

Beneath 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 her 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 its sons 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 guide while troubles last, and our eternal home!

Psalm: The Lord's my Shepherd

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want, he makes me down to lie
in pastures green. He leadeth me the quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again, and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness, e'en for his own name's sake.

Yes, though I walk through death's dark vale, yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me; and thy rod and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil anoint, and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forever more my dwelling place shall be.

Preparation of the Gifts: The King of love (Henry Williams Baker 1821-77)

The King of love my shepherd is, whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his and he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow my ransomed soul he leadeth,