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The Spacious Firmament on High

The heavens declare the glory of God; the skies proclaim the work of his hands.
Ps. 19:1

1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, with all the blue e -
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, the moon takes up the
3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all move round this dark ter -

the - real sky, and span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, their great O -
won - drous tale, and night - ly to the lis - t'ning earth re - peats the
res - trial ball? What though no re - al voice nor sound a - midst their

rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th'un - wea - ried sun, from day to day,
sto - ry of her birth; whilst all the stars that round her burn,
ra - diant orbs be found? In rea - son's ear they all re - joice,

does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play, and pub - lish - es to
and all the plan - ets in their turn, con - firm the tid - ings
and ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice; for - ev - er sing - ing

CREATION

ev - 'ry land the work of an al - might - y hand.
as they roll, and spread the truth from pole to pole.
as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

Joseph Addison, 1712

CREATION, L.M.D.
From Franz Joseph Haydn, *The Creation*, 1798; arr.

Psalm 63:1-8

1. ¹God, Thee, my God, I'll ear - ly seek;
 2. ²Thus have I looked for Thee be - fore
 3. ³Be cause Thy grace is more than life
 4. ⁵My soul with rich, a - bun - dant food
 5. ⁶And when I turn my thought to Thee
 6. ⁷Thou art my help; I sing for joy

My soul's a - thirst for Thee.
 With - in Thy ho - ly place
 — My lips Thee praise shall give;
 Shall be well sa - tis - fied;
 Up - on my bed at night,
 In sha - dow of Thy wings.

On dry land, wea - ry, wa - ter - less,
 That there I might be - hold Thy strength
 — ⁴I in Thy name will lift my hands
 With shouts of joy up - on my lips
 As watch - es pass I me - di - tate
⁸For Thy right hand has held me fast,

My flesh has longed for Thee.
 And glo - ry of Thy face.
 — And bless - Thee while I live.
 My mouth shall praise pro - vide.
 On Thee with great de - light.
 To Thee my spi - rit clings.

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God Himself Is with Us

The LORD is in his holy temple; let all the earth be silent before him. Hab. 2:20

1. God him - self is with us: let us now a - dore him,
 2. God him - self is with us: hear the harps re - sound - ing!
 3. O thou fount of bless - ing, pu - ri - fy my spir - it;

and with awe ap - pear be - fore him. God is in his tem - ple—
 See the crowds the throne sur - round - ing! "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly"—
 trust - ing on - ly in thy mer - it, like the ho - ly an - gels

all with - in keep si - lence, pros - trate lie with
 hear the hymn as - cend - ing, an - gels, saints, their
 who be - hold thy glo - ry, may I cease - less -

deep - est rev - 'rence. Him a - lone God we own,
 voic - es blend - ing! Bow thine ear to us here:
 ly a - dore thee, and in all, great and small,

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP

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7

him, our God and Sav - ior; praise his name for - ev - er.
 hear, O Christ, the prais - es that thy church now rais - es.
 seek to do most near - ly what thou lov - est dear - ly.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1729
 Tr. by Frederick W. Foster and John Miller, 1789; alt.

WUNDERBARER KÖNIG 6.6.8.6.6.8.3.3.6.6.
 Joachim Neander, 1680; alt. 1990

To Your Temple I Repair



1. To your tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor - ship there,
2. Thro' him I am rec - on - ciled, through him I be - come your child.
3. While your glo - rious praise is sung, touch my lips, un - loose my tongue,
4. While the pray'rs of saints as - cend, God of love, to mine at - tend.
5. While I lis - ten to your law, fill my heart with hum - ble awe,



- when with - in the veil I meet Christ be - fore the mer - cy seat.
Ab - ba, Fa - ther, give me grace in your courts to seek your face.
• that my joy - ful soul may bless Christ the Lord, my righ - teous - ness.
Hear me, for your Spir - it pleads; hear, for Je - sus in - ter - cedes.
let your gos - pel bring to me life and im - mor - tal - i - ty.

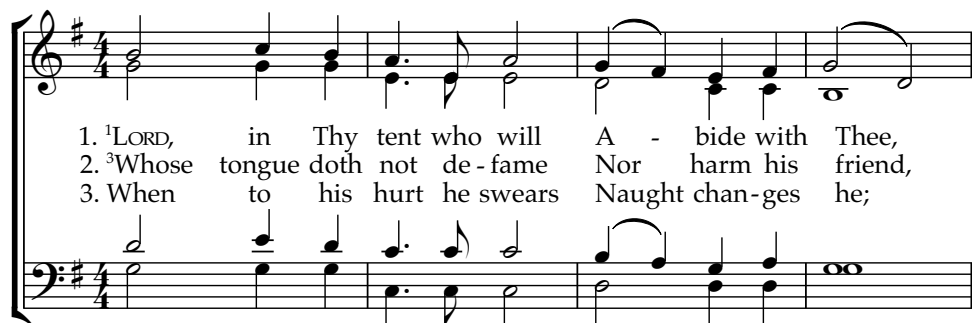


6. While your minister proclaims
peace and pardon in your Name,
by your grace, through faith, may I
hear you speaking from the sky.
7. From your house when I return,
may my heart within me burn,
and at evening let me say,
“I have walked with God today!”

James Montgomery, 1813
mod.

MONKLAND 7.7.7.7.
Anonymous
arr. John B. Wilkes, 1861

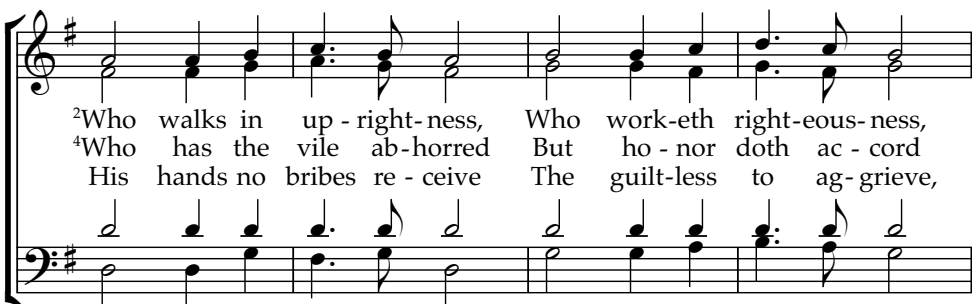
Psalm 15



1. ¹LORD, in Thy tent who will A - bide with Thee,
2. ³Whose tongue doth not de - fame Nor harm his friend,
3. When to his hurt he swears Naught chan - ges he;



And on Thy ho - ly hill A dwel - ler be?
Who to his neigh - bor's shame No ear doth lend,
⁵His gold no in - crease bears From u - su - ry;



²Who walks in up - right - ness, Who work - eth right - eous - ness,
⁴Who has the vile ab - horred But ho - nor doth ac - cord
His hands no bribes re - ceive The guilt - less to ag - grieve,



Who doth the truth ex - press Un - feign - ed - ly;
To those who fear the LORD And Him at - tend.
Lo, he who thus doth live Un - moved shall be.

How Deep the Father's Love for Us

Unison



1. How deep the Fa - ther's love for us, how vast be - yond all mea -
2. Be - hold the man up - on a cross, my sin up - on his shoul -
3. I will not boast in an - y - thing, no gifts, no pow'r, no wis -



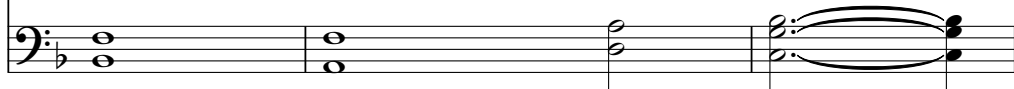
sure, that he should give his on - ly Son to
ders; a - shamed, I hear my mock - ing voice call
dom; but I will boast in Je - sus Christ, his



make a wretch his trea - sure. How great the pain of sear - ing
out a - mong the scof - fers. It was my sin that held him
death and res - ur - rec - tion. Why should I gain from his re -



loss: the Fa - ther turns his face a - way as
there un - til it was ac - com - plished; his
ward? I can - not give an an - swer, but



wounds which mar the Cho - sen One bring man - y sons to glo - ry.
dy - ing breath has brought me life— I know that it is fin - ished.
this I know with all my heart: his wounds have paid my ran - som.

Stuart Townend

TOWNEND 8.7.8.7.D.
Stuart Townend

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