

SUNDAY WORSHIP MUSIC

March 26, 2023

Introit

Spirit of the Living God

Daniel Iverson, 1926

*Spirit of the living God, fall afresh on me.
Spirit of the living God, fall afresh on me.
Melt me; mold me; fill me; use me.
Spirit of the Living God, fall afresh on me.*

Hymn 157

I Danced in the Morning

text by Sidney Carter, 1963
American Shaker melody

*I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
and I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,
and I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth.
At Bethlehem I had my birth.*

*(Refrain) Dance, then, wherever you may be;
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he,
and I'll lead you all, wherever you may be
and I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.*

*I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee,
but they would not dance and they would not follow me.
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John.
They came with me and the dance went on. (Refrain)*

*I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame.
The holy people said it was a shame.
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me high,
and left me there on a cross to die. (Refrain)*

*I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black.
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back.
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,
but I am the dance and I still go on. (Refrain)*

*They cut me down and I leapt up high.
I am the life that will never, never die.
I'll live in you if you'll live in me,
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he. (Refrain)*

Anthem

When Jesus Wept

William Billings, 1770
arr. Peter Paul Olejar

*When Jesus wept, the falling tear in mercy flowed beyond all bound;
when Jesus groaned, a trembling fear seized all the guilty world around.*

Hymn 688

Spirit of God, Descend upon My Heart

text by George Croly, 1867
music by F. C. Atkinson, 1870

*Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;
wean it from earth; through all its pulses move;
stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art,
and make me love thee as I ought to love.*

*I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
no sudden rending of the veil of clay,
no angel visitant, no opening skies;
but take the dimness of my soul away.*

*Hast thou not bid us love thee, God and King;
all, all thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind?
I see thy cross; there teach my heart to cling.
O let me seek thee, and O let me find!*

*Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh.
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
to check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh.
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.*

*Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,
one holy passion filling all my frame;
the baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
my heart an altar, and thy love the flame.*