



Westkirk
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



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*Worship Leader: The LORD—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—
calls you to worship this day!*

ALL: Let us worship the LORD!

The King Of Love My Shepherd Is

Henry W. Baker, 1821-1877

traditional irish tune

The_ King of love my_ Shep - herd is, whose

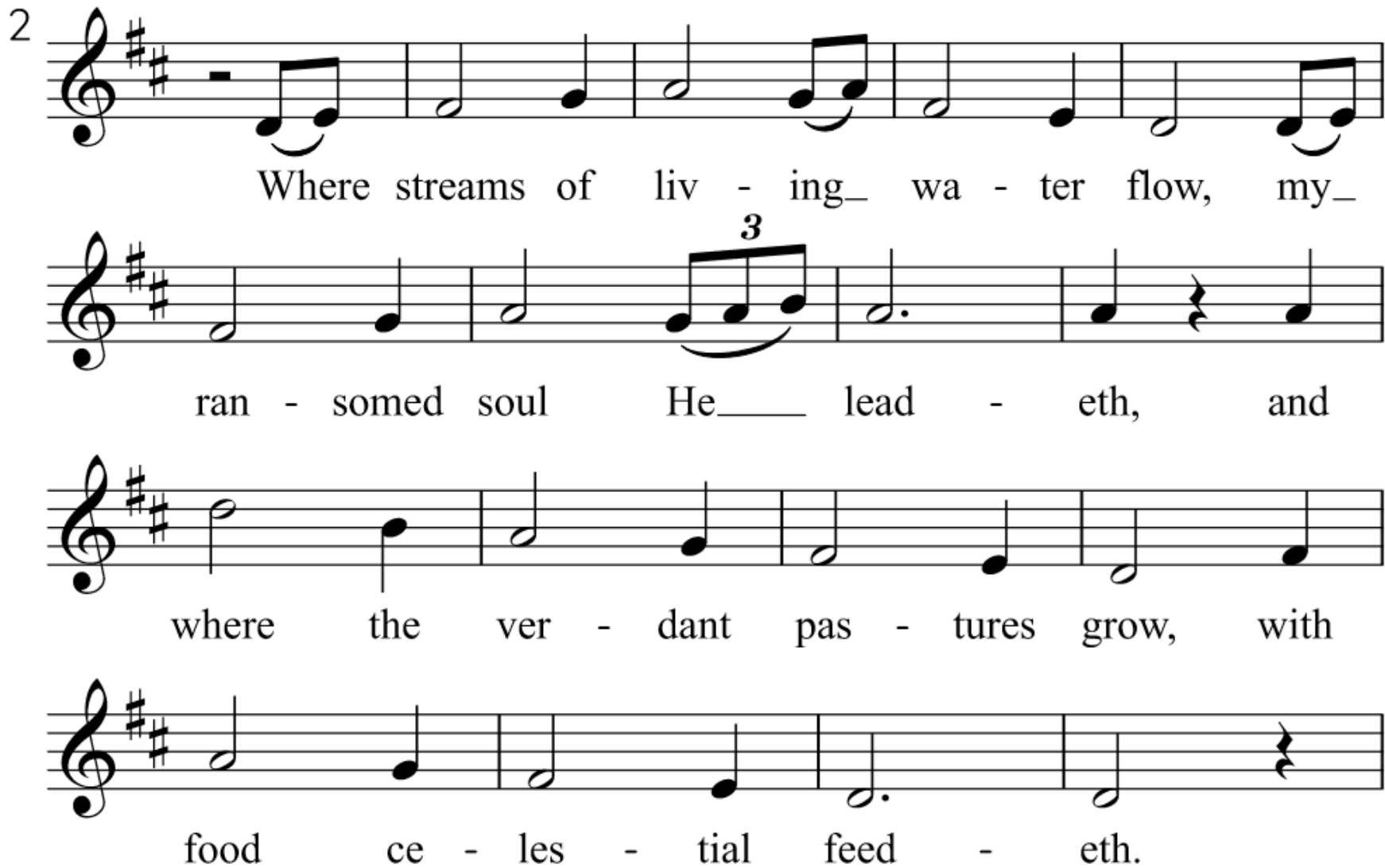
good - ness fail - eth____ nev - er; I

noth - ing lack if I am His and

He is mine for - ev - er

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'The King Of Love My Shepherd Is'. It consists of four staves of music in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff contains the first line of the hymn. The second staff contains the second line, featuring a triplet of eighth notes. The third staff contains the third line. The fourth staff contains the fourth line, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics are: 'The_ King of love my_ Shep - herd is, whose good - ness fail - eth____ nev - er; I noth - ing lack if I am His and He is mine for - ev - er'.

2



Where streams of liv - ing_ wa - ter flow, my_

ran - somed soul He____ lead - eth, and

where the ver - dant pas - tures grow, with

food ce - les - tial feed - eth.



Per - verse and fool - ish_ oft I strayed, But_



yet in love He____ sought me, and



on His shoul - der gent - ly laid, and



home, re - joic - ing, brought me.

4



In__ death's dark vale I__ fear no ill, with



Thee, dear Lord, be - side me; Thy



rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy



cross be - fore to guide me.

And so, through all the length of days, Thy

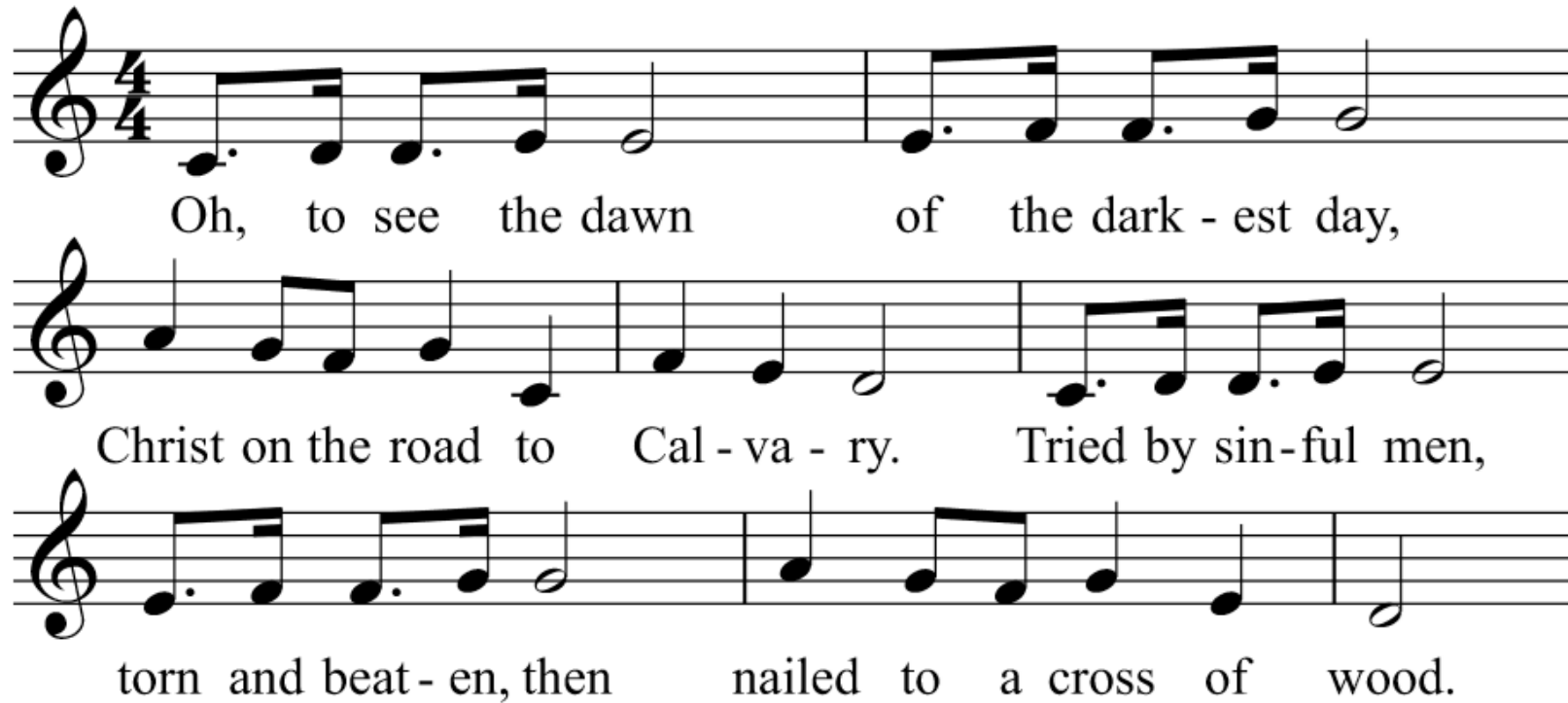
good - ness fail - eth nev - er. Good

Shep - herd, may I sing Thy praise with -

in Thy house for - ev - er.

The Power of the Cross

Keith Getty and Stuart Townend



Oh, to see the dawn of the dark - est day,
Christ on the road to Cal - va - ry. Tried by sin - ful men,
torn and beat - en, then nailed to a cross of wood.

The Power of the Cross. Words and music by Keith Getty and Stuart Townend

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2



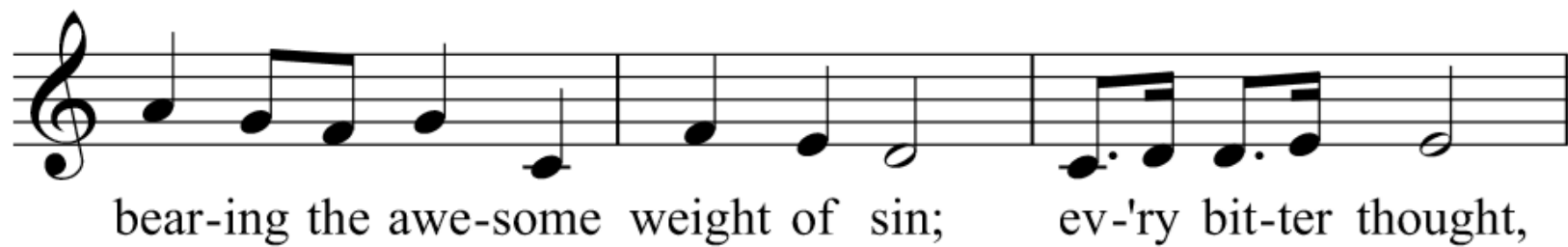
This the pow'r of the cross: Christ be came sin for



us; took the blame, bore the wrath, we



stand for - giv - en at the cross.



4



This the pow'r of the cross: Christ be came sin for



us; took the blame, bore the wrath, we



stand for - giv - en at the cross.



Now the day - light flees, now the ground be-neath

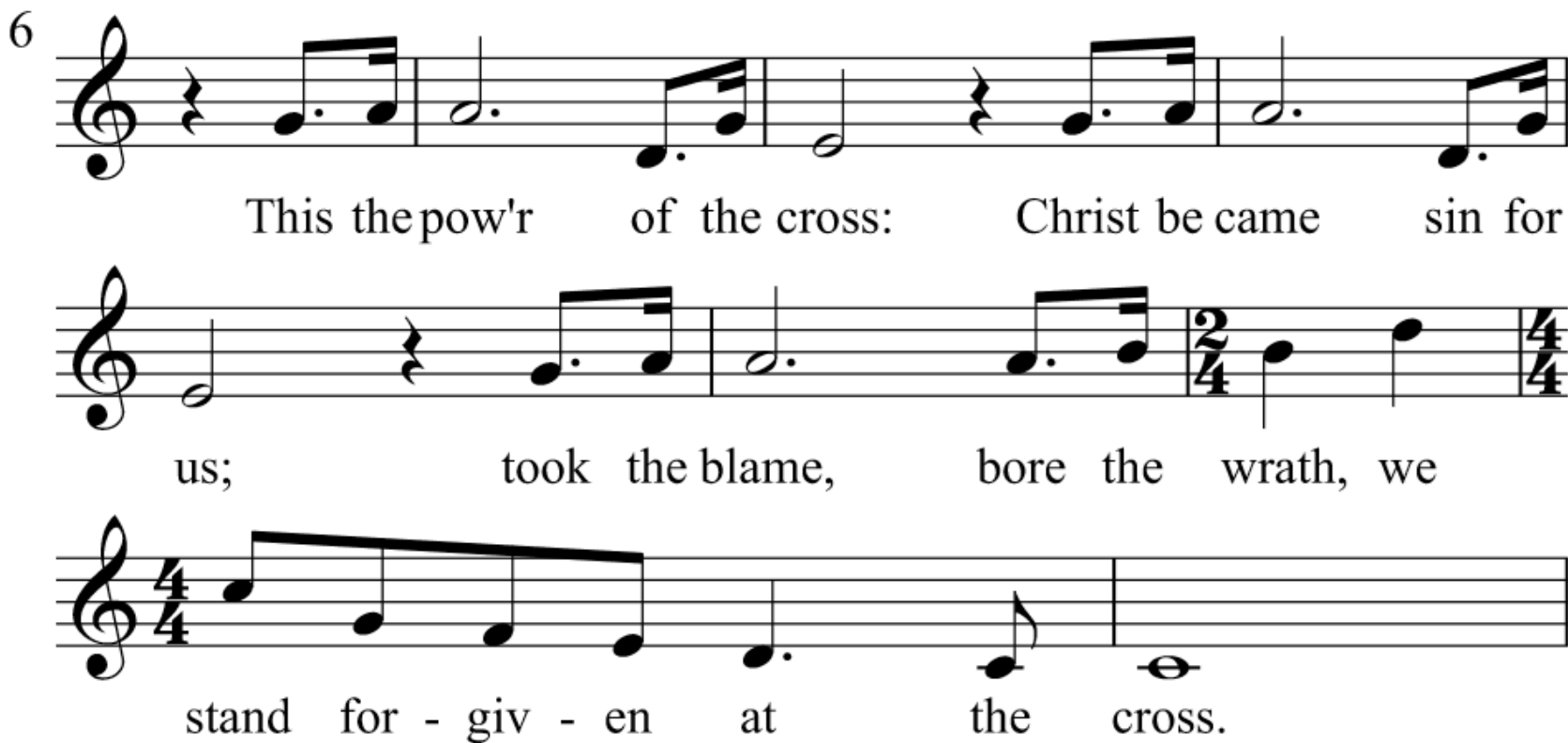


quakes as its Ma-ker bows His head. Cur-tain torn in two,



dead are raised to life, "Fin - ished!" the vic - t'ry cry.

6



This the pow'r of the cross: Christ be came sin for

us; took the blame, bore the wrath, we

stand for - giv - en at the cross.



Oh, to see my name writ - ten in the wounds,



for through Your suff-'ring I am free. Death is crushed to death,



life is mine to live, won through Your self-less love.

8

This the pow'r of the cross: Son of God, slain for
us. What a love, what a cost, we
stand for - giv - en at the cross. we
stand for - giv - en at the cross.

The musical score is written on four 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 and includes a time signature change from 4/4 to 2/4, then back to 4/4. The third and fourth staves continue the melody in 4/4 time, featuring a descending eighth-note line. The lyrics are aligned with the notes: 'This the pow'r of the cross: Son of God, slain for' on the first staff, 'us. What a love, what a cost, we' on the second, 'stand for - giv - en at the cross. we' on the third, and 'stand for - giv - en at the cross.' on the fourth.

The Power of the Cross. Words and music by Keith Getty and Stuart Townend

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Not All the Blood of Beasts

Text by Isaac Watts, 1709

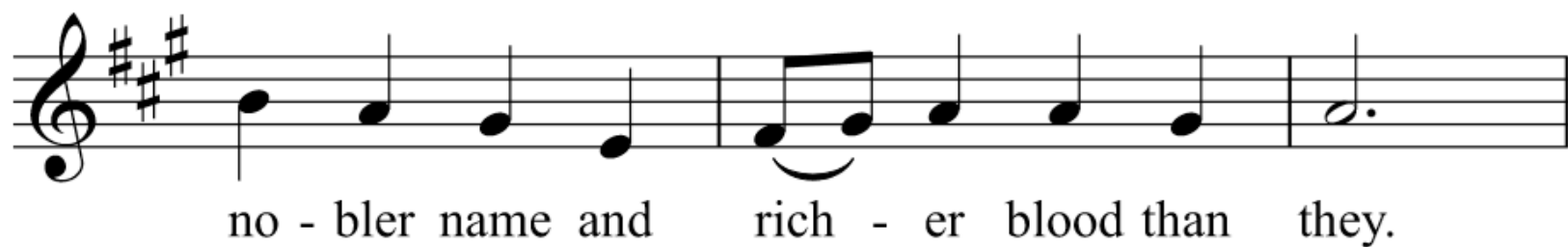
Music by William H. Walter, 1894

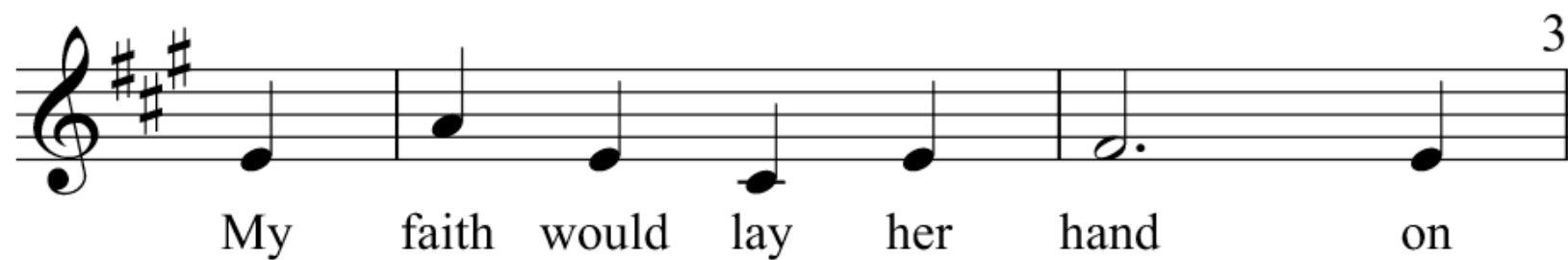
The musical score is written on three staves in treble clef, with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some phrases spanning across bar lines. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

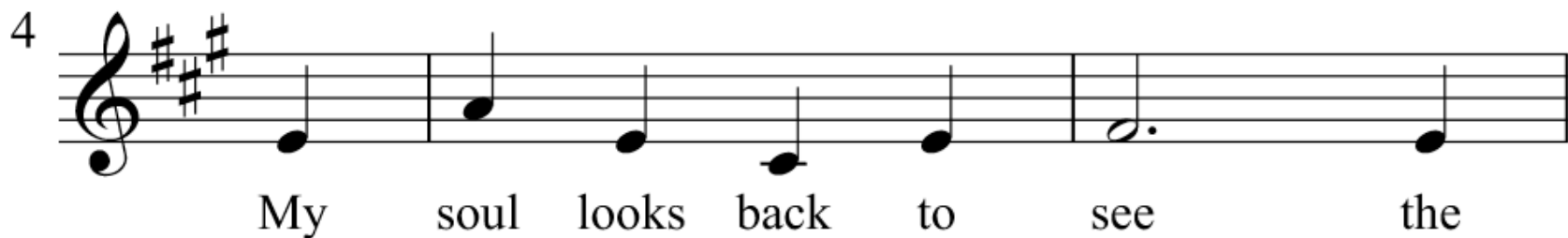
Not all the blood of beasts on

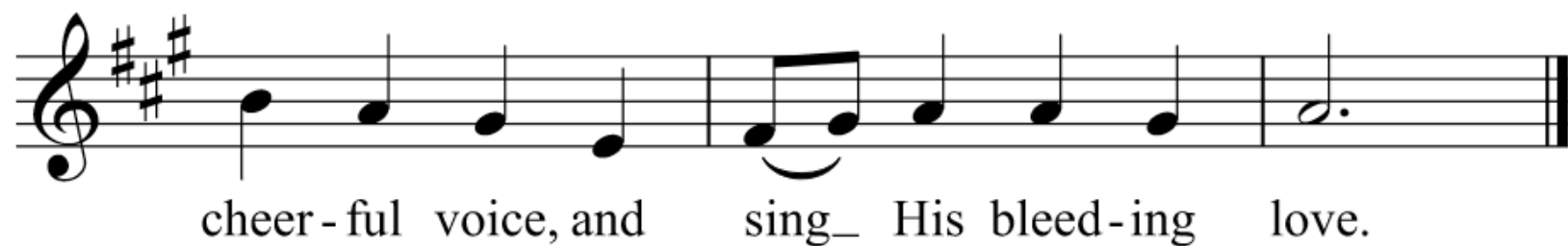
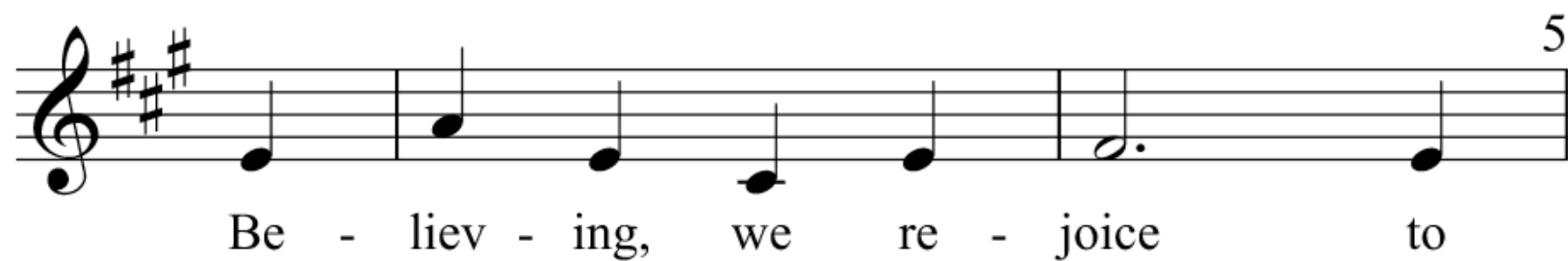
Jew - ish al - tars slain could give the_ guil - ty

con-science peace, or wash a - way the stain:











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.



John 10:11 ESV

I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep.



John 10:12 ESV

He who is a hired hand and not a shepherd, who does not own the sheep, sees the wolf coming and leaves the sheep and flees, and the wolf snatches them and scatters them.



John 10:13 ESV

He flees because he is a hired hand and cares nothing for the sheep.



Romans 5:6 ESV

For while we were still weak, at the right time Christ died for the ungodly.



Romans 5:7 ESV

For one will scarcely die for a righteous person—though perhaps for a good person one would dare even to die—



Romans 5:8 ESV

but God shows his love for us in that while we were still sinners,
Christ died for us.



John 10:14 ESV

I am the good shepherd. I know my own and my own know me,



John 10:15 ESV

just as the Father knows me and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep.



John 10:16 ESV

And I have other sheep that are not of this fold. I must bring them also, and they will listen to my voice. So there will be one flock, one shepherd.



John 10:17 ESV

For this reason the Father loves me, because I lay down my life that I may take it up again.



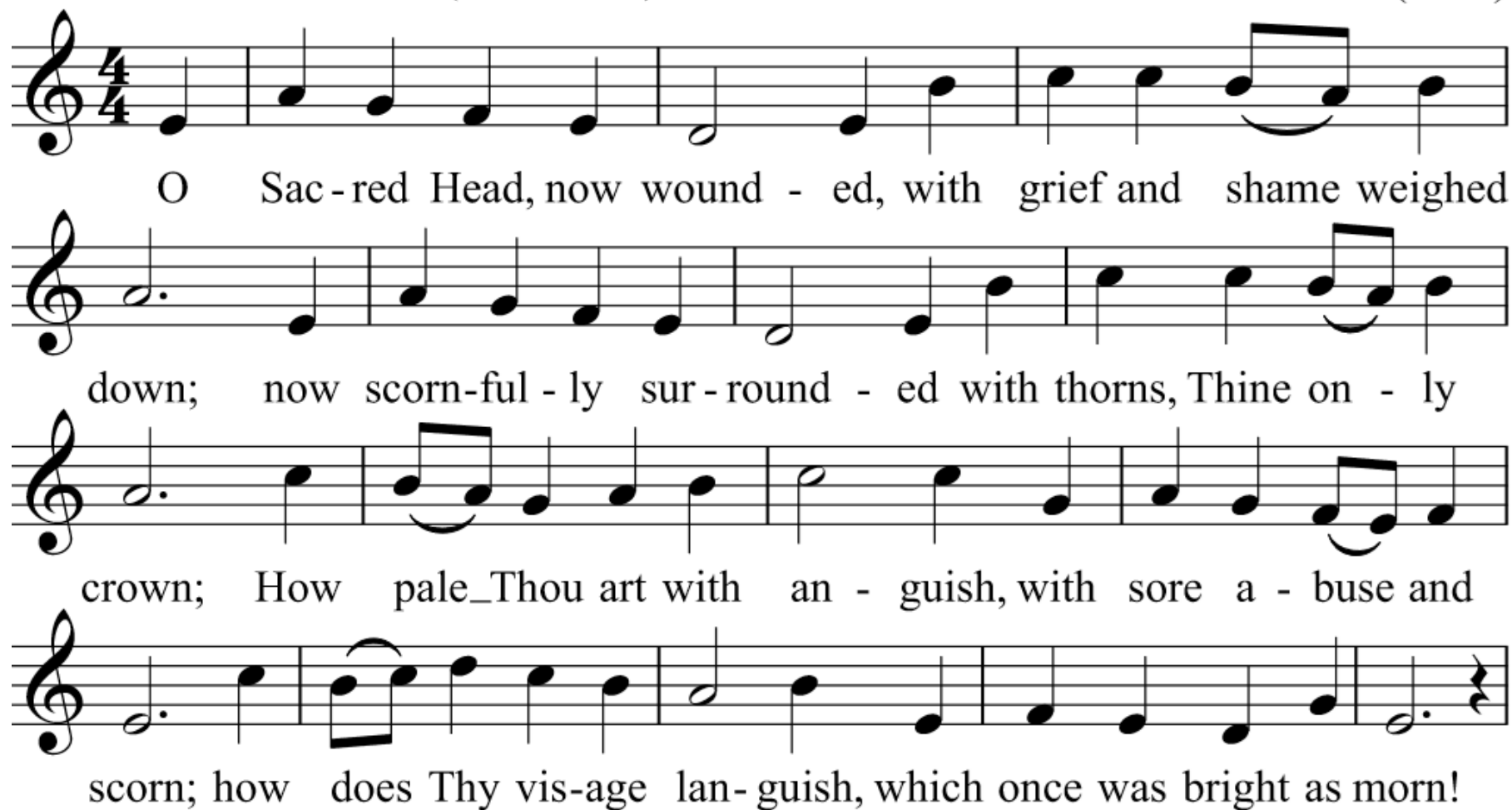
John 10:18 ESV

No one takes it from me, but I lay it down of my own accord. I have authority to lay it down, and I have authority to take it up again. This charge I have received from my Father.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Bernard of Clairvaux (1090-1153)

Hans Leo Hassler (1601)



O Sac-red Head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed
down; now scorn-ful - ly sur-round - ed with thorns, Thine on - ly
crown; How pale Thou art with an - guish, with sore a - buse and
scorn; how does Thy vis-age lan-guish, which once was bright as morn!



What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered was all for sin - ners'



gain: mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but Thine the dead - ly



pain. Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy



place; look on me with Thy fav - or, as - sist me with Thy grace.



What lan-guage shall I bor - row to thank Thee, dear-est



Friend, for this, Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pi - ty with - out



end? O make me Thine for - ev - er; and should I faint-ing



be, Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love for Thee.