



Evening Worship
November 30th, 2025 | 6:00 pm

Call to Worship

***Hymn #559**

"Father, I know That All My Life"

***Invocation**

Psalm 40, v. 1-9

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- 1 I waited for the Lord; He stooped and heard my cry.
- 2 He brought me from the pit, out of the dungeon mire.
My feet set on a rock, my footsteps made secure.
- 3 My lips He gave a song, a song to praise our God.

Many will see with awe, and so will trust the Lord.
- 4 Blessed he who trusts in God, and turns not to false men.
- 5 You have worked wonders, Lord; no one compares to You!
Should I declare each one, their number is too great.

6 You want no offering, nor ask a sacrifice,
but You have given me a ready ear to hear.
You ask no off'rings burnt nor sacrifice for sin.
- 7 So I say, "Here I come, as in the scroll inscribed

8 "To do Your will, O God, to me is my delight.
Your law is part of me, deep in my heart O God"
- 9 In congregation great I told Your righteousness.
You know, Lord, I spoke out; I did not close my lips.

Hymn of the Month: Songbook 22

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Requested Hymns

Prayer of Intercession

Bryan Klazinga

Evening Offering

Scripture Reading

1 Samuel 15: 1-35

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Sermon

"The Rejection of Saul"

Rev. Will Keyton
Assistant Pastor

***Benediction**

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

The harvest is the end of the age, and the harvesters are angels. Matt. 13:39

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, raise the song of har-vest home:
 2. All the world is God's own field, fruit un-to his praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take his har-vest home;
 4. E - ven so, Lord, quick-ly come to thy fi-nal har-vest home;

all is safe-ly gath-ered in, ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
 wheat and tares to- geth-er sown, un-to joy or sor-row grown:
 from his field shall in that day all of-fens-es purge a-way;
 gath-er thou thy peo-ple in, free from sor-row, free from sin;

God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide for our wants to be sup-plied:
 first the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn shall ap-pear:
 give his an-gels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,
 there for-ev-er pu-ri-fied, in thy pres-ence to a-bide:

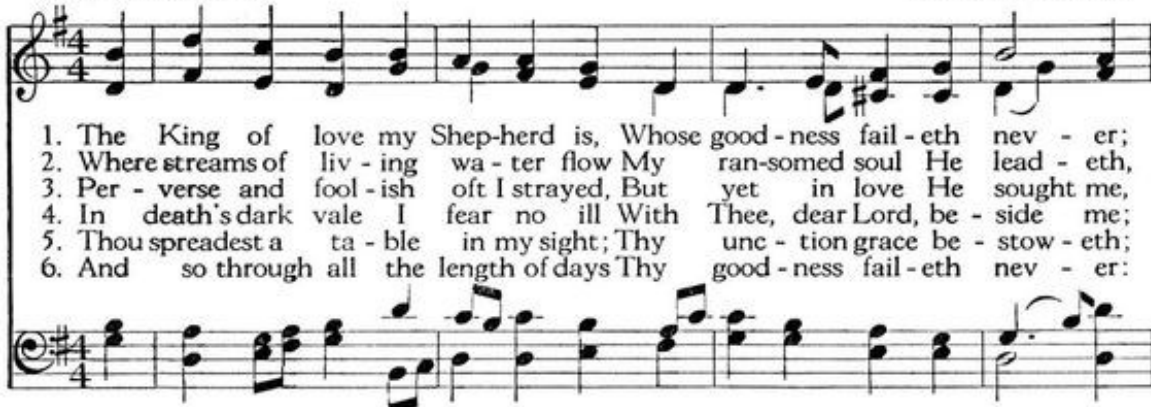
come to God's own tem-ple, come, raise the song of har-vest home.
 Lord of har-vest, grant that we whole-some grain and pure may be.
 but the fruit-ful ears to store in his gar-ner ev-er-more.
 come, with all thine an-gels, come, raise the glo-rious har-vest home.

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

From Psalm 23
Henry W. Baker, 1868

(FIRST TUNE)

DOMINUS REGIT ME: 8. 7. 8. 7.
John B. Dykes, 1868



1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow My ran-somed soul He lead-eth,
3. Per-verse and fool-ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be-side me;
5. Thou spreadest a ta-ble in my sight; Thy unc-tion grace be-stow-eth;
6. And so through all the length of days Thy good-ness fail-eth nev-er:



I noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for-ev-er.
And where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed-eth.
And on His shoul-der gent-ly laid, And home, re-joic-ing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy cross be-fore to guide me.
And O what trans-port of de-light From Thy pure chal-ice flow-eth!
Good Shep-herd, may I sing Thy praise With-in Thy house for-ev-er. A-MEN.

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

*Praise the LORD, all his works everywhere in his dominion. Praise the LORD,
O my soul. Ps. 103:22*

Unison *A⁷* *Bm* *D⁷* *G* *D* *Bm*

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav- en, to his feet your
 2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor to our fa - thers
 3. Fa - ther - like, he tends and spares us; well our fee - ble
 4. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish, blows the wind and
 5. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; you be - hold him

F#m *C#⁷* *F#m⁷* *D* *A⁷* *Bm* *D* *G* *D*

trib - ute bring; ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,
 in dis - tress; praise him, still the same for - ev - er,
 • frame he knows; in his hands he gent - ly bears us,
 it is gone; but while mor - tals rise and per - ish,
 face to face; sun and moon, bow down be - fore him,

A *Bdim⁷* *A* *E⁷* *A* *Em⁷* *F#m*

who, like me, his praise should sing? Al - le - lu - ia!
 slow to chide and swift to bless. Al - le - lu - ia!
 • res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le - lu - ia!
 God en - dures un - chang - ing on. Al - le - lu - ia!
 dwell - ers all in time and space. Al - le - lu - ia!

Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

We considered him stricken by God, smitten by him, and afflicted. Is. 53:4

1. Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, see him dy - ing on the tree!
 2. Tell me, ye who hear him groan - ing, was there ev - er grief like his?
 3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly nor sup - pose the e - vil great
 4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, here the ref - uge of the lost;

'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he!
 Friends thro' fear his cause dis - own - ing, foes in - sult - ing his dis - tress;
 here may view its na - ture right - ly, here its guilt may es - ti - mate.
 Christ's the Rock of our sal - va - tion, his the name of which we boast.

'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed Proph - et, Da - vid's son, yet Da - vid's Lord;
 man - y hands were raised to wound him, none would in - ter - pose to save;
 Mark the sac - ri - fice ap - point - ed, see who bears the aw - ful load;
 Lamb of God, for sin - ners wound - ed, sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt!

by his Son God now has spo - ken: 'tis the true and faith - ful Word.
 but the deep - est stroke that pierced him was the stroke that Jus - tice gave.
 'tis the Word, the Lord's A - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.
 None shall ev - er be con - found - ed who on him their hope have built.