and evermore shall be!

Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
though the eye of sinful man
Your glory may not see;
You alone are holy;
there is none beside Thee,
perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Raise our eyes to Calvary,
That we might behold Thy Son
condemned upon the tree.
Oh, how sin has cost Thee;
oh Thy grace and mercy!
Christ, fully punished; sinners, fully free!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Your works shall praise Your name,
in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy;
merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, glorious Trinity!

Come, O Fount of every blessing,

tune my heart to sing Your grace;
streams of mercy, never ceasing,
call for songs of loudest praise:
Songs of God's abundant treasure
sung by angel tongues above,
songs that tell the boundless measure
of my Lord's unchanging love!

I remember God's great mercy:
by His help I've safely come;
and I know He will not fail me,
but will surely bring me home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
wandering far away from God,
and, to rescue me from danger,
shed for me His precious blood.

Through God's grace I am His debtor-
daily I this thought renew!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter
bind my wandering heart to You.
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 Your courts above.

On that day, when freed from sinning,
I shall see Your lovely face.
Full arrayed in blood-washed linen,
how I'll sing Your sovereign grace.
Come, my Lord, no longer tarry!
Bring Your promises to pass!
For I know Your power will keep me,
'til I'm home with You at last.

Words by Robert Robinson. Additional 4th verse by Bob Kauflin
Public Domain

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!



Come behold the wondrous mystery

in the dawning of the King,
He, the theme of heaven's praises,
robed in frail humanity.
In our longing, in our darkness,
now the light of life has come;
look to Christ, who condescended,
took on flesh to ransom us.

Come behold the wondrous mystery:
He the perfect Son of Man,
in His living, in His suffering,
never trace nor stain of sin.
See the true and better Adam
come to save the hell-bound man,
Christ, the great and sure fulfilment
of the law, in Him we stand.

Come behold the wondrous mystery:
Christ the Lord upon the tree;
in the stead of ruined sinners
hangs the Lamb in victory.
See the price of our redemption;
see the Father's plan unfold,
bringing many sons to glory,
grace unmeasured, love untold!

Come behold the wondrous mystery:
slain by death, the God of life;
but no grave could e'er restrain Him,
praise the Lord, He is alive!
What a foretaste of deliverance;
how unwavering our hope:
Christ in power resurrected,
as we will be when He comes!