Processional Hymn #278 Jerusalem the Golden

Jerusalem the golden,
with milk and honey blessed,
beneath thy contemplation
sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not
what joys await us there,
what radiancy of glory,
what bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
all jubilant with song,
and bright with many an angel
and all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
the daylight is serene;
the pastures of the blessèd
are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
and there, from care released,
the shout of them that triumph,
the song of them that feast,
and they, who with their leader
have conquered in the fight,
forever and forever
are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
the home of God's elect;
O dear and future vision,
that eager hearts expect:
even now by faith we see thee,
even here thy walls discern;
to thee our thoughts are kindled;
for thee our spirits yearn.

Gradual Hymn #542 Out of the Depths

Out of the depths I turn to you on high;
Lord, hear my call.
Bend down your ear and listen to my cry,
forgiving all.
If you should mark our sins, who then could stand?
But grace and mercy dwell at your right hand.

I wait for you, I trust your holy word;
you hear my sighs.
My soul still waits and looks unto you, Lord;
my prayers arise.
I look for you to drive away my night –
yes, more than those who watch for morning light.

Hope in the Lord: unfailing is God's love;
trust and confide.
Mercy and full redemption from above
does grace provide.
From sin and evil, mighty though they seem,
God's saving arm will all the saints redeem.

Offertory Hymn #540 Just As the Deer

Just as the deer longs for the water brooks,
so longs my soul for you, O Lord my God.
All that I am thirsts for the living spring
of your kind presence welling deep within.
Why now so full of heaviness my soul?
Why such disquiet deep within my heart?

Deep calls to deep in cataracts of thunder;
your floods and rapids crash across my life.
My tears have been my food both day and night;
my God, why now have you forgotten me?
Why now so full of heaviness my soul?
Why such disquiet deep within my heart?

All through the day my God will comfort me,
and in the night my voice will raise God's song,
and I will go to worship in God's house.
God of my life, to you I raise my prayer,
and when I come into your presence, Lord,
my barren soul will blossom with new life.

Communion Hymn #538 Nearer, My God, to Thee

Nearer, my God, to thee,
nearer to thee!
Even though it be a cross
that raiseth me,
still all my song would be:
"Nearer, my God, to thee,
nearer, my God, to thee,
nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer,
the sun gone down,
darkness be over me,
my rest a stone,
yet in my dreams I'd be
nearer, my God, to thee,
nearer, my God, to thee,
nearer to thee

Then, with my waking thoughts
bright with thy praise,
out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,
so by my woes to be
nearer, my God, to thee,
nearer, my God, to thee,
nearer to thee.

Or if, on joyful wing
cleaving the sky,
sun, moon, and stars forgot,
upward I fly,
still all my song shall be
"Nearer, my God, to thee,
nearer to thee!

Recessional Hymn #24 Abide with Me

Abide with me fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see.
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
what but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
heaven's morning breaks,
and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.