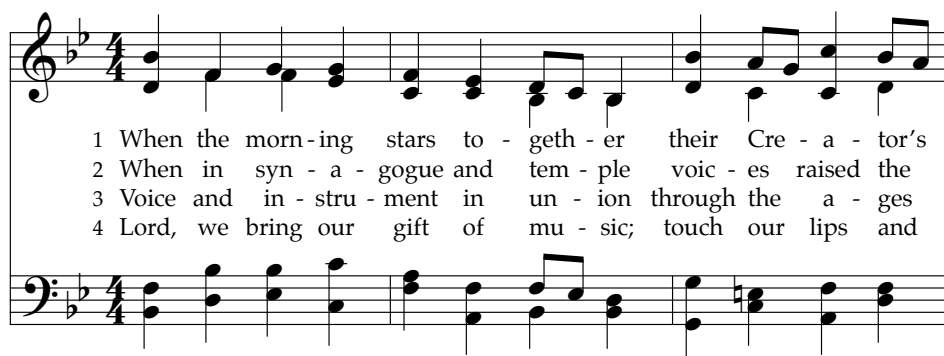
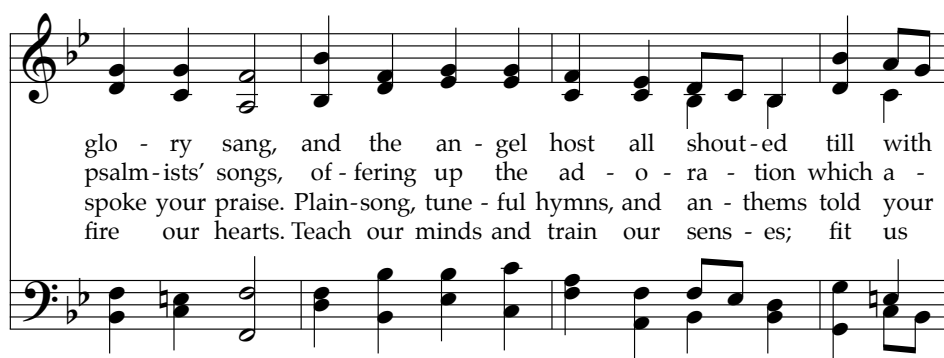


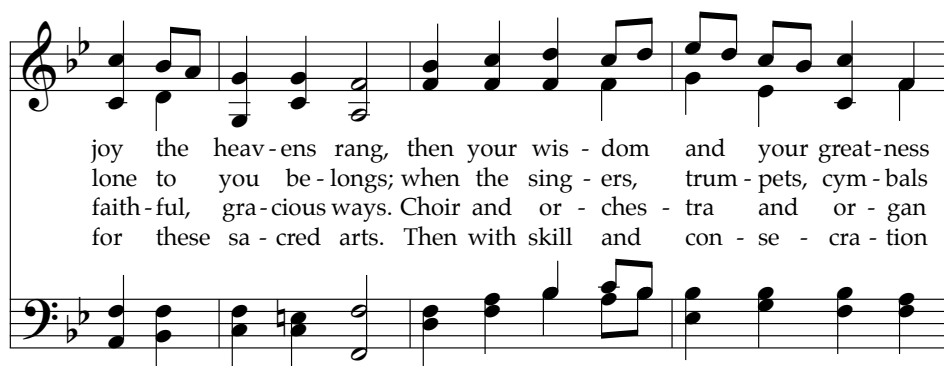
689 When the Morning Stars Together



1 When the morn-ing stars to - geth - er their Cre - a - tor's
 2 When in syn - a - gogue and tem - ple voic - es raised the
 3 Voice and in - stru - ment in un - ion through the a - ges
 4 Lord, we bring our gift of mu - sic; touch our lips and



glo - ry sang, and the an - gel host all shout-ed till with
 psalm-ists' songs, of - fer-ing up the ad - o - ra - tion which a -
 spoke your praise. Plain-song, tune - ful hymns, and an - thems told your
 fire our hearts. Teach our minds and train our sens - es; fit us

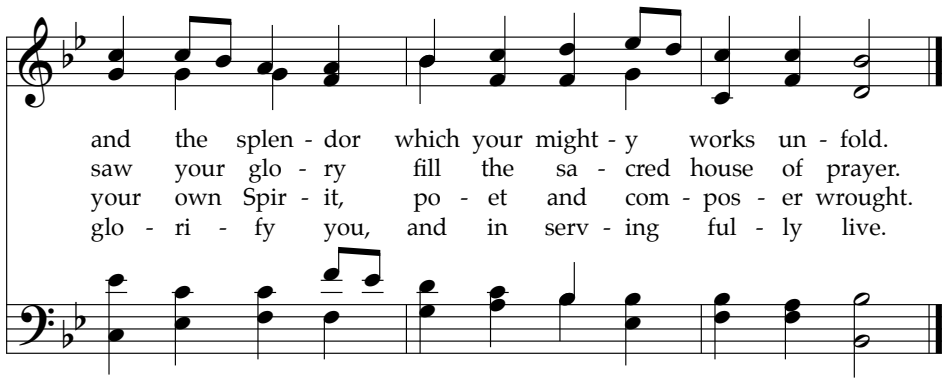


joy the heav - ens rang, then your wis - dom and your great-ness
 lone to you be - longs; when the sing - ers, trum - pets, cym - bals
 faith - ful, gra - cious ways. Choir and or - ches - tra and or - gan
 for these sa - cred arts. Then with skill and con - se - cra - tion

Opening with imagery from Job 38:7, this text celebrates the role of music in worship from earliest times to the present. It is set to a German tune that may have originated as a folk melody. The tune name, German for "white flags," comes from one of the early texts set to it.



their ex - ul - tant mu - sic told, all the beau - ty
all com - bined, your praise to share, awe - struck peo - ple
each a sa - cred of - fering brought, while, in - spired by
we would serve you, Lord, and give all our powers to



and the splen - dor which your might - y works un - fold.
saw your glo - ry fill the sa - cred house of prayer.
your own Spir - it, po - et and com - pos - er wrought.
glo - ri - fy you, and in serv - ing ful - ly live.

My Shepherd Will Supply My Need 803

(Psalm 23)



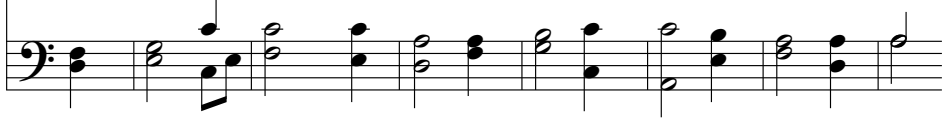
1 My shep-herd will sup-ply my need; Je-ho-vah is his name.
 2 When I walk through the shades of death your pres-ence is my stay;
 3 The sure pro-vi-sions of my God at-tend me all my days;



In pas-tures fresh he makes me feed, be-side the liv-ing stream.
 one word of your sup-port-ing breath drives all my fears a-way.
 O may your house be my a-bode, and all my work be praise.



He brings my wan-dering spir-it back when I for-sake his ways,
 Your hand, in sight of all my foes, does still my ta-ble spread;
 There would I find a set-tled rest, while oth-ers go and come;



and leads me, for his mer-cy's sake, in paths of truth and grace.
 my cup with bless-ings o-ver-flows; your oil a-noints my head.
 no more a strang-er, or a guest, but like a child at home.



The effectiveness of this beloved paraphrase of Psalm 23 owes much to the flowing shape note melody that serves as a "living stream" to carry the text, which in turn has been given a remarkable clarity and lightness through the poet's masterful use of single-syllable words.

687 Our God, Our Help in Ages Past

(Psalm 90)

1 Our God, our help in a - ges past, our
 2 Be - neath the shad - ow of thy throne thy
 3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, or
 4 A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight are

hope for years to come, our shel - ter from the
 saints have dwelt se - cure; suf - fi - cient is thine
 earth re - ceived its frame, from ev - er - last - ing
 like an eve - ning gone, short as the watch that

storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:
 arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.
 thou art God, to end - less years the same.
 ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.

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

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
 our hope for years to come,
 be thou our guard while life shall last,
 and our eternal home.

Many people sing this hymn unaware that it paraphrases Psalm 90, partly because this text speaks so immediately to the human condition. Since the middle of the 19th century, it has usually been joined to this tune named for the London parish where the composer was organist.