

Covenant Presbyterian Church
Evening Communion Service
May 16, 2021

Call to Worship • Psalm 92:1-4

Rev. Chris Smith

PASTOR: *It is good to give thanks to the LORD,
to sing praises to your name, O Most High;*

ALL: To declare your steadfast love in the morning,
and your faithfulness by night,

PASTOR: *To the music of the lute and the harp,
to the melody of the lyre.*

ALL: For you, O LORD, have made me glad by your work;
at the works of your hands I sing for joy.

Opening Hymn • Psalm 49

tune EBENEZER

Hear this, all you people, listen; all who in this world do live;
high and low, both rich and poor, now listen to the words I give.
My mouth will speak words of wisdom; understanding from my heart.
My ear's tuned to hear a proverb, mysteries I will now impart:

Why should I give way to fear when evil days and foes surround —
those who trust in their great wealth, and boast of riches all around?
No man can redeem another or to God a ransom give;
ransom for a life is costly; no amount can make him live.

Wise men and the foolish both die — leave their wealth to others' hands;
tombs remain their house forever, though they had obtained great lands.
Men, despite their riches, perish; they are like the beasts that die.
This will be the fate of those who trust themselves and follow lies.

Like sheep, they go to the grave, and death will feed upon them there;
upright ones will then rule o'er them; they'll decay as the grave's share.
They'll lie far from earthly dwellings; but God will redeem my life;
from the grave He'll surely take me to Himself and end all strife.

Don't be awed when men grow rich, and their vast splendor does increase,
for they will take nothing with them — when they die their wealth will cease.
Though they count themselves as bless-ed, they'll join those who see no life.
Those with riches without wisdom will be like the beasts that die.

Opening Prayer

- 1 Hear this, all peoples!
Give ear, all inhabitants of the world,
2 both low and high,
rich and poor together!
3 My mouth shall speak wisdom;
the meditation of my heart shall be understanding.
4 I will incline my ear to a proverb;
I will solve my riddle to the music of the lyre.*
- 5 Why should I fear in times of trouble,
when the iniquity of those who cheat me surrounds me,
6 those who trust in their wealth
and boast of the abundance of their riches?
7 Truly no man can ransom another,
or give to God the price of his life,
8 for the ransom of their life is costly
and can never suffice,
9 that he should live on forever
and never see the pit.*
- 10 For he sees that even the wise die;
the fool and the stupid alike must perish
and leave their wealth to others.
11 Their graves are their homes forever,
their dwelling places to all generations,
though they called lands by their own names.
12 Man in his pomp will not remain;
he is like the beasts that perish.*
- 13 This is the path of those who have foolish confidence;
yet after them people approve of their boasts.
14 Like sheep they are appointed for Sheol;
death shall be their shepherd,
and the upright shall rule over them in the morning.
Their form shall be consumed in Sheol, with no place to dwell.
15 But God will ransom my soul from the power of Sheol,
for he will receive me.*
- 16 Be not afraid when a man becomes rich,
when the glory of his house increases.
17 For when he dies he will carry nothing away;
his glory will not go down after him.
18 For though, while he lives, he counts himself blessed
— and though you get praise when you do well for yourself —
19 his soul will go to the generation of his fathers,
who will never again see light.
20 Man in his pomp yet without understanding is like the beasts that perish.*

The Lord's Supper

Closing Hymn • *My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less*

#521

My hope is built on nothing less
than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
but wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
all other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
in ev'ry high and stormy gale,
my anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
all other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, his covenant, his blood
support me in the whelming flood;
when all around my soul gives way,
he then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
all other ground is sinking sand.

Benediction

Musician – Coleman Greene

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