- Grace and peace to you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. We welcome you to this service of worship at Duke University Chapel, and pray that you will receive a blessing during this hour. We welcome as our guest preacher today, the Reverend Dr. Harold Warlick Jr., Chairman of the Department of Religion and Philosophy and Minister to the College at High Point College in High Point, North Carolina. As a former parish minister, seminary professor, and now college professor, he brings a wide of range of experiences to his preaching. We certainly look forward to his message today. I'd also like to thank Mr. Chuck VanSant, Assistant Dean for Residential Life, for serving as our lector today. We are truly indebted to the Duke Chapel Summer Choir for the offerings they have made throughout the summer to our services. This is their final Sunday for the summer and we wish to thank each and every one of them for their vital contributions here at the chapel. Please note the remaining announcements as they are printed in your bulletins and now let us continue our worship. (choir sings) ♪ Praise ye the Lord of hosts ♪ ♪ Sing His salvation ♪ ♪ Bless His name ♪ ♪ Show forth His praise ♪ ♪ In His holy house ♪ ♪ Earth shall be glad ♪ ♪ All ye heavens now be joyful ♪ ♪ Christ bringing peace to the earth ♪ ♪ All the glad shall sing ♪ ♪ Alleluia ♪ ("Come, Christians, Join to Sing") (congregation sings) ♪ Come Christians join to sing ♪ ♪ Alleluia, Amen ♪ ♪ Loud praise to Christ our King ♪ ♪ Alleluia, Amen ♪ ♪ Let all with heart and voice ♪ ♪ Before His throne rejoice ♪ ♪ Praise is His gracious choice ♪ ♪ Alleluia, Amen ♪ ♪ Come, lift your hearts on high ♪ ♪ Alleluia, Amen ♪ ♪ Let praises fill the sky ♪ ♪ Alleluia, Amen ♪ ♪ He is our guide and friend ♪ ♪ To us He'll condescend ♪ ♪ His love shall never end ♪ ♪ Alleluia, Amen ♪ ♪ Praise yet the Lord again ♪ ♪ Alleluia, Amen ♪ ♪ Life shall not end the strain ♪ ♪ Alleluia, Amen ♪ ♪ On heaven's blissful shore ♪ ♪ His goodness we'll adore ♪ ♪ Singing forevermore ♪ ♪ Alleluia, Amen ♪ Mighty God, whom we long to see by some powerful revelation or miraculous intervention, speak to us today in a still small voice. We seek you on behalf of the multitudes who need your transforming power, but also for ourselves. Encourage us to take the next step in response to your summons. Reform our doubts that faith may empower us. Amen.

- Let us pray.

All: Open our hearts and minds, oh God, by the power of your holy spirit. So that, as the Word is read and proclaimed, we might hear with joy, what you say to us this day, amen.

- The first reading is taken from the book of Exodus. Then the angel of God, who went before the host of Israel, moved and went behind them. And the pillar of cloud moved from before them and stood behind them. Coming between the host of Egypt and the host of Israel. And there was the cloud and the darkness and the night passed without one coming near the other all night. Then Moses stretched out his hand over the sea, and God drove the sea back by a strong east wind all night. And made the sea dry land. And the waters were divided. And the people of Israel went into the midst of the sea on dry ground, the waters being a wall to them on their right hand and on their left. The Egyptians pursued and went in after them in the midst of the sea. All Pharaoh's horses, chariots, and drivers. And in the morning watch, God in the pillar of fire and of cloud, looked down upon the host of the Egyptians and confounded the host of the Egyptians, clogging their chariot wheels so that they drove heavily. And the Egyptians said, "Let us flee from before

Israel! "For God fights for them against the Egyptians!" Then God said to Moses, "Stretch out your hand over the sea, "that the water may come back upon the Egyptians, "upon their chariots, and upon their drivers." So Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea and the sea returned to its normal flow when the morning appeared and the Egyptians fled into it and God routed the Egyptians in the midst of the sea. The waters returned and covered the chariots and the drivers and all the hosts of Pharaoh that had followed them into the sea. Not so much as one of them remained. But the people of Israel walked on dry ground through the sea, the waters being a wall to them on their left hand and on their right. Thus God saved Israel that day from the hand of the Egyptians. And Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore and Israel saw the great work that God had done against the Egyptians and the people feared God. And they believed in God and in his servant Moses. This is the word of the Lord.

Congregation: Thanks be to God.

- Please stand as we join together in singing responsively Psalms 106, verses four through 12. ♪ Remember me, oh Lord, ♪ ♪ when you show favor to your people ♪ ♪ Help me when you deliver them ♪ ♪ That I might see the prosperity of your chosen ones ♪ ♪ That I might rejoice in the gladness of your nation ♪ ♪ That I may glory with your inheritance ♪ ♪ Both we and our forebears have sinned ♪ ♪ We have committed iniquity ♪ ♪ We have done wickedly ♪ ♪ Our forebears, when they were in Egypt ♪ ♪ Did not consider your wondrous works ♪ ♪ They did not remember the abundance of your steadfast love ♪ ♪ But rebelled against the most high at the Red Sea ♪ ♪ Yet he saved them for his holy name ♪ ♪ To make known his power on high ♪ ♪ God rebuked the Red Sea and it became dry ♪ ♪ And led them through the deep as through a desert ♪ ♪ So God saved them from the hand of the foe ♪ ♪ And redeemed them from the power of the enemy ♪ ♪ And the waters covered their adversaries ♪ ♪ Not one of them was left ♪ ♪ Then they believed God's words ♪ ♪ They sang God's praise ♪ ("Gloria") ♪ Glory be ♪ ♪ To our creator ♪ ♪ Praise to our ♪ ♪ Redeemer Lord ♪ ♪ Glory be ♪ ♪ To our Sustainer ♪ ♪ Ever three ♪ ♪ And ever one ♪ ♪ As it was ♪ ♪ In the beginning ♪ ♪ Now and evermore ♪ ♪ Shall be ♪

- The second reading is taken from the gospel according to Matthew. Jesus made the disciples get into the boat and go on ahead to the other side while he dismissed the crowds. After dismissing the crowds, he went up on the mountain to pray by himself. When evening came he was there alone but the boat by this time was many furlongs distant from the land, beaten by the waves for the wind was against them. And in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came to the disciples, walking on the sea. But when the disciples saw Jesus walking on the sea, they were terrified saying, "It is a ghost!" And they cried out in fear. But immediately Jesus spoke to them saying, "Take heart, it is I; have no fear." And Peter answered, "Lord, if it is you, "bid me come to you on the water." Jesus said, "Come." So Peter got out of the boat and walked on the water and came to Jesus. But seeing the wind, Peter was afraid and beginning to sink cried out, "Lord, save me!" Jesus immediately reached out and caught Peter saying, "Oh you of little faith, why do you doubt?" And when Jesus and Peter got into the boat the wind ceased. And those in the boat worshiped Jesus saying, "Truly, you are the son of God." This is the word of the Lord.

All: Thanks be to God. (Requiem, Movement III "Sanctus" by Gabriel Faure) (singing in Latin)

- I am delighted to be with you this morning. This is an opportunity for worship. One would think that when you choose a subject for such an opportunity as this, that that subject would be intellectually stimulating, educationally sound, and emotionally compelling. Power is none of those. We clergy do not handle it very well when it comes our way. Yet this morning, we are surrounded by every vestige of power from every direction. The situation in the Middle East reminds us that whether we are Arab or Jew, Christian or Muslim, the fundamental human will to power raises its ugly head in a world of peace. If that were not enough, the ecumenical readings for today are as follows. The Old Testament lesson for August 12th, depicts the power of God to enable Moses to stretch his hands, part the waters, and utterly destroy the entire army of the Pharaoh. The New Testament gospel for today, depicts the power of Jesus to walk on water. The epistle for today, which we did not read, tells of the power of God's word to enable all of us to become children of Abraham. Finally, when you speak at Duke Chapel, they send you tips on the sound system. Speak in a loud powerful voice. It is not too difficult to be too distinct or too dramatic in this very live building. Last night I counseled a young couple, recent graduates of Duke, they're being married in Kentucky and they told me that they loved coming to this Chapel for four years, especially in the summer. But that the summer preachers were either powerful or terrible. We have no choice but to talk about it this morning. I suppose that one first learns about power and control when one goes away from home for the first time. I've always had a special place in my heart for those students on university campuses who are paid to manage dormitories. I served as a resident advisor, managing a dormitory at Harvard University during the Vietnam War era. I grew up in a hurry. It would've been an easy job except for one student. His name was Dan. Dan was a small scrawny little individual but he made up for that with his oversized mouth. His goal in life was to be the world's biggest irritant. He was an expert at it. When a professor would assign a reading from a library book, Dan would go into Widener Library at Harvard University, find the book, look up the chapter, tear it out, fold it up, put it in his pocket, and walk out of the library with it. But his most annoying trait was late night telephoning his fiancee in California. Dan was too cheap to have a phone in his room so he used the payphone in the hallway at 2:00 AM eastern time. Three evenings a week he would go into the payphone and drop umpteen nickels, dimes, and quarters into the machine. Then he would talk to this woman in a loud voice for several hours. All of the students in the dormitory would come to my room, beat on the door, tell me "You're being paid to deal with him. "Make him get off the telephone." I would go and Dan would look at me and say, "Warlick, you don't have the power "to tell me when to use the telephone. "Only the telephone company has the power "to tell me when not to use their telephone." Finally one night, Dan was giving me that you don't have the power to make me do it speech, and Bob walked out of his room. Bob had been an All-American football player at the University of Michigan. He weighed 270 pounds. Without saying a word he took about 15 steps, aimed his shoulder at the telephone, knocked it completely off the wall. Wires whipped everywhere. One of them caught little Dan under his armpit, drew blood, and knocked him on the floor. Bob looked down at him and said, "Now Dan, that's how you use power." Believe it or not, at times, the human race has viewed God's use of power in that manner. The nation Israel at one point, viewed God as a deity who would take all He could stomach of human nature. Let Israel's enemies push her almost to the brink, draw a symbolic line in the sand, and when another nation crossed over, knock them off the wall and start over. At other times, God would take all the irritation he could stand from Israel herself, then he would choose another nation to come in and knock Israel off the wall and say, "Now Israel, that's power." Certainly power is the ability to affect a change. One of the critical elements in the ministry of Jesus was this issue of power. He contended that most of us do not know how God uses power. We often ask if God is so

powerful, why does this powerful God allow so much evil to prosper? When those Jews and Christians were praying, why didn't God strike down Adolf Hitler? If I were God, I would've done that. If I were God, we wouldn't have the problems we have in today's world. We would not've had a civil war. I would've ended slavery. We would not have apartheid in South Africa. I would not put up with that mess for one minute. I would show people how to cure cancer. If I were all-powerful, I would not just hear the prayers of the winners. I would've run Marcos out of the Philippines years ago. I would have eliminated Gaddafi, he would be out of this earth. And Iraq would still be beyond the Kuwaiti border. That's power. And Jesus Christ said, "No, it isn't." That that is not real power. That it takes less power to do that than it does to act like God. Jesus said, "God is love." God bears and grieves and cries. And God's power is not related to force. That God's power is related to a purpose. The whole world coming to understand that love is greater than force. The whole world coming to understand that love is greater than force. If that's the goal, God cannot use power selectively. Let me give you an example. A teacher could have a great class if he or she simply excluded all the lazy, average, tiresome, and boring students. If you threw out all the non-A students, you would have a rather exclusive and exciting class to teach. I've known some professors, God forbid, not here at Duke, but at other places I've taught, who use educational power in that manner. The very first class, they throw out a mile a minute lecture and the poor students are sitting there like trying to take a sip of water from a fire hose. Then they hand out a reading list and a syllabus that terrifies all but the brilliant students. Those average students drop the course. And all that you are left to teach are the good students. It's quite a power play. You see, teachers are not evaluated until the end of the course. And if you don't have any average students in there everyone is going to get a good grade and they're gonna say Dr. Warlick is the greatest thing since sliced bread. But if your purpose is to teach all the students, it's quite another matter. If your purpose is to educate all the students, you cannot use your power to discriminate. If God must operate with our world in a similar manner, what power do you get from being a Christian? What do you have a right to pray for? What does prayer do for us? The only reason I know for prayer is that it gives you the power of an identity that goes back farther than your own birth and race and extends beyond your own death. The power of an identity that goes back beyond your own birth and extends beyond your own death. It's amazing how we become prisoners of amnesia. To forget who you are is called amnesia. I'll never forget the time Big Al Geddie forgot who he was. Big Al was from the little town of Mount Olive, North Carolina. He was the biggest athlete ever recruited by Furman University. Our colors were purple and white, ugly, but distinctive. So we had purple helmets with a white stripe down the middle. Everyone but Big Al. Big Al's head was so big that the Riddell Company could not make a helmet that big, except in white. So Big Al looked funny. All of us running around in our purple helmets and Big Al out there in his white helmet. One day, Big Al did not come to class. For one week, Big All did not come to class. Nothing in Big Al's room was out of order. His clothes were in the closet, his bed was made, even his wallet was on the dresser. But no one knew where Big Al was. No one at the university had seen him in three weeks. No one in his hometown of Mount Olive, North Carolina had seen him in three weeks. The police and media throughout the south searched for Big Al. You could not watch television without seeing Big Al's picture. The Atlanta, Georgia Police Department finally found him. He was wandering around the streets of downtown Atlanta by Five Points. Big Al didn't know who he was. And the Atlanta Police, realizing that he had amnesia, didn't know who he was either. Nobody, least of all Big Al who didn't know he was Big Al, knew how he got to Atlanta, where he stayed at night, or how he had eaten. They took Big Al back home to Mount Olive, North Carolina. And they reintroduced him to his family. It was embarrassing. They said, "Big Al, meet your momma." I don't

know that lady. This is your momma, this is where you came from. I don't know that lady. Big Al, this is your daddy. This is your heritage, this is your family. I don't know that man. Big Al, this is where you came from. Well after a year, Big Al's memory came back. He remember who he was, and he came back to college and finished. Big Al didn't forget he was Big Al anymore. It must be a horrible thing to forget who you are and have to be reintroduced to your heritage. Fred Craddock of Emory believes that we humans have a residue of Eden in our memory. That we are all born created with this faint memory in our consciousness of a closeness to God. Consequently, anyone who cannot attach herself or himself to a memory that stretches back beyond their birth, their race, their country, their family, is in real trouble. In essence, prayer gives us the power to tie ourselves to a life that precedes our birth and goes beyond our death. We are enrolled in a story that is larger than Hal Warlick, 44 year old white man, August 12, 1990, Durham, North Carolina. We were there with the ancient Jews. We were in Egypt waiting to get out. We were with Abraham. We were in Jerusalem. We were at Plymouth, Massachusetts. We were in Valley Forge as the snow fell and made our toes frigid. We were with Black Moses, Harriet Tubman, as she struggled across the Susquehanna. If we do not absorb that into our consciousness, our identity is not complete. We are left orphaned to the illnesses, the wars, the sins of our day. It is amazing how amnesia can strike anyone and make us forget that we are children of God and should live by love instead of force. I've forgotten who I was at a time. People had to come to me and say, "Warlick, you're acting differently from your heritage. "That's not the way you were born." The president of a bank can forget who he or she is. The president of a university can forget the heritage. Students come to college and they forget whose they are. It happens all the time. We get orphaned without a memory. I've seen some horrible cases. I'll never forget one. There was a mother, she raised her son amid the rats in a Houston, Texas ghetto. There were rats coming in and out of the one room that they ate and slept in. The mother held two jobs. By day, she was a teacher's aide in the Houston Public School System. At night, she worked in a laundry folding clothes. With every dollar she made that was not needed for the bare essentials, she purchased books for this little son. This boy grew up and made a perfect score on the SAT. 1600, the big 1-6-0-0. He went to the University of Texas. While he was there, he made straight As. A 4.0 grade point average. Every major graduate school in the country wanted him. They sent their best minority recruiters to Austin, Texas to meet with him. Full scholarship. Yale wanted him. Duke wanted him. Harvard wanted him. Stanford wanted him. Finally, Harvard University called in its most outstanding black professor and said, "You go to Austin and get this boy." And he said, "I want to take Hal Warlick with me. "He speaks southern." So I went. And there we were, a strange mixture, to offer a scholarship to this intellectual phenom. We met with him in the lobby of a hotel in downtown Austin. He began the interview by discounting completely his childhood. Dumping on the very environment that had produced him. He let it be known in no uncertain terms that he was going to grab it all. He was going to become a millionaire. And by the time he was 25 years old, he would be driving a big Mercedes up Main Street. In four years of college life, he had not been back to see his mother even one time. "I'm beyond that," He said. "I'm beyond her. "We don't have anything in common intellectually. "We can't even talk on the telephone about philosophy, "about theology, about business, "or the political situation." We asked him if he had gone to church or the university chapel, or belonged to any service organization at the University of Texas. Oh, I'm way beyond that too. I'm long past that simplistic emotional stuff. That pie in the sky by and by stuff is for poor people. And for unintelligent saps. Rather sadly, this venerable professor looked at him and said, "Son, we can't offer you a scholarship. "We don't want you. "Go somewhere else. "You don't even know who you are. "Your memory is too short. "It would be a waste of a university's money "to educate you. "This suffering, hurting,

violent world "is not going to be helped by one more selfish millionaire "arrogantly driving his Mercedes up Main Street. "Don't you see that?" The boy jumped up and angrily spit the words into the face of that professor. Like hot rivets pounding into a steel girder, he said, "That's okay, "one day I'll have the power "to bury sentimental fools like you." I had a strange sense of deja vu as he walked angrily away through the falling rain of Austin. In terms of knowing who he was, His amnesia was as great as Big Al Geddie's. Walking aimlessly the streets. A memory that can reach no farther back than our own time. The disciples went to Jesus and they said, "Give us the power. "Teach us to pray. "It gives you something that it doesn't give us "and we want it." It's one of the few things they ever asked Him for. And Jesus said, "When you pray, "say our, not my." Our mother, our father, our parent, cosmic father, mother, parent, of all those born before you and to die after you. Reach an identity that goes back farther than your own life and extends beyond your own future. That's the only way you can put up with the suffering and the illness and the sin of the day in which you live. Can there be any more lasting power. The New Testament crystallized this new identity. Jesus is called the angel of the bottomless pit, the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, the power of all powers, the name that is before and beyond every name. As they moved and breathed, loved and died. Peter and John were asked this question: Where do you get the power to be so bold? And Peter responded, "There is no other power "given among humanity "by which one can be saved." With an identity that began before his birth and extended beyond his death, Paul could sweep away every lingering doubt as to God's power with a series of paired opposites. Neither death not life. Neither angels nor powers. Nor things present, nor things to come. No power on high, no power from below, shall ever be able to separate us from the love of God. In a world of violence, confusion, help and helplessness, that is power. So be it. ("Give to the Winds Thy Fears") ♪ Give to the winds thy fears ♪ ♪ Hope and be undismayed ♪ ♪ God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ♪ ♪ God shall life up thy head ♪ ♪ Through waves and clouds and storms ♪ ♪ God gently clears thy way ♪ ♪ Wait thou God's time so shall this night ♪ ♪ Soon end in joyous day ♪ ♪ Leave to God's sovereign sway ♪ ♪ To choose and to command ♪ ♪ So shalt that wondering own that way ♪ ♪ How wise how strong this hand ♪ ♪ Let us in life in death ♪ ♪ Thy steadfast truth declare ♪ ♪ And publish with our latest breath ♪ ♪ Thy love and guardian care ♪

Nancy: The Lord be with you.

Congregation: And also with you.

- Let us pray. Oh eternal spirit from whom we come, to whom we belong, and in who's service is our peace, we worship you. Mysterious indeed is this vast universe into which, without our asking it, you have ushered us. We stand in awe before your power which is beyond our ability to measure. Yet even as we fail to comprehend the magnitude of your power, to divide and to heal, we rest in the knowledge that yours is also a gentle strength and that you have cared for us ever since you knit us together in our mother's wombs. You have promised never to forget us, for you have carved us in the palms of your hands. Therefore we life these prayers for others unto you, asking you to hear us and to answer. We bring before you, creating God, all our physical needs. We pray for all those weakened by the merciless plague of hunger and malnutrition, for all who are stricken with terminal illness or other disease, especially patients at Duke Hospital and for their families. For all who seek to do injury to themselves or to others, for all who discover in the process of aging, that their bodies are failing them. Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer. We bring before you, redeeming God,

the needs of our minds. We pray for all those involved in educational pursuits, students, teachers, administrators, staff. For all those suffering from the tyranny of mental illness. For all who seek to expand our minds, inventors, explorers, creative artists. Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer. We bring before you, sustaining God, the needs of our relationships. We pray for all those embroiled in conflict, between parent and child, between husband and wife, between friends, and between nations, especially for the people of Iraq, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Liberia, Vietnam, Cambodia. We pray for all who suffer from a lack of relationships and are burdened by a sense of loneliness, of failure, or of despair. We pray for all who seek to build new relationships. For all newlyweds, especially for the many couples married in Duke Chapel over the past year. For all new parents. And for the people of western and eastern Europe, as they create new governments, new economies, and new diplomatic alliances. Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer. Oh gracious God, we lift these prayers unto you as well as the deep and unspoken needs of this congregation. Bless us in our waking and in our sleeping, in times of contentment and distress, that your name may be praised throughout all eternity. Amen. And now as we remember the mighty acts of God, let us offer our gifts and ourselves unto God. (organ music) ("With a Voice of Singing" by Martin Shaw) ♪ With a voice of singing ♪ ♪ Declare ye this and let it be heard ♪ ♪ Alleluia ♪ ♪ Declare ye this ♪ ♪ And let it be heard ♪ ♪ Alleluia ♪ ♪ Utter it even ♪ ♪ Unto the ends ♪ ♪ Of the earth ♪ ♪ The Lord hath delivered ♪ ♪ His people ♪ ♪ Alleluia ♪ ♪ The Lord hath delivered His people ♪ ♪ Alleluia ♪ ♪ Oh be joyful in God ♪ ♪ All ye lands ♪ ♪ Oh sing praises to the honor ♪ ♪ Of His name ♪ ♪ Make His praise ♪ ♪ to be glorious ♪ ♪ With a voice of singing ♪ ♪ Declare ye this ♪ ♪ And let it be heard ♪ ♪ Alleluia ♪ ♪ Declare ye this ♪ ♪ And let it be heard ♪ ♪ Alleluia ♪ ♪ Alleluia ♪ ♪ Declare ye this ♪ ♪ And let it be ♪ ♪ Heard ♪ ♪ Alleluia ♪ ("Doxology") ♪ Praise Him from who all blessings flow ♪ ♪ Praise Him all creatures here below ♪ ♪ Hallelujah ♪ ♪ Hallelujah ♪ ♪ Praise Him above ye heavenly hosts ♪ ♪ Praise God the Son and Holy Ghost ♪ ♪ Hallelujah ♪ ♪ Hallelujah ♪ ♪ Hallelujah ♪ ♪ Hallelujah ♪ ♪ Hallelujah ♪ God of all mercies, we give you humble thanks for all your goodness and loving kindness, to us and to all whom you have made. We bless you for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, but above all, for your immeasurable love and the redemption of the world by our Lord, Jesus Christ, for the means of grace and for the hope of glory. And we pray, give us such an awareness of your mercies, that with truly thankful hearts we may show forth your praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to your service and by walking before you in holiness and righteousness all our days. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with you and the Holy Spirit, be honor and glory throughout all ages. Amen. And now let us pray with the confidence of children.

All: 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 trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and glory, forever. Amen.

- And now go forth in peace and be of good courage. Hold fast that which is good, rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit. And may the blessings of God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be with you all, now and forever more. (choir sings)
♪ Amen ♪ ♪ Amen ♪ ♪ Amen ♪ ♪ Amen ♪ ("Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart") ♪ Rejoice, ye pure in heart ♪ ♪ Rejoice, give thanks and sing ♪ ♪ Your glorious banner wave on high ♪ ♪ The cross of Christ your King ♪ ♪ Rejoice, rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice, give thanks and sing ♪ ♪ Your clear hosannas raise ♪ ♪ And alleluias loud ♪ ♪ Whilst

answering echoes upward float ♪ ♪ Like wreaths of incense cloud ♪ ♪ Rejoice, rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice, give thanks and sing ♪ ♪ Yes on through life's long path ♪ ♪ Still chanting as ye go ♪ ♪ From youth to age by night and day ♪ ♪ In gladness and in woe ♪ ♪ Rejoice, rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice, give thanks and sing ♪ ♪ At last the march shall end ♪ ♪ The wearied ones shall rest ♪ ♪ The pilgrims find their heavenly home ♪ ♪ Jerusalem the blessed ♪ ♪ Rejoice, rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice, give thanks and sing ♪ ♪ Praise God who reigns on high ♪ ♪ The Lord whom we adore ♪ ♪ The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ♪ ♪ One God forevermore ♪ ♪ Rejoice, rejoice ♪ ♪ Rejoice, give thanks and sing ♪ Let us go forth in the name of the Lord.

Congregation: Thanks be to God. (organ music)