

Processional

672

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our
2. Be - neath the shad - ow of your throne Your
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or
4. A thou - sand a - ges in your sight Are
5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears
6. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our



1. hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the
2. saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is your
3. earth re - ceived her frame, From ev - er - last - ing
4. like an eve - ning gone; Short as the watch that
5. all our years a - way; They fly for - got - ten,
6. hope for years to come, Still be our guard while



1. storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
2. arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
3. you are God, To end - less years the same.
4. ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
5. as a dream Dies at the o - p'ning day.
6. trou - bles last, And our e - ter - nal home.

Text: CM; based on Psalm 90; Isaac Watts, 1674-1748, alt.
Music: ST. ANNE; attr. to William Croft, 1678-1727.

offeratory

IN EVERY AGE

Janèt Sullivan Whitaker

Verse 1



1. Long be - fore the moun - tains came to be and the land and



1. sea and stars of the night, through the end-less sea - sons of all



1. time, you have al - ways been, you will al - ways be.

Refrain



In ev - 'ry age, O God, you have been our ref - uge.



In ev - 'ry age, O God, you have been our hope.

1-3 to Verses 2,3
last time: to Refrain

Final



God, you have been our hope,



you have been our ref - uge, you have been our hope.

Verse 2



2. Des-ti - ny is cast, and at your si - lent word we re - turn to



2. dust and scat - ter to the wind. A thou - sand years are like a sin - gle mo - ment



2. gone, as the light that fades at the end of day.

to Refrain

Text: Based on Psalm 90:1-4, 12. Text and music © 1998, 2000, Janèt Sullivan Whitaker.
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Communion

I RECEIVED THE LIVING GOD

LIVING GOD

Refrain



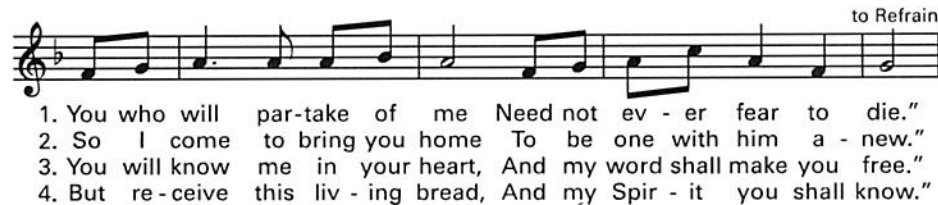
I re-ceived the liv - ing God, and my heart is full of
joy. I re-ceived the liv-ing God, and my heart is full of joy.

Verses



1. Je-sus said: "I am the Bread Knead-ed long to give you life;
2. Je-sus said: "I am the Way, And my Fa - ther longs for you;
3. Je-sus said: "I am the Truth; If you fol - low close to me,
4. Je-sus said: "I am the Life Far from whom no thing can grow,

to Refrain



1. You who will par-take of me Need not ev - er fear to die."
2. So I come to bring you home To be one with him a - new."
3. You will know me in your heart, And my word shall make you free."
4. But re - ceive this liv - ing bread, And my Spir - it you shall know."

Text: 77 77 with refrain; anon. Music: Anon.

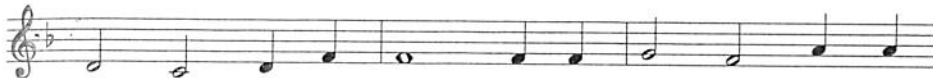
Recessional

LORD, WHOSE LOVE IN HUMBLE SERVICE

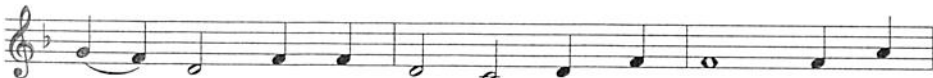
825



1. Lord, whose love in hum-ble ser-vice Bore the
2. Still your chil-dren wan-der home-less; Still the
3. As we wor-ship, grant us vi-sion, Till your
4. Called from wor-ship in-to ser-vice Forth in



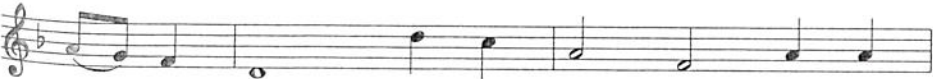
1. weight of hu-man need, Who up-on the cross, for-
2. hun-gry cry for bread; Still the cap-tives long for
3. love's re-veal-ing light, Till the height and depth and
4. your great name we go, To the child, the youth, the



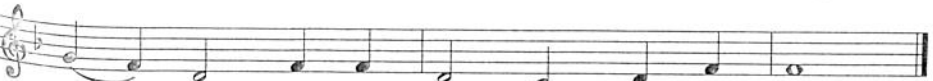
1. sak-en, Of-fered mer-cy's per-fect deed; We, your
2. free-dom; Still in grief we mourn our dead. As, O
3. great-ness Dawns up-on our hu-man sight: Mak-ing
4. a-ged, Love in liv-ing deeds to show; Hope and



1. ser-vants, bring the wor-ship Not of voice a-
2. Lord, your deep com-pas-sion Healed the sick and
3. known the needs and bur-dens Your com-pas-sion
4. health, good-will and com-fort, Coun-sel, aid, and



1. lone, but heart: Con-se-crat-ing to your
2. freed the soul, Use the love your Spir-it
3. bids us bear, Stir-ring us to tire-less
4. peace we give, That your chil-dren, Lord, in



1. pur-pose Ev-'ry gift which you im-part.
2. kin-dles Still to save and make us whole.
3. striv-ing, Your a-bun-dant life to share.
4. free-dom, May your mer-cy know, and live.

Text: 87 87 D; 'Lord, whose love in humble service', by Albert F. Bayly, 1901-1984, alt., © 1988, Oxford University Press.
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Music: BEACH SPRING; *The Sacred Harp*, 1844.