



**Westkirk**  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

*Worship Leader: Shout for joy in the LORD, O you righteous!  
Praise befits the upright. Give thanks to the LORD with the lyre;  
make melody to him with the harp of ten strings!*

**All: Sing to him a new song; play skillfully on the strings,  
with loud shouts. For the word of the LORD is upright,  
and all his work is done in faithfulness.**



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*W.L.: He loves righteousness and justice; the earth is full of the steadfast love of the LORD. By the word of the LORD the heavens were made, and by the breath of his mouth all their host.*

*All: He gathers the waters of the sea as a heap; he puts the deeps in storehouses. Let all the earth fear the LORD; let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him!*



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*WL: Behold, the eye of the LORD is on those who fear him, on those who hope in his steadfast love, that he may deliver their soul from death and keep them alive in famine.*

**ALL: Our soul waits for the LORD; he is our help and our shield. For our heart is glad in him, because we trust in his holy name. Let your steadfast love, O LORD, be upon us, even as we hope in you.**

# Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Text by Henry F. Lyte, 1834

Music by Mark Andrews, 1930

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven'. It consists of four staves of music in treble clef, with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with 'Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en, to\_\_ His feet\_ thy'. The second staff continues with 'tri-bute bring; ran-somed, healed, re-stored, for - giv-en,'. The third staff has 'ev - er- more His prais-es sing; Al - le - lu - ia!'. The fourth and final staff concludes with 'Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev-er - last - ing King.'

Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en, to\_\_ His feet\_ thy

tri-bute bring; ran-somed, healed, re-stored, for - giv-en,

ev - er- more His prais-es sing; Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev-er - last - ing King.

2



Praise Him for His grace and fa-vor to\_\_ our fa - thers



in dis - tress; praise\_ Him, still the same as ev - er,



slow to chide, and swift to bless; Al - le - lu - ia!



Al - le - lu - ia! Glo-rious in His faith - ful - ness.



Frail as sum-mer's flow'r we flour-ish; blows the wind and



it is gone; but, while mor - tals rise and per-ish,



God\_ en- dures un-chang-ing on: Al - le - lu - ia!



Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the high E - ter - nal One.

4



An - gels in the height, a - dore Him; ye\_\_ be - hold\_ Him



face to face; saints tri - um - phant, bow be - fore Him;



gath - ered in\_\_ from ev - ery race; Al - le - lu - ia!



Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God\_ of grace.



**Westkirk**  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Our Gracious God and Father, we approach your throne this morning with hearts that are brought low by our sin. We come only by your grace, in the name of our Mediator, Jesus Christ. Father, we have sinned and fallen short of your glory. In our flesh we are weak and in need of the Spirit's work.





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Forgive us for the many ways that we have sinned and for the ways that we endeavor to deny or hide our sin. Help us to bring our sin into the light so that we might experience the freedom from sin that is found in Christ. Assure us again of our salvation anchored in the finished work of Jesus Christ and renew us today to walk according to the Spirit. Amen.

# 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-per - a - 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.

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

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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.

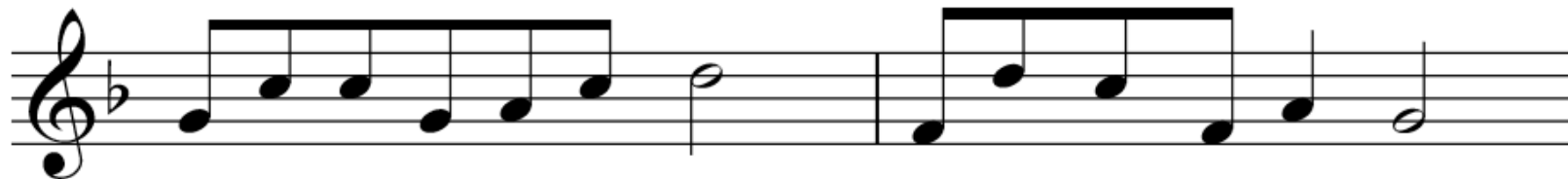
4



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



when all I pos-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 image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one flat). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is written on a single staff. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff features a change in time signature from 4/4 to 2/4, then back to 4/4. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

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

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# We Will Feast in the House of Zion

Sandra McCracken and Joshua Moore



We will feast in the house of Zi - on. We will sing with our



hearts re - stored. "He has done great things," we will



say to - geth - er. We will feast and weep no more.

*We Will Feast in the House of Zion.* Words and music by Sandra McCracken and Josh Moore

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2



We will not be burned by the fire; He



is the Lord, our God. We are not con - sumed by the



flood; up - held, pro - tect - ted, gath - ered up.



We will feast in the house of Zi - on. We will sing with our



hearts re - stored. "He has done great things," we will



say to - geth - er. We will feast and weep no more.

4



In the dark of night, — be-fore the dawn, — my



soul, be not a - fraid. For the prom-ised mor-ning, oh, how



long? — Oh, God of Ja - cob, be my strength.



We will feast in the house of Zi - on. We will sing with our



hearts re - stored. "He has done great things," we will

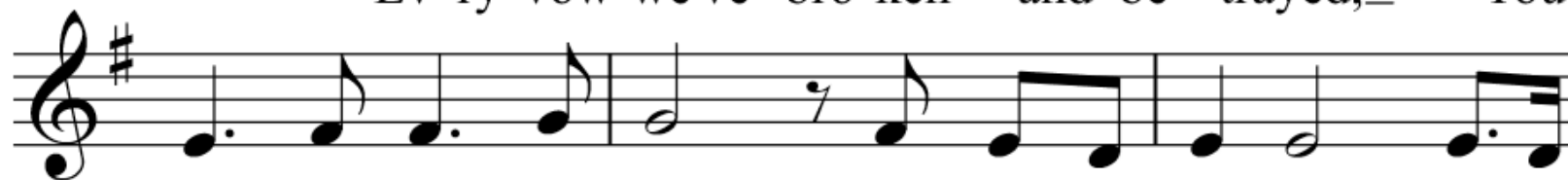


say to - geth - er. We will feast and weep no more.

6



Ev-'ry vow we've bro-ken and be trayed, — You



are the faith - ful one. And from the gar-den to the



grave, — bind us to-geth - er, bring sha-lom.



We will feast in the house of Zi - on. We will sing with our



hearts re - stored. "He has done great things," we will



say to - geth - er. We will feast and weep no more.

8

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff starts with a measure rest of 8. The lyrics are: "We will feast in the house of Zi - on. We will sing with our hearts re - stored. "He has done great things," we will say to - geth - er. We will feast and weep no more. We will feast and weep no more." The music is written in a simple, accessible style with various note values and rests.

We will feast in the house of Zi - on. We will sing with our hearts re - stored. "He has done great things," we will say to - geth - er. We will feast and weep no more. We will feast and weep no more.

*We Will Feast in the House of Zion.* Words and music by Sandra McCracken and Josh Moore  
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## The Lord's Prayer

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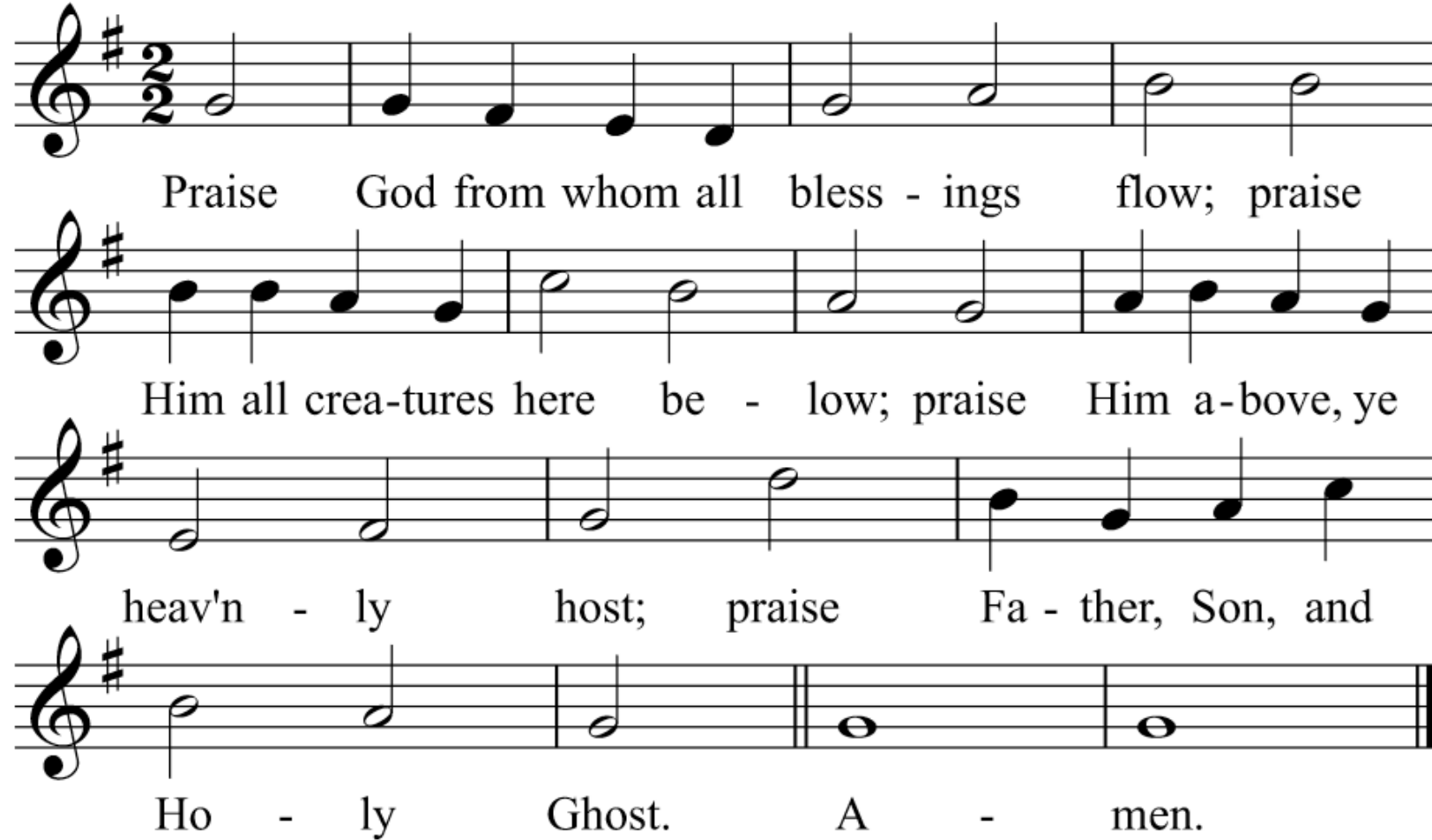
Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.



# Doxology

Text: Thomas Ken (1674)

Music: "Old Hundred"  
from the *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.



Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow; praise  
Him all crea-tures here be - low; praise Him a-bove, ye  
heav'n - ly host; praise Fa - ther, Son, and  
Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.



## Revelation 18:1 ESV

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After this I saw another angel coming down from heaven, having great authority, and the earth was made bright with his glory.



## Revelation 18:2 ESV

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And he called out with a mighty voice, “Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great! She has become a dwelling place for demons, a haunt for every unclean spirit, a haunt for every unclean bird, a haunt for every unclean and detestable beast.



## Revelation 18:3 ESV

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For all nations have drunk the wine of the passion of her sexual immorality, and the kings of the earth have committed immorality with her, and the merchants of the earth have grown rich from the power of her luxurious living.”



## Revelation 18:4 ESV

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Then I heard another voice from heaven saying, “Come out of her, my people, lest you take part in her sins, lest you share in her plagues;



## Revelation 18:5 ESV

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for her sins are heaped high as heaven, and God has remembered her iniquities.



## Revelation 18:6 ESV

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Pay her back as she herself has paid back others, and repay her double for her deeds; mix a double portion for her in the cup she mixed.



## Revelation 18:7 ESV

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As she glorified herself and lived in luxury, so give her a like measure of torment and mourning, since in her heart she says, 'I sit as a queen, I am no widow, and mourning I shall never see.'





## Revelation 18:8 ESV

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For this reason her plagues will come in a single day, death and mourning and famine, and she will be burned up with fire; for mighty is the Lord God who has judged her.”



## Revelation 18:9 ESV

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And the kings of the earth, who committed sexual immorality and lived in luxury with her, will weep and wail over her when they see the smoke of her burning.



## Revelation 18:10 ESV

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They will stand far off, in fear of her torment, and say, "Alas! Alas! You great city, you mighty city, Babylon! For in a single hour your judgment has come."



## Isaiah 21:1 ESV

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The oracle concerning the wilderness of the sea.

As whirlwinds in the Negeb sweep on, it comes from the wilderness,  
from a terrible land.



## Isaiah 21:2 ESV

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A stern vision is told to me; the traitor betrays, and the destroyer destroys. Go up, O Elam; lay siege, O Media; all the sighing she has caused I bring to an end.



## Isaiah 21:3 ESV

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Therefore my loins are filled with anguish; pangs have seized me, like the pangs of a woman in labor; I am bowed down so that I cannot hear; I am dismayed so that I cannot see.



Isaiah 21:4 ESV

My heart staggers; horror has appalled me; the twilight I longed for has been turned for me into trembling.



Isaiah 21:5 ESV

They prepare the table, they spread the rugs, they eat, they drink.  
Arise, O princes; oil the shield!





## Isaiah 21:6 ESV

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For thus the Lord said to me: “Go, set a watchman; let him announce what he sees.



Isaiah 21:7 ESV

When he sees riders, horsemen in pairs, riders on donkeys, riders on camels, let him listen diligently, very diligently.”



## Isaiah 21:8 ESV

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Then he who saw cried out: “Upon a watchtower I stand, O Lord, continually by day, and at my post I am stationed whole nights.



## Isaiah 21:9 ESV

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And behold, here come riders, horsemen in pairs!” And he answered, “Fallen, fallen is Babylon; and all the carved images of her gods he has shattered to the ground.”



## Isaiah 21:10 ESV

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O my threshed and winnowed one, what I have heard from the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, I announce to you.

# Be Thou My Vision

Traditional Irish text (10th century)  
translated by Eleanor Henrietta Hull (1912)

"Slane"  
Traditional Irish Tune

Be Thou my\_ vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;

Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art--

Thou my\_ best\_ thought by day or by night.

wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy\_ pres - ence my light.

2



Be Thou my\_ wis-dom, be Thou my true Word;



I ev - er with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;



Thou my\_ great Fa - ther, I Thy true son,



Thou in me dwell-ing and\_ I with Thee one.



Rich - es I \_\_\_ heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise;



Thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways.




Thou and\_ Thou on - ly, first in my heart,



High King of heav - en, my\_ treas - ure Thou art.



4



High King of Heav-en, my vic-to-ry won,  
may I reach heav-en's joys, O bright heav'n's Sun!  
Heart of my own heart, what-ev-er be-fall,  
still be my vi-sion, O Ru-ler of all.