

Sunday, January 25, 2026

All Hail the King of Heaven

All hail the King of Heaven,
Christ the Lord of all,
Whom thundering angels circle
Round ablaze with awe;
Let now the Hallelujah,
Of earth in glad refrain,
Ascend the throne,
To Him belongs immortal praise.

All hail the king of heaven,
Creation join together,
Let endless praises crown His name
All hail the king of heaven.

All hail the Great Redeemer,
Who so humbly came
The lamb of our salvation,
O for sinners slain
Let now the loud Hosanna
Resound from shore to shore
You nations say, "His kingdom reigns,
Forevermore!"

All hail the king of heaven,
Creation join together,
Let endless praises crown His name
All hail the king of heaven.

Let praise of nations rise now
As a symphony
To sound the endless wonders
Of His majesty
Let every heart adore Him,
The great and small the same
Through generations ever let

His anthem ring!
All hail the king of heaven,
Creation join together,
Let endless praises crown His name
All hail the king of heaven.
(repeat)

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O Worship the King

O worship the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient
of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded
with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, Whose
canopy space!
His chariots of wrath the deep
thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of
the storm.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can
recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the
light,
It streams from the hills, it descends
to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the
rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as
frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to
fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to
the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and
Friend.

Text: Robert Grant, Music: William Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1815;
arranged from Johann M. Haydn

Confession of Sin

O Lord,
You are the Fount of every blessing.

You are the Creator of all things.

You are the Giver of all wisdom.

Yet, we have sinned against You in
thought, word, and deed.

Forgive us for searching for joy
outside of Your revealed will.

Forgive us for worshiping Your
creation instead of worshiping You.

Forgive us for trusting only in our
wisdom instead of looking to You in
fear and reverence.

O Lord, we look to You for mercy in
Christ's Name. Amen.

Only a Holy God

Who else commands all the hosts of
heaven?
Who else could make every king bow
down?
Who else can whisper and darkness
trembles?
Only a Holy God.

What other beauty demands such
praises?
What other splendor outshines the
sun?
What other majesty rules with justice?
Only a Holy God.

Come and behold Him
The One and the Only.
Cry out, sing holy, forever a Holy God.
Come and worship the Holy God.

What other glory consumes like fire?
What other power can raise the dead?
What other name remains
undefeated?
Only a Holy God.

Come and behold Him
The One and the Only.
Cry out, sing holy, forever a Holy God.
Come and worship the Holy God.
(repeat)

Who else could rescue me from my
failing?
Who else would offer His only Son?
Who else invites me to call Him
Father?
Only a Holy God.

Come and behold Him
The One and the Only.
Cry out, sing holy, forever a Holy God.
Come and worship the Holy God.
(repeat)

Michael Farren, Jonny Robinson, Dustin Smith, Rich Thompson © 2006 City
Alight Music

Be Thou My Vision

Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my
heart:
Naught be all else to me, save that
Thou art—
Thou my best thought, by day or by
night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my
light.

Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou my
true Word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me,
Lord;
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son,
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee
one.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty
praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and
always;
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou
art.

High King of heaven, my victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright
heav'n's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever
befall,
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all,
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

Text: Irish poem, ca. 8th cent., Tune: Traditional Irish Melody. Public Domain

Revelation 13:11-18

A Mighty Fortress is Our God

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.

For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe--
His craft and pow'r are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.

Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His name,
From age to age the same;
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils
filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.

The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him—
His rage we can endure,
For lo, his doom is sure:
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly pow'rs,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.

Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also—
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still:
His kingdom is forever.

Text: Martin Luther; based on Psalm 46 Music: Martin Luther

Doxology

Praise God from Whom all blessings
flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

Text: Thomas Ken, 1709, Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; attributed to Louis
Bourgeois; Public Domain