



GIVE unto the LORD, O ye mighty, give unto the LORD glory and strength. 2 Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name; worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness. 3 The voice of the LORD is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the LORD is upon many waters. 4 The voice of the LORD is powerful; the voice of the LORD is full of majesty. 5 The voice of the LORD breaketh the cedars; yea, the LORD breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. 6 He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. 7 The voice of the LORD divideth the flames of fire. 8 The voice of the LORD shaketh the wilderness; the LORD shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh. 9 The voice of the LORD maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests: and in his temple doth every one speak of his glory. 10 The LORD sitteth upon the flood; yea, the LORD sitteth King for ever. 11 The LORD will give strength unto his people; the LORD will bless his people with peace. (Psalm 29:1-11)

This biblically reverential hymn was omitted from the 1940 Hymnal which is a discredit to that great hymnal. It is a favored processional hymn of Epiphany, or Divine Worship. The lyrics are by John SB Monsell (1863) and the musical score - *Was Lebet, Was Schwebet* - by Johann Heinrich Reinhardt (1754).

O Worship the Lord

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
with gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
kneel and adore him the Lord is his name.

Low at his feet lay your burden of carefulness,
high on his heart he will bear it for you,
comfort your sorrows and answer your prayerfulness,
guiding your steps in the way that is true.

Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness
of the poor wealth you would count as your own;
truth in its beauty and love in its tenderness
these are the offerings to bring to his throne.

These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,

he will accept for the name that is dear;
mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
trust for our trembling and hope for our fear.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
with gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
kneel and adore him the Lord is his name.

(NOTE; lyrics are compliments of the Worldwide Anglican Church,
<http://www.worldwideanglicanchurch.org/>)

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, bow down before him, his glory proclaim; with gold of obedience and incense of lowliness, kneel and adore him the Lord is his name. The fourth Sentence of Scripture to be read at the beginning of Evening Prayer is “**O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him.** (Psalm xcvi. 9) We still bow down in worship in the Anglican tradition which we feel comports with the spirit of worship toward God. Just as the Wise Men kneeled in Rama before the Christ-Child and offered their gifts of God, Frankincense, and Myrrh; so do we, too, kneel in offering our prayers that do rise as the incense of the altar to God, and our Gold of humility before the Royal Throne of our Lord. We need not offer the Myrrh of Sacrifice for that has already been offered at Mount Calvary.

Low at his feet lay your burden of carefulness, high on his heart he will bear it for you, comfort your sorrows and answer your prayerfulness, guiding your steps in the way that is true. In making our offerings of humility and prayers of thanksgiving before the Lord, we do not carelessly thrust them before His feet as things not worthy of reverence. We bow down and offer them in abject reverence of the Mighty Throne before which we worship. The lower we place our hearts and burdens before Him, the higher accommodation He makes for them in His Kingdom. If our prayers are offered out of hearts and souls who have surrendered their self-wills to His sovereign Will, we are thusly assured of the desired answer from Heaven. His Word is a perfect expression of His will for us, and that Word is to us, *a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.* (Psalm 119:105)

Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness of the poor wealth you would count as your own; truth in its beauty and love in its tenderness these are the offerings to bring to his throne. How often have well-meaning teachers taught us that we must have an inordinate fear of the Lord. While this is true for the lost, it is not so with the Elect of the Lord. Those who know the Lord as Savior, Sovereign, and Redeemer need not have such an inordinate fear of Him. Yes, we should fear to sin and to bring shame and embarrassment upon the Name of Purity of the Lord; but that fear is akin to the same fear a child has of a loving and sacrificial father - not to hurt or shame his reputation or character by our misdeeds. We share in the abundance of His blessings with the poor, the disenfranchised of the world, the widows, orphans, and hurting. In this way, we send our offerings to God in the most direct way: *Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.* (Matt 25:40)

These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness, he will accept for the name that is dear; mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness, trust for our trembling and hope for our fear. Our gifts to God are not our own - even our good works do not belong to us - but are the fruits of the work of Christ in our members. Only the sins of commission and omission so prominently pictured in the General

Confession are ours to lay sole and complete claim upon. We are new Creations in Christ. Remember, please, that God began His Creation in darkness, but ended each day in the brilliance of Light: *and the evening and the morning were the first day*, , etc Genesis 1. Just as the earth was without form and void err He began His wonderful works of completion, so were you and I in the most utter despair of darkness before His Holy Spirit “*moved upon the face of our deep*” and brought light and grace into our beings. The dark night of despair has ended and we have the joy of a beautiful sunrise in our souls. *For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.* (Psalm 30:5)

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, bow down before him, his glory proclaim; with gold of obedience and incense of lowliness, kneel and adore him the Lord is his name. The final stanza of this beloved hymn repeats the same words of the beginning stanza and thusly makes the circle that is illustrated in the lives of the saints. Our Father has breathed into our nostrils the breath of life which is the spirit. We received our spirits directly from God at our conception and birth; and when we leave this world, naked and helpless as when we entered, our spirits return to the Giver. *1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; 2 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: 3 In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, 4 And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low; 5 Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: 6 Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. 7 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.* (Eccl 12:1-7)

So may we, too, enjoy the blessings and benefits of the Beggar Lazarus. “*And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, And desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man’s table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham’s bosom.* (Luke 16:20-22) I need not mention the fate of the uncaring Rich Man.