

July 14th, 2021

Choral Prelude: C. H. H. Parry – There is an old belief

There is an old belief
That on some solemn shore
Beyond the sphere of grief dear friends shall meet
once more.

Beyond the sphere of Time
And Sin, and Fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime of body and
of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I'll ne'er forgo.
Eternal be the sleep, if not to waken so.

Words by John Gibson Lockhart

v. 1

1. O Lord my God, when I in awe-some won - der Con - sid - er
 2. When through the woods and for - est glades I wan - der And hear the
 3. And when I think that God, his Son not spar - ing, Sent him to
 4. When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion And take me

1. all the worlds* thy hands have made, — I see the stars I hear the roll - ing*
 2. birds sing sweet - ly in the trees, — When I look down from loft - y moun - tain
 3. die, I scarce can take it in, — That on the cross, my bur - den glad - ly
 4. home, what joy shall fill my heart! — Then I shall bow in hum - ble ad - or -

* The translator's original words are "works" and "mighty."

Words: Stuart K. Hine (b. 1899)

Music: Swedish Folk Melody; arr. Stuart K. Hine

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1. thun - der, Thy pow'r through - out the u - ni - verse dis - played. _____
 2. gran - deur, And hear the brook and feel the gen - tle breeze. _____
 3. bear - ing, He bled and died to take a - way my sin. _____
 4. ra - tion, And there pro - claim, my God, how great thou art. _____

Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior, God, to Thee; _____ How great Thou

art, _____ how great Thou art! _____ Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God, to

Thee: _____ How great Thou art, _____ how great Thou art! _____

vv. 1, 5

1 All my hope on God is found - ed; he doth still my
 2 Mor - tal pride and earth - ly glo - ry, sword and crown be -
 3 God's great good - ness e'er en - dur - eth, deep his wis - dom
 4 Dai - ly doth the al - might - y Giv - er boun - teous gifts on
 5 Still from earth to God e - ter - nal sac - ri - fice of

1 trust re - new, me through change and chance he
 2 tray our trust; though with care and toil we
 3 pass - ing thought: splen - dor, light, and life at -
 4 us be - stow; his de - sire our soul de -
 5 praise be done, high a - bove all prais - es

1 guid - eth, on - ly good and on - ly true. God un -
 2 build them, tower and tem - ple fall to dust. But God's
 3 tend him, beau - ty spring - eth out of nought. Ev - er -
 4 light - eth, plea - sure leads us where we go. Love doth
 5 prais - ing for the gift of Christ, his son. Christ doth

1 known, he a - lone calls my heart to be his own.
 2 power, hour by hour, is my tem - ple and my tower.
 3 more from his store new-born worlds rise and a - dore.
 4 stand at his hand; joy doth wait on his com - mand.
 5 call one and all: ye who fol - low shall not fall.

Words: Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930), alt., after Joachim Neander (1650-1680)
 Music: *Michael*, Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

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