

June 15th, 2021

Choral Prelude: R. V. Williams – *O how amiable are thy dwellings*

O how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of hosts!

My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord:

My heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found her a house,

And the swallow a nest where she may lay her young:

Even the altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:

They will be always praising thee.

The glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us:

Prosper thou the work of our hands upon us.

O prosper thou our handiwork.

O God, our help in ages past,

Our hope for years to come,

Our shelter from the stormy blast,

And our eternal home.

vv. 1, 3, 4

1 We walk by faith, and not by sight; no
 2 We may not touch his hands and side, nor
 3 Help then, O Lord, our un - be - lief; and
 4 that, when our life of faith is done, in

gra - cious words we hear from him who spoke as
 fol - low where he trod; but in his prom - ise
 may our faith a - bound, to call on you when
 realms of clear - er light we may be - hold you

none e'er spoke; but we be - lieve him near.
 we re - joice; and cry, "My Lord and God!"
 you are near, and seek where you are found:
 as you are, with full and end - less sight.

Words: Henry Alford (1810-1871), alt.
 Music: *St. Botolph*, Gordon Slater (1896-1979)

♩ = 40
 CM

vv. 1, 2, 5

1 Come, la - bor on. Who dares stand i - dle
 2 Come, la - bor on. The en - e - my is
 3 Come, la - bor on. A - way with gloom - y
 4 Come, la - bor on. Claim the high call - ing
 5 Come, la - bor on. No time for rest, till

1 on the har - vest plain, while all a - round us
 2 watch - ing night and day, to sow the tares, to
 3 doubts and faith - less fear! No arm so weak but
 4 an - gels can - not share— to young and old the
 5 glows the west - ern sky, till the long sha - dows

1 waves the gold - en grain? And to each ser - vant
 2 snatch the seed a - way; while we in sleep our
 3 may do ser - vice here: by feeb - lest a - gents
 4 Gos - pel glad - ness bear: re - deem the time; its
 5 o'er our path - way lie, and a glad sound comes



1 does the Mas-ter say, "Go work to-day."
 2 du-ty have for-got, he slum-bered not.
 3 may our God ful-fill his right-eous will.
 4 hours too swift-ly fly. The night draws nigh.
 5 with the set-ting sun, "Ser-vants, well done."

Words: Jane Laurie Borthwick (1813-1897), alt.
 Music: *Ora Labora*, Thomas Tertius Noble (1867-1953)

$\text{♩} = 60$
 4. 10 10. 10 4