



## Abba Hillel Silver Collection Digitization Project

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### **MS-4787: Abba Hillel Silver Papers, 1902-1989.**

Series V: Writings, 1909-1963, undated.

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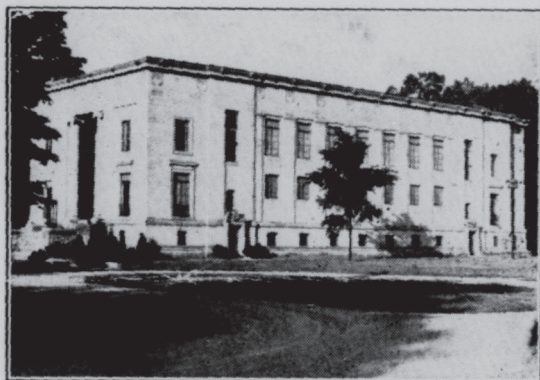
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Lake Erie College, 1938.

5834  
The Helen Rockwell Morley Memorial Music Building

# Lake Erie College

Marian Blanche Small, A. M., Litt. D., L. L. D., President  
Edwin Arthur Kraft, F. A. C. O., Organist and Director of Music  
Hainesville, Ohio



## Vesper Service

Sunday afternoon

May 1, 1938

at 4 o'clock

### ORGAN PRELUDE

Nocturne ..... Gaston M. Dethier

PROCESSIONAL HYMN—"O bless the Lord, my soul!"... Arr. from Robert Schumann

(Congregation rise and join in the singing)

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|---|--|
| 1 O bless the Lord, my soul!<br>His grace to thee, proclaim,<br>And all that is within me join<br>To bless His holy name. | 4 He pardons all thy sins;<br>Prolongs thy feeble breath;<br>He heals all thine infirmities<br>And ransoms thee from death.                |
| 2 O bless the Lord, my soul!<br>His mercies bear in mind;<br>Forget not all His Benefits;<br>The Lord to thee is kind.    | 5 He clothes thee with His love,<br>Upholds thee with His truth,<br>And like the eagle He renews<br>The vigor of thy youth.                |
| 3 He will not always chide;<br>He will with patience wait;<br>His wrath is ever slow to rise,<br>And ready to abate.      | 6 Then bless His holy name,<br>Whose grace has made thee whole,<br>Whose loving-kindness crowns thy<br>days;<br>O bless the Lord, my soul! |

Isaac Watts

### INVOCATION

THE CALL TO WORSHIP (Congregation read in unison)

O come, let us sing unto the Lord;  
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving;  
Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God,  
And a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth;  
The heights of the mountains are his also.

The sea is his, and he made it;  
And his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down;  
Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For he is our God,  
And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

(Congregation sit)



ANTHEM—"Psalm 150" ..... *Cesar Franck*

Hallelujah! O praise ye the Lord in His sanctuary; Praise ye the Lord in the firmament of His pow'r. Praise ye Him for His mighty acts, praise ye Him according to His majesty. Praise ye Him with the sound of the trumpet, praise ye Him with the psalt'ry and harp. Praise ye Him with the timbrel. Praise ye Him with the dance. Praise Him with the organ and stringed instruments. Praise ye Him upon the loud cymbals; praise ye Him upon the high sounding cymbals. Let ev'rything that hath breath praise the Lord. Hallelujah!

HYMN—"The King of love my Shepherd is" ..... *John B. Dykes, 1868*  
(*Congregation sing sitting*)

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|---|--|
| <p>1 The King of love my Shepherd is,<br/>Whose goodness faileth never;<br/>I nothing lack if I am His,<br/>And He is mine for ever.</p> <p>2 Where streams of living water flow<br/>My ransomed soul He leadeth,<br/>And, where the verdant pastures<br/>grow,<br/>With food celestial feedeth.</p> <p>3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,<br/>But yet in love He sought me,<br/>And on His shoulder gently laid,<br/>And home, rejoicing, brought me.</p> | <p>4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill<br/>With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;<br/>Thy rod and staff my comfort still,<br/>Thy cross before to guide me.</p> <p>5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;<br/>Thy unction grace bestoweth;<br/>And O what transport of delight<br/>From Thy pure chalice floweth!</p> <p>6 And so through all the length of days<br/>Thy goodness faileth never;<br/>Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy<br/>praise<br/>Within Thy house for ever.</p> |
|---|--|

*Henry W. Baker, 1868*

ANTHEM—"Gloria" ..... *A. Buzzi-Peccia*

Glory, O God who from the heav'n above  
Rulest supreme the world.

Every flower feels the power  
Of the budding April time,  
Every heart doth bear it's part  
In praising Thee, O Lord divine.

So the breeze on the seas  
'Neath a cloudless summer sky  
Show thy face reflected  
From the great throne on high.

In the dark day of sorrow  
Our great comfort thou art.  
From thee must we borrow  
All the solace for the heart.

God is there,  
Haste his mercy implore.  
All acclaim His great name  
Sovereign Lord for evermore.

Glory Thou who art Lord of all;  
Who to Thy power doth all mercy  
unite  
Works of men endure not  
All they pass in at night.

Thou forever reignest  
In Thy splendor and Night.  
Glory Thou who art Lord of all:  
God of Love, God of Might,  
God Forever!

Responsive Reading (*Congregation rise*)

I will hear what God the Lord will speak;  
*For he will speak unto his people, and to his saints:*

Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him,  
*That glory may dwell in our land.*

Mercy and truth are met together;  
*Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.*

Truth springeth out of the earth:  
*And righteousness hath looked down from heaven.*

Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good;  
*And our land shall yield her increase.*

Righteousness shall go before him,  
*And shall make his footsteps a way to walk in.*

Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.  
*They cried unto thee, and were delivered: they trusted in thee, and were not ashamed.*

Preserve me, O God; for in thee do I put my trust.  
*I have said unto the Lord, thou art my Lord: I have no good beyond thee.*

As for the saints that are in the earth,  
*They are the excellent in whom is all my delight.*

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup:  
*Thou maintainest my lot.*



The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;  
Yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I have set the Lord always before me:  
Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth:  
My flesh also shall dwell in safety.

Thou wilt show me the path of life:  
In thy presence is fulness of joy: in thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

#### GLORIA PATRI—The Choir and Congregation

#### ANTHEM—"Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven".....Clarence G. Hamilton

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
To His feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Evermore His praises sing:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hand He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height adore Him!  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Saints triumphant bow before Him!  
Gathered in from every race.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise with us the God of grace.  
Amen.

#### SCRIPTURE READING

#### ANTHEM—"Brother James' Air" (Marosa).....Arr. by Gordon Jacob

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the Paths of Blessedness,  
E'en for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I pass through shadowed  
vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill;  
For Thou art with me  
And Thy Rod and Staff me comfort  
ARCH still.

My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head with oil Thou dost anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my days  
Will surely follow me;  
And in my Father's heart always  
My dwelling place shall be.

Brother James is the familiar name by which many remember James Leith Macbeth Bain, who was born in Scotland towards the middle of last century and passed away in 1925. Like St. Francis, he combined the spiritual genius of the Mystic with the irresistible charm and trust of the child who loves all men and all creatures. This Air is perhaps the most beautiful of many that came to him spontaneously, and it has, in its simplicity, something of that rare quality of appeal that Maurice Baring describes thus: "It was a wonderful tune—a tune that opened its arms."

#### HYMN—"The shadows of the evening hours".....Henry Hiles, 1867

(Congregation rise and join in the singing)

1. The shadows of the evening hours  
Fall from the darkening sky;  
Upon the fragrance of the flowers  
The dews of evening lie.  
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven  
We come at close of day;  
Look on Thy children from on high,  
And hear us while we pray.

2. The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,  
O do not Thou despise,  
But let the incense of our prayers  
Before Thy mercy rise.  
The brightness of the coming night  
Upon the darkness rolls;  
With hopes of future glory chase  
The shadows from our souls.

3. Slowly the rays of daylight fade:  
So fade within our heart  
The hopes in earthly love and joy,  
That one by one depart.  
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,  
Within the heavens shine:  
Give up, O Lord, fresh hopes in  
heaven,  
And trust in things divine.

4. Let Peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,  
Upon our souls descend;  
From midnight fears and perils,  
Thou  
Our trembling hearts defend.  
Give us a respite from our toil;  
Calm and subdue our woes;  
Through the long day we labor,  
Lord,  
O give us now repose. Amen.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1862



ADDRESS BY RABBI ABBA HILLEL SILVER, D. D.

The Temple, Cleveland

VESPER HYMN—"God, that madest earth and heaven".....*E. J. Hopkins, 1867*

*(Choir sing, sitting)*

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|---|--|
| 1. God that madest earth and heaven,<br>Darkness and light;<br>Who the day for toil hast given,<br>For rest the night;<br>May Thine angle-guards defend us,<br>Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,<br>Holy dreams and hopes attend us,<br>This livelong night. | 2. And when morn again shall call us<br>To run life's way,<br>May we still, whate'er befall us,<br>Thy will obey.<br>From the power of evil hide us,<br>In the narrow pathway guide us,<br>Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us,<br>The livelong day. |
| 3. Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,<br>And, when we die,<br>May we in Thy mighty keeping,<br>All peaceful lie;<br>When the last dread call shall wake<br>us,<br>Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,<br>But to reign in glory take us<br>With Thee on high. |  |

*Reginald Heber, 1827; Richard Whately, 1855*

BENEDICTION

SEVEN-FOLD AMEN .....*John Stainer*

RECESSIONAL HYMN—"The spacious firmament on high".....*Joseph Haydn, 1798*

*(Congregation rise and join in the singing)*

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|---|---|
| 1. The spacious firmament on high,<br>With all the blue ethereal sky,<br>And spangled heav'ns, a shining<br>frame,<br>Their great Original proclaim.<br>Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,<br>Doth his Creator's pow'r display,<br>And publishes to ev'ry land<br>The work of an almighty hand.                    | 2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,<br>The moon takes up the wondrous<br>tale,<br>And nightly to the listening earth,<br>Repeats the story of her birth;<br>While all the stars that round her<br>burn,<br>And all the planets in their turn,<br>Confirm the tidings as they roll,<br>And spread the truth from pole to<br>pole. |
| 3. What though in solemn silence all<br>Move 'round this dark terrestrial<br>ball;<br>What though no real voice nor sound<br>Amidst their radiant orbs be found;<br>In reason's ear they all rejoice,<br>And utter forth a glorious voice;<br>For ever singing as they shine,<br>"The hand that made us is divine." |   |

*Joseph Addison, 1712*

ORGAN POSTLUDE

Fugue in G Major .....*J. S. Bach*

You are cordially invited to worship with us at our next Vesper Service to be held on Sunday afternoon, May 15th, at 4 o'clock. The speaker will be The Reverend Philip Smead Bird, D. D., Pastor of the Church of the Covenant, Cleveland.