

October 5th, 2021

Choral Prelude: Margaret Burk - *I Lift Up My Eyes*

I lift up my eyes to the hills;
from where is my help to come?
My help comes from the Lord,
the maker of heav'n and earth.

He will not let your foot be moved,
and he who watches over you
will not fall asleep.

The Lord himself watches over you;
the Lord is your shade at your right hand,
so that the sun shall not strike you by day,
nor the moon by night,

The Lord shall preserve you from evil;
it is he who shall keep you safe.
The Lord shall watch over
your going out and your coming in,
from this time forth forevermore.

-Psalm 121

vv. 1-2

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou lamb of
 2. May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a -
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold,

1. Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine!
 2. faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire;
 3. round me spread, Be thou my guide;
 4. sul - len stream Shall o'er me roll;

1. Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way;
 2. As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee
 3. Bid dark - ness turn to - day, Wipe so - row's tears a - way;
 4. Blest Sav - ior, then in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move,

1. O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.
 2. Pure, warm, and change - less be A liv - ing fire.
 3. Not let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
 4. O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

Words: Ray Palmer (1808-1887)

Music: Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

vv. 1, 4

1 O thou who cam - est from a - bove the fire ce -
 2 There let it for thy glo - ry burn with ev - er
 3 Je - sus, con - firm my heart's de - sire to work, and
 *4 Still let me prove thy per - fect will, my acts of

les - tial to im - part, kin - dle a flame of
 bright, un - dy - ing blaze, and trem - bling to its
 speak, and think for thee; still let me guard the
 faith and love re - peat, till death thy end - less

sa - cred love up - on the al - tar of my heart.
 source re - turn in hum - ble prayer and fer - vent praise.
 ho - ly fire and still stir up the gift in me.
 mer - cies seal, and make the sac - ri - fice com - plete.