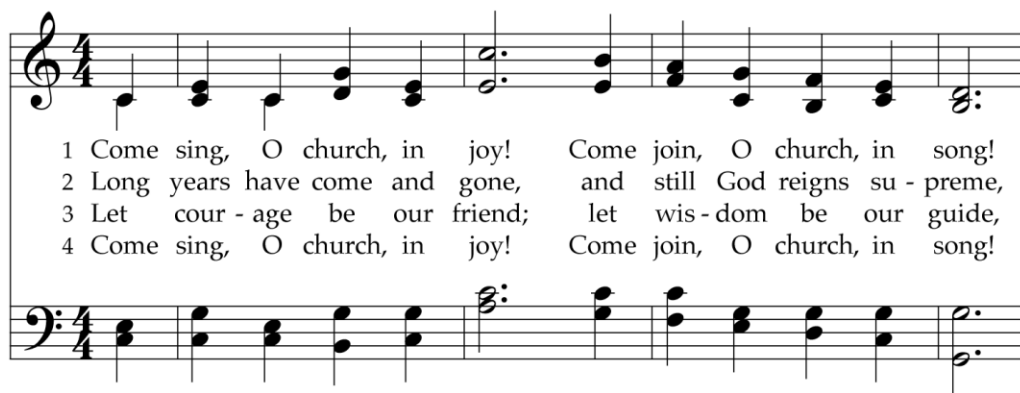
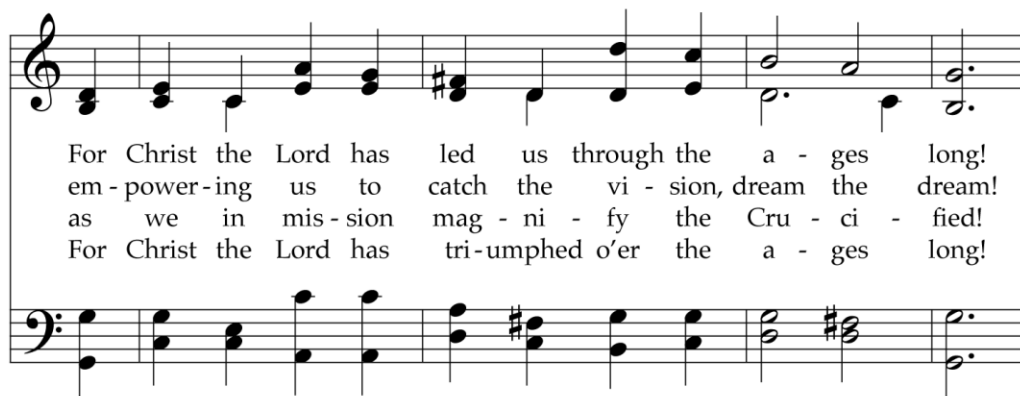


THE CHURCH

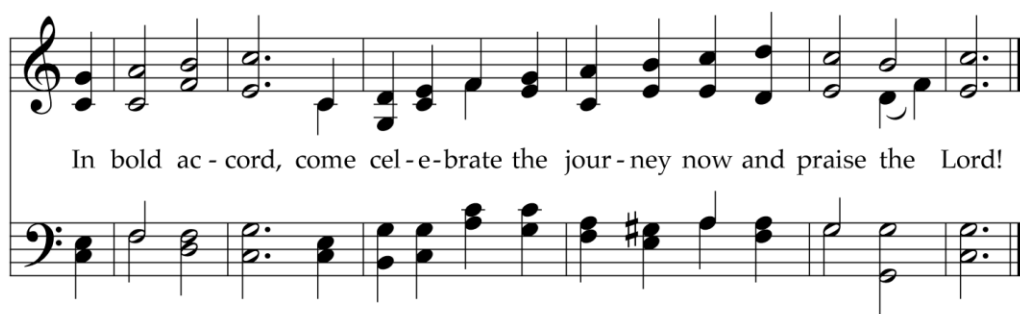
305 Come Sing, O Church, in Joy!



1 Come sing, O church, in joy! Come join, O church, in song!
 2 Long years have come and gone, and still God reigns su - preme,
 3 Let cour - age be our friend; let wis - dom be our guide,
 4 Come sing, O church, in joy! Come join, O church, in song!



For Christ the Lord has led us through the a - ges long!
 em - power - ing us to catch the vi - sion, dream the dream!
 as we in mis - sion mag - ni - fy the Cru - ci - fied!
 For Christ the Lord has tri - umphed o'er the a - ges long!



In bold ac - cord, come cel - e - brate the jour - ney now and praise the Lord!

This text was the winner in a hymn competition sponsored by the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) Bicentennial Committee for the 1988–1989 observance, which had the theme “Celebrate the Journey.” The late 18th-century tune (first used with Psalm 148) is appropriately celebratory.

CELEBRATING TIME

687 Our God, Our Help in Ages Past

(Psalm 90)

1 Our God, our help in a - ges past, our
2 Be - neath the shad - ow of thy throne thy
3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, or
4 A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight are

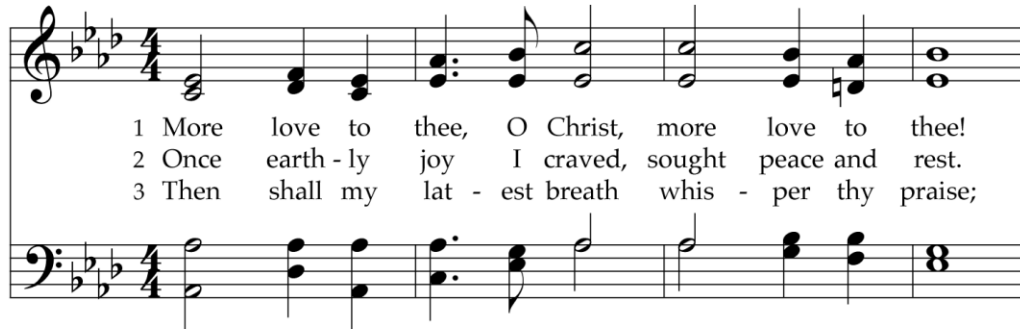
hope for years to come, our shel - ter from the
saints have dwelt se - cure; suf - fi - cient is thine
earth re - ceived its frame, from ev - er - last - ing
like an eve - ning gone, short as the watch that

storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:
arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.
thou art God, to end - less years the same.
ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.

- 5 Time, like an ever rolling stream,
bears all our years away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the opening day.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
be thou our guard while life shall last,
and our eternal home.

Many people sing this hymn unaware that it paraphrases Psalm 90, partly because this text speaks so immediately to the human condition. Since the middle of the 19th century, it has usually been joined to this tune named for the London parish where the composer was organist.

828 More Love to Thee, O Christ



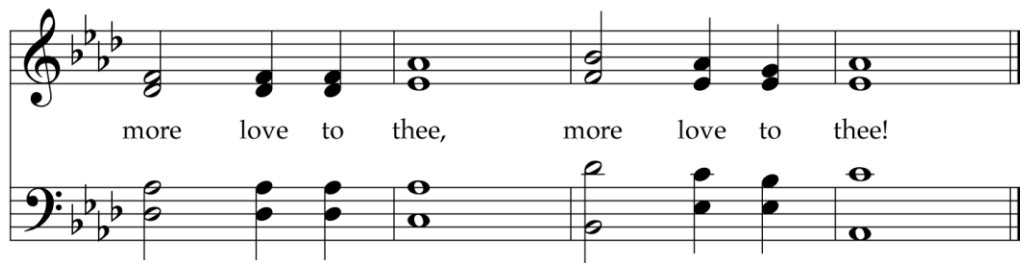
1 More love to thee, O Christ, more love to thee!
 2 Once earth - ly joy I craved, sought peace and rest.
 3 Then shall my lat - est breath whis - per thy praise;



Hear thou the prayer I make on bend - ed knee.
 Now thee a - lone I seek; give what is best.
 this be the part - ing cry my heart shall raise.



This is my ear - nest plea: more love, O Christ, to thee;
 This all my prayer shall be: more love, O Christ, to thee;
 This still its prayer shall be: more love, O Christ, to thee;



more love to thee, more love to thee!

Perhaps because this prayer-poem by the wife of a leading 19th-century Presbyterian minister grew out of her own physical and emotional suffering, it has continued to speak to many people in similar distress. It is set here to the tune created for its first printing in a hymnal.