May 24th, 2021 Choral Prelude: Julian Wachner – *Psalm 90*

O Thou, the first, the greatest friend Of all the human race! Whose strong right hand has ever been Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads Beneath Thy forming hand, Before this ponderous globe itself Arose at Thy command;

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds This universal frame, From countless unbeginning time

Was ever still the same.
Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature, man, Is to existence brought;
Again Thou say'st "Ye sonds of men,
Return ye into nought!"
Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;

As with a flood Thou tak'st them off With overwhelming sweep.

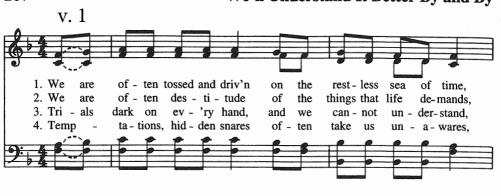
They flourish like the morning flow'r, In beauty's pride array'd; But long ere night cut down it lies All wither'd and decay'd.

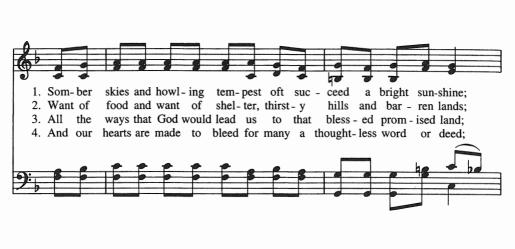
581 Lord, Whose Love Through Humble Service

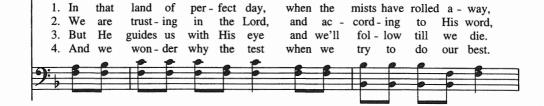


WORDS: Albert F. Bayly, 1961, alt.

MUSIC: Attr. to B. F. White, 1844; harm. by Ronald A. Nelson, 1978 Words © 1961 Oxford University Press; harm. © 1978 Lutheran Book of Worship







Words: Charles A. Tindley (1851-1933)

Music: Charles A. Tindley; arr. F. A. Clark, c. 1906

