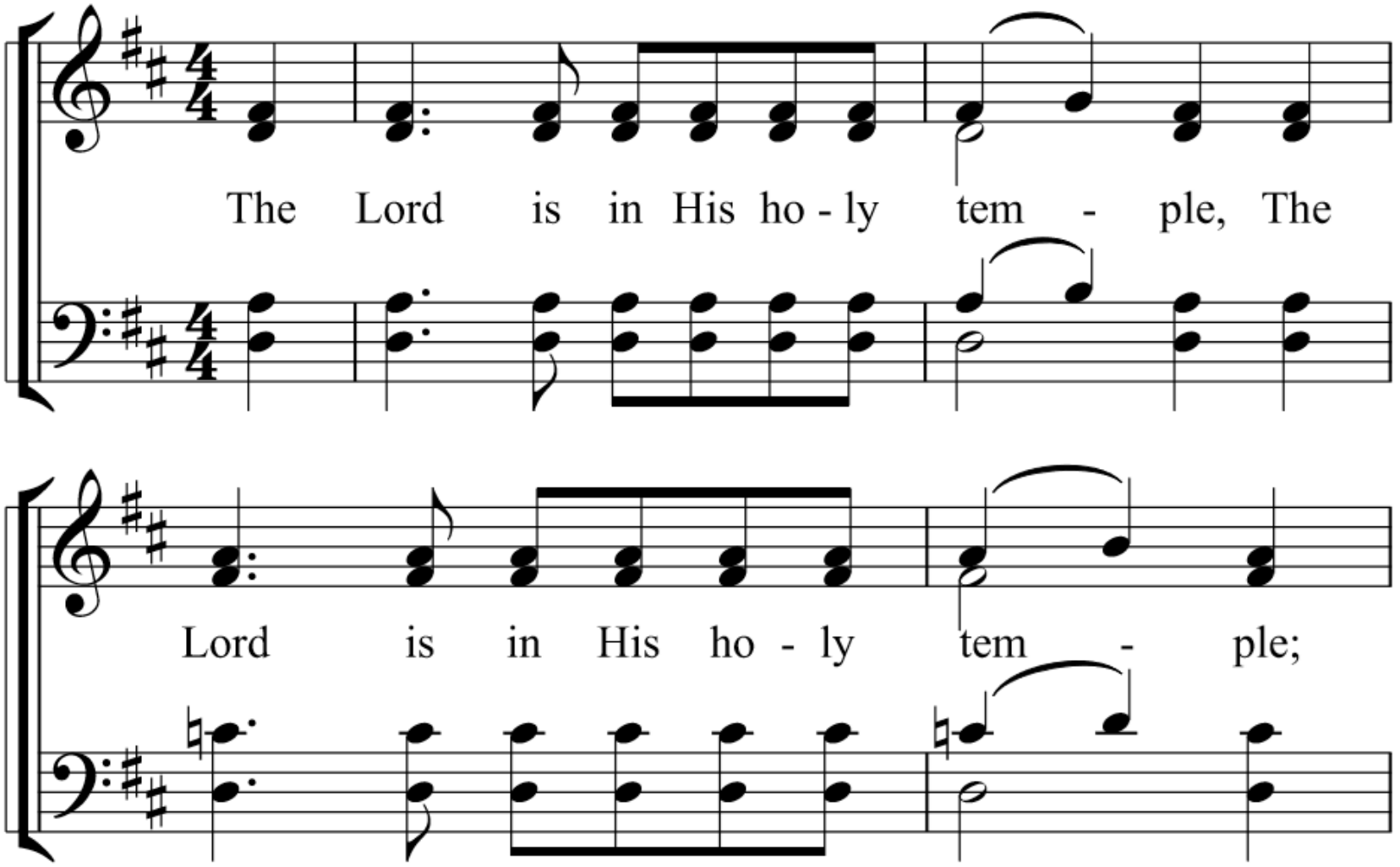
The Lord Is In His Holy Temple

Text: Habakkuk 2:20

Music by George F. Root (1820-1895)



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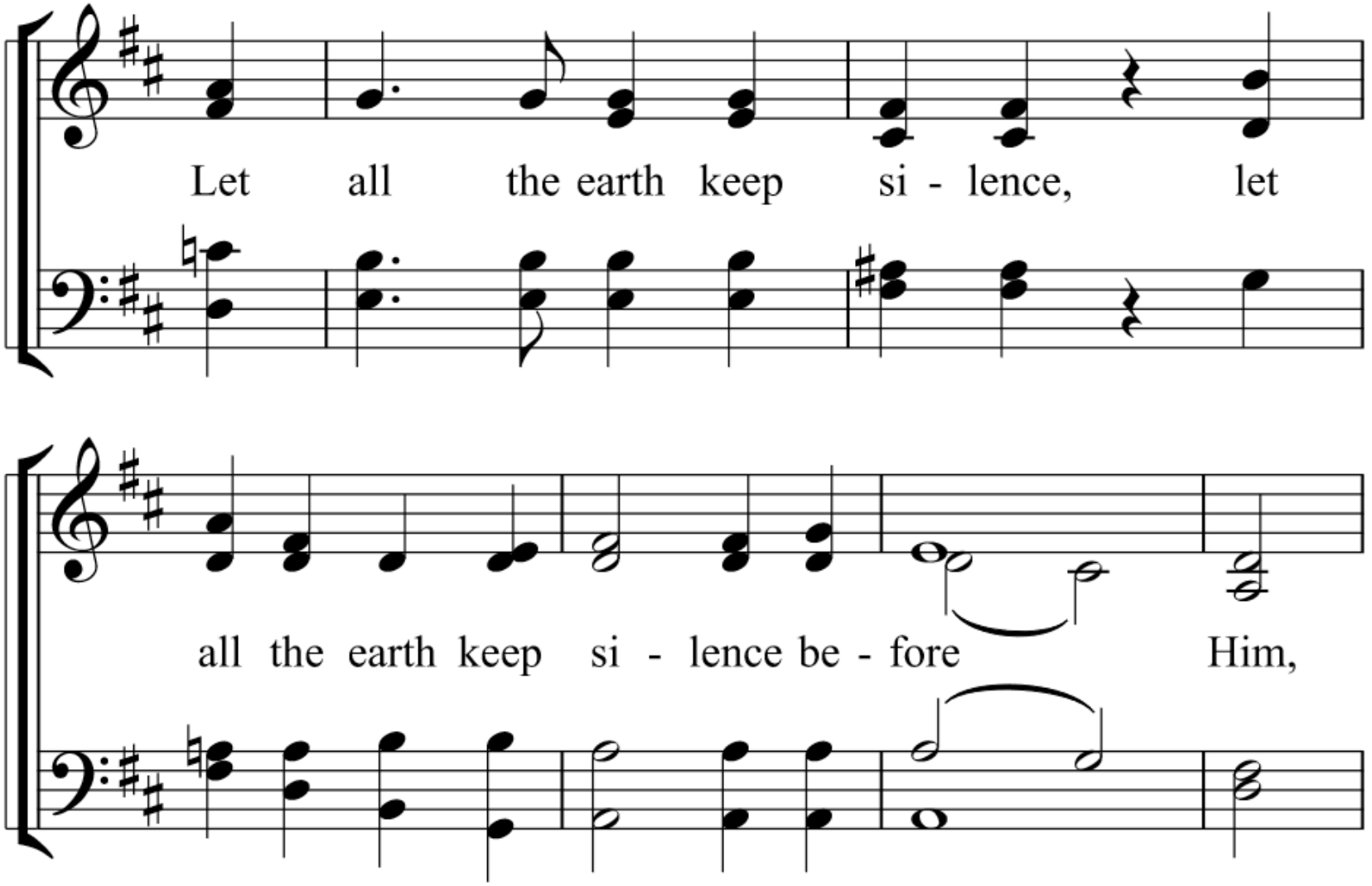
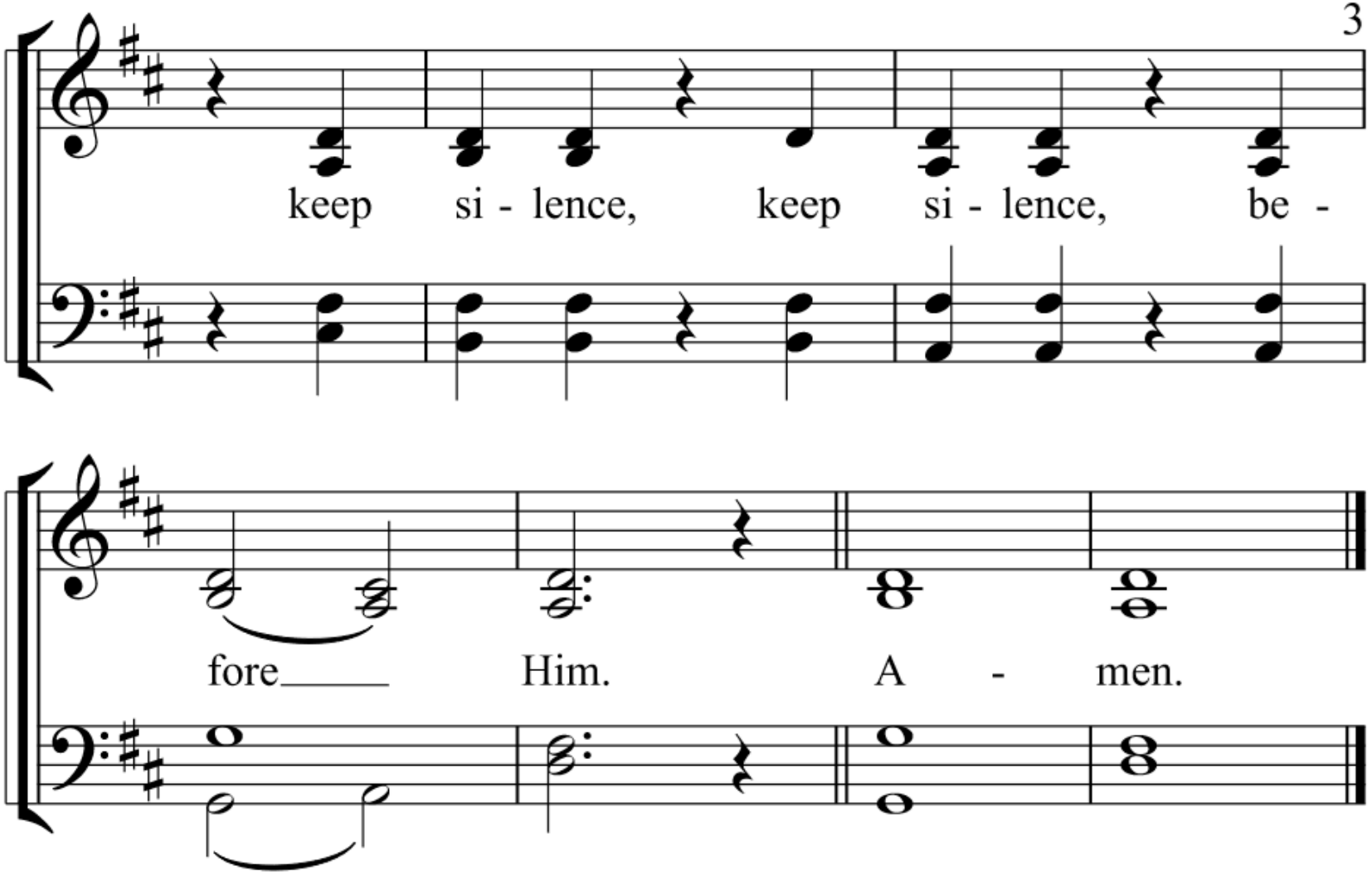

Let all the earth keep si - lence, let
all the earth keep si - lence be - fore Him,



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Worship Leader: *4 For you are not a God who delights in wickedness; evil may not dwell with you. 5 The boastful shall not stand before your eyes; you hate all evildoers.*

ALL: 6 You destroy those who speak lies; the LORD abhors the bloodthirsty and deceitful man. 7 But I, through the abundance of your steadfast love, will enter your house. I will bow down toward your holy temple in the fear of you.

WL: [8] Lead me, O LORD, in your righteousness because of my enemies;

ALL: make your way straight before me.

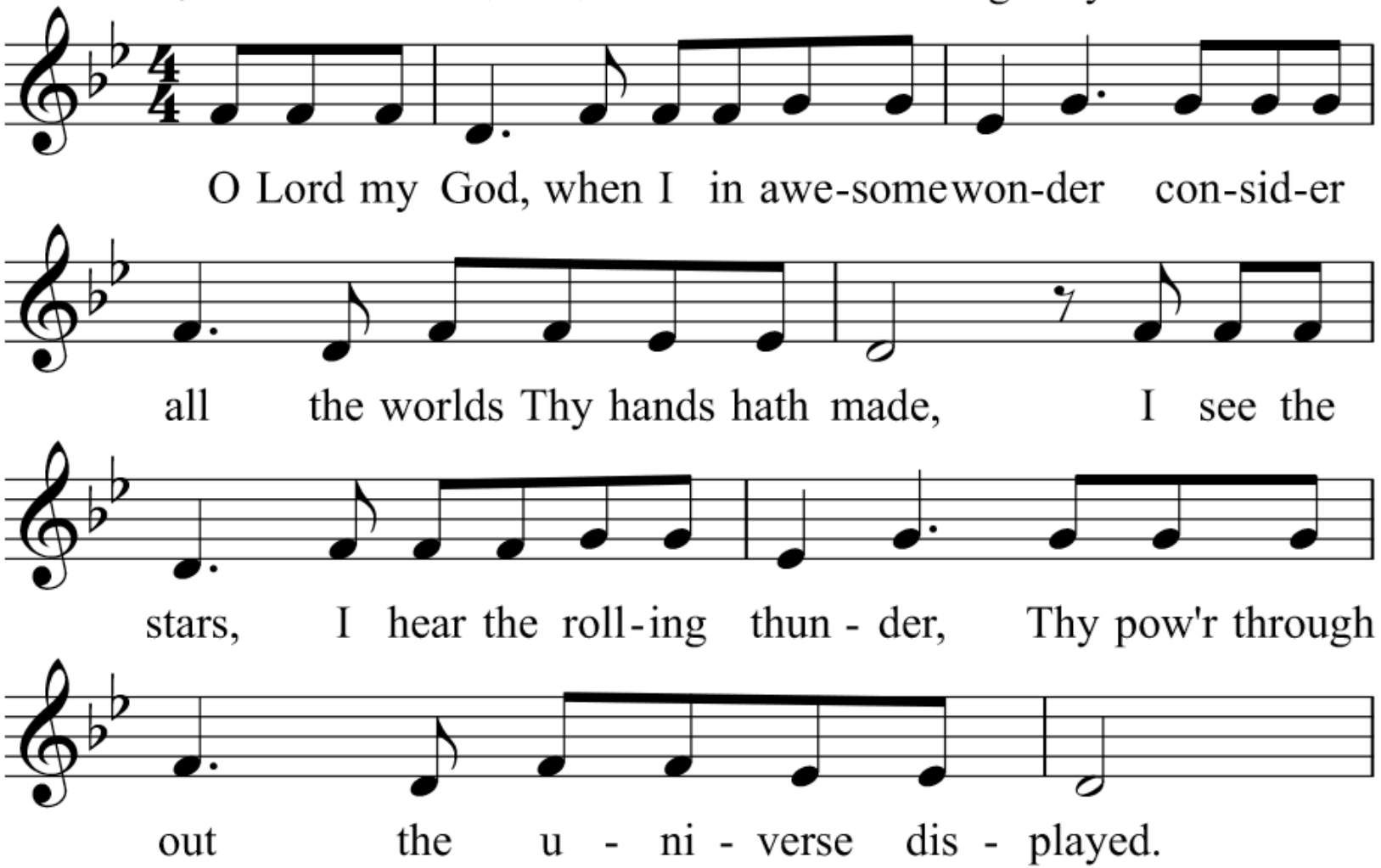
WL: The LORD who, through the abundance of his steadfast love, works righteousness on behalf of his people calls you to himself this day!

ALL: Praise be to God!

How Great Thou Art

Text: Carl Gustav Boberg (1886)
Translated by Stuart K. Hine (1949)

Traditional Swedish folk tune
Arranged by Stuart K. Hine



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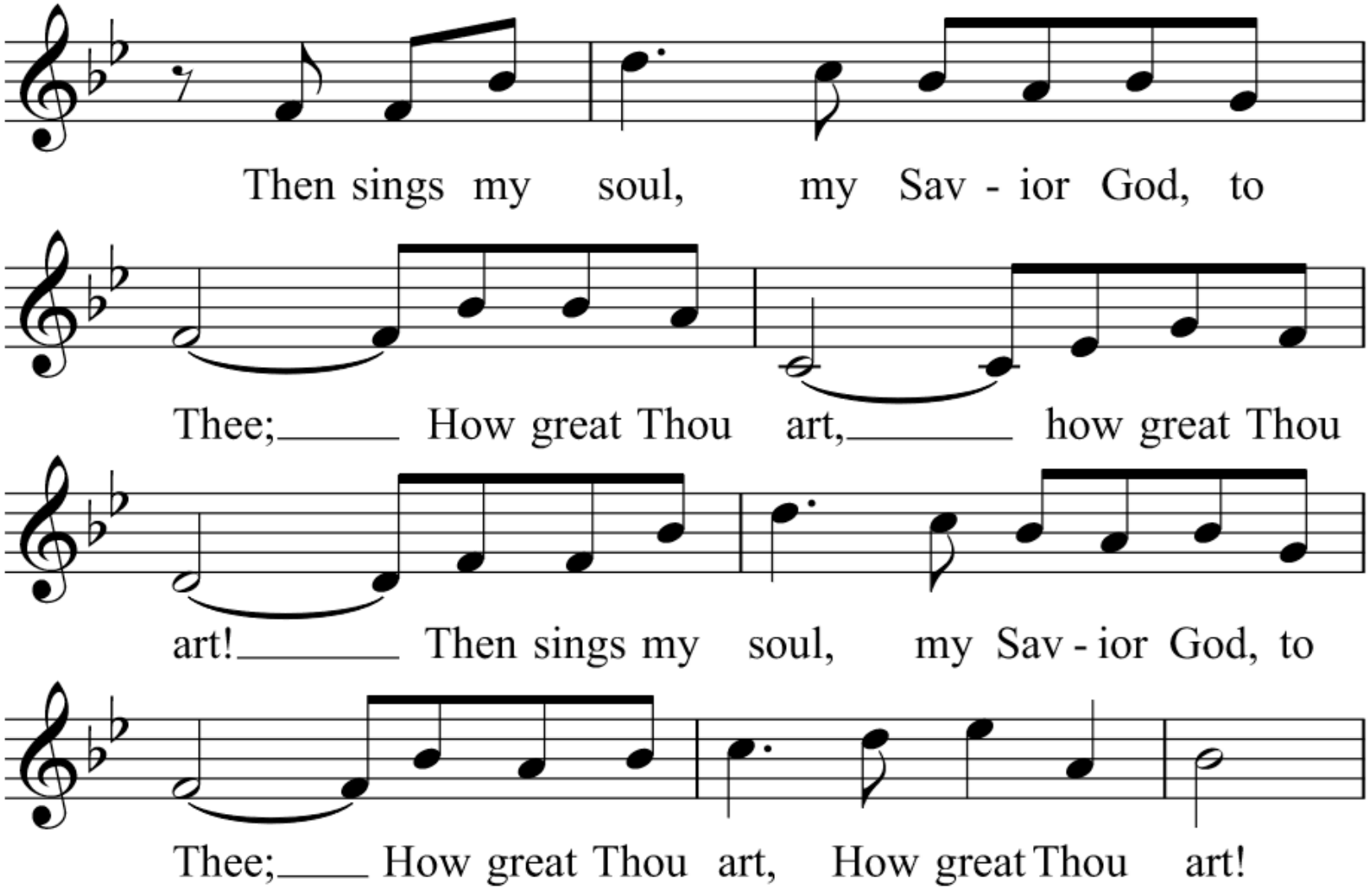
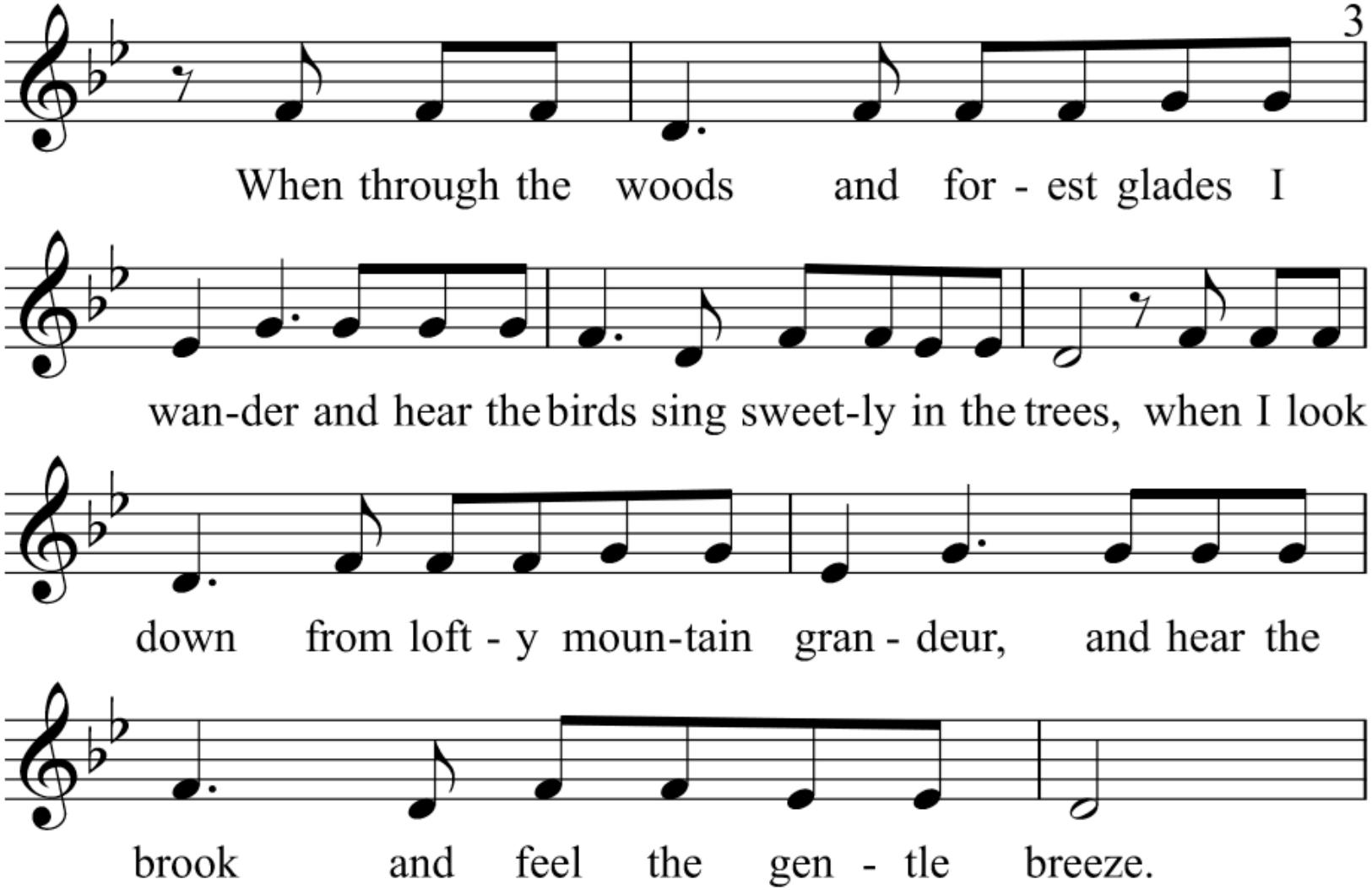
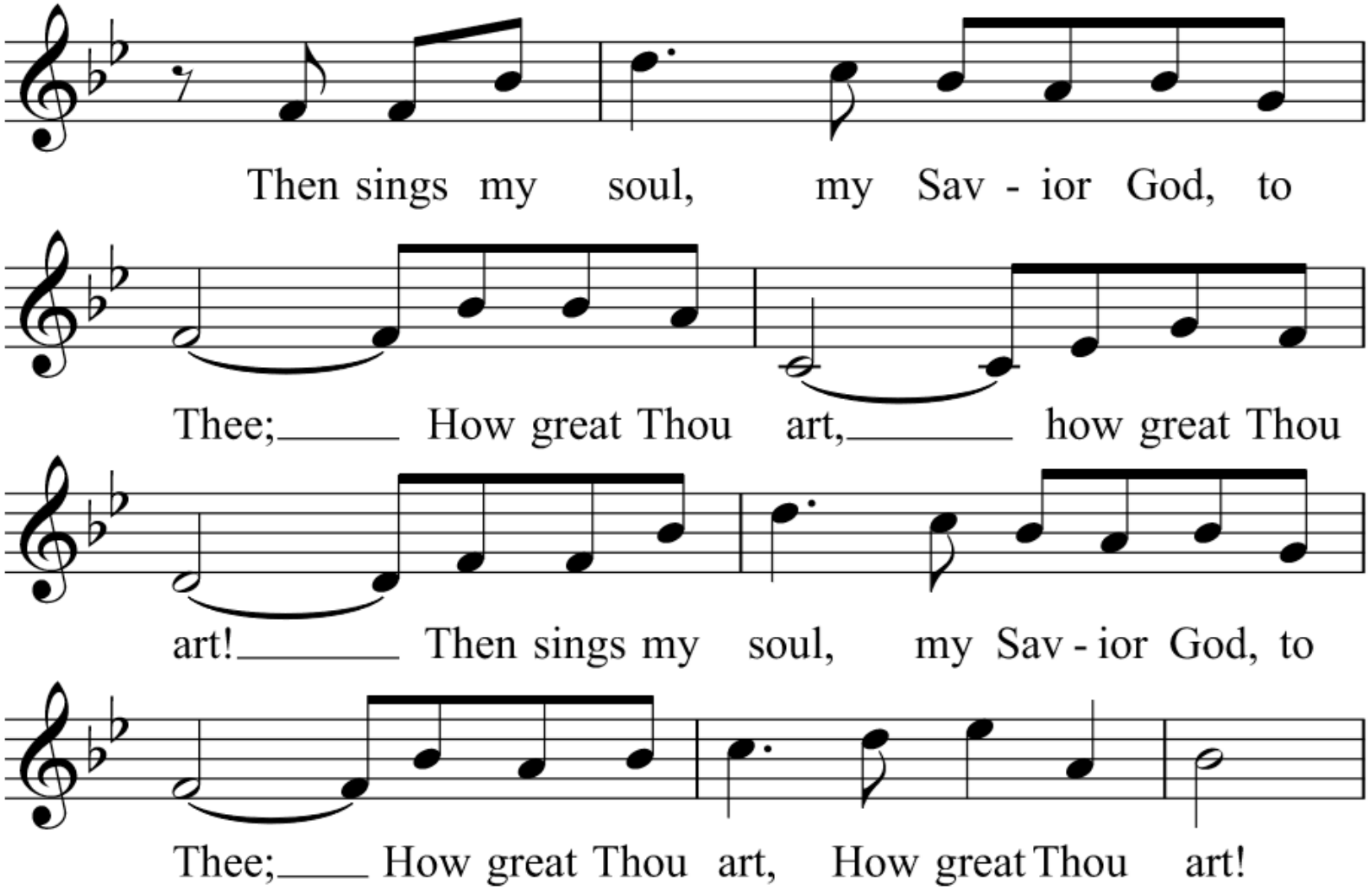

Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God, to
Thee; How great Thou art, how great Thou
art! Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God, to
Thee; How great Thou art, How great Thou art!


When through the woods and for - est glades I
wan-der and hear the birds sing sweet-ly in the trees, when I look
down from loft - y moun-tain gran - deur, and hear the
brook and feel the gen - tle breeze.

4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Thee; How great Thou art, how great Thou
art! Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God, to
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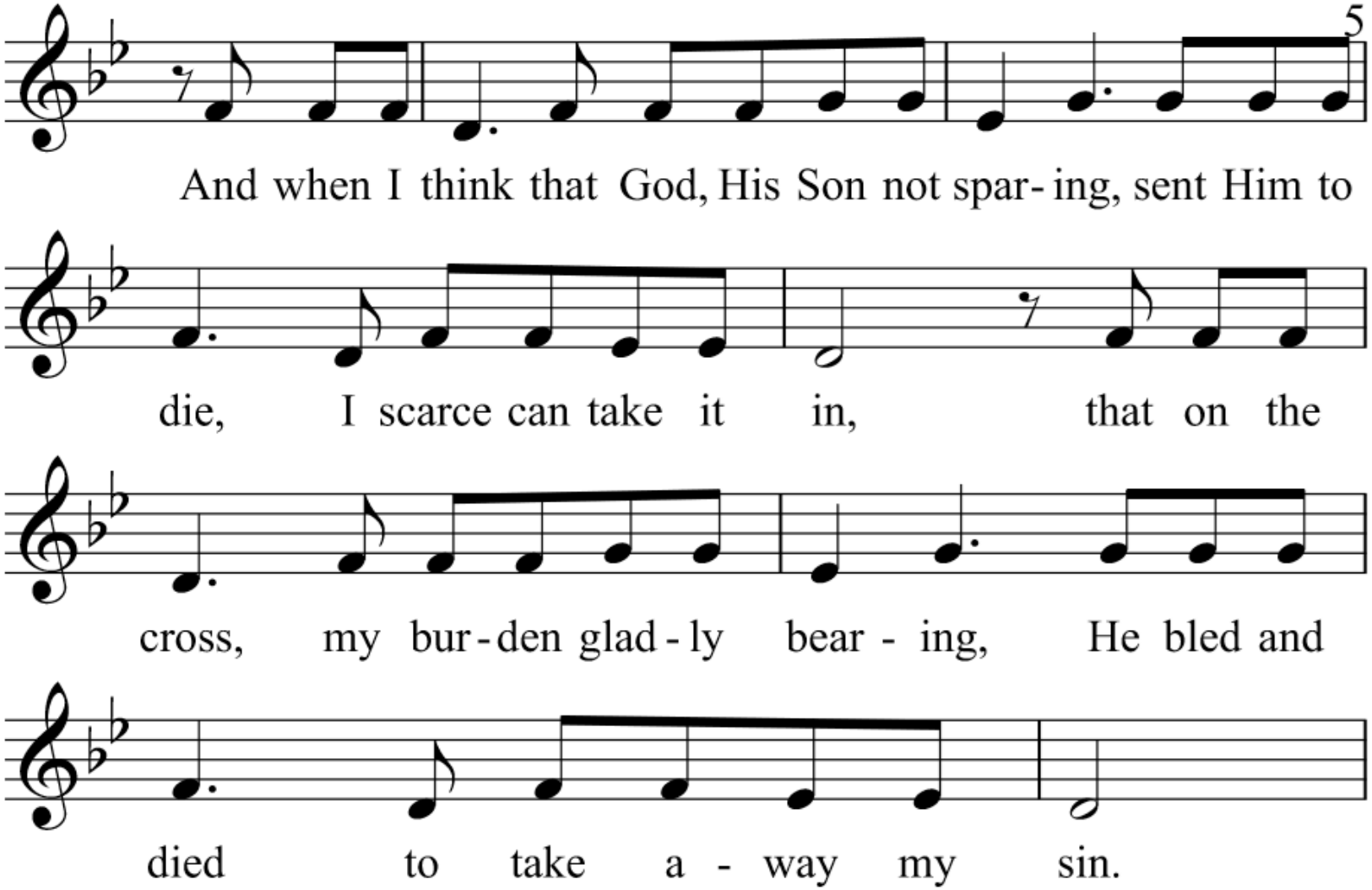
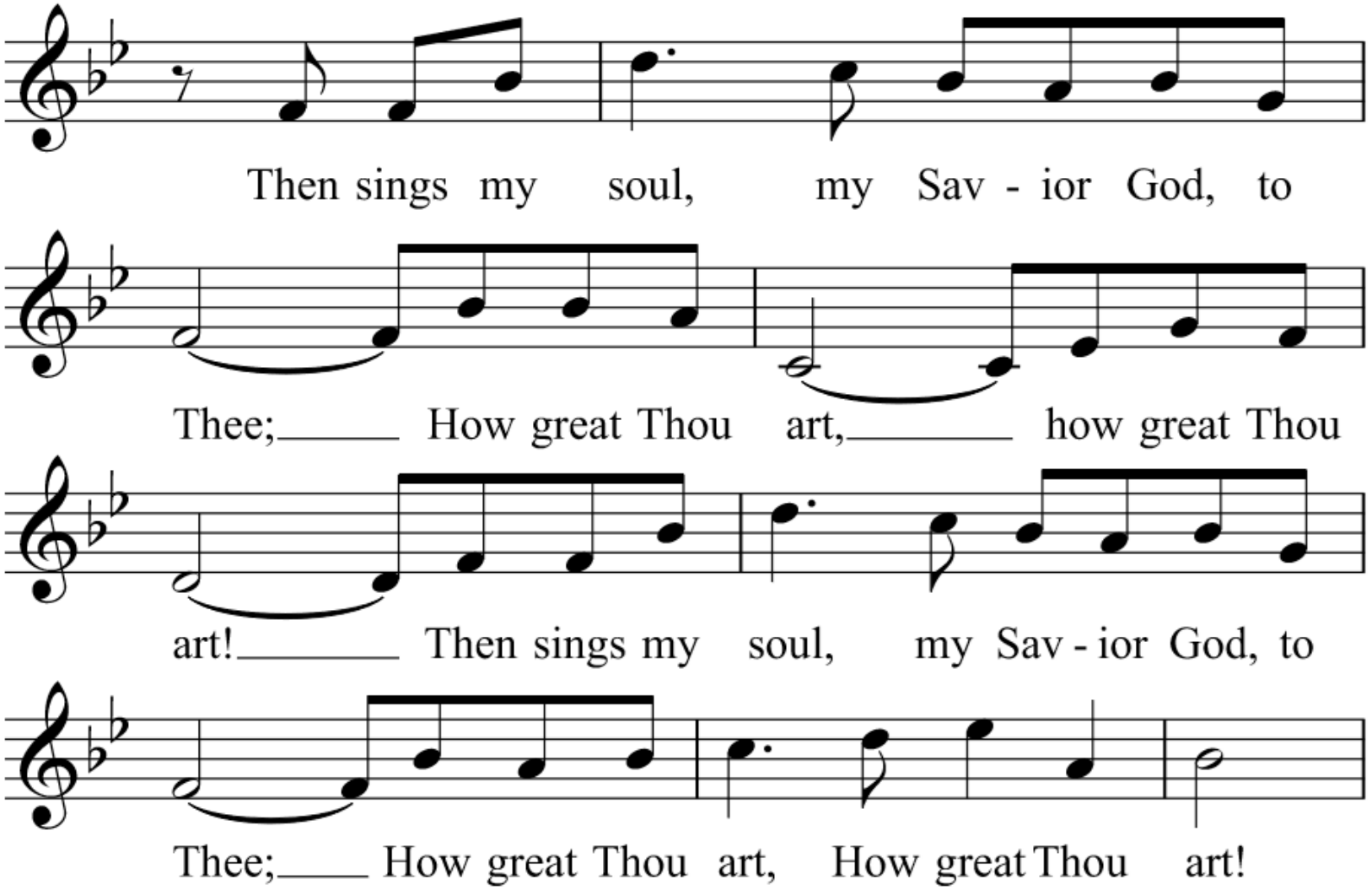
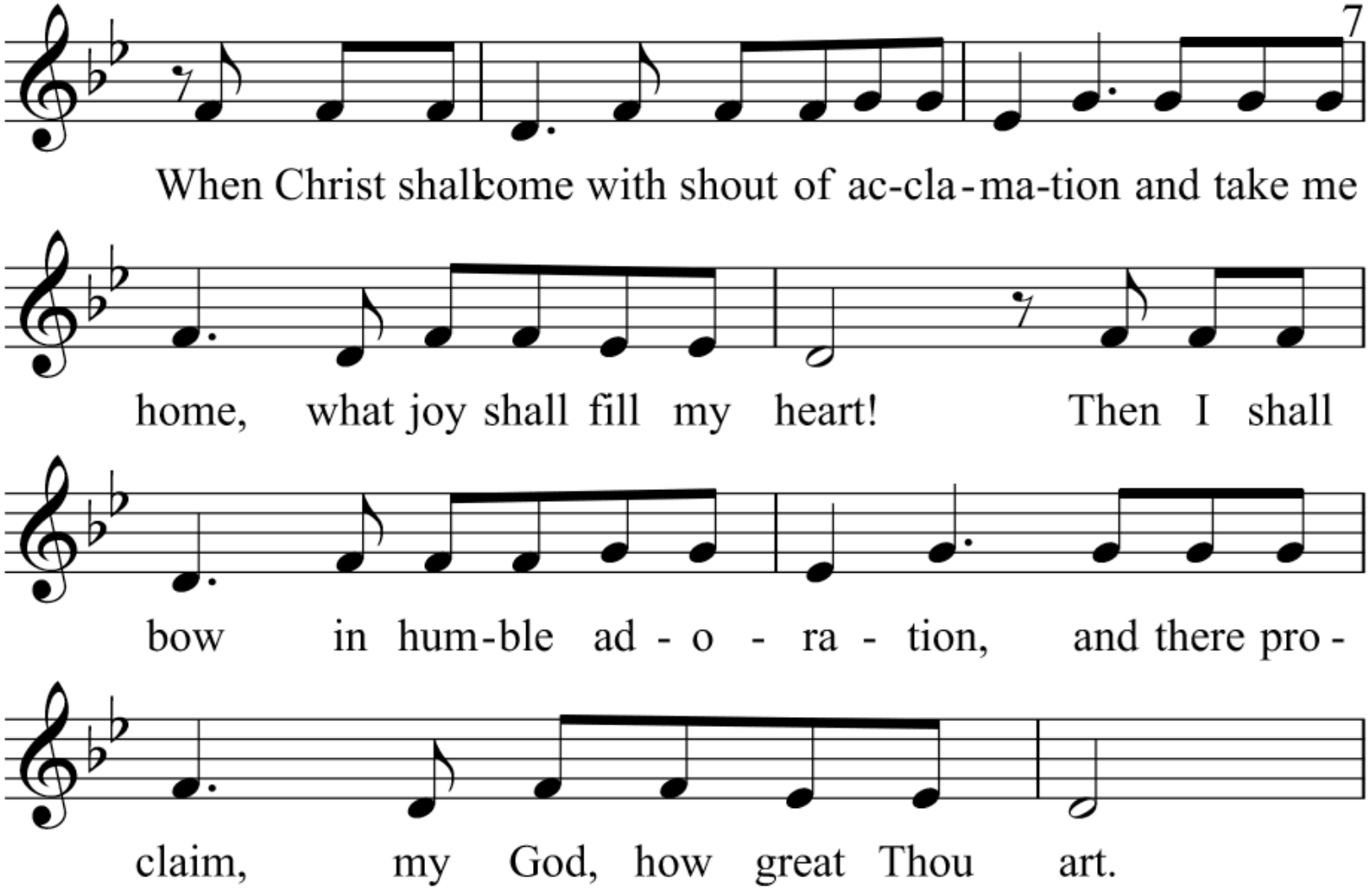
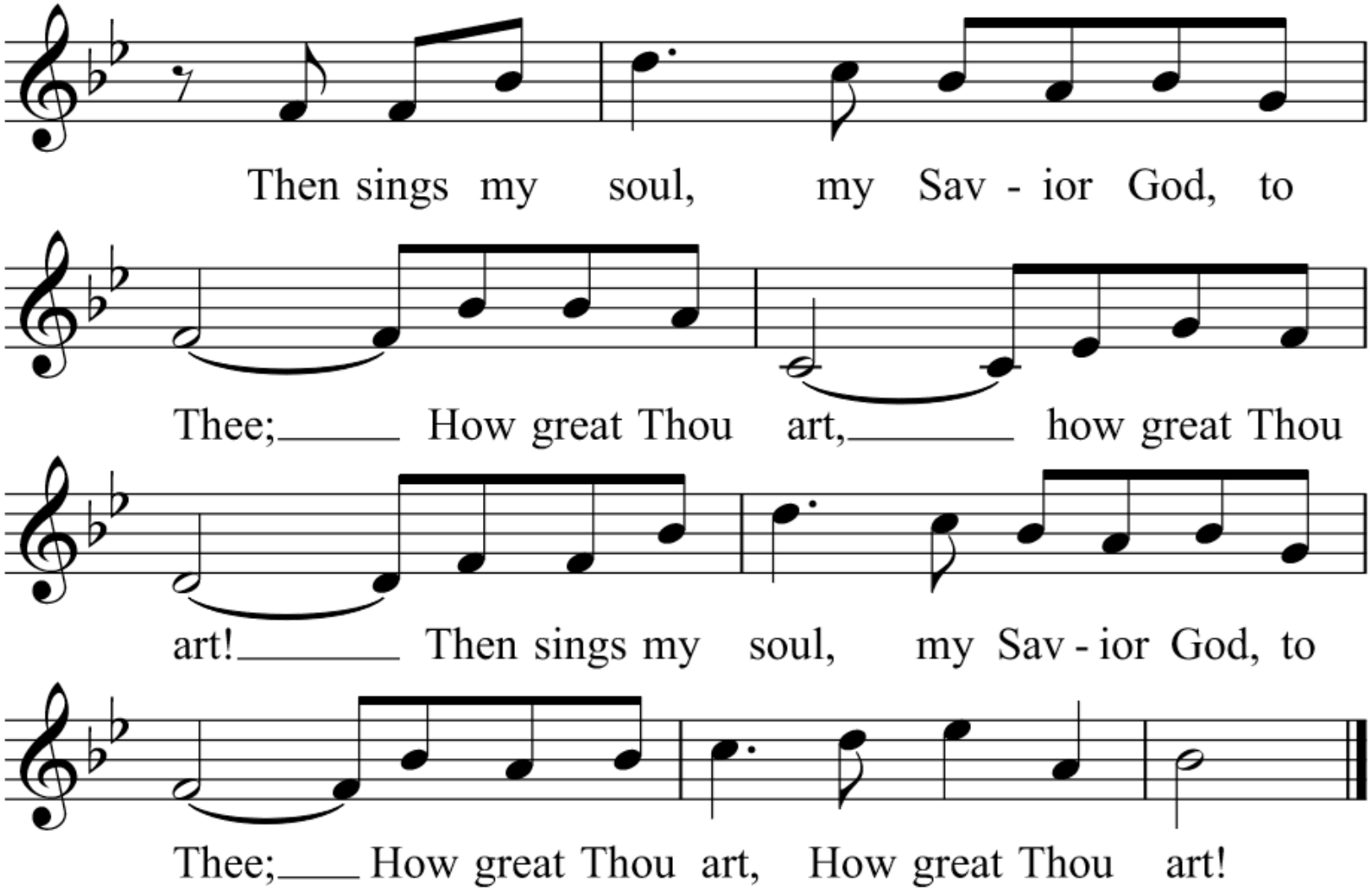

And when I think that God, His Son not spar- ing, sent Him to
die, I scarce can take it in, that on the
cross, my bur- den glad- ly bear - ing, He bled and
died to take a - way my sin.

6


Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God, to
Thee; How great Thou art, how great Thou
art! Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God, to
Thee; How great Thou art, How great Thou art!


When Christ shall come with shout of ac-cla-ma-tion and take me
home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then I shall
bow in hum-ble ad - o - ra - tion, and there pro -
claim, my God, how great Thou art.



How Great Thou Art. Words and music by Stuart K. Hine.
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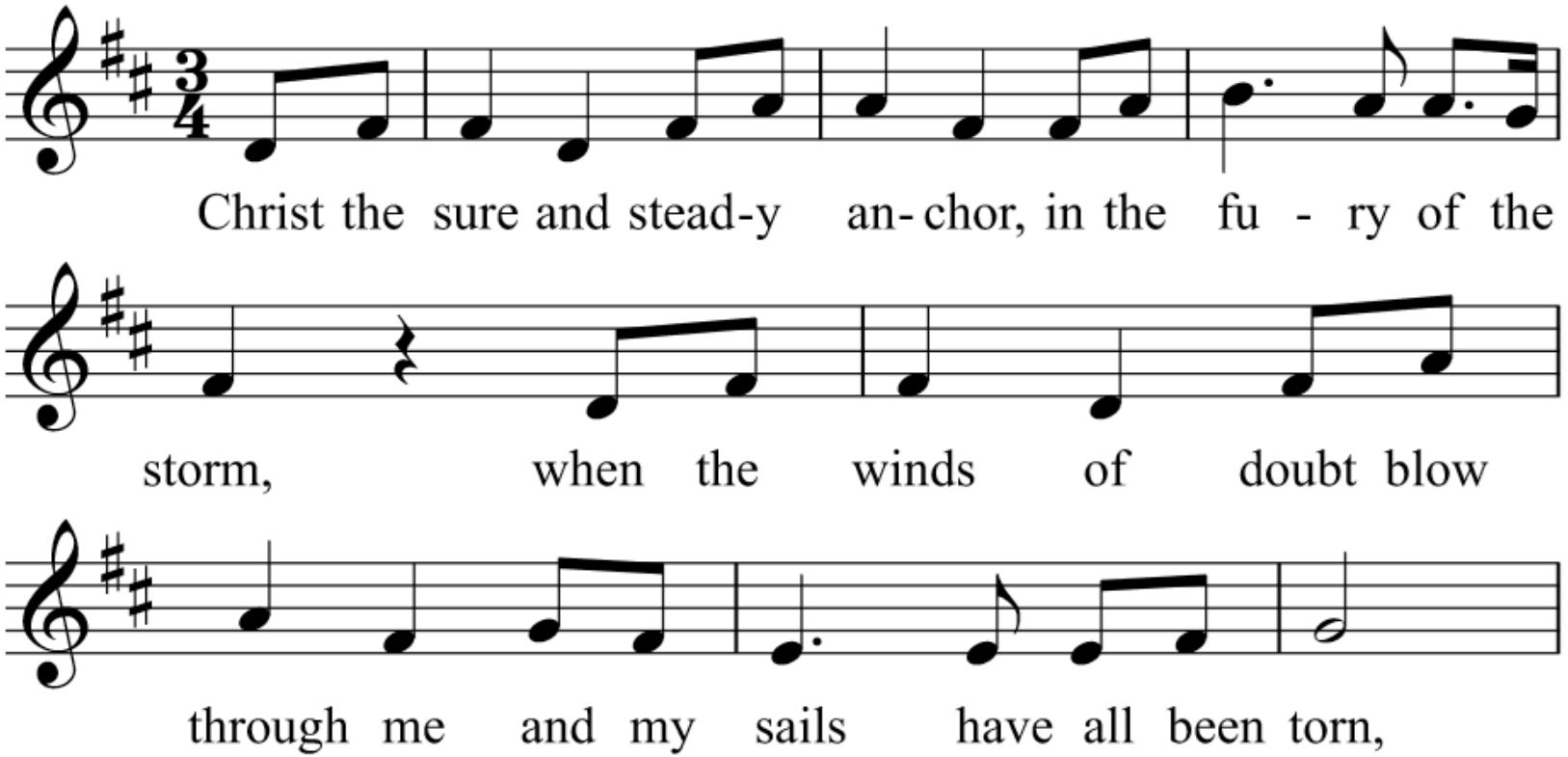
Forgive us our sins, O Lord. Forgive us the sins of our youth and the sins of our age, the sins of our soul and the sins of our body, our secret and whispering sins, our presumptuous and our careless sins, the sins we have done to please ourselves, and the sins we have done to please others.

Forgive us the sins that we know, and the sins that we know not; forgive them, O Lord, forgive them all because of your great goodness. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

(adapted for Westkirk from Worship Sourcebook 2.2.31 on pp. 96-7)

Christ the Sure and Steady Anchor

Matthew Boswell and Matthew Papa



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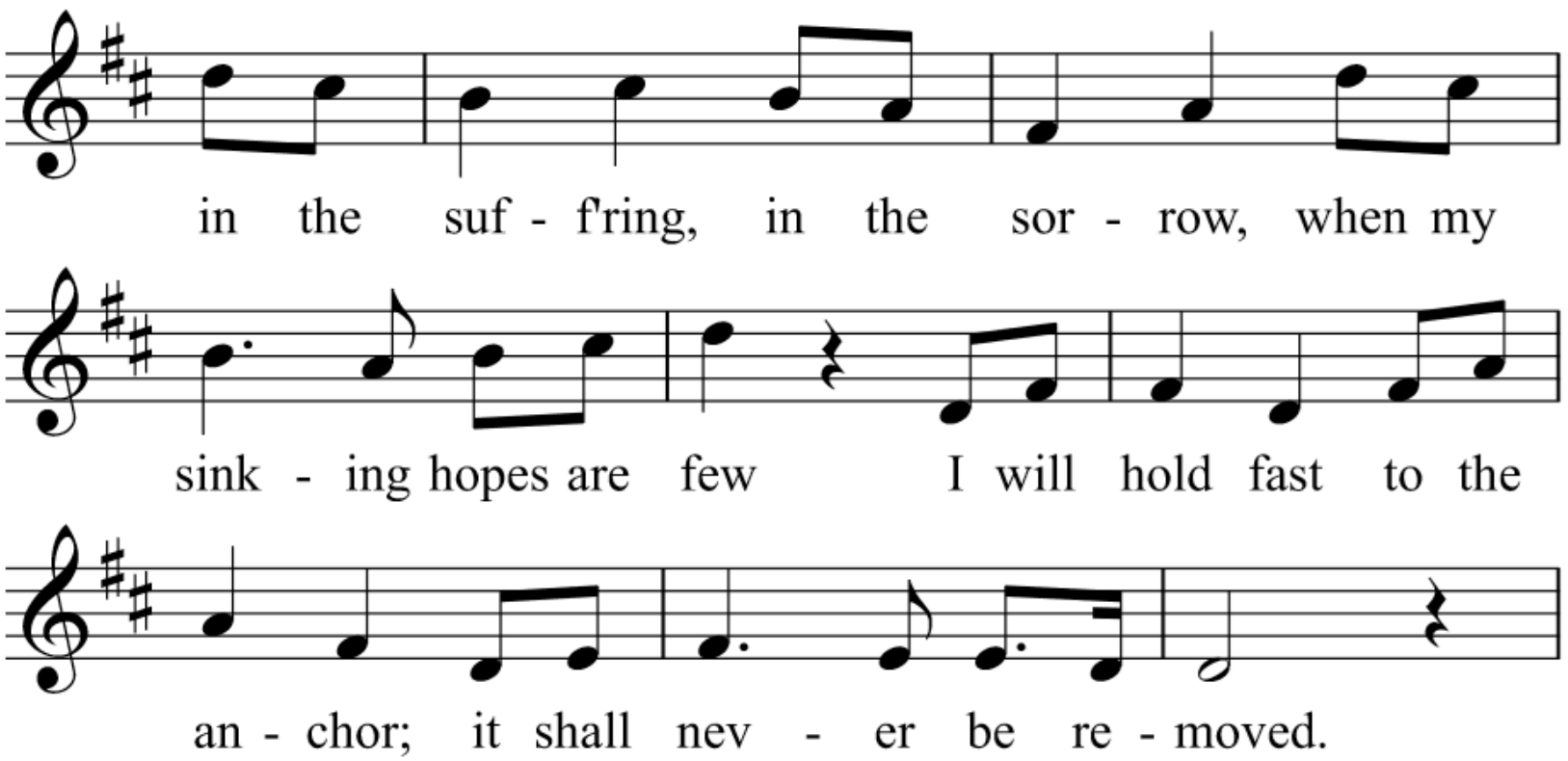
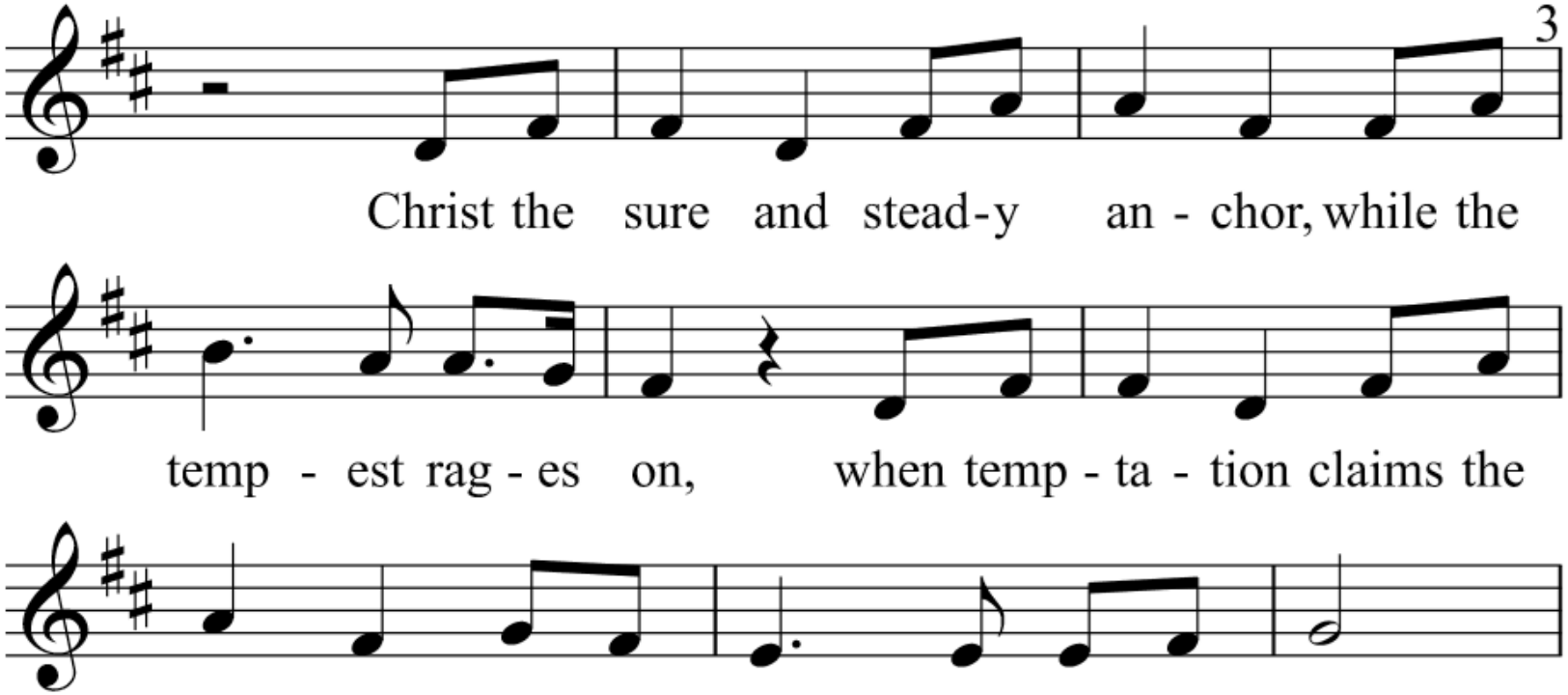
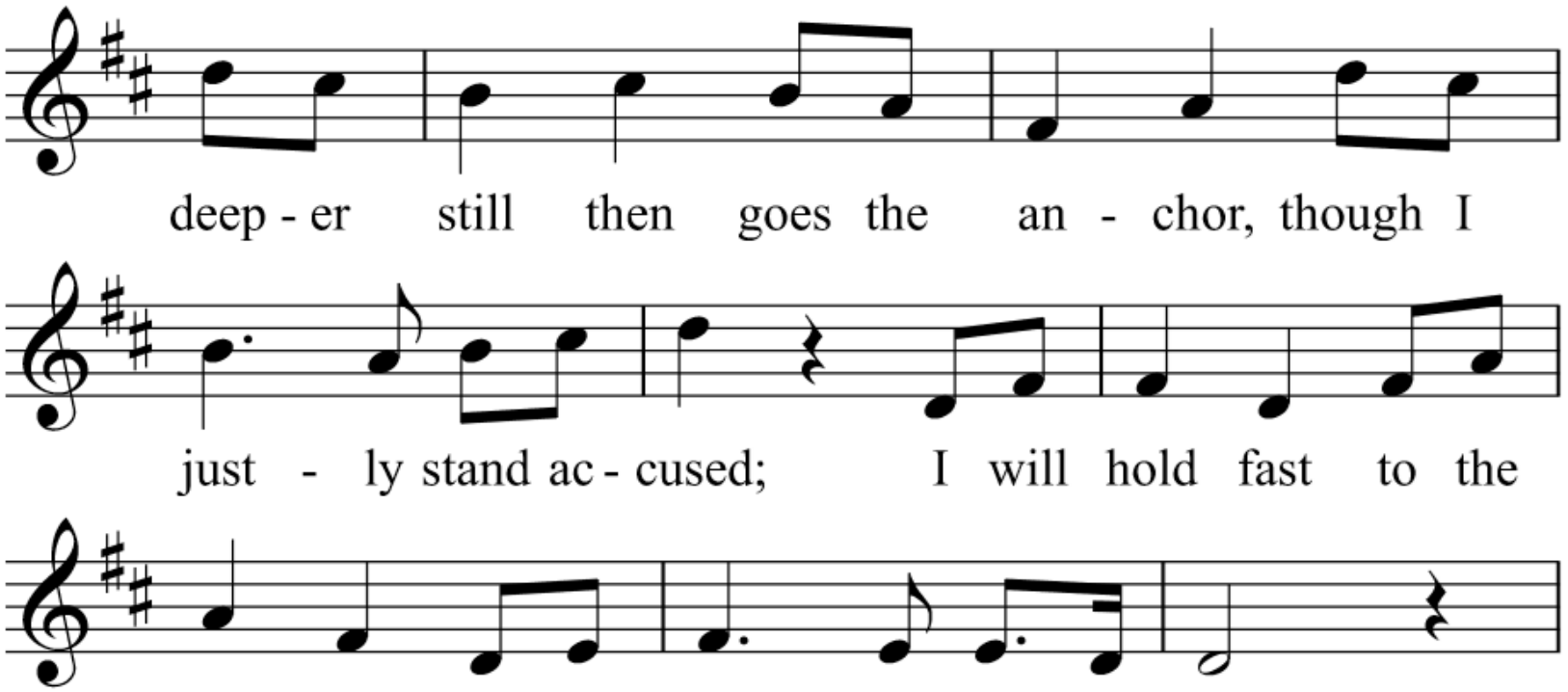
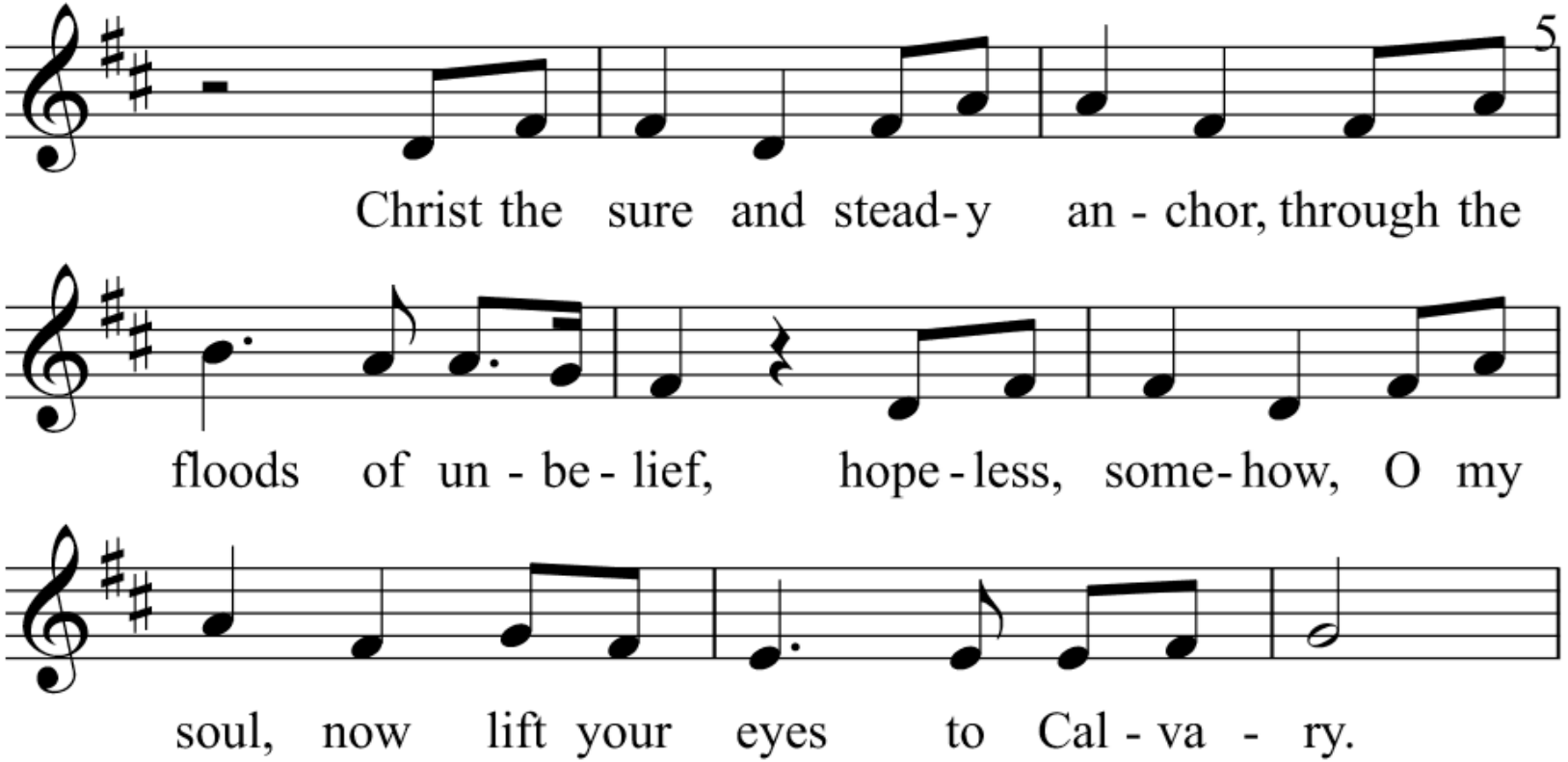
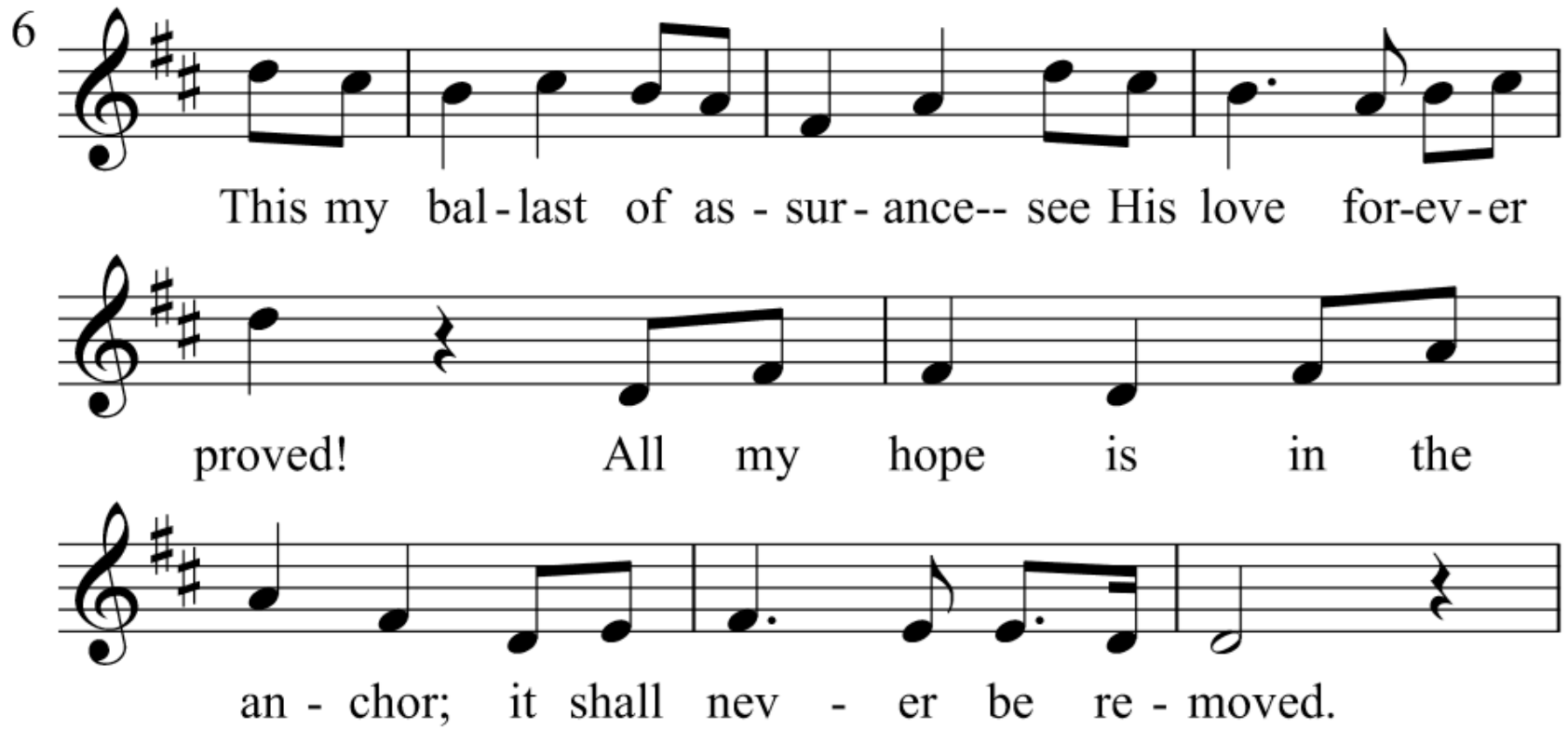

in the suf - f'ring, in the sor - row, when my
sink - ing hopes are few I will hold fast to the
an - chor; it shall nev - er be re - moved.

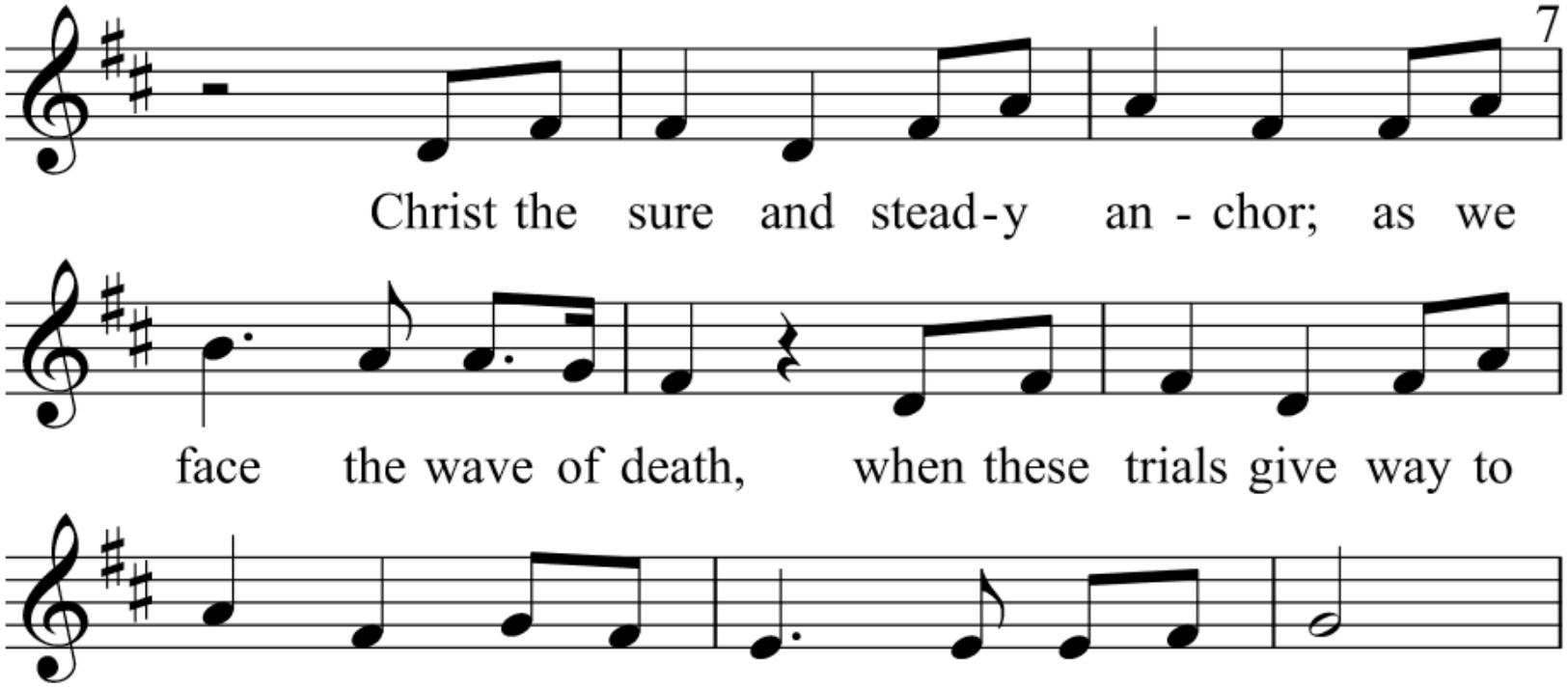

Christ the sure and stead-y an - chor, while the
temp - est rag - es on, when temp - ta - tion claims the
bat - tle and it seems the night has won,

4

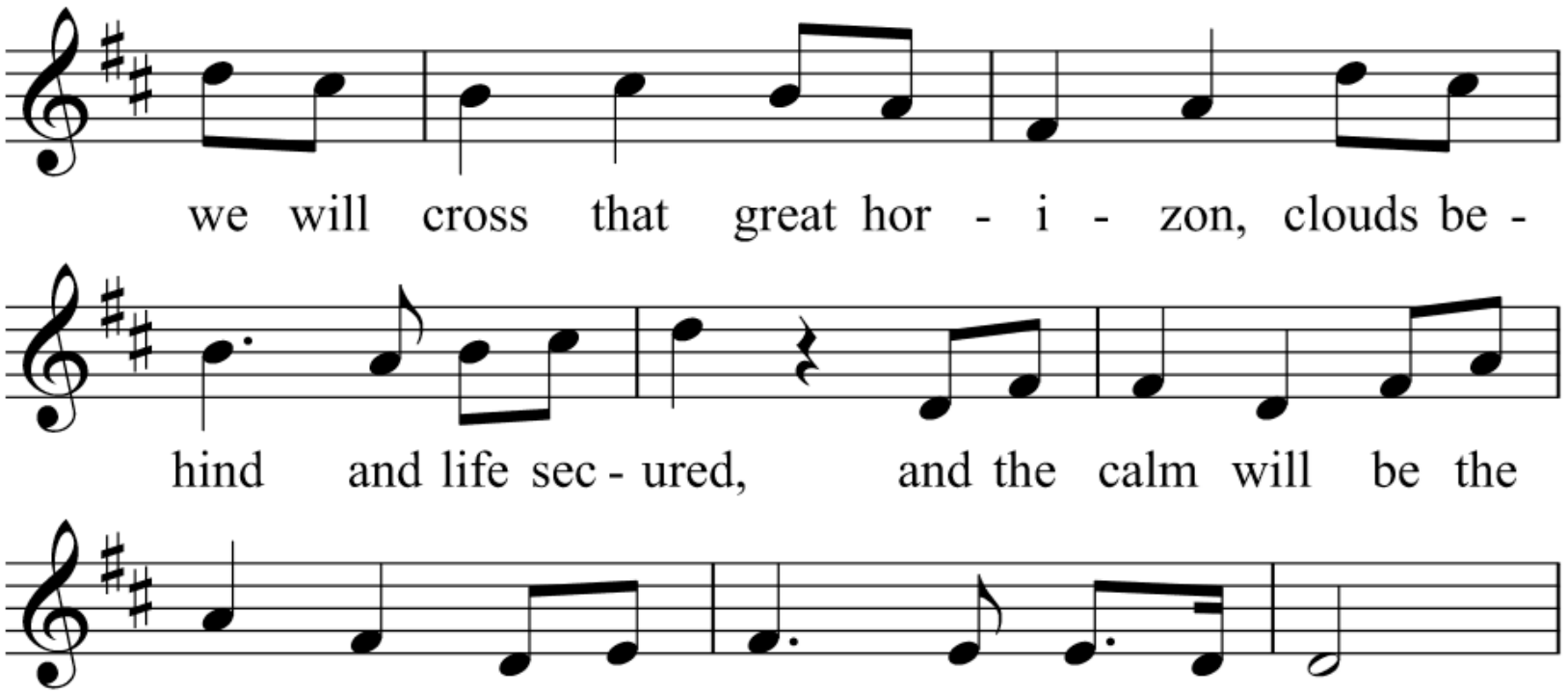

deep - er still then goes the an - chor, though I
just - ly stand ac - cused; I will hold fast to the
an - chor, it shall nev - er be re - moved.

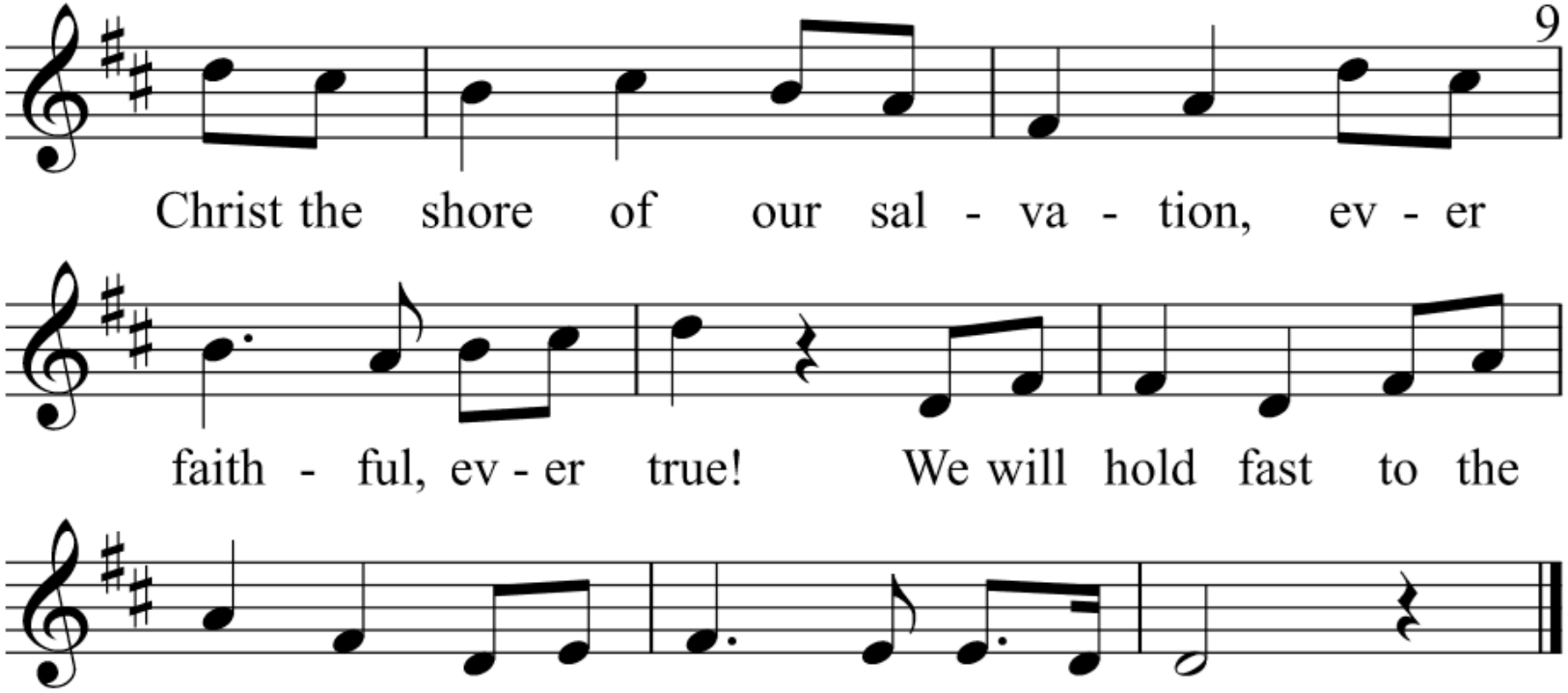

5
Christ the sure and stead-y an - chor, through the
floods of un - be - lief, hope - less, some - how, O my
soul, now lift your eyes to Cal - va - ry.


6
This my bal - last of as - sur - ance-- see His love for-ev - er
proved! All my hope is in the
an - chor; it shall nev - er be re - moved.


Christ the sure and stead-y an - chor; as we
face the wave of death, when these trials give way to
glo - ry as we draw our fin - al breath,

8


we will cross that great hor - i - zon, clouds be -
hind and life sec - ured, and the calm will be the
bet - ter for the storms that we've en - dured.



Christ the Sure and Steady Anchor. Words and music by Matthew Boswell and Matthew Papa.
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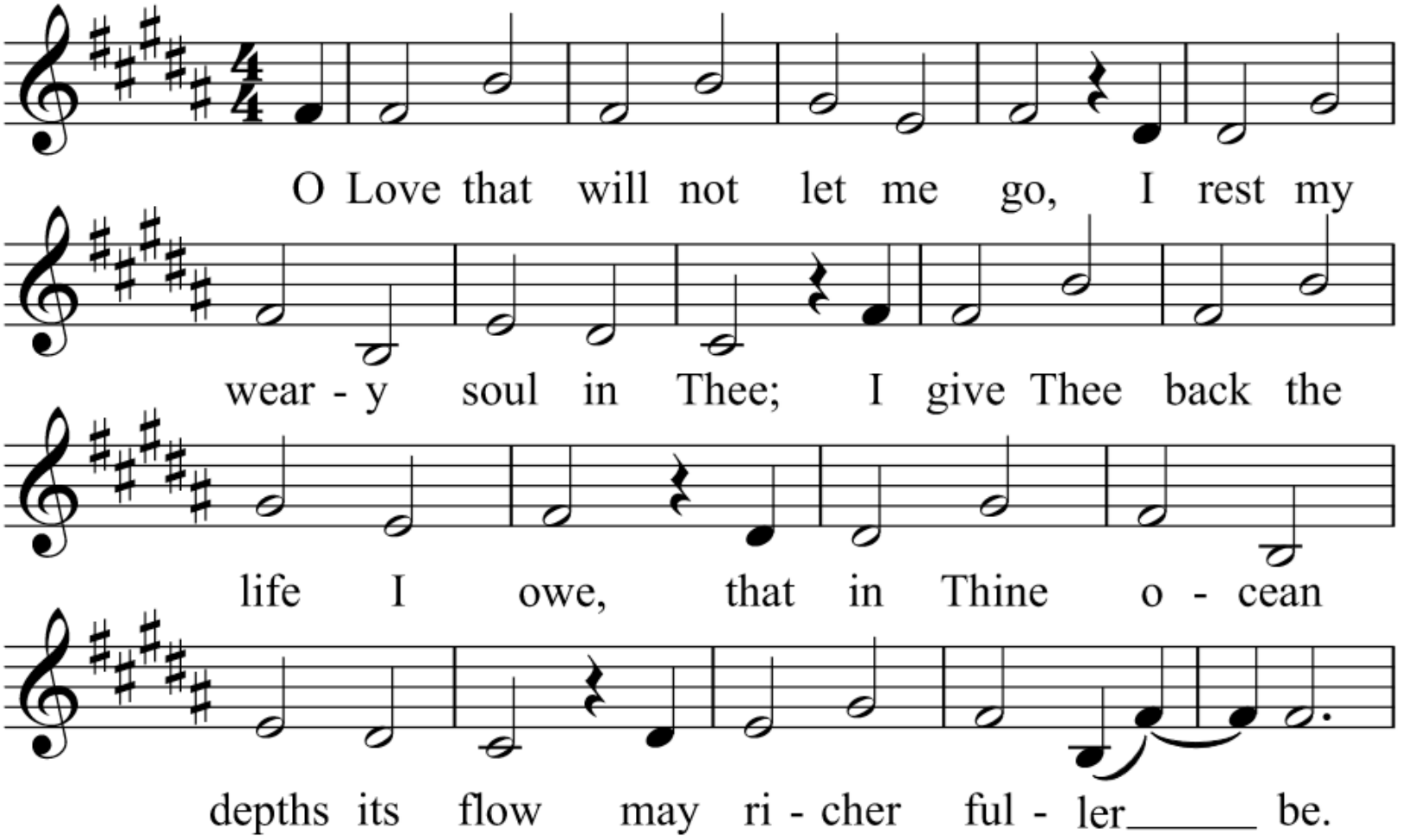
O Love That Will Not Let Me Go

Text by George Matheson (1842-1906)

Music by Christopher Miner



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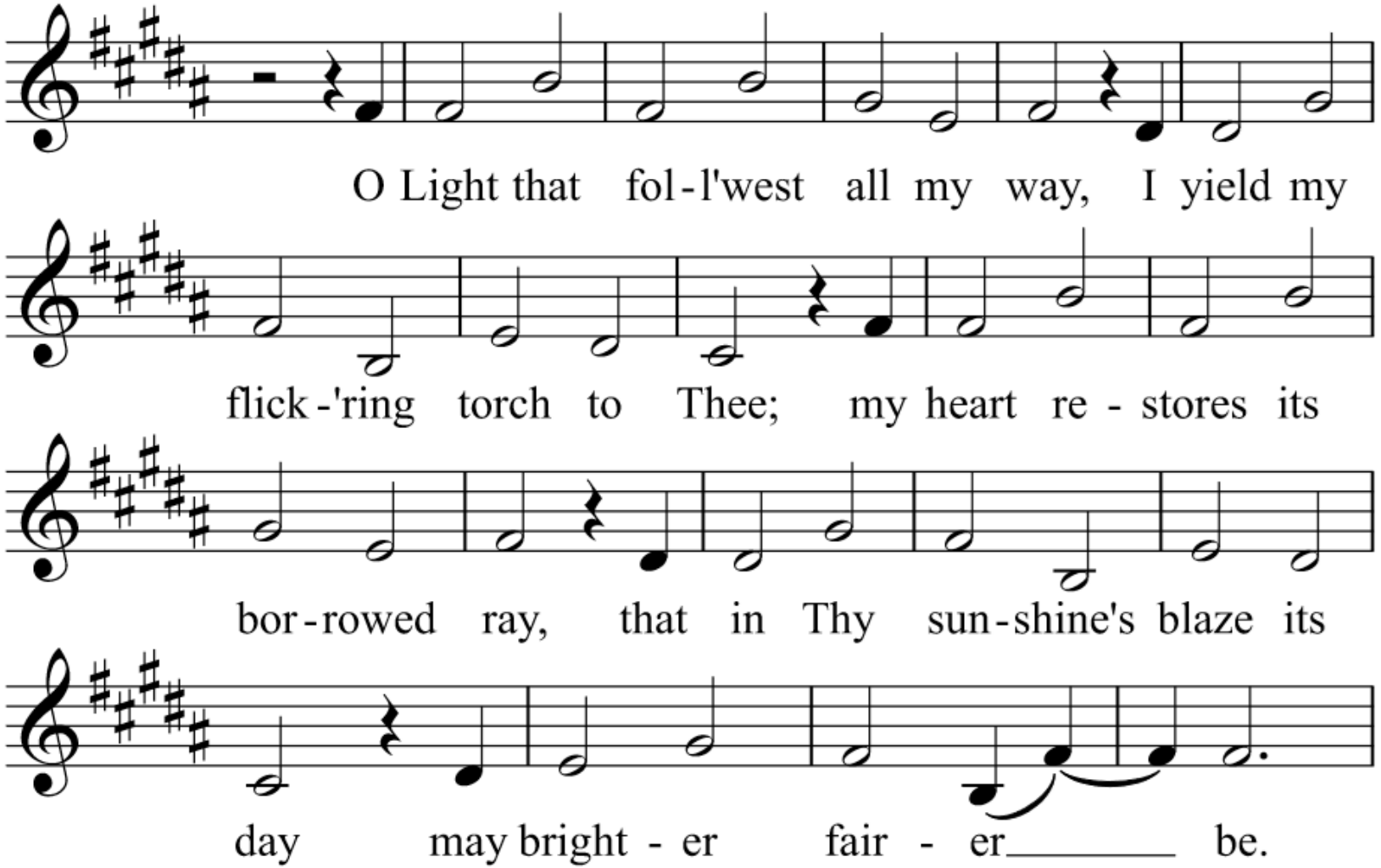
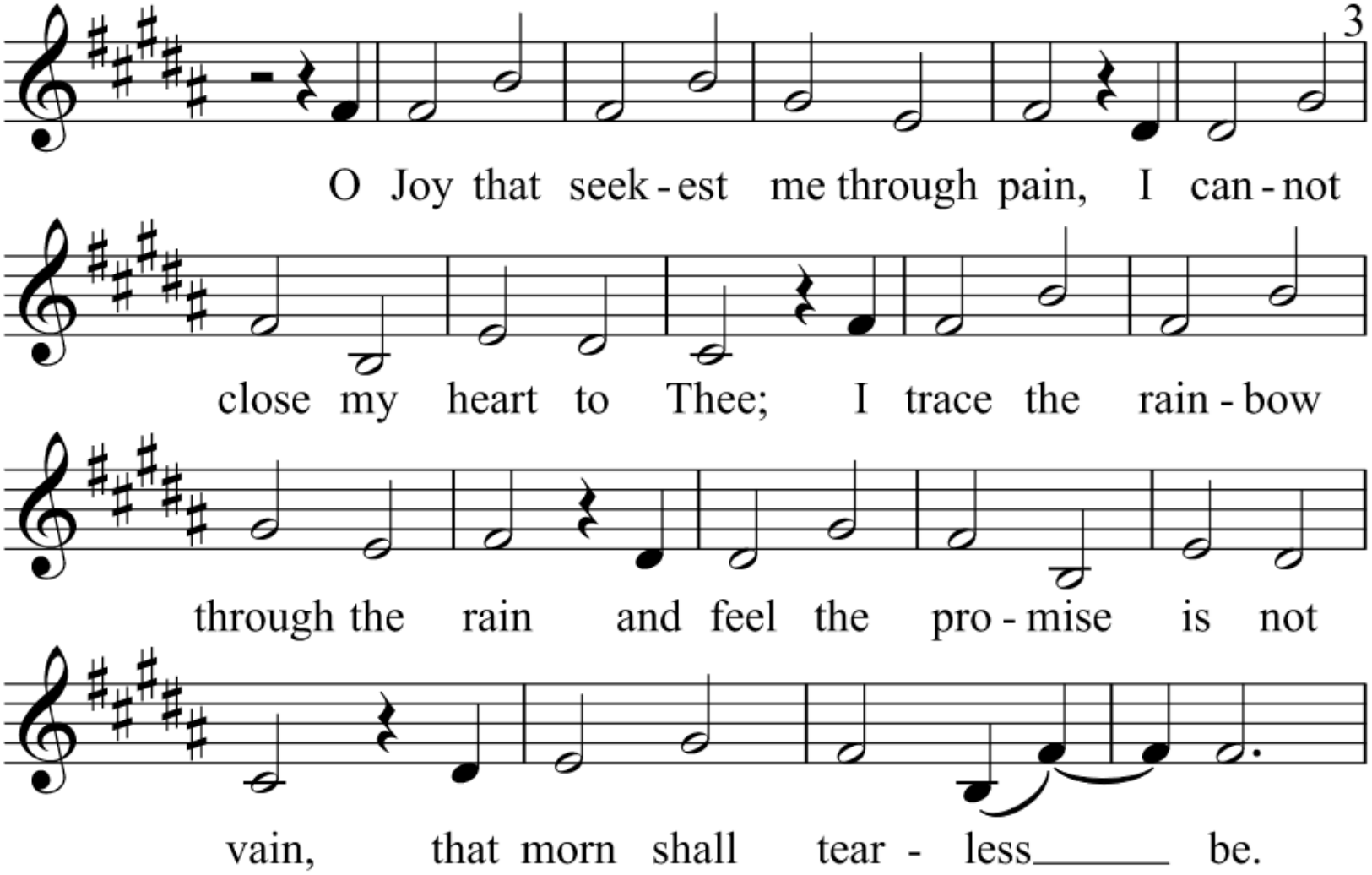
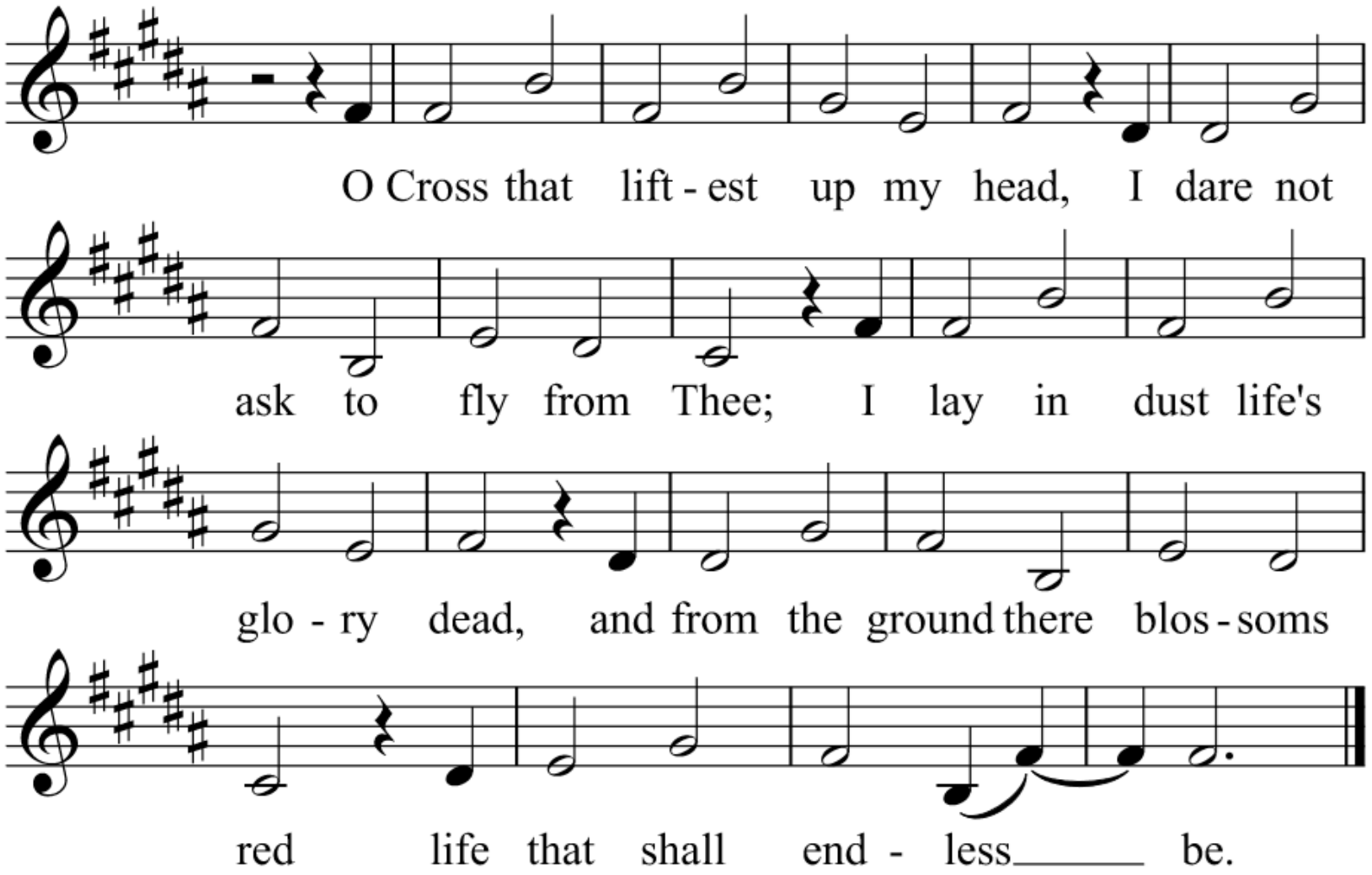

O Light that fol-l'west all my way, I yield my
flick-'ring torch to Thee; my heart re-stores its
bor-rowed ray, that in Thy sun-shine's blaze its
day may bright-er fair-er be.


O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I can - not
close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow
through the rain and feel the pro - mise is not
vain, that morn shall tear - less_____ be.

4



O Love That Will Not Let Me Go. Words by George Matheson | Music by Christopher Miner

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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.

3:1 A prayer of Habakkuk the prophet,
according to Shigionoth.

2 O Lord, I have heard the report of you,
and your work, O Lord, do I fear.
In the midst of the years revive it;
in the midst of the years make it known;
in wrath remember mercy.

Habakkuk 3:1-2 ESV

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Habakkuk 3:1 ESV

[2] O Lord, I have heard the report of you,
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In the midst of the years revive it;
in the midst of the years make it known;
in wrath remember mercy.

Habakkuk 3:2 ESV