

# PRELUDE

*Repertoire for the 9 & 11 am worship services chosen from the following:*

## JUBILATE DEO

Orlando Lassus

1532-1595

Make a joyful noise to God, all the earth. Serve the Lord with gladness.

Come into his presence with singing. Know that the Lord is God.

## PSALM 43

Felix Mendelssohn

1809-1847

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause among the ungodly. Deliver me from the deceitful and unjust. For you are the God of my strength; why do you cast me aside, why must I mourn each day, fearing my foes? Send out your light and your truth, that they may lead me to your holy mountain, to your holy dwelling. Then I will go out to the altar of God, who is my friend and delight. Unto you on the harp will I give thanks. Why are you cast down, O my soul, and why is there no peace in me? Hope in God! For I will always be thankful; he is my Savior and helper, my eternal God.

## PSALM 23

Bobby McFerrin

b. 1950

The Lord is my Shepherd, I have All I need. He makes me lie down in green meadows. Beside the still waters he will lead. He restores my soul; he rights my wrongs. He leads me in a path of good things, and fills my heart with songs. Even though I walk through a dark and dreary land, there is nothing that can shake me. He has said he won't forsake thee, I'm in his hand. He sets a table before me in the presence of my foes. He anoints my head with oil, and my cup overflows. Surely goodness and kindness shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever and ever. Glory be to the Father, and the Son, and to the Holy Spirit; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

## SALMO 150

Ernani Aguiar

b. 1950

Praise the Lord in the sacred places, praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him for his mighty acts, praise him according to his exceeding greatness. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet, praise him with the lute and harp. Praise him with timbrel and dance, praise him with strings and pipes. Praise him with high-sounding cymbals of joy. Let everything that has breath praise the Lord.

## LET MY LOVE BE HEARD

Jake Runestadt

b. 1986

Angels, where you soar up to God's own light, take my own lost bird on your heart tonight, and as grief once more mounts to heaven and sings, let my love be heard, whispering in your wings.

## EMERALD STREAM

Seth Houston

b. 1974

Come, now, and gather in the glade, where the Emerald Stream and the Evening Shade, and meditate on the works he's made, great God our sovereign Lord. Join us now, the meadow is green, and the waters pure and the woods serene and the flowing air is fresh and clean where God his blessings poured. Feel the wind come down, hear it whistle as it goes, it brings us sun and it brings us snows, a blessing from above. And the sun comes up, and the sun goes down, and the stars and the moon go 'round and 'round, in witness to his love. Hear now, ye sons of men, for danger lurks in the great garden; the Lord will visit once again to see what we have done. As God is the shepherd and we are the sheep, we our mother Earth must keep, maintain the air, protect the deep, at Judgment Day he'll come. See the Lord come down, hear him whistle as he goes, he bears a thunderbolt and a rose, remember all his power. See the Lord come down, face shining bright, his holy feet are soiled but his robe is white, shines bright, you will regret that hour. So, now, my people beware, you're in charge of the seas and the earth and the air, you'd better take extraordinary care of the earth, our only home. All glory be to God on high, shout praises loudly to the sky, listen to the Earth and hear her cry, and in Heaven forever roam.

## UNCLOUDED DAY

Shawn Kirchner

b. 1970

O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, they tell me of a home far away, and they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise: O they tell me of an unclouded day. O the land of cloudless days, O the land of an unclouded sky, O they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise: O they tell me of an unclouded day. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, they tell me of a land far away, here the tree of life in eternal bloom sheds its fragrance through the unclouded day. O they tell me of a King in his beauty there, they tell me that mine eyes shall behold where he sits on a throne that is bright as the sun in a city that is made of God. O the land of unclouded days...