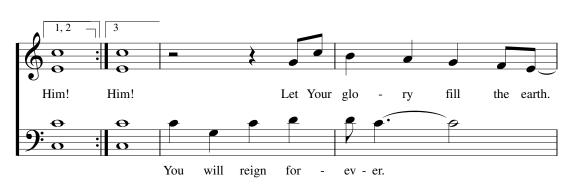
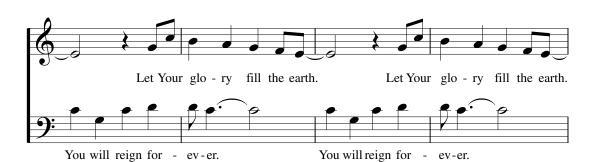
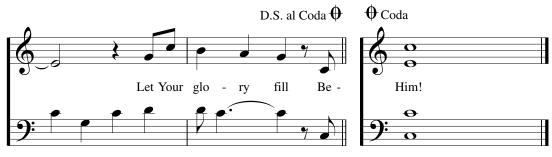
126 Behold Our God











You will reign for - ev-er.

Be -

67 Still, My Soul, Be Still



Words and Music: Keith Getty, Kristyn Getty and Stuart Townend; arr. Ruth Coleman



Words: Joseph Addison

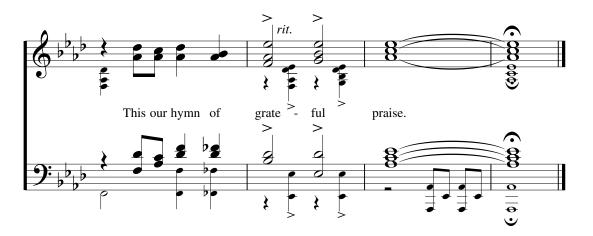
Music: William Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1812

429 For the Beauty of the Earth



Words: Folliott S. Pierpoint

Music: Conrad Kocher; adpt. William Henry Monk; Last stanza setting and choral ending by Phillip E. Allen



430

Psalm 90:1-17

¹ LORD, you have been our dwelling place in all generations. ² Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever you had formed the earth and the world, from everlasting to everlasting you are God. ³ You return man to dust and say, "Return, O children of man!" ⁴ For a thousand years in your sight are but as yesterday when it is past, or as a watch in the night. ⁵ You sweep them away as with a flood; they are like a dream, like grass that is renewed in the morning: ⁶ in the morning it flourishes and is renewed; in the evening it fades and withers. ⁷ For we are brought to an end by your anger; by your wrath we are dismayed. ⁸ You have set our iniquities before you, our secret sins in the light of your presence.

⁹ For all our days pass away under your wrath; we bring our years to an end like a sigh. ¹⁰ The years of our life are seventy, or even by reason of strength eighty; yet their span is but toil and trouble; they are soon gone, and we fly away. ¹¹ Who considers the power of your anger, and your wrath according to the fear of you? ¹² So teach us to number our days that we may get a heart of wisdom. ¹³ Return, O LORD! How long?

Have pity on your servants! ¹⁴ Satisfy us in the morning with your steadfast love, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. ¹⁵ Make us glad for as many days as you have afflicted us, and for as many years as we have seen evil. ¹⁶ Let your work be shown to your servants, and your glorious power to their children. ¹⁷ Let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish the work of our hands upon us; yes, establish the work of our hands!

374 My Heart Is Filled with Thankfulness



Words and Music: Keith Getty and Stuart Townend; arr. Mark Rice.