

**August 7, 2022 10:00 A.M.**

**Song Sheet**

**Opening Hymn: #385 Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness**

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;  
bow down before him, His glory proclaim;  
gold of obedience and incense of lowliness  
bring, and adore him: the Lord is his name!

Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness;  
High on his heart he will bear it for thee,  
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,  
guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness,  
of the poor wealth thou canst reckon as thine;  
truth in its beauty and love in its tenderness,  
these are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

These though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,  
He will accept for the name that is dear,  
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,  
trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;  
bow down before him, his glory proclaim;  
gold of obedience and incense of lowliness bring,  
and adore him: the Lord is his name!

**Offertory Hymn: #528 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 thy throne thy saints have dwelt secure;  
sufficient is thine arm alone, and our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, or earth received its frame,  
from everlasting thou art God, to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight are like an evening gone,  
short as the watch that ends the night before the rising sun.

Time like an ever-rolling stream bears all your years away;  
they fly forgotten, as a dream dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,  
be thou our guard while troubles last, and our eternal home.

**Closing Hymn: #522 Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me**

Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee;  
let the water and the blood, from thy riven side which flowed,  
be of sin the double cure, cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands can fulfil thy law's demands;  
could my zeal no respite know, could my zeal no respite know,  
could my tears forever flow, all for sin could not atone:  
thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring; simply to thy cross I cling;  
naked, come to thee for dress; helpless, look to thee for grace;  
foul, I to the fountain fly; wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath, when mine eyelids close in death,  
when I soar through tracts unknown, see thee on thy judgement throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee.