

July 26, 2026
The Eighth Sunday After Trinity

Opening Hymn: Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Lyrics: Henry Francis Lyte, circa 1800's; Tune: *Lauda Anima*, by John Goss, circa 1800's. Public domain.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
evermore his praises sing.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2. Praise him for his grace and favour
to his people in distress.
Praise him, still the same as ever,
slow to *chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

**chide = to scold*

3. Father-like he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows.
In his hand he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Widely as his mercy flows.

4. Angels, help us to adore him;
ye behold him face to face.
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Song 1: When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

Lyrics: Isaac Watts (1707); tune: R. Edward Miller (1790). Public Domain.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride

2. Forbid it Lord that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood

3. See from His head His hands His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down
Did ever such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown

4. His dying crimson like a robe
Spreads o'er His body on the tree
Then I am dead to all the globe
And all the globe is dead to me

5. Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were an offering far too small
Love so amazing so divine
Demands my soul my life my all

Song 2: Before the Throne of God Above

Charitie Lees Bancroft, Vikki Cook © 1997 Sovereign Grace Worship. Used with permission: CCLI #2820842

1. Before the throne of God above
I have a strong and perfect plea -
a great High Priest whose name is Love,
who ever lives and pleads for me.
My name is graven on his hands,
my name is written on his heart,
I know that while in heav'n he stands
no tongue can bid me thence depart,
no tongue can bid me thence depart.

2. When Satan tempts me to despair
and tells me of the guilt within
upward I look and see him there,
who made an end to all my sin.
Because the sinless Saviour died
my sinful soul is counted free,
for God, the Just, is satisfied
to look on him and pardon me,
to look on him and pardon me.

3. Behold him there, the risen Lamb,
my perfect spotless righteousness,
the great unchangeable I Am,
the King of glory and of grace!
One with himself I cannot die,
my soul is purchased with his blood,
my life is hid with Christ on high,
with Christ my Saviour and my God,
with Christ my Saviour and my God.

Song 3: Flourishing

Based on Psalm 119:33-40

Sandra McCracken © 2015 Drink Your Tea Music. Used with permission: CCLI #2820842

1. Teach me, oh God, to follow your decrees;
Give me understanding, your Word I want to keep.
Direct me in the path of your commands
for there I find delight; my will is in your hands.

Chorus:

Turn my heart away from worthless things;
Preserve my life according to your ways;
Take away disgrace,
you hold me in my place, flourishing.

2. Fulfill your promise to the ones you love;
Within your ways we walk for your laws are good.
Temptation loses power, my soul's revived;
In righteousness, oh God, preserve my life.

Chorus:

Turn my heart away from worthless things;
Preserve my life according to your ways;
Take away disgrace,
you hold me in my place, flourishing.

(Ending)

1. Teach me, oh God, to follow your decrees;
Give me understanding, your Word I want to keep.
Direct me in the path of your commands
for there I find delight; my will is in your hands.

Offertory Song: Christ Our Wisdom

Bob Kauflin, Jonathan Althoff, Nathan Stiff © 2024 Sovereign Grace Praise. Used with permission: CCLI #2820842

1. Christ our wisdom, we are humbled
when you hide your ways from us.
You have purposes unnumbered,
each one good and glorious.
Help us trust when we grow weary,
free us from our anxious thoughts.
Give us grace to see more clearly;
you are God and we are not.

2. Christ our wisdom, be our gladness
when we fail to understand
you ordain all joy and sadness
to fulfill your perfect plan.
Help us know you rule with power
over every raging flood;
in our most uncertain hour
you are God and we are loved.

3. Christ our wisdom, we will follow,
though the way ahead is veiled;
as we journey through the shadows,
grant us faith where sight has failed.
Help us cling to your commandments,
strengthened by your faithful Word.
We will never be abandoned;
you are God and we are yours.

4. Christ our wisdom, we adore you
for the beauty of the cross.
Once in foolishness we scorned you
but your blood has ransomed us.
Help us sing the endless mercies
of your humble heart to save.
Christ our wisdom, Christ our glory,
you are God, forever praised.

Ending:

Help us sing the endless mercies
of your humble heart to save.
Christ our wisdom, Christ our glory,
you are God, forever praised.

Closing Song: Your Will Be Done

Rich Thompson and Jonny Robinson © Cityalight Music. Used with permission. CCLI #2820842.

1. Your will be done, my God and Father;
as in heaven, so on earth.
My heart is drawn to self-exalting;
help me seek your kingdom first.
As Jesus walked, so I shall walk
held by your same unchanging love.
Be still my soul, O lift your voice and pray:
“Father, not my will but yours be done.”

2. How in that garden he persisted
I may never fully know;
the fearful weight of true obedience,
it was held by him alone.
What wondrous faith to bear that cross;
to bear my sin, what wondrous love!
My hope was sure when there my Saviour prayed:
“Father, not my will but yours be done.”

3. When I am lost, when I am broken,
in the night of fear and doubt,
still I will trust in my good Father.
Yes, to one great King I bow!
As Jesus rose, so I shall rise
in ransomed glory at the throne.
My heart restored, with all your saints I sing:
“Father, not my will but yours be done.”

4. As we go forth, our God and Father,
lead us daily in the fight
that all the world might see your glory
and your name be lifted high.
And in this Name we overcome
for you shall see us safely home.
Now as your church we lift our voice and pray:
“Father, not my will but yours be done.”

Final A Cappella Song: Abide With Me

Lyrics: Henry Francis Lyte, 1800's; Tune: *Eventide*, by William H. Monk, 1800's. Public domain.

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
Amen.