

687 Our God, Our Help in Ages Past

(Psalm 90)

1 Our God, our help in a - ges past, our
 2 Be - neath the shad - ow of thy throne thy
 3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, or
 4 A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight are

hope for years to come, our shel - ter from the
 saints have dwelt se - cure; suf - fi - cient is thine
 earth re - ceived its frame, from ev - er - last - ing
 like an eve - ning gone, short as the watch that

storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:
 arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.
 thou art God, to end - less years the same.
 ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.


- 5 Time, like an ever rolling stream,
 bears all our years away;
 they fly forgotten, as a dream
 dies at the opening day.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
 our hope for years to come,
 be thou our guard while life shall last,
 and our eternal home.

Many people sing this hymn unaware that it paraphrases Psalm 90, partly because this text speaks so immediately to the human condition. Since the middle of the 19th century, it has usually been joined to this tune named for the London parish where the composer was organist.

582


Glory to God, Whose Goodness Shines on Me

Capo 3: (G) (D) (G) (D) (G) (D) (Em) (D)
 B \flat F B \flat F B \flat F Gm F




1 Glo - ry to God, whose good - ness shines on me,
 2 World with - out end, with - out end. A - men.

(D) (G) (C) (G) (Em7) (A7)
 F B \flat E \flat B \flat Gm7 C7




and to the Son, whose grace has par - doned me,
 World with - out end, with - out end. A - men.

(A7) (D) (F#) (Bm)
 C7 F A Dm



and to the Spir - it, whose love has set me free.
 World with - out end, with - out end. A - men.

(Bm7) (D) (Bdim7) (Em7) (Dm)(A7) (D)
 Dm7 F Ddim7 Gm7 Fm C7 F



As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now and ev - er shall be. A - men.

Kum ba Yah

1 *Kum ba yah, my Lord, kum ba yah! Kum ba
 2 Some - one's cry - ing, Lord, kum ba yah! Some - one's
 3 Some - one's sing - ing, Lord, kum ba yah! Some - one's
 4 Some - one's pray - ing, Lord, kum ba yah! Some - one's

yah, my Lord, kum ba yah! Kum ba yah, my Lord,
 cry - ing, Lord, kum ba yah! Some - one's cry - ing, Lord,
 sing - ing, Lord, kum ba yah! Some - one's sing - ing, Lord,
 pray - ing, Lord, kum ba yah! Some - one's pray - ing, Lord,

kum ba yah! O Lord, kum ba yah!

*Come by here

This African American spiritual, first recorded in the 1920s, seems to have originated somewhere in the southern United States. It enjoyed renewed popularity during the folk revival of the 1960s and became a standard campfire song, eventually traveling throughout the world.

We Lift Our Voices

We Are an Offering

710

We lift our voices; we lift our hands; we lift our
 lives up to you: we are an of-fer-ing. Lord, use our
 voice - es; Lord, use our hands; Lord, use our
 lives; they are yours: we are an of-fer-ing.
 All that we have, all that we are, all that we hope to be, we
 give to you, we give to you. We lift our
 voice - es; we lift our hands; we lift our lives up to you:
 we are an of-fer-ing; we are an of-fer-ing.

This praise and worship song can best be understood as reflecting on and expanding 1 Chronicles 29:14b: "For all things come of you, [O Lord,] and of your own have we given you." There are also echoes of Paul's appeal for Christians to be living sacrifices (Romans 12:1).

SERVICE MUSIC

606 Praise God, from Whom

607 All Blessings Flow

Doxology

Praise God, from whom all bless- ings flow; praise Christ, all peo - ple

here be - low; praise Ho - ly Spir - it ev - er - more; praise

Tri - une God, whom we a - dore. A - men.

*Or "God"

TEXT: Thomas Kerl, 1695, L/109
MUSIC: Genevan Psalter, [153]

OLD HUNDREDTH
LM

828 More Love to Thee, O Christ

1 More love to thee, O Christ, more love to thee!
 2 Once earth - ly joy I craved, sought peace and rest.
 3 Then shall my lat - est breath whis - per thy praise;

Hear thou the prayer I make on bend - ed knee.
 Now thee a - lone I seek; give what is best.
 this be the part - ing cry my heart shall raise.

This is my ear - nest plea: more love, O Christ, to thee;
 This all my prayer shall be: more love, O Christ, to thee;
 This still its prayer shall be: more love, O Christ, to thee;

more love to thee, more love to thee!

Perhaps because this prayer-poem by the wife of a leading 19th-century Presbyterian minister grew out of her own physical and emotional suffering, it has continued to speak to many people in similar distress. It is set here to the tune created for its first printing in a hymnal.