

Psalm 120



A Song of the Ascents

- 1 To Yahweh in my dis- | tress I cried,
And He | **HEARD** me.
 - 2 Yahweh, deliver my soul from | lying lips,
From a de- | ceit-ful tongue.
 - 3 What will He | do to you,
What will He add further to you, you | **FALSE** tongue?
 - 4 Sharp arrows of the | mighty man,
With firebrands of the | **BROOM** tree!
 - 5 Woe is me, that I | sojourn in • Meshech,
I dwell among the | tents of • Ke-dar!
 - 6 Too long has my soul dwelt with one who | **HATES** peace.
 - 7 I am for peace; but when I speak, | they are • for • war.
- Glory to the Father, | and to • the • Son,
And to the | Ho-ly Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, is | now, and • ever • shall be,
Age after | age. A-men.

O God of Earth and Altar

364

unison

1. O God of earth and al - tar, Bow down and hear our cry.
 2. From all that ter - ror teach - es, From lies of tongue and pen,
 3. Tie in a liv - ing teth - er The prince and priest and thrall.

Our earth - ly rul - ers fal - ter; Our peo - ple drift and die.
 From all the eas - y speech - es That com - fort cru - el men,
 Bind all our lives to - geth - er; Smite us and save us all.

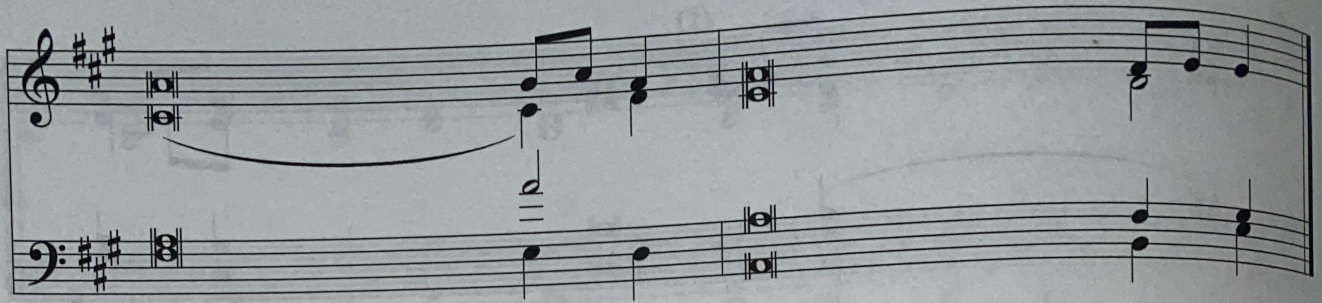
The walls of gold en - tomb us; The swords of scorn di - vide.
 From sale and prof - a - na - tion Of hon - or and the sword,
 In ire and ex - ul - ta - tion, A - flame with faith and free,

Take not Thy thun - der from us, But take a - way our pride.
 From sleep, and from dam - na - tion, De - liv - er us, good Lord!
 Lift up a liv - ing na - tion, A sin - gle sword to Thee.

Music: English traditional melody; arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906
 Text: Gilbert Keith Chesterton, 1906

KING'S LYNN
 7 6. 7 6. 7 6. 7 6.

Psalm 5



A Psalm. By David.

- 1 To my words give | **EAR**, Yahweh;
Con- | sider my groaning.
- 2 Listen to the sound of my plea, my | King and + my God,
For to | You I pray.
- 3 Yahweh, it morning: You | hear my voice;
It is morning: I lay my request be- | fore You + and wait.
- 4 For You are not a Mighty One who takes | pleasure in wickedness.
The wicked may not | dwell with You.
- 5 The arrogant will not stand be- | fore Your eyes.
You hate all who | **MAKE** trouble.
- 6 You destroy those who | **SPEAK** falsehood.
The man of blood and deceit Yah- | weh ab-hors.
- 7 But as for me, by Your abundant lovingkindness I will | enter Your house.
I will bow toward Your holy temple in | fear of You.
- 8 Yahweh, lead me | in Your righteousness.
On account of those who lie in wait for me, make straight Your | way be-fore me.
- 9 Because in his mouth is | no-thing trustworthy.
their inward | part is + des-truction.
An open | grave is + their throat.
With their tongue they | speak de-keit.
- 10 Hold them | guilty, O God!
Let them fall by their | own in-trigues!
For their multitudes of trans- | gres-sions, banish them,
Because they are re- | bellious a-gainst You.
- 11 But let all who take refuge in | You be glad;
Everlastingly let them | sing for joy.
And spread Your pro- | tec-tion over them,
That those who love Your Name may ex- | ult in You.
- 12 For it is You who bless the | righteous man, Yahweh.
Like a shield, with | favor You + sur-round him.
Praise to Yahweh, the | God of Israel!
From everlasting and unto | ever-lasting.
A- | + men!
Yes! | A-men!

667a

From All Thy Saints in Warfare

unison

1. From all Thy saints in war - fare, For all Thy saints at rest,
 2. Praise, Lord, for Thine a - pos - tle, The first to wel - come Thee,
 3. All praise for Thine a - pos - tle, Whose short - lived doubt - ings prove
 4. Praise for the first of mar - tyrs, Who saw Thee read - y stand
 5. Praise for the loved dis - ci - ple, Ex - iled on Pat - mos' shore;
 6. Praise for Thine in - fant mar - tyrs, By Thee with ten - d' rest love
 7. Praise for the light from Heav - en, Praise for the voice of awe,

To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad - dressed;
 The first to lead his broth - er The ver - y Christ to see.
 Thy per - fect two - fold na - ture, The full - ness of Thy love.
 To aid in midst of tor - ments, To plead at God's right hand.
 Praise for the faith - ful re - cord He to Thy God - head bore,
 Called ear - ly from the war - fare To share the rest a - bove.
 Praise for the glo - rious vi - sion The per - se - cu - tor saw.

Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might con - quer's be;
 With hearts for Thee made read - y, Watch we through - out the year,
 On all who wait Thy com - ing, Shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,
 Share we with him, if sum - moned By death our Lord to own,
 Praise for the mys - tic vi - sion Through him to us re - vealed.
 O Ra - chel! cease thy weep - ing: They rest from pains and cares.
 Thee, Lord, for his con - ver - sion, We glo - ri - fy to - day;

12
 Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee.
 For - ward to lead our breth - ren To own Thine ad - vent near.
 And grant us faith to know Thee, True man, true God, a - dored.
 On earth the faith - ful wit - ness, In Heav'n the mar - tyr's crown.
 May we, in pa - tience wait - ing, With Thine e - lect be sealed.
 Lord, grant us hearts as guile - less And crowns as bright as theirs.
 So light - en all our dark - ness With Thy true Spir - it's ray.

Music: English traditional melody; arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906
 Text: Horatio Nelson, 1864

KING'S LYNN
 7 6. 7 6. 7 6. 7 6.

For All The Saints in Warfare - Extra Verses

Lord, Thine abiding presence Directs the wondrous choice
For one in place of Judas the Faithful now rejoice.
Thy Church from false apostles Forevermore defend,
And by Thy parting promise Be with her to the end.

For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, The weak by grace made strong,
Whose labors and whose Gospel Enrich our triumph song.
May we in all our weakness Find strength from Thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, In Thee, the vine, abide.

For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, Who, slain by Herod's sword
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, Fulfilling thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience To read Thy veiled decree,
And count it joy to suffer, If so brought nearer Thee.

All praise for Thine apostle, The faithful, pure, and true,
Whom underneath the fig tree Thine eye all seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, True Israelites indeed,
That Thy abiding presence Our longing souls may feed.

Praise, Lord, for Him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous Mammon O give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, May rise and follow Thee.

For that beloved physician, All praise, whose Gospel shows
The healer of the nations, The sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Savior, And bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with true balm of Gilead Anoint us evermore.

From All Thy Saints in Warfare

1

667b

Cont'd

unison

8. All praise for Thine a - pos - tle, Blest guide to Greek and Jew,
 9. We praise Thee for the Bap - tist, Fore - run - ner of the Word,
 10. Praise for Thy great a - pos - tle, The ea - ger and the bold;
 11. For that be - loved phy - si - cian, All praise, whose Gos - pel shows
 12. Praise, Lord, for Thine a - pos - tles, Who sealed their faith to - day:
 13. A - pos - tles, proph - ets, mar - tyrs, And all the sa - cred throng,
 14. Then praise we God the Fa - ther, And praise we God the Son,

And him sur-named Thy broth - er; Keep us Thy breth - ren true,
 Our true E - li - as, mak - ing A high-way for the Lord.
 Thrice fall - ing, yet re - pent - ant, Thrice charged to keep Thy fold.
 The heal - er of the na - tions, The shar - er of our woes.
 One love, one zeal im - pelled them To tread the sa - cred way.
 Who wear the spot - less rai - ment, Who raise the cease - less song,
 And God the Ho - ly Spir - it, E - ter - nal Three in One;

And grant us grace to know Thee, The way, the truth, the life;
 Of proph - ets last and great - est, We saw Thy dawn - ing ray:
 Lord, make Thy pas - tors faith - ful To guard their flocks from ill,
 Thy wine and oil, O Sav - ior, And bruised hearts deign to pour,
 May we with zeal as ear - nest The faith of Christ main - tain,
 For these, passed on be - fore us, Sav - ior, we Thee a - dore,
 Till all the ran - somed num - ber Fall down be - fore the throne,

To wres - tle with temp - ta - tions Still vic - tors in the strife.
 Make us the ra - ther bless - ed Who love Thy glo - rious day.
 And grant them daunt - less cour - age, With hum - ble, ear - nest will.
 And with true balm of Gil - e - ad A - noint us ev - er - more.
 And, bound in love as breth - ren, At length Thy rest at - tain.
 And, walk - ing in their foot - steps, Would serve Thee more and more.
 And hon - or, pow'r, and glo - ry, As - cribe to God a - lone.

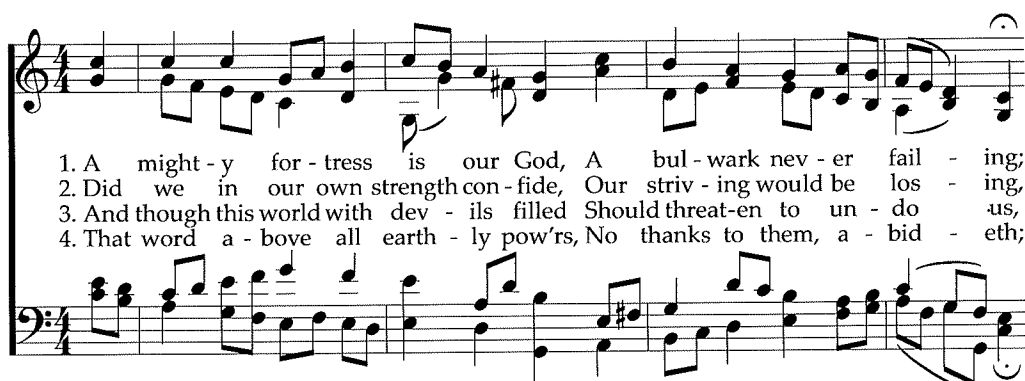
Psalm 121



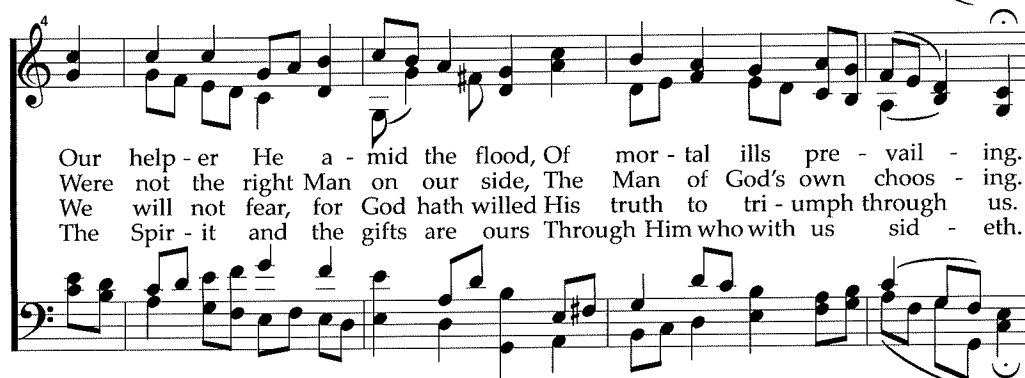
- 1 Shall I lift up mine | eyes to • the mountains.
Whence | comes my help?
 - 2 My | help is • from Yahweh,
Who shaped | heaven and earth.
 - 3 He will not allow your | foot to • be moved,
He will not | slumber • who • guards you.
 - 4 Behold, | He will • not slumber,
And He will not sleep, | Guardian of Israel.
 - 5 Yahweh | is your Guardian.
Yahweh is your Shade at your | **RIGHT** hand.
 - 6 By day the | sun will • not • strike you,
Nor the | moon by night.
 - 7 Yahweh will guard you from | **ALL** evil:
He will | guard your soul.
 - 8 Yahweh will guard your | go-ing out,
And your | com-ing in.
From | this time forth,
And | ev-er-lastingly.
- Glory to the Father, | and to • the Son,
And to the | Ho-ly Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, is | now, and • ever • shall be,
Age after | age. A-men.

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

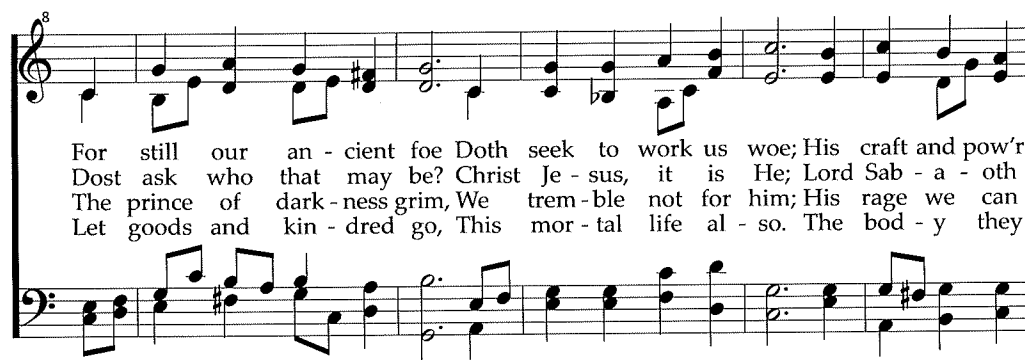
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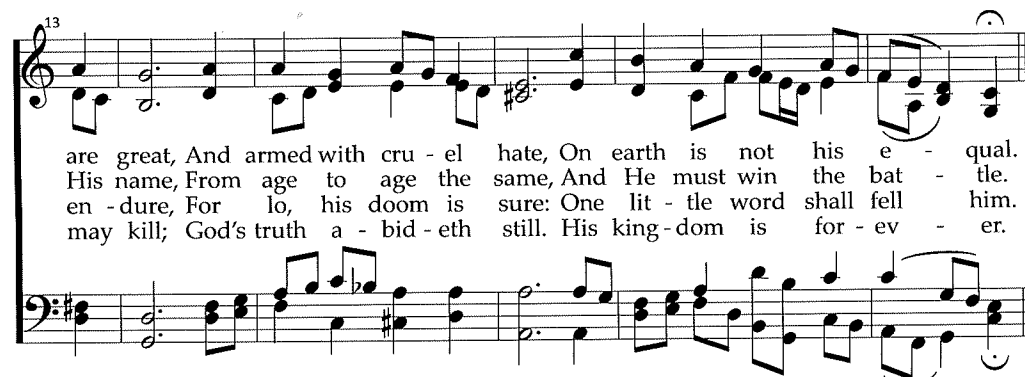
1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing,
 3. And though this world with dev - ils filled Should threat - en to un - do us,
 4. That word a - boye all earth - ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth;



Our help - er He a - mid the flood, Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us.
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth.



For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sab - a - oth
 The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can
 Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so. The bod - y they



are great, And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
 His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
 en - dure, For lo, his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.
 may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still. His king - dom is for - ev - er.

Music: Martin Luther, 1529; harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1628; alt.
 Text: Martin Luther, 1529; tr. Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

EIN' FESTE BURG
 8 7. 8 7. 6 6. 6 6 7.

I Know That My Redeemer Lives

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives;
 2. He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
 3. *He lives to bless me with His love,* Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 4. He lives my hun - gry soul to feed,
 5. He lives, all glo - ry to His name!

What com - fort this as - sur - ance gives!
 He lives, my ev - er - liv - ing Head.
He lives to plead for me a - bove, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 He lives to help in time of need.
 He lives, my Sav - ior still the same.

¹⁰ Shout on, pray on, we're gain - ing ground— Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

¹⁴ The dead's a - live and the lost is found— Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

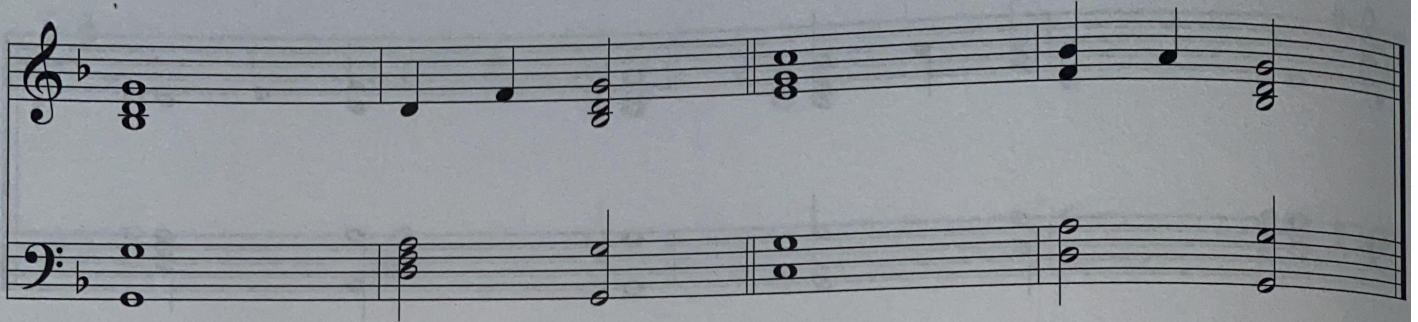
Music: American folk hymn, 1800's

Text: Samuel Medley, 1775; ref. Unknown

SHOUT ON

8 6. 8 6. w/ refrain

Psalm 23



- 1 Yahweh | is my Shepherd,
Nothing | shall I lack.
 - 2 In green pastures He | makes me + lie down;
Beside quiet | waters He leads me.
 - 3 My soul | He re-stores;
He leads me in righteous | paths for + His Name's sake.
 - 4 Even though I walk in a valley of deep darkness, I will | fear no evil;
For | You are with me,
Your rod and Your | staff, they comfort me.
 - 5 You prepare before me a table in the | presence of + mine enemies.
You fatten my | head with oil;
My | cup o-verflows.
 - 6 Only goodness and mercy will follow me all the | days of + my life,
And I shall dwell in Yahweh's house to the | end of days.
- Praise to Yahweh, the | God of Israel!
From everlasting and | unto ever-lasting.
A- | ++ men!
Yes! | A-men!

734

Doxology

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1551; alt.
 Text: Thomas Ken, 1709

OLD HUNDREDTH
 8 8. 8 8.