

# Sunday, August 22



# Federated

CHURCH

OPEN HEARTS. OPEN MINDS. OPEN ARMS.

## O God, Our Help in Ages Past

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home;

Under the shadow of your throne  
your saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is your arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood  
or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting you are God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in your sight  
Are like an evening gone,  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
soon bears us all away;  
We fly forgotten, as a dream  
fades at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
our hope for years to come,  
Still be our God while troubles last,  
And our eternal home!

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719  
Music: St. Anne C.M., William Croft, 1708  
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## **O Savior, Let Me Walk With Thee**

### Verse 1

O Savior, let me walk with you  
In earthly paths of service true;  
Tell me your secret,  
help me bear the strain of toil,  
the fret of care.

### Verse 2

Help me the slow of heart to move  
by some clear winning word of love,  
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
And guide them in the homeward way.

### Verse 3

Teach me your patience; let me be  
In closer dearer company,  
In work that keeps faith sweet and  
strong,  
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

### Verse 4

In hope that sends a shining ray  
far down the future's broadening way,  
In peace that only you can give,  
With you, O Savior, let me live.

Words: Washington Gladden, 1879; alt.  
Music: Henry Percy Smith, 1874 (Tune: MARYTON L.M.)  
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## **Incarnate God, Immortal Love**

Incarnate God, immortal Love,  
whom we, that have not seen your face,  
by faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
believing where we cannot prove;

You will not leave us in the dust;  
you gave us life, we know not why.  
we trust we were not made to die,  
for you have made us, you are just.

In you meet human and divine,  
the highest, holiest union known.  
We falsely call our power our own  
until our wills with yours combine.

Our little systems have their day;  
they have their day and cease to be;  
they are but fleeting certainty, and you,  
O Christ, are more than they.

We have but faith; we can-not know,  
for knowl-edge is of things proved true;  
And yet we trust it comes from you,  
a sign of prom-ise; let it grow.

Let Knowl-edge grow from more to  
more,  
but more of rev-erence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
may make one music as be-fore.

Words: Alfred Tennyson, 1850; alt.  
Music: ROCKINGHAM L.M., Anon, Adapted: Edward Miller, 1790  
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