

**March 26<sup>th</sup>, 2021**

**Choral Prelude**

**Love bade me welcome – David Hurd**

Love bade me welcome:  
yet my soul drew back,  
guiltie of dust and sinne.  
But quickey'd Love  
observing me grow slack  
from my first entrance in,  
drew nearer to me,  
sweetly questioning,  
if I lacked anything.

A guest, I answer'd,  
worthy to be here:  
Love said, You shall be he.  
I, the unkinde, ungrateful?  
Ah, my deare, I cannot look on thee.  
Love took my hand  
and smiling did reply,  
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord but I have marr'd them:  
let my shame go where it doth deserve.  
And know you not, sayes Love,  
who bore the blame?  
My deare, then I will serve.  
You must sit down, sayes Love,  
and taste my meat:  
so I did sit and eat.

Text: George Herbert

C Am G C G7 C

1 My Shep - herd will sup - ply my need, Je - ho - vah  
 2 When I walk through the shades of death, thy pres - ence  
 3 The sure pro - vi - sions of my God at - tend me

G7 C F C C Am G

is his Name; \_\_\_\_\_ in pas - tures fresh he  
 is my stay; \_\_\_\_\_ one word of thy sup -  
 all my days; \_\_\_\_\_ oh, may thy house be

C G7 C G7 Am F C

makes me feed be - side the liv - ing stream. \_\_\_\_\_  
 port - ing breath drives all my fears a - way. \_\_\_\_\_  
 mine a - bode and all my work be praise. \_\_\_\_\_

Am Dm C Am

He brings my wan - dering spi - rit back when I for -  
 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes, doth still my  
 There would I find a set - tled rest, while o - thers

Dm F C Em C C7

sake his ways, \_\_\_\_\_ and leads me, for his  
 ta - ble spread; \_\_\_\_\_ my cup with bless - ings  
 go and come; \_\_\_\_\_ no more a stran - ger

F Am C G7 Am F C

mer - cy's sake, in paths of truth and grace. \_\_\_\_\_  
 o - ver - flows, thy oil a - noints my head. \_\_\_\_\_  
 or a guest, but like a child at home. \_\_\_\_\_

*Keyboard and guitar should not sound together.*

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748); para. of Psalm 23  
 Music: *Resignation*, American folk melody, acc. David Hurd (b. 1950)

vv. 1, 3

1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;  
 2 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give  
 3 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;

and in your wea - ri - ness lay down your head up - on my breast."  
 the liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, stoop down and drink, and live."  
 look un - to me, your morn shall rise, and all your day be bright."

I came to Je - sus as I was, so wea - ry, worn, and sad;  
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank of that life - giv - ing stream;  
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found in him my Star, my Sun;

I found in him a rest - ing place, and he has made me glad.  
 my thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, and now I live in him.  
 and in that light of life I'll walk till pil - grim days are done.

\*The bracketed notes are to be treated as triplet groups. This music in d, 170.

Alternative tune: *Kingsfold*, 480.

Words: Horatius Bonar (1808-1889), alt.

Music: *The Third Tune*, Thomas Tallis (1505?-1585); ed. John Wilson (b. 1905)