

Prelude

Fantasia

Gottlieb Muffat

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven

410

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; to his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, ever more his praises sing:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favor to his people in distress;
Praise him still, the same as ever, slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like he tends and spares us; well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hand he gently bears us, rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Widely yet his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him: ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him, dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise with us the God of grace.

O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

493

O for a thousand tongues to sing my dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King, the triumphs of his grace!

My gracious Master and my God, assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the earth abroad the honors of thy Name.

Jesus! The name that charms our fears and bids our sorrows cease;
'tis music in the sinner's ears, 'tis life and health and peace.

He speaks; and, listening to his voice, new life the dead receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice, the humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf; ye voiceless ones, your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold, your Savior comes; and leap, ye lame, for joy!

Glory to God and praise and love be now and ever giv'n
By saints below and saints above, the Church in earth and heav'n.

Let all Mortal Flesh Keep Silence**324**

Let all mortal flesh keep silence, and with fear and trembling stand;
Ponder nothing earthly minded, for with blessing in his hand
Christ our God to earth descendeth, our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary, as of old on earth he stood,
Lord of lords in human vesture, in the Body and the Blood
He will give to all the faithful his own self for heavenly food.

Rank on rank the host of heaven spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the Light of Light descendeth from the realms of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish as the darkness clears away.

At his feet the six winged seraph; cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the Presence, as with ceaseless voice they cry,
“Alleluia, alleluia! Alleluia, Lord Most High!”

The King of Love my Shepherd is**645**

The King of love my shepherd is, whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his, and he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow, my ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow, with food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, but yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid, and home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill with thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still, thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight; thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight from thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise within thy house for ever.

We Gather Together to Ask the Lord's Blessing**433**

We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing; he chastens and hastens his will to make known;
The wicked oppressing now cease from distressing: sing praises to his Name; he forgets not his own.

Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining, ordaining, maintaining his kingdom divine;
So from the beginning the fight we were winning: thou, Lord, wast at our side: all glory be thine!

We all do extol thee, thou leader triumphant, and pray that thou still our defender wilt be.
Let thy congregation escape tribulation: thy name be ever praised! O, Lord, make us free!

I Come with Joy to Meet my Lord

304

I come with joy to meet my Lord, forgiven, loved, and free,
in awe and wonder to recall his life laid down for me.

I come with Christians far and near to find, as all are fed
The new community of love in Christ's communion bread.

As Christ breaks bread and bids us share, each proud division ends.
That love that made us makes us one, and strangers now are friends.

And thus with joy we meet our Lord. His presence, always near,
Is in such friendship better known: we see and praise him here.

Together met, together bound, we'll go our different ways,
And as his people in the world we'll live and speak his praise.

Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah

690

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty; hold me with thy power hand;
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven, feed me now and evermore,
feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain, whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer, be thou still my strength and shield,
be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan, bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction, land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, songs of praises, I will ever give to thee,
I will ever give to thee.

Postlude

Voluntary No. 2

Arlen Clarke

Carolyn Nuelle, soprano
Katherine Johnson, alto
Tom McNellis, tenor
AJ Lund, bass
Karla Cole, organ & piano