



**Westkirk**  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Worship Leader: <sup>1</sup> Oh sing to the LORD a new song, for he has done marvelous things! His right hand and his holy arm have worked salvation for him.

*ALL: <sup>2</sup> The LORD has made known his salvation; he has revealed his righteousness in the sight of the nations.*



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WL: <sup>3</sup> He has remembered his steadfast love and faithfulness to the house of Israel.

*ALL: All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.*



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WL: <sup>4</sup> Make a joyful noise to the LORD, all the earth;  
break forth into joyous song and sing praises!

*ALL: Let nothing prevent us from singing God's  
praises! Let us worship together.*

From Psalm 98:1-4

# How Great Thou Art

Stuart K. Hine



O Lord my God, when I in awe-some won-der con-sid-er



all the worlds Thy hands hath made, I see the



stars, I hear the roll-ing thun-der, Thy pow'r through



out the u-ni-verse dis-played.



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

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!



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.

8

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!



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Merciful God, you made us in your image, with a mind to know you, a heart to love you, and a will to serve you. But our knowledge is imperfect, our love inconstant, our obedience incomplete. Day by day, we fail to grow into your likeness. In your tender love, forgive us through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen

(Worship Sourcebook 2.2.44 on p. 100)

# There Is A Fountain

William Cowper (1731-1800)



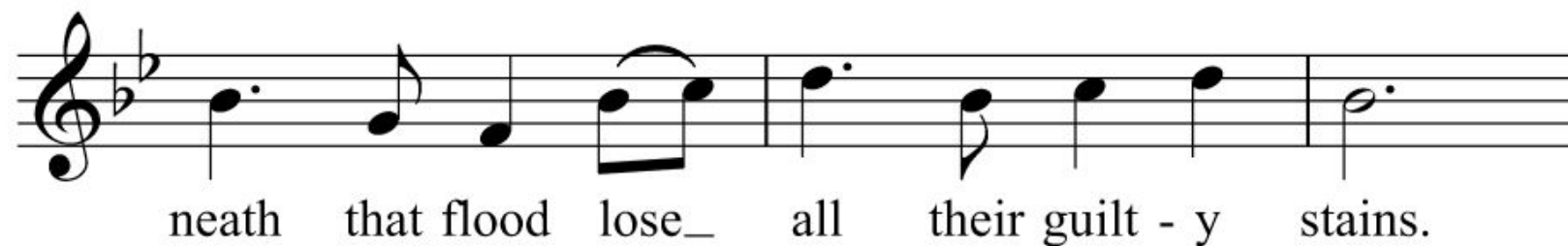
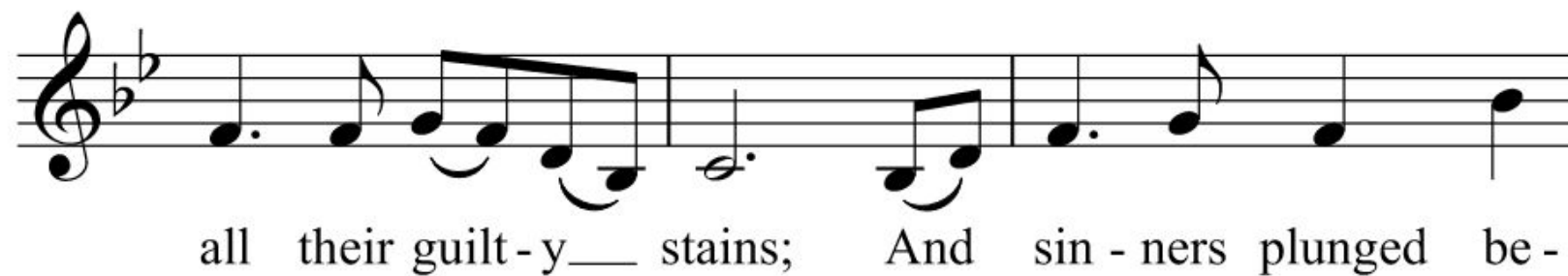
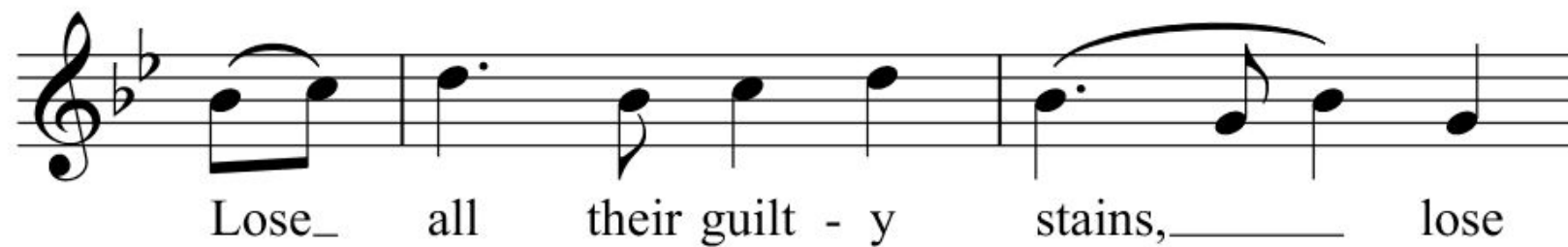
There is a foun - tain filled with blood drawn



from Im-man - uel's veins, and\_ sin - ners plunged be -



neath that flood lose\_ all their guilt - y stains:





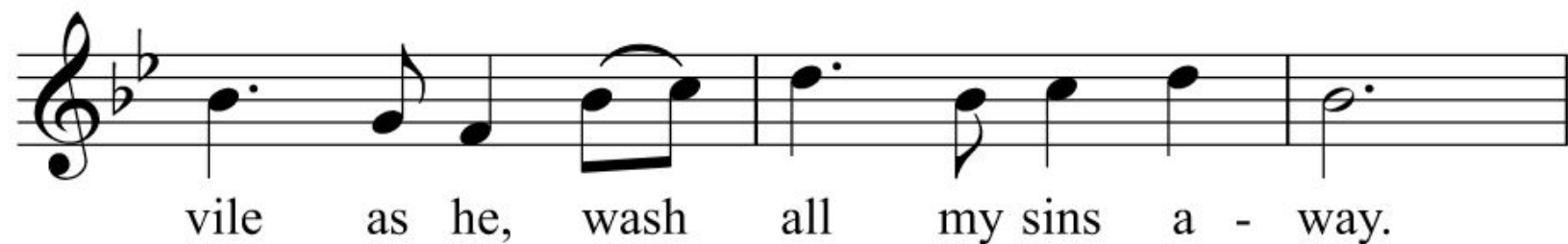
The\_\_ dy - ing thief re - joiced to see that\_\_



foun - tain in\_\_ his\_\_ day, and\_\_ there may I, though



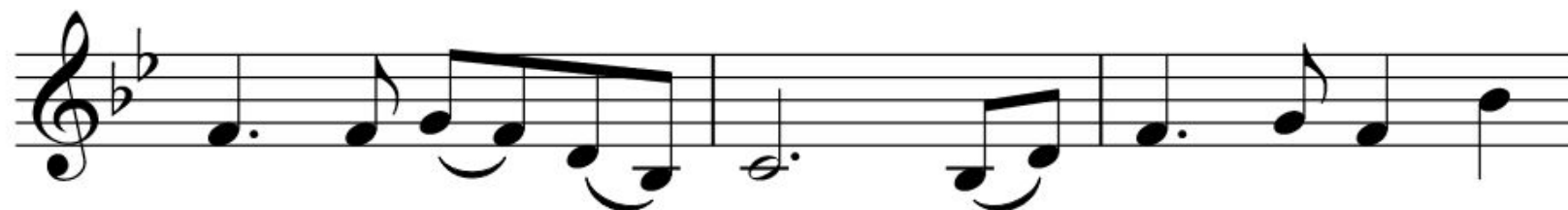
vile as he, wash all my sins a - way.







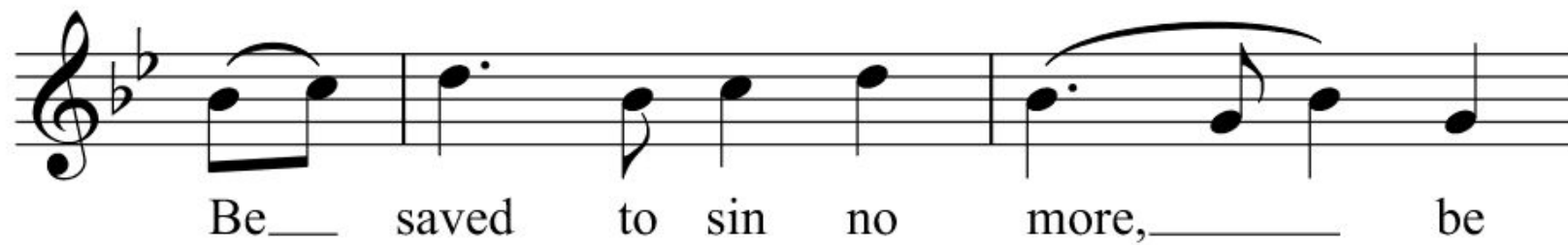
Dear\_ dy - ing Lamb,Thy pre - cious blood shall\_



nev - er lose\_ its\_\_ pow'r, till\_\_ all the ran-somed



Church of God be\_\_ saved to sin no more:





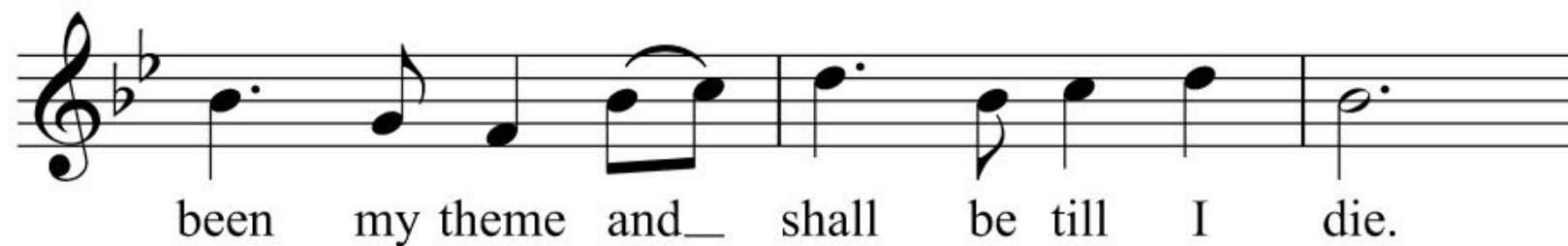
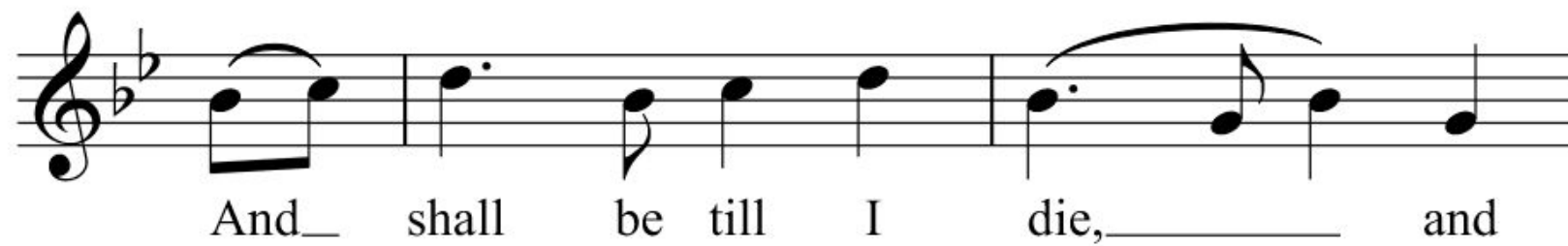
E'er\_ since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy\_



flow - ing wounds sup - ply, re - deem - ing love has



been my theme and\_ shall be till I die:

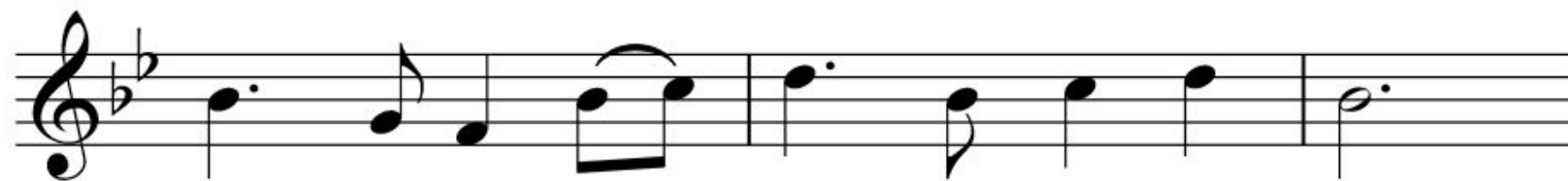




When this poor lisp - ing    stam - m'ring tongue lies\_



si - lent in\_ the\_ grave,    then\_ in a no - bler,



sweet - er song I'll\_ sing    Thy pow'r to save:

The image displays a musical score for the hymn 'There Is A Fountain'. It consists of three staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff contains the lyrics 'I'll\_\_ sing Thy pow'r to save,\_\_\_\_ I'll'. The second staff contains 'sing Thy pow'r to\_\_ save; then\_ in a no - bler,'. The third staff contains 'sweet - er song I'll - sing Thy pow'r to save.' and ends with a double bar line. The melody is simple and characteristic of early American hymn tunes.

I'll\_\_ sing Thy pow'r to save,\_\_\_\_ I'll

sing Thy pow'r to\_\_ save; then\_ in a no - bler,

sweet - er song I'll - sing Thy pow'r to save.

*There Is A Fountain.* Words by William Cowper. Music: Early American melody.

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# May The Peoples Praise You

Keith Getty, Kristyn Getty, Stuart Townend,  
Ed Cash, and David Zimmer



The musical score is written in 4/4 time on a single treble clef staff. The melody consists of 16 measures. The first measure is a whole note G4. The second measure is a half note A4. The third measure is a half note B4. The fourth measure is a half note C5. The fifth measure is a half note D5. The sixth measure is a half note E5. The seventh measure is a half note F#5. The eighth measure is a half note G5. The ninth measure is a half note F#5. The tenth measure is a half note E5. The eleventh measure is a half note D5. The twelfth measure is a half note C5. The thirteenth measure is a half note B4. The fourteenth measure is a half note A4. The fifteenth measure is a half note G4. The sixteenth measure is a whole note F#3. The lyrics are: 'You have called us out of dark - est night, in - to Your glo - rious light, that we may sing the won - ders\_ of the\_ ris - en Christ.'

You have called us out of dark - est night, in -  
to Your glo - rious light, that we may sing the  
won - ders\_ of the\_ ris - en Christ.

2

May our ev - 'ry breath re - tell the grace that

broke in - to our strife with bound - less love and

deep - est\_\_\_ joy, with\_\_\_ end - less life.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn, specifically measure 2. It consists of three staves of music in treble clef. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the verse, starting with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The second staff continues the melody for the second line, featuring a dotted quarter note, eighth notes, and a half note. The third staff completes the phrase with a quarter note, a beamed eighth-note pair, and three half notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures. The final note of the third staff is a half note, which is followed by a period in the lyrics.





May the peo - ples praise You, let the na - tions be\_



\_ glad! All Your bless - ing comes that we may

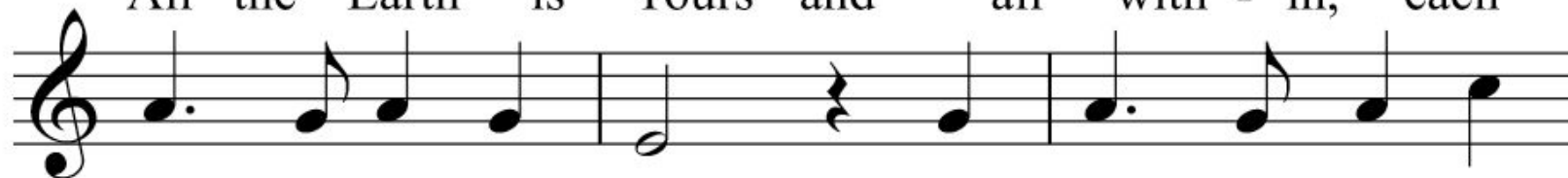


praise, may praise the Name of\_ Je - sus.

4



All the Earth is Yours and all with - in, each



har - vest is Your own, so from Your hand we



give to\_\_\_ You, to\_\_\_ make Christ known.

5

May the seeds of mer - cy grow in us for

those who have not heard, may songs of praise build

lives of \_\_\_ grace to \_\_\_ spread Your Word.

The image shows a musical score for three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The second staff continues the melody with a dotted quarter note and an eighth note. The third staff features a melody with eighth notes and quarter notes, including some beamed eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words underlined and some words in all caps. The number '5' is in the top right corner.

6



May the peo - ples praise You, let the na - tions be\_



— glad! All Your bless - ing comes that we may



praise,      may praise the Name of\_\_      Je      -      sus.

7

This musical score consists of three staves of music in treble clef. The first staff contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The second staff begins with a dotted quarter note, followed by eighth notes, a quarter rest, and then more eighth and quarter notes. The third staff features a melody with eighth notes, some beamed together, and ends with a half note. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

This our ho - ly priv - 'lege to de - clare Your  
prais - es and Your Name. To ev - 'ry na - tion,  
tribe, and tongue Your church pro - claims:

8



Ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord Al - might - y.



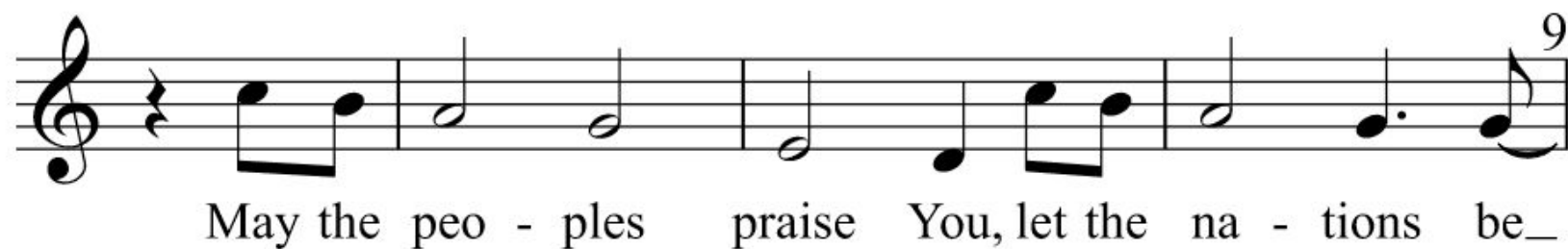
Worth - y,      worth - y      is the Lamb who was\_\_\_ slain.



Ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord Al - might - y.



All cre - a - tion praise Your glo - ri - ous\_\_ Name!





## The Lord's Prayer

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.





Acts 8:26 ESV

<sup>26</sup> Now an angel of the Lord said to Philip, “Rise and go toward the south to the road that goes down from Jerusalem to Gaza.” This is a desert place.



Acts 8:27 ESV

<sup>27</sup> And he rose and went. And there was an Ethiopian, a eunuch, a court official of Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, who was in charge of all her treasure. He had come to Jerusalem to worship



Acts 8:28 ESV

<sup>28</sup> and was returning, seated in his chariot, and he was reading the prophet Isaiah.



Acts 8:29 ESV

<sup>29</sup> And the Spirit said to Philip, “Go over and join this chariot.”



Acts 8:30 ESV

<sup>30</sup> So Philip ran to him and heard him reading Isaiah the prophet and asked, “Do you understand what you are reading?”



Acts 8:31 ESV

<sup>31</sup> And he said, “How can I, unless someone guides me?” And he invited Philip to come up and sit with him.



Acts 8:32 ESV

<sup>32</sup> Now the passage of the Scripture that he was reading was this: “Like a sheep he was led to the slaughter and like a lamb before its shearer is silent, so he opens not his mouth.



Acts 8:33 ESV

<sup>33</sup> In his humiliation justice was denied him. Who can describe his generation? For his life is taken away from the earth.”





Acts 8:34 ESV

<sup>34</sup> And the eunuch said to Philip, “About whom, I ask you, does the prophet say this, about himself or about someone else?”



Acts 8:35 ESV

<sup>35</sup> Then Philip opened his mouth, and beginning with this Scripture he told him the good news about Jesus.



Acts 8:36 ESV

<sup>36</sup> And as they were going along the road they came to some water, and the eunuch said, “See, here is water! What prevents me from being baptized?”



Acts 8:37 ESV

<sup>37</sup> And Philip said, “If you believe with all your heart, you may.” And he replied, “I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.”



Acts 8:38 ESV

<sup>38</sup> And he commanded the chariot to stop, and they both went down into the water, Philip and the eunuch, and he baptized him.



Acts 8:39 ESV

<sup>39</sup> And when they came up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord carried Philip away, and the eunuch saw him no more, and went on his way rejoicing.



Acts 8:40 ESV

<sup>40</sup> But Philip found himself at Azotus, and as he passed through he preached the gospel to all the towns until he came to Caesarea.

# Blessed Assurance

Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

Phoebe P. Knapp (1839-1908)

Descant by James C. Gibson



Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine!\_\_ O what a



fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine!\_\_\_\_ Heir of sal -



va - tion, pur-chase of God,\_\_\_\_ born of His



Spir - it, washed in His blood.\_\_\_\_



2



This is my sto - ry, this is my song, — prais-ing my



Sav - ior all the day long; — this is my



sto - ry, this is my song, — prais-ing my



Sav - ior all the day long. —



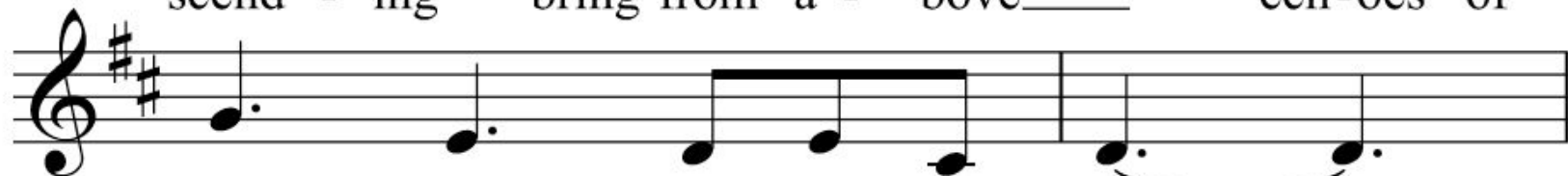
Per-fect sub - mis - sion, per-fect de- light!\_\_ Vi-sions of



rap - ture now burst on my sight;\_\_ an-gels de -



scend - ing bring from a - bove\_\_\_\_ ech-oes of



mer - cy, whis - pers of love.\_\_\_\_\_

4



This is my sto - ry, this is my song, — prais-ing my



Sav - ior all the day long; — this is my



sto - ry, this is my song, — prais-ing my



Sav - ior all the day long. —



Per-fect sub - mis - sion-- all is at rest,\_\_\_ I in my



Sav - ior am hap-py and blest;\_\_\_ watch-ing and



wait - ing, look-ing a - bove,\_\_\_ filled with His



good - ness, lost in His love.\_\_\_\_\_

6

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, — prais-ing my

Sav - ior all the day long; — this is my

sto - ry, this is my song, — prais-ing my

Sav - ior all the day long. —

*Blessed Assurance.* Words by Fanny J. Crosby, music by Phoebe P. Knapp.

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Descant by James C. Gibson.

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