



**JULY 4, 2021 AT 8:30 A.M.**

# **FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**

**WORSHIP IN THE PARK | 6<sup>TH</sup> SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST**

## **Gathering & Greeting**

*(moment for silent reflection)*

## **Call to Worship**

**Hymn #65** | “Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah”

## **Prayer of Confession & Forgiveness**

Holy God, you call us to boldly proclaim your name, yet we are stubborn and rebellious and heedless of your call. By the power of your Spirit, raise us to new life that we may return to faithful living; in Christ’s name we pray.

## **Sharing of the Peace**

The peace of the Lord, Jesus Christ, be with you all!  
*And also with you!*

**Scripture Readings | Ezekiel 2:1-5 | Mark 6:1-13**

## **Message**

**Offering #730** | “I Sing A Song of the Saints of God”

## **Prayers of the People & The Lord’s Prayer**

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

**Hymn #337 (vv. 1, 3, 4)** | “My Country, ‘Tis of Thee”

## **Blessing**

## Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah 65

1 Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, pil - grim through this  
 2 O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, whence the heal - ing  
 3 When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, bid my anx - ious

bar - ren land. I am weak, but thou art might - y. Hold me  
 stream doth flow. Let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar lead me  
 fears sub - side. Death of death, and hell's de - struc - tion, land me

with thy power - ful hand. Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en,  
 all my jour - ney through. Strong de - liv - erer, strong de - liv - erer,  
 safe on Ca - naan's side. Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es

feed me till I want no more; feed me till I want no more.  
 be thou still my strength and shield; be thou still my strength and shield.  
 I will ev - er give to thee; I will ev - er give to thee.

Few Welsh hymns are as well known or loved as this 18th-century text that did not gain its popular tune until the early 20th century. In both its original text and in English translation, it is a stirring hymn of pilgrimage filled with vivid imagery from Hebrew Scripture.

## I Sing a Song of the Saints of God 730



1 I sing a song of the saints of God, pa - tient and  
 2 They loved their Lord so dear, so dear, and God's love  
 3 They lived not on - ly in a - ges past; there are hun - dreds of



brave and true, who toiled and fought and lived and  
 made them strong; and they fol - lowed the right, for Je - sus'  
 thou - sands still; the world is bright with the joy - ous



died for the Lord they loved and knew. And one was a  
 sake, the whole of their good lives long. And one was a  
 saints who love to do Je - sus' will. You can meet them in



doc - tor, and one was a queen, and one was a shep - herd - ess  
 sol - dier, and one was a priest, and one was slain by a  
 school, or in lanes, or at sea, in church, or in trains, or in



on the green: they were all of them saints of  
 fierce wild beast: and there's not an - y rea - son,  
 shops, or at tea; for the saints of God are just



God, and I mean, God help - ing, to be one too.  
 no, not the least, why I should - n't be one too.  
 folk like me, and I mean to be one too.

*Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.*

Despite the quaintness of some of the language in this text, it has an important message to communicate about the down-to-earth ordinariness of the holy people of God at all times and places. The tune name honors the island in Vermont's Lake Champlain where the composer lived.

## 337 My Country, 'Tis of Thee

1 My coun - try, 'tis of thee, sweet land of  
 2 My na - tive coun - try, thee, land of the  
 3 Let mu - sic swell the breeze, and ring from  
 4 Our \*fa - thers' God, to thee, au - thor of

lib - er - ty, of thee I sing; land where my  
 no - ble free, thy name I love; I love thy  
 all the trees sweet free - dom's song. Let mor - tal  
 lib - er - ty, to thee we sing. Long may our

\*fa - thers died, land of the pil - grims' pride,  
 rocks and rills, thy woods and tem - pled hills;  
 tongues a - wake; let all that breathe par - take;  
 land be bright with free - dom's ho - ly light;

from ev - ery moun - tain - side let free - dom ring.  
 my heart with rap - ture thrills like that a - bove.  
 let rocks their si - lence break, the sound pro - long.  
 pro - tect us by thy might, great God, our King.

\*Or "parents"

This now-familiar patriotic song was written by a Baptist minister and received its first public performance at an Independence Day celebration by the Boston Sabbath School Union in 1831. It was written to replace a German patriotic text sung to the same tune.