

MORNING WORSHIP

August 16, 2026

Prelude

Announcements

Apostolic Greeting

Call to Worship

Gloria Patri (572)

Glory be to the Father,
and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
as it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be,
world without end. Amen, amen.

Invocation—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.

Hymn 229 Holy God, We Praise Your Name

Offering

Doxology (570)

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
praise Him, all creatures here below: alleluia, alleluia!
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: alleluia (repeat)

Pastoral Prayer

Psalm 16 A Preserve Me, O My God

Scripture **Deuteronomy 12:29-13:18** (pages 157-158)

Sermon **"Ensnared into Idolatry"**

Hymn (insert) O for a Closer Walk with God

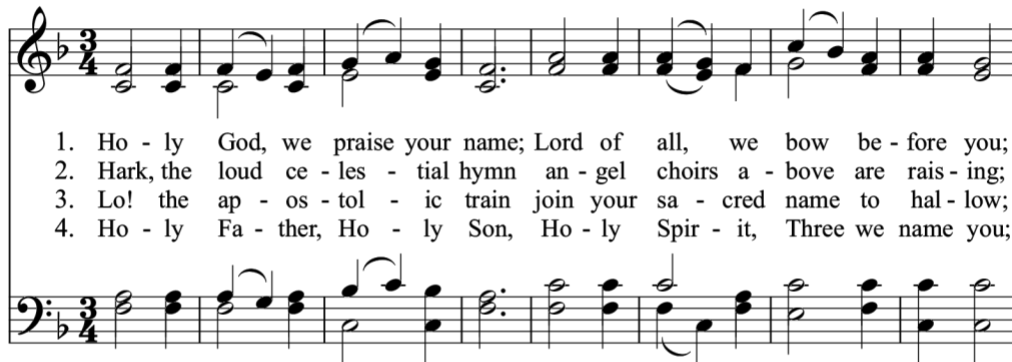
Benediction

Postlude

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

Holy God, We Praise Your Name

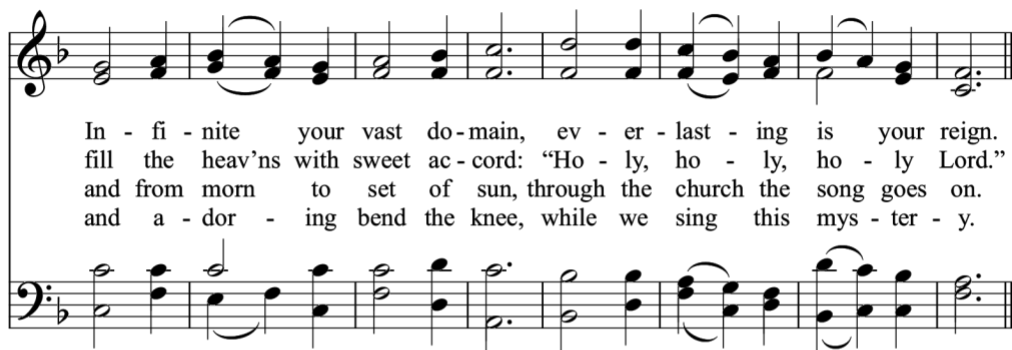
229



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

Preserve Me, O My God

16A

1. ¹Pre - serve me, O my God; you are my ref - uge true.
 2. ⁴Those seek - ing oth - er gods shall mul - ti - ply their pain;
 3. ⁶The lot that fell to me is beau - ti - ful and fair;
 4. ⁸I keep be - fore me still the LORD whom I have proved;
 5. ¹⁰For you will not for - sake my soul un - to the grave,

²I say, "You are my Lord. I have no good a - part from you."
 their gifts of blood I of - fer not; their gods I will not name.
 • the her - i - tage in which I dwell is good be - yond com - pare.
 at my right hand he guards from ill, and I shall not be moved.
 nor will you leave your Ho - ly One to see the tomb's de - cay.

³The saints through - out the earth — in them is my de - light,
⁵O LORD, you are to me my cup and por - tion sure;
 • ⁷I praise the LORD a - bove, whose coun - sel guides a - right.
⁹My heart is there - fore glad; my tongue with joy will sing.
¹¹Life's path - way you make known, full joy of bound - less store

for ex - cel - lent are they who live as ho - ly in your sight.
 the lot that you as - sign to me you guard and keep se - cure.
 • My heart in - structs me in his love in sea - sons of the night.
 My bod - y, too, will rest se - cure in hope un - wav - er - ing.
 is found with you; at your right hand are plea - sures ev - er - more.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

793 MARTYRDOM C.M.

HUGH WILSON, 1766-1824



Alternative tune, Abridge, 384

FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1731-1800