

MORNING WORSHIP 11:00 am

June 8, 2025

Prelude

Announcements

Apostolic Greeting

Call to Worship

Gloria Patri (572)

Invocation—Lord's Prayer (*debt, debtors*)

Hymn 229

Holy God, We Praise Your Name

Offering

Doxology (570)

Psalm 42C

As Thirsts the Hart for Water Brooks

Scripture Reading

Deuteronomy 2:24-3:11 (page 147)

Sermon

“Giants Put to Bed”

Hymn 244

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

The Lord's Supper

Hymn 278

Nothing but the Blood

Deacon's Offering

Benediction

Doxology: Psalm 72:17-19

His name forever shall endure;
last like the sun it shall:
men shall be blessed in him, and blessed
all nations shall him call.

Now blessed be the Lord our God,
the God of Israel,
For he alone does wondrous works,
in glory that excel.

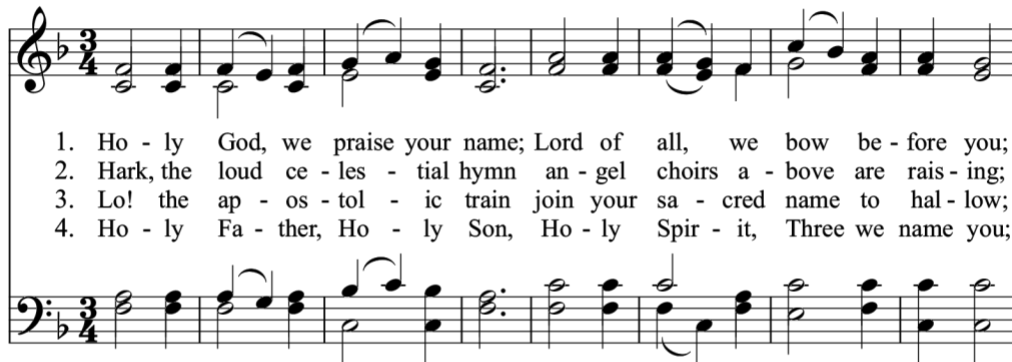
And blessed be his glorious name
to all eternity;
the whole earth let his glory fill.
Amen, so let it be.

Postlude

Hymn selections are taken from *Trinity Psalter Hymnal* and Used by Permission. (CCLL #2787741)

Holy God, We Praise Your Name

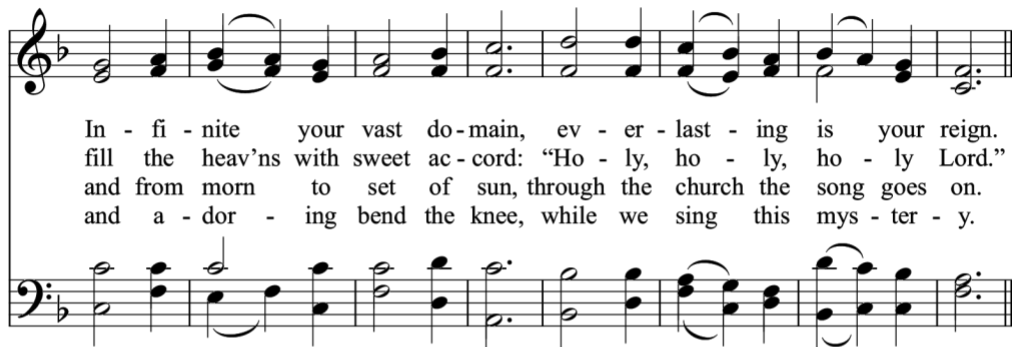
229



1. Ho - ly God, we praise your name; Lord of all, we bow be - fore you;
 2. Hark, the loud ce - les - tial hymn an - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;
 3. Lo! the ap - os - tol - ic train join your sa - cred name to hal - low;
 4. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three we name you;



all on earth your scep - ter claim, all in heav'n a - bove a - dore you.
 cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim in un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,
 proph - ets swell the glad re - frain, and the white - robed mar - tyrs fol - low;
 while in es - sence on - ly One, un - di - vid - ed God we claim you,



In - fi - nite your vast do - main, ev - er - last - ing is your reign.
 fill the heav'ns with sweet ac - cord: "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord."
 and from morn to set of sun, through the church the song goes on.
 and a - dor - ing bend the knee, while we sing this mys - ter - y.

Based on *Te Deum*, ca. 4th cent.
 Attr. to Ignace Franz, ca. 1774
 Tr. Clarence A. Walworth, 1853; alt. 1990; mod.

GROSSER GOTT, WIR LOBEN DICH 7.8.7.8.7.7.
Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, 1774

As Thirsts the Hart for Water Brooks

42C

1. As thirsts the hart for wa - ter brooks, so thirsts my soul, O
 2. Far from the courts of God, my tears have been my food by
 3. With grief I think of days gone by, when oft I trod the
 4. O why art thou cast down, my soul, and why so trou - bled

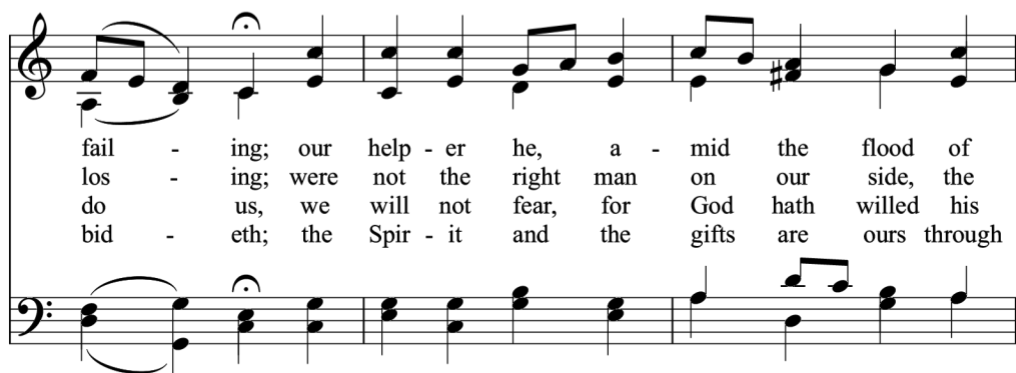
God, for thee; it seeks for God, and ev - er looks and longs the
 night and day, while con - stant - ly with bit - ter sneers, "Where is thy
 hal - lowed way to Zi - on, prais - ing God on high with throngs who
 shouldst thou be? Hope thou in God, and him ex - tol, who gives his

liv - ing God to see, and longs the liv - ing God to see.
 God?" the scoff - ers say, "Where is thy God?" the scoff - ers say.
 kept the ho - ly day, with throngs who kept the ho - ly day.
 sav - ing help to me, who gives his sav - ing help to me.

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God



1. A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark nev - er
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be
 3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to un -
 4. That Word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, no thanks to them, a -



fail - ing; our help - er he, a - mid the flood of
 los - ing; were not the right man on our side, the
 do us, we will not fear, for God hath willed his
 bid - eth; the Spir - it and the gifts are ours through



mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe
 man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be?
 truth to tri - umph through us. The prince of dark - ness grim,
 him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kin - dred go,

doth seek to work us woe; his craft and power are great,
 Christ Je - sus, it is he, Lord Sa - ba - oth his name,
 we trem - ble not for him; his rage we can en - dure,
 this mor - tal life al - so; the bod - y they may kill:

and armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.
 from age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tle.
 for lo, his doom is sure; one lit - tle word shall fell him.
 God's truth a - bid - eth still; his king - dom is for - ev - er.

Based on Psalm 46
 Martin Luther, 1529
 Tr. Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

EIN' FESTE BURG 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7.
 Martin Luther, 1529

Nothing but the Blood

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 2. For my cleans - ing this I see: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 5. Now by this I'll o - ver - come: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 for my par - don this my plea: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 • naught of good that I have done: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 this is all my righ - teous - ness: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 now by this I'll reach my home: noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

Refrain

O pre - cious is the flow that makes me white as snow;

no oth - er fount I know, noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.