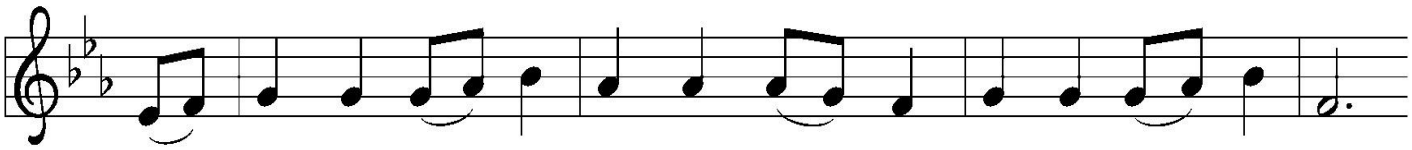
On Jordan's Stormy Bank I Stand



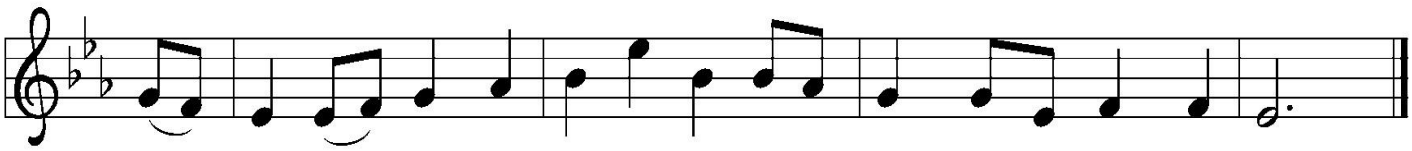
1 On Jor - dan's storm - y bank I stand, and cast a wish - ful eye
2 All o'er those wide ex - tend - ed plains shines one e - ter - nal day;
3 No chill - ing winds or poi - s'nous breath can reach that health - ful shore;
4 When shall I reach that hap - py place and be for - ev - er blest?



to Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, where my pos - ses - sions lie.
there God the Son for - ev - er reigns and scat - ters night a - way.
sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Sav - ior's face and in God's bos - om rest?



I am bound for the prom - ised land, I am bound for the prom - ised land;



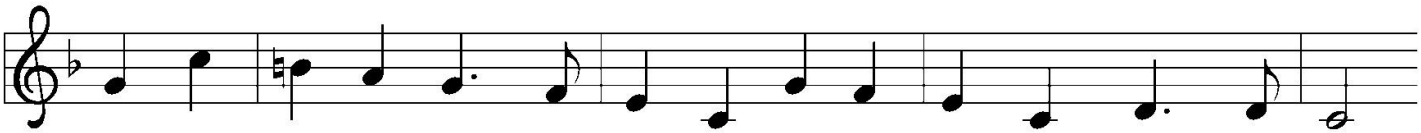
oh, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom - ised land.

Text: Samuel Stennett, 1727–1795
Music: PROMISED LAND, W. Walker, *Southern Harmony*, 1835; adapt. Rigdon M. McIntosh, 1836–1899

God, Whose Giving Knows No Ending



1 God, whose giv - ing knows no end - ing, from your rich and end - less store:
2 Skills and time are ours for press-ing toward the goals of Christ, your Son:
3 Trea - sure, too, you have en - trust - ed, gain through pow'rs your grace con - ferred;



na - ture's won - der, Je - sus' wis - dom, cost - ly cross, grave's shat - tered door,
all at peace in health and free - dom, rac - es joined, the church made one.
ours to use for home and kin - dred, and to spread the gos - pel word.



gift - ed by you, we turn to you, of - f'ring up our - selves in praise;
Now di - rect our dai - ly la - bor, lest we strive for self a - lone;
O - pen wide our hands in shar-ing, as we heed Christ's age - less call,



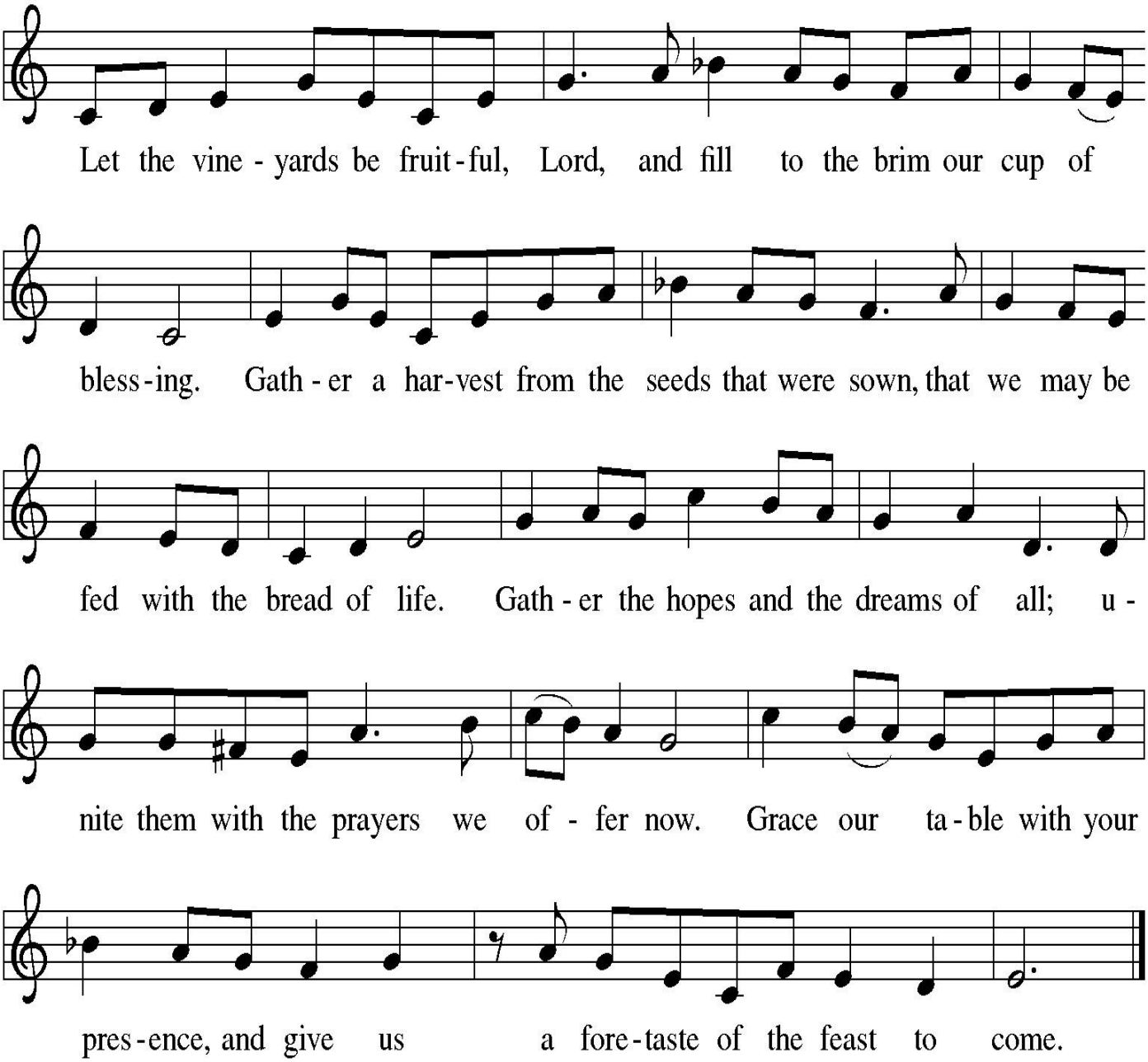
thank - ful song shall rise for - ev - er, gra - cious do - nor of our days.
born with tal - ents, make us ser - vants fit to an - swer at your throne.
heal - ing, teach - ing, and re - claim - ing, serv - ing you by lov - ing all.

Text: Robert L. Edwards, 1915–2006
Music: RUSTINGTON, C. Hubert H. Parry, 1848–1918
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Let the Vineyards Be Fruitful

Offering Song



Text: John W. Arthur, 1922-1980
Music: Richard W. Hillert, b. 1923
Text and music © 1978 *Lutheran Book of Worship*, admin. Augsburg Fortress.

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Taste and See

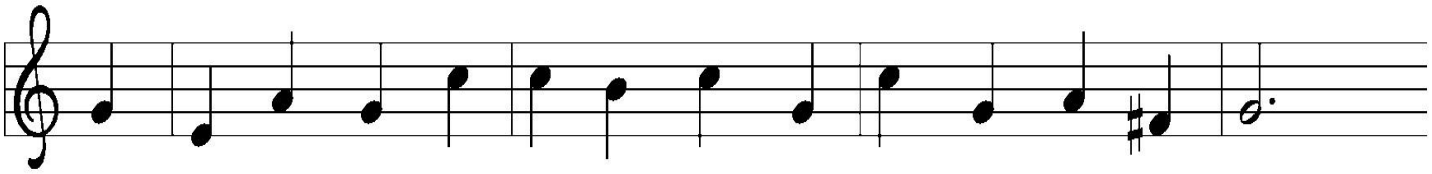
Refrain – All



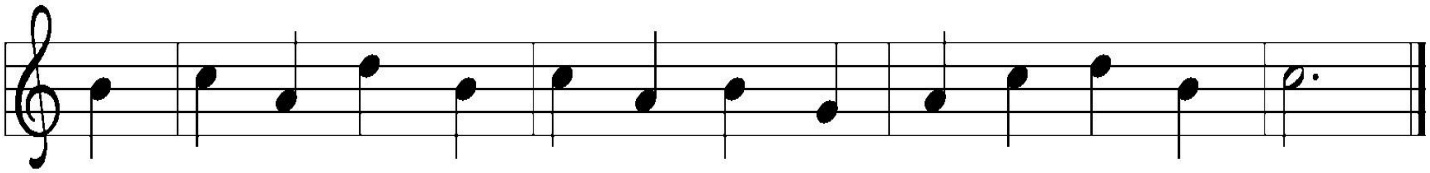
Text: James E. Moore Jr., b. 1951, based on Ps. 34
Music: TASTE AND SEE, James E. Moore Jr.
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O God, Our Help in Ages Past



1 O God, our help in a - ges past, our hope for years to come,
2 Un - der the shad - ow of your throne your saints have dwelt se - cure;
3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood or earth re - ceived its frame,
4 A thou - sand a - ges in your sight are like an eve - ning gone,



our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:
suf - fi - cient is your arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.
from ev - er - last - ing you are God, to end - less years the same.
short as the watch that 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 op'ning day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
still be our guard while troubles last
and our eternal home.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, alt.
Music: St. Anne, William Croft, 1678–1727

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