Processional Hymn #303 Unto Thy Temple, Lord, We Come

Unto thy temple, Lord, we come
with thankful hearts to worship thee;
and pray that this may be our home
until we touch eternity;

the common home of rich and poor,
of bond and free, and great and small;
large as thy love forevermore,
and warm and bright and good to all.

And dwell thou with us in this place,
thou and thy Christ, to guide and bless.
Here make the wellsprings of thy grace
like fountains in the wilderness.

May thy whole truth be spoken here;
thy gospel light for ever shine;
thy perfect love cast out all fear,
and human life become divine.

Gradual Hymn #394 Eternal, Unchanging

Eternal, Unchanging, we sing to your praise;
your mercies are endless and righteous your ways;
your servants proclaim the renown of your name.
You rule in omnipotence, ever the same.

Again we rejoice in the world you have made,
your mighty creation in beauty arrayed;
we thank you for life and we praise you for joy,
for love and for hope that no power can destroy.

We praise you for Jesus, our Master and Lord,
the might of his Spirit, the truth of his word,
his comfort in sorrow, his patience in pain,
the faith sure and steadfast that Jesus shall reign.

Offertory Hymn #352 Amazing Grace

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found:
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed!

The Lord has promised good to me,
his word my hope secures;
he will my shield and portion be
as long as life endures.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come:
'tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
bright shining as the sun,
we've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we'd first begun.

Communion Hymn #620
How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
in a believer's ear!
It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
and drives away our fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole
and calms the troubled breast;
'tis manna to the hungry soul,
and to the weary, rest.

Dear name! The rock on which I build,
my shield and hiding place,
my never-failing treasury filled
with boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my shepherd, brother, friend,
my prophet, priest, and king,
my Lord, my life, my way, my end,
accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
and cold my warmest thought;
but when I see you as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Recessional Hymn #335 How Shall I Sing That Majesty

How shall I sing that majesty
which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
sing, sing, ye heavenly choir!
Thousands of thousands stand around
thy throne, O God most high;
ten thousand times ten thousand sound
thy praise; but who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears,
whilst I thy footsteps trace;
a sound of God comes to my ears,
but they behold thy face.
They sing, because thou art their sun;
Lord, send a beam on me;
for where heaven is but once begun
there hallelujahs be.

Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
inflame it with love's fire;
then shall I sing and bear a part
with that celestial choir.
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
with all my fire and light;
yet when thou dost accept their gold,
Lord, treasure up my mite.

How great a being, Lord, is thine,
which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
to sound so vast a deep:
thou art a sea without a shore,
a sun without a sphere;
thy time is now and evermore,
thy place is everywhere.