

ALL SOULS

# Evening Worship Service

February 11, 2024 · 6:00pm

## Invited In

**Call to Worship** · Psalm 18:1–3, 25–27, 31–32, 49

**Hymn No. 92+** A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

+Please stand as you are able.

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: Based on Psalm 46. Martin Luther (1529), tr. Frederick H. Hedge (1853) · Music: Martin Luther (1529) · Public Domain.

## Coming Clean

**Call to Confession** · Romans 13:12–14

### Prayer of Confession

## Made New

**Assurance of Grace** · Ephesians 1:3–7

**Hymn**• The Sands of Time Are Sinking

The sands of time are sinking, the dawn of heaven breaks;  
The summer morn I've sighed for—  
The fair, sweet morn awakes:  
Dark, dark had been the midnight,  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land.

The king there in his beauty without a veil is seen.  
It were a well-spent journey,  
Though sev'n deaths lay between.  
The Lamb with his fair army  
Doth on Mount Zion stand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land.

O Christ, he is the fountain, the deep, sweet well of love!  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above.  
There to an ocean fullness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment, but her dear Bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory  
But on my King of grace,  
Not at the crown he giveth  
But on his pierced hand—  
The Lamb is all the glory of Emmanuel's land.

O I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine!  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into his house of wine.  
I stand upon his merit—  
I know no other stand,  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land.

Text: Anne Cousin (based on Samuel Rutherford's letters) · Music: Traditional arr. Phillip Palmertree and Belmont RUF  
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## Drawn Near

**Scripture Reading** · Ephesians 6:14–15

**Sermon** · *Going on Offense: Prepare for Battle*

- The Battle Is Won
- Therefore, Go on the Offensive
  - Know What Is True
  - Do What Is Right
  - Spread Gospel Peace

## Hymn+ The Church's One Foundation

The church's one foundation is Jesus Christ, her Lord;  
She is his new creation by water and the Word:  
From heav'n he came and sought her to be his holy bride;  
With his own blood he bought her, and for her life he died.

Elect from ev'ry nation, yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation one Lord, one faith, one birth;  
One holy name she blesses, partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses, with ev'ry grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder men see her sore oppressed,  
By schisms rent asunder, by heresies distressed,  
Yet saints their watch are keeping, their cry goes up, "How long?"  
And soon the night of weeping shall be the morn of song.

The church shall never perish! Her dear Lord to defend,  
To guide, sustain, and cherish, is with her to the end;  
Though there be those that hate her, and false sons in her pale,  
Against both foe and traitor she ever shall prevail.

'Mid toil and tribulation, and tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation of peace forevermore;  
Till with the vision glorious her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great church victorious shall be the church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union with God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion with those whose rest is won:  
O happy ones and holy! Lord, give us grace that we,  
Like them, the meek and lowly, on high may dwell with thee.

Text: Samuel John Stone · Music: Brian Moss

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## Doxology+

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below, 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!

Text: Based on Thomas Ken (1709), mod. · Music: *Geistlich Kirchengesäng* (1623) · Public Domain.

## Sent Out

### Commission & Benediction+

## New to All Souls?

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