

West Hills Church

Worship Guide

June 21, 2020

Welcome

Call to Worship: Psalm 19:1-4

The heavens declare the glory of God;
the skies proclaim the work of his hands.
²Day after day they pour forth speech;
night after night they reveal knowledge.
³They have no speech, they use no words;
no sound is heard from them.
⁴Yet their voice goes out into all the earth,
their words to the ends of the world.

The glory of God echoes throughout this world.
Let us praise the name of the Lord.

All Creatures of Our God and King

All creatures of our God and King
Lift up your voice and with us sing
Alleluia Alleluia
Thou burning sun with golden beam
Thou silver moon with softer gleam
O praise Him O praise Him
Alleluia Alleluia Alleluia

Thou rushing wind that art so strong
Ye clouds that sail in heav'n along
O praise Him Alleluia
Thou rising morn in praise rejoice
Ye lights of evening find a voice
O praise Him O praise Him
Alleluia Alleluia Alleluia

Alleluia! We sing Alleluia! We sing Alleluia! We sing Alleluia!

Let all things their Creator bless
And worship Him in humbleness
O praise Him Alleluia
Praise praise the Father
Praise the Son
And praise the Spirit Three in one
O praise Him O praise Him
Alleluia Alleluia Alleluia

Psalm 86:1-7

¹Hear me, Lord, and answer me,
for I am poor and needy.
²Guard my life, for I am faithful to you;
save your servant who trusts in you.
You are my God; ³have mercy on me, Lord,
for I call to you all day long.
⁴Bring joy to your servant, Lord,
for I put my trust in you.
⁵You, Lord, are forgiving and good,
abounding in love to all who call to you.
⁶Hear my prayer, Lord;
listen to my cry for mercy.
⁷When I am in distress, I call to you,
because you answer me.

His Mercy Is More

What love could remember no wrongs we have done
Omniscient all knowing He counts not their sum
Thrown into a sea without bottom or shore
Our sins they are many His mercy is more

Praise the Lord His mercy is more Stronger than darkness new every morn Our sins they are many His mercy is more

What patience would wait as we constantly roam
What Father so tender is calling us home
He welcomes the weakest the vilest the poor
Our sins they are many His mercy is more

What riches of kindness He lavished on us
His blood was the payment His life was the cost
We stood 'neath a debt we could never afford
Our sins they are many His mercy is more

Psalm 19

¹The heavens declare the glory of God;
the skies proclaim the work of his hands.
²Day after day they pour forth speech;
night after night they reveal knowledge.
³They have no speech, they use no words;
no sound is heard from them.
⁴Yet their voice^(b) goes out into all the earth,
their words to the ends of the world.
In the heavens God has pitched a tent for the sun.
⁵It is like a bridegroom coming out of his
chamber,
like a champion rejoicing to run his course.
⁶It rises at one end of the heavens
and makes its circuit to the other;
nothing is deprived of its warmth.

⁷ The law of the Lord is perfect,
refreshing the soul.
The statutes of the Lord are trustworthy,
making wise the simple.
⁸ The precepts of the Lord are right,
giving joy to the heart.
The commands of the Lord are radiant,
giving light to the eyes.
⁹ The fear of the Lord is pure,
enduring forever.
The decrees of the Lord are firm,
and all of them are righteous.
¹⁰ They are more precious than gold,
than much pure gold;
they are sweeter than honey,
than honey from the honeycomb.
¹¹ By them your servant is warned;
in keeping them there is great reward.
¹² But who can discern their own errors?
Forgive my hidden faults.
¹³ Keep your servant also from willful sins;
may they not rule over me.
Then I will be blameless,
innocent of great transgression.
¹⁴ May these words of my mouth and this
meditation of my heart
be pleasing in your sight,
Lord, my Rock and my Redeemer.

Sermon: Psalm 19

Take My Life and Let It Be Consecrated

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated Lord to thee
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love
At the impulse of thy love

Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee
Take my voice and let me sing
Always only for my King
Always only for my King

Take my silver and my gold
Not a mite would I withhold
Take my moments and my days
Let them flow in ceaseless praise
Let them flow in ceaseless praise

Take my will and make it thine
It shall be no longer mine
Take my heart it is thine own
It shall be thy royal throne
It shall be thy royal throne

Offering

Pastoral Prayer

Pastoral Blessing

Cry of My Heart

**It is the cry of my heart
To follow You
It is the cry of my heart
To be close to You
It is the cry of my heart
To follow all of the days of my life**

Teach me Your holy ways oh Lord
So I can walk in Your truth
Teach me Your holy ways oh Lord
And make me wholly devoted to You

Postlude: The Children's Art/Dance Project