

Sunday, March 15th, 2020

Third Sunday in Lent - Live Stream Service

Prelude
Greeting & Announcements

Call to Worship

Come to me, all you that are weary and are carrying heavy burdens and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

Hymn – Come thou Fount of Every Blessing

Anthem – Let This Mind Be In You

Children's Message

Prayer of Confession & Gloria Patri

Holy and merciful God, in your presence we confess our failure to be what you created us to be. You alone know how often we have sinned in wandering from your ways, in wasting your gifts, in forgetting your love. By your loving mercy, help us to live in your light and abide in your ways, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Savior.

Scripture Reading

Psalm 46: 1-5, 10-11 & Romans 8: 31-39

Sermon: Keeping the Faith in Troubled Times

Hymn – Amazing Grace How Sweet the Sound

Offering Invitation and Offertory

(Please venmo @FirstPres-RidgewoodNJ
or mail check to the church)

Prayers of the People and Lord's Prayer

Hymn – Be Thou My Vision

Postlude

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

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Robert Robinson, c. 1758

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3. O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Tune: NETTLETON, opposite.

O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

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Washington Gladden, 1879

MARYTON LM

Henry Percy Smith, 1874

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear,
3. Teach me Thy pa - tience; still with Thee In clos - er,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the

paths of ser - vice free; Tell me Thy se - cret;
win - ning word of love; Teach me the way - ward
dear - er com - pa - ny, In work that keeps faith
fu - ture's broad - ening way; In peace that on - ly

help me bear The strain of toil the fret of care.

Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound 280

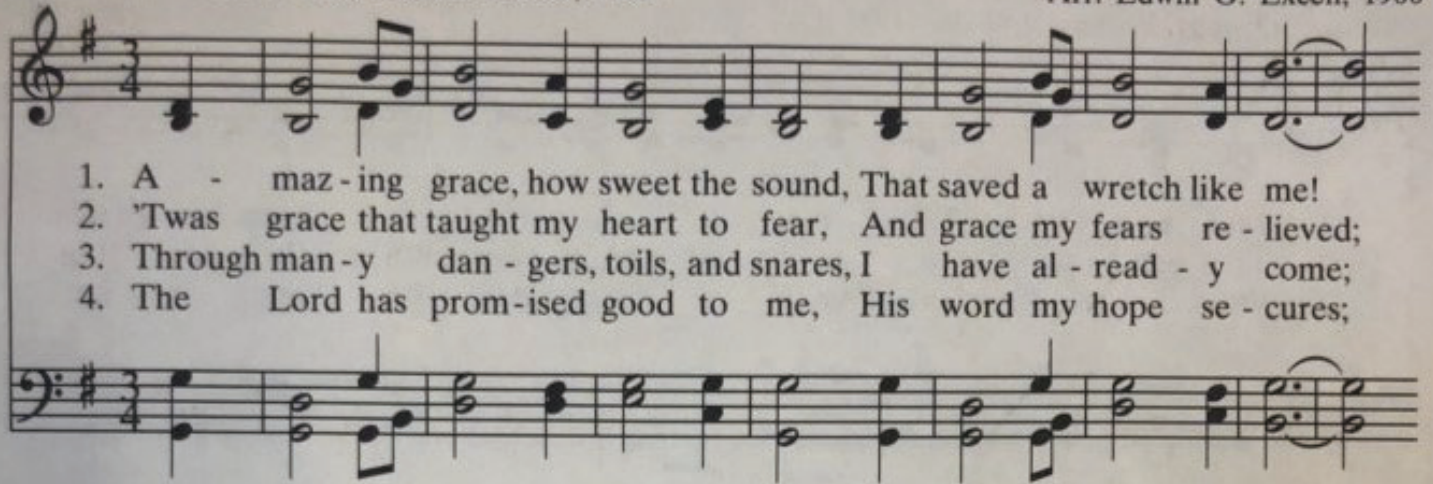
AMAZING GRACE CM

Stanzas 1-4, John Newton, 1779

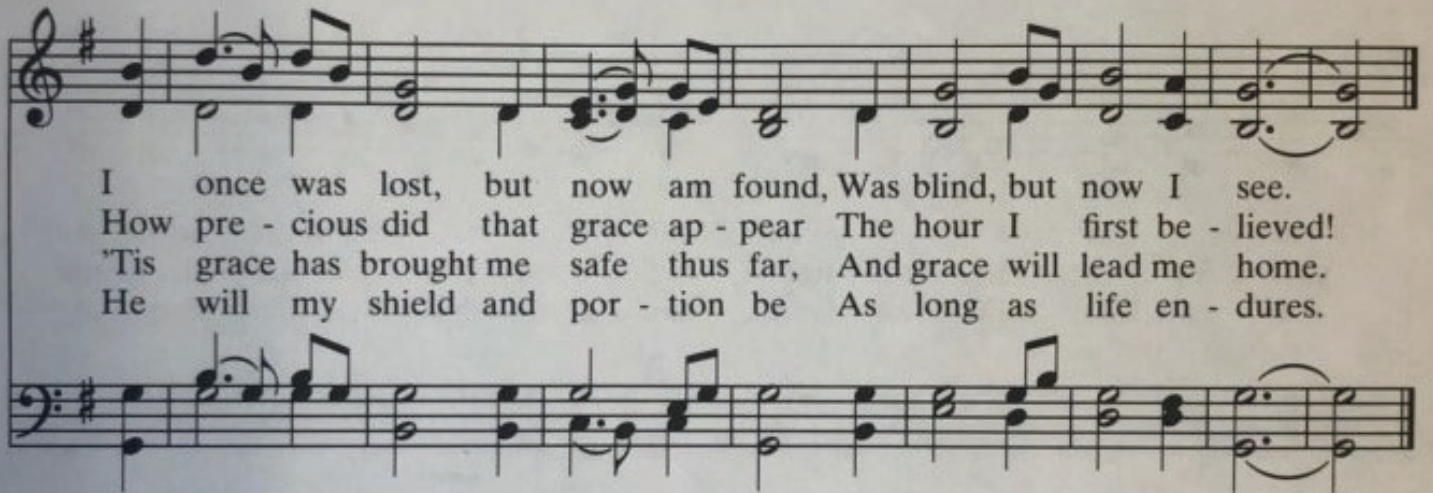
Stanza 5, *A Collection of Sacred Ballads*, 1790

Virginia Harmony, 1831

Arr. Edwin O. Excell, 1900



1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
 3. Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
 4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.

5. When we've been there ten thousand
 years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we'd first begun.

Choctaw

Shilombish holitopa ma!
 Ishmminti pulla cha
 Hatak ilbusha pia ha
 Is pi yukpalashke

Kiowa

Daw k'ee da ha dawtsahy he tsow'haw
 Daw k'ee da ha dawtsahy hee.
 Bay dawtsahy taw, gaw aym ow thah t'aw,
 Daw k'ee da ha dawtsahy h'ee.

Cherokee

Ooh nay thla nah, hee oo way gee'.
 E gah gwoo yah hay ee.
 Naw gwoo joe sah, we you low say,
 E gah gwoo yah ho nah.

Creek

Po ya fek cha he thlat ah tet
 Ah non ah cha pa kas
 Cha fee kee o funnan la kus
 Um e ha ta la yus.

Navaho

Nizhónígo jooba' diits' a'
 Yisdáshíítinígíí,
 Lah yóóiiyá, k'ad shénáhoosdzin,
 Doo eesh'íí da ní't'éé.

Text: Phonetic transcription Cherokee, Kiowa, Creek, and Choctaw: Oklahoma Indian Missionary Conference;
 Navaho: phonetic transcription by Albert Tsosie.

Be Thou My Vision

SLANE 10.10.9.10

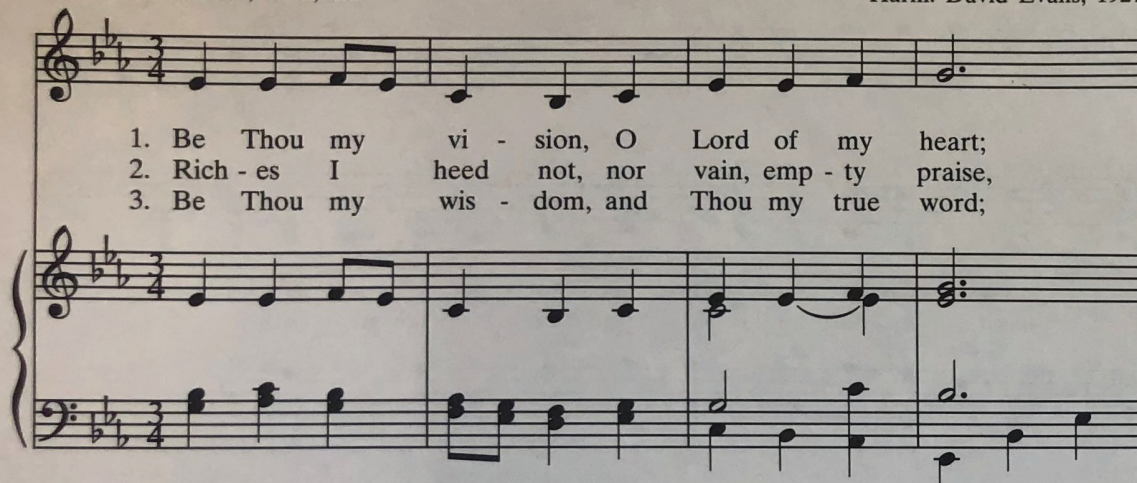
Ancient Irish poem

Trans. Mary E. Byrne, 1905

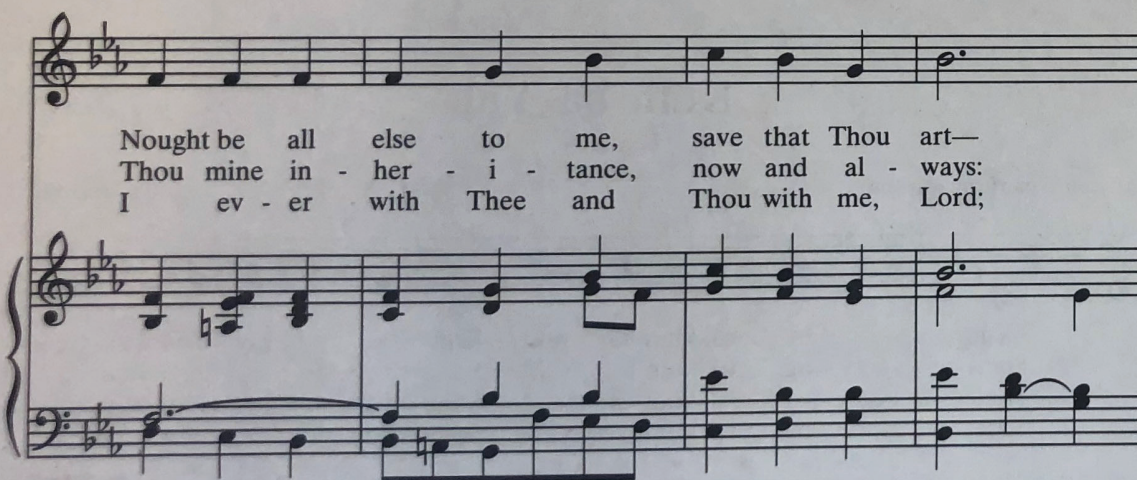
Vers. Eleanor Hull, 1912; alt.

Irish ballad

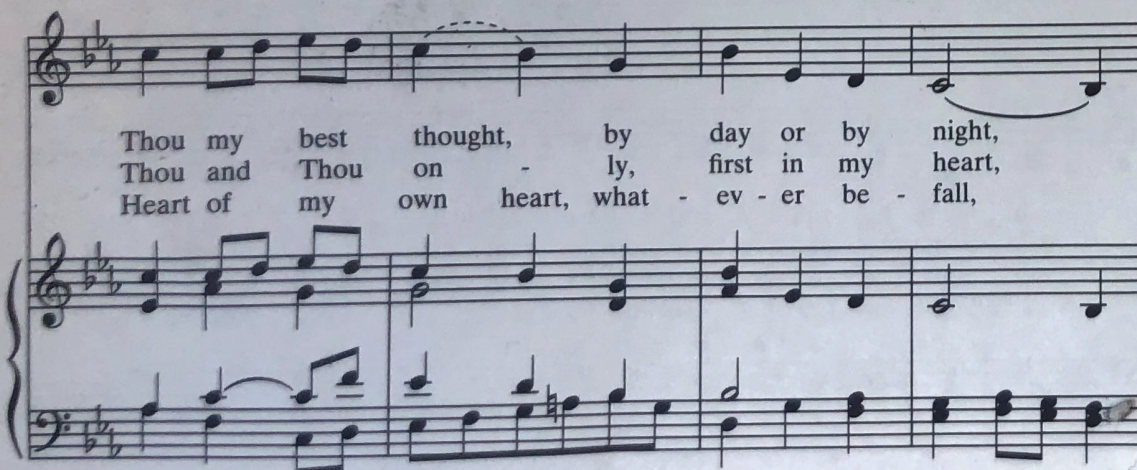
Harm. David Evans, 1927



1. Be Thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2. Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise,
 3. Be Thou my wis - dom, and Thou my true word;

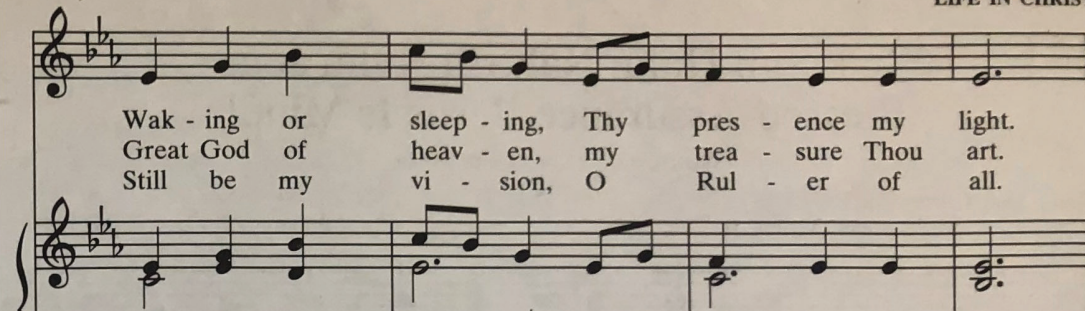


Nought be all else to me, save that Thou art—
 Thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways:
 I ev - er with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;



Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 Thou and Thou on - ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

LIFE IN CHRIST



Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.
 Great God of heav - en, my trea - sure Thou art.
 Still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.