

Hymn No. 117

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home!
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
still may we dwell secure;
sufficient is thine arm alone,
and our defense is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received her frame,
from everlasting, thou art God,
to endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
are like an evening gone;
short as the watch that ends the night,
before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all who breathe away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come;
be thou our guide while life shall last,
and our eternal home.

Eleven o'clock service ONLY

Refrain

*Jesu, Jesu, fill us with your love,
show us how to serve the neighbors we have from you.*

- 1 Kneels at the feet of his friends,
silently washes their feet,
Teacher who acts as a servant for them.

Refrain

- 2 Neighbors are rich and poor,
neighbors are black and white,
neighbors are near and far away.

Refrain

- 3 These are the ones we should serve,
these are the ones we should love;
all these are neighbors to us and you.

Hymn No. 500

Spirit of God, Descend upon My Heart

- 1 Spirit of God, descend upon my heart,
wean it from earth; though all its pulses move;
stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art,
and make me love thee as I ought to love.
- 2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
no sudden rending of the veil of clay,
no angel visitant, no opening skies;
but take the dimness of my soul away.
- 3 Has thou not bid me love thee, God and King?
All, all thine own, soul, heart and strength and mind.
I see thy cross; there teach my heart to cling.
O let me seek thee, and O let me find!
- 4 Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh;
teach me the struggles of the soul to bear.
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh,
teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
- 5 Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,
one holy passion filling all my frame;
the kindling of the heaven-descended Dove,
my heart an altar, and thy love the flame.