

Worship Leader: ⁸There is none like you among the gods, O Lord, nor are there any works like yours. ⁹All the nations you have made shall come and worship before you, O Lord, and shall glorify your name. ¹⁰For you are great and do wondrous things; you alone are God.

All: ¹¹Teach me your way, O Lord, that I may walk in your truth; unite my heart to fear your name. ¹²I give thanks to you, O Lord my God, with my whole heart, and I will glorify your name forever.

WL: The LORD – Father, Son and Holy Spirit
calls you to himself this day!

All: Praise be to God!

God of Grace and God of Glory

Text: Harry Emerson Fosdick (1930)

Music: John Hughes (1905)



God of grace and God of glo-ry, on Thy peo-ple pour Thy power;



crown Thine an - cient Church's sto - ry, bring her bud to



glo - rious flower. Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age,



for the fac-ing of this hour, for the fac - ing of this hour.

2



Lo! the hosts of e - vil_ round us scorn Thy Christ, as -



sail His ways! From the fears that long_ have_ bound us,



free our hearts to_ faith and praise. Grant us wis-dom, grant us cour-age,



for the liv-ing of these days, for the liv - ing_ of these days.



Cure Thy chil-dren's war-ring mad-ness; bend our pride to Thy con-trol;



shame our wan-ton, self-ish_glad-ness, rich in things, and poor in soul.



Grant us wis dom, grant us cour age, lest we miss Thy king-dom's



goal, lest we miss_ Thy_ king-dom's goal.

4



Set our feet on loft-y plac-es, gird our lives that they may be



ar-mored with all Christ-like grac-es in the fight to set men free.



Grant us wis-dom, grant us cour-age, that we fail not man nor



Thee, that we fail not man nor Thee.

God of Mercy and Grace, there are times we think we love you well, but upon hearing your call to love you with all our heart, and all our mind, and all our strength, we confess that our love for you is a diluted love, made insipid and flat by lesser loyalties and a divided heart.

Our love seems pure only for brief moments; soon our affections are drawn away. How easily our devotion dies.

Forgive us; in deep mercy spare us, despite our lost first love for you; in grace rekindle our love for you in seeing anew Jesus' love for us. Amen.

(adapted for Westkirk from the Worship Sourcebook, p. 102.)

Lord From Sorrows Deep I Call

Based on Psalm 42

Matt Papa and Matt Boswell



Lord, from sor-rows deep I call when my hope is sha-ken;



torn and ru-ined from the fall, hear my des-pe - ra - tion.



For so long I've pled and prayed, "God, come to my res- cue!"



Ev-en so, the thorn re-mains; still my heart will praise You.



Storms with-in my trou-bled soul, quest-ions with-out an-swers;



on my faith these bil-lows roll-- God be now my shel-ter.



Why are you cast down, my soul? Hope in Him who saves you.



When the fires have all grown cold, cause this heart to praise You.



O, my soul, put your hope in God, my



help, my rock, I will praise Him.



Sing, O sing, through the ra - ging storm; You're



still my God, my sal - va - tion.

4



Should my life be torn from me, ev-'ry world-ly plea- sure;



when all I po- sess is grief, God be then my trea- sure.



Be my vi- sion in the night; be my hope and re - fuge.



'Til my faith is turned to sight, Lord my heart will praise You.



O, my soul, put your hope in God, my



help, my rock, I will praise Him.



Sing, O sing, through the ra - ging storm; You're



still my God, my sal - va - tion.

6

O, my soul, put your hope in God, my
 help, my rock, I will praise Him.
 Sing, O sing, through the ra - ging storm; You're
 still my God, my sal - va - tion.

The musical score is written in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4-A4 (beamed eighth notes), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter). The second staff continues: D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), G3 (quarter), F3 (quarter), E3 (quarter), D3 (quarter). The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4-A4 (beamed eighth notes), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter). The fourth staff continues: D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), G3 (quarter), F3 (quarter), E3 (quarter), D3 (quarter). The score includes a 6-measure rest at the beginning of the first staff and a 7-measure rest at the end of the first staff. The second staff has a 7-measure rest at the end. The third staff has a 2-measure rest at the end. The fourth staff has a 7-measure rest at the end.

Lord From Sorrows Deep I Call. Words and music by Matt Papa and Matt Boswell.

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When We See Your Face

Text: Bob Kauflin

Music: Bob Kauflin and Jordan Kauflin



Though the dark is o - ver - whelm - ing and the



bright-est lights grow dim, though the Word of God is tram-pled on by



fool - ish men, though the wick-ed nev - er stum-ble and a -



bound in ev - 'ry place, we will all be hum-bled when we see Your face.



And the de - mons we've__ been fight - ing, those with -



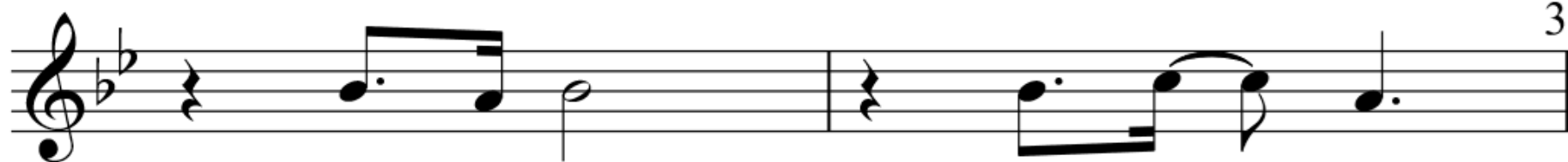
out and those with-in,__ will be un-der-neath our feet to nev - er



rise a - gain. All our sins will be__ be-hind us, through the



blood of Christ e - rased, and we'll taste Your kind-ness when we see Your face.



We will see, we will know



like we've nev - er known be - fore.



We'll be found, we'll be home,



we'll be Yours for - ev - er - more.



All the wait - ing will__ be o - ver; ev - 'ry



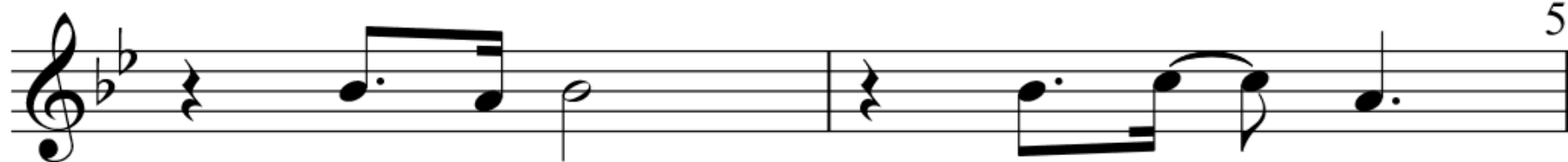
sor-row will be healed. All the dreams it seemed could nev - er be__will



all be real._ And You'll gath - er us__ to - geth - er in Your



arms of end - less grace, as Your Bride for - ev - er_ when we see Your face.



We will see, we will know



like we've nev - er known be - fore.

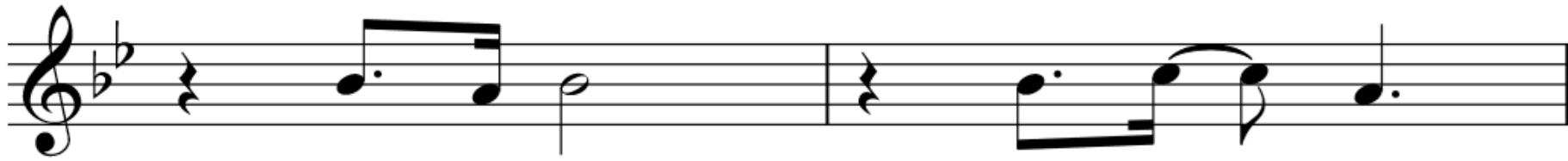


We'll be found, we'll be home,



we'll be Yours for - ev - er - more.

6



We will see,

we will_ know



like we've nev - er known_

be - fore._



We'll be found,

we'll be_ home,



we'll be Yours for - ev - er - more._____

7

And You'll gath - er us__ to - geth - er in Your

arms of end - less grace, as Your Bride for - ev - er__

when we see Your face.

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of three staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a measure of rest followed by a quarter rest, then a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4. The second staff continues with eighth notes: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4, followed by a quarter rest, then eighth notes: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4. The third staff starts with a quarter rest, followed by eighth notes: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4, and ends with a quarter rest. The lyrics are placed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. A page number '7' is located in the top right corner.

When We See Your Face. Words by Bob Kauflin | Music by Bob Kauflin and Jordan Kauflin
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Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

² And the Lord answered me:

“Write the vision; make it plain on tablets, so he may run who reads it.

³ For still the vision awaits its appointed time; it hastens to the end—it will not lie. If it seems slow, wait for it; it will surely come; it will not delay.

⁴ “Behold, his soul is puffed up; it is not upright within him, but the righteous shall live by his faith.

⁵ “Moreover, wine is a traitor,
an arrogant man who is never at rest.
His greed is as wide as Sheol;
like death he has never enough.
He gathers for himself all nations
and collects as his own all peoples.”

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6^a Shall not all these take up their taunt
against him, with scoffing and riddles for
him, and say,

^{6b} “Woe to him who heaps up what is not his own—for how long?—and loads himself with pledges!”

⁷ Will not your debtors suddenly arise, and those awake who will make you tremble? Then you will be spoil for them.

⁸ Because you have plundered many nations,
all the remnant of the peoples shall plunder
you, for the blood of man and violence to the
earth, to cities and all who dwell in them.

⁹ “Woe to him who gets evil gain for his house, to set his nest on high, to be safe from the reach of harm!

¹⁰ You have devised shame for your house by cutting off many peoples; you have forfeited your life.

¹¹ For the stone will cry out from the wall, and the beam from the woodwork respond.

¹² “Woe to him who builds a town with blood and founds a city on iniquity!

¹³ Behold, is it not from the Lord of hosts that peoples labor merely for fire, and nations weary themselves for nothing?

¹⁴ For the earth will be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

¹⁵ “Woe to him who makes his neighbors drink—you pour out your wrath and make them drunk, in order to gaze at their nakedness!

¹⁶ You will have your fill of shame instead of glory. Drink, yourself, and show your uncircumcision! The cup in the Lord's right hand will come around to you, and utter shame will come upon your glory!

¹⁷ The violence done to Lebanon will overwhelm you, as will the destruction of the beasts that terrified them, for the blood of man and violence to the earth, to cities and all who dwell in them.

18 “What profit is an idol when its maker has shaped it, a metal image, a teacher of lies? For its maker trusts in his own creation when he makes speechless idols!

¹⁹ Woe to him who says to a wooden thing,
Awake; to a silent stone, Arise! Can this teach?
Behold, it is overlaid with gold and silver,
and there is no breath at all in it.

²⁰ But the Lord is in his holy temple;
let all the earth keep silence before him.”

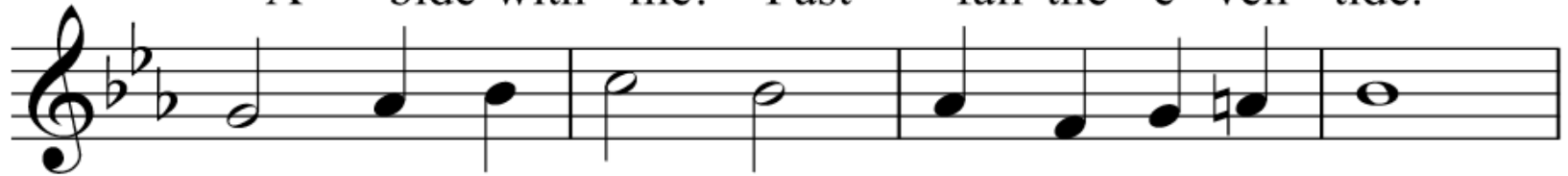
Abide With Me

Text: Henry F. Lyte (1847)

Music: William H. Monk (1861)



A - bide with me! Fast fall the e - ven - tide.



The dark-ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!



When oth - er help - ers fail and com-forts flee,



Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!

2



Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day.



Earth's joys grow dim; its glo-ries pass a - way.



Change and de - cay in all a-round I see;



O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!



I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour.



What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?



Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be?



Through coulds and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!

4



I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;



ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.



Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?



I tri-umph still if Thou a - bide with me!



Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes;



shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.



Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and earth's vain shad-ows flee!



In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!