

**Hymns for Morning Service**  
**June 7, 2020**

Our God, Our Help in Ages Past (#30, Trinity Hymnal)

Our 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 defense 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.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their lives and cares,  
Are carried downward by thy flood,  
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

The Lord's My Shepherd, I'll Not Want (#86, Trinity Hymnal)

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.  
He leadeth me, 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.  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill,  
For thou art with me; and thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.  
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.  
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 for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.

### Take My Life, and Let It Be (#586, Trinity Hymnal)

Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.  
Take my moments and my days;  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of thy love.  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing,  
Always, only, for my King.  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold;  
Not a mite would I withhold  
Take my intellect, and use  
Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine;

It shall be no longer mine.  
Take my heart, it is thine own;  
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour  
At thy feet its treasure store.  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for thee.