



1 Lord, whose love through hum - ble ser - vice bore the weight of hu - man
 2 Still your chil - dren wan - der home - less; still the hun - gry cry for
 3 As we wor - ship, grant us vi - sion, till your love's re - veal - ing
 4 Called by wor - ship to your ser - vice, forth in your dear name we

need, who up - on the cross, for - sak - en, of - fered mer - cy's
 bread; still the cap - tives long for free - dom; still in grief we
 light, in its height and depth and great - ness, dawns up - on our
 go, to the child, the youth, the a - ged love in liv - ing

per - fect deed, we, your ser - vants, bring the wor - ship
 mourn our dead. As, O Lord, your deep com - pas - sion
 quick - ened sight, mak - ing known the needs and bur - dens
 deeds to show; hope and health, good will and com - fort,

not of voice a - lone, but heart, con - se - crat - ing
 healed the sick and freed the soul, use the love your
 your com - pas - sion bids us bear, stir - ring us to
 coun - sel, aid, and peace we give, that your ser - vants,

to your pur - pose ev - ery gift that you im - part.
 Spi - rit kin - dles still to save and make us whole.
 tire - less striv - ing, your a - bun - dant life to share.
 Lord, in free - dom may your mer - cy know and live.

Words: Albert F. Bayly (1901-1984), alt. Copyright © 1961, Albert Bayly. Used by permission of Oxford University Press.
 Music: *Blaenhafren*, Welsh melody.



1 King of glo - ry, King of peace, I will love thee;
 2 Where - fore with my ut - most art, I will sing thee;
 3 Seven whole days, not one in seven, I will praise thee;

Tenor or soprano ad libitum

3 Seven whole days, not one in seven, I will praise thee;



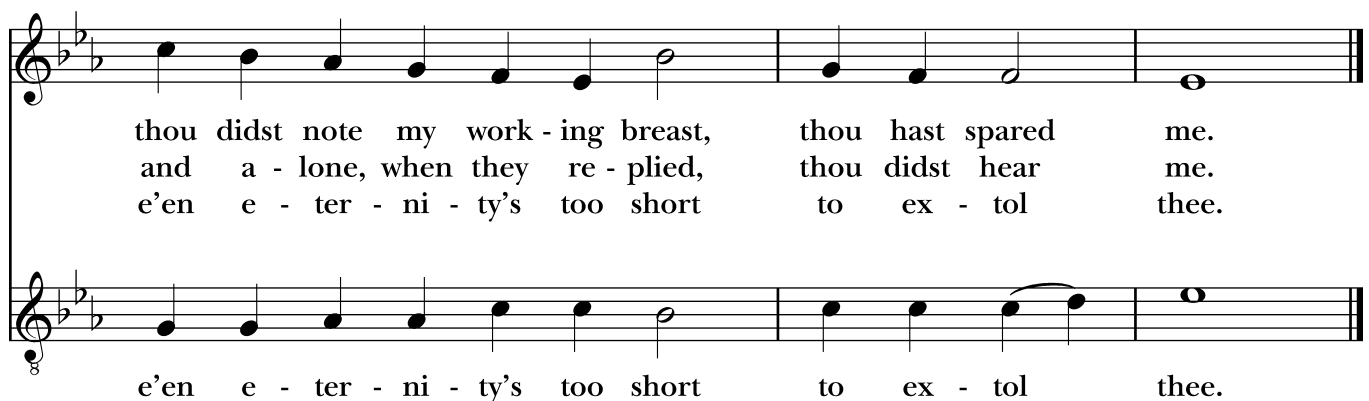
and that love may nev - er cease, I will move thee.
 and the cream of all my heart, I will bring thee.
 in my heart, though not in heaven, I can raise thee.

in my heart, though not in heaven, I can raise thee.



Thou hast grant - ed my re - quest, thou hast heard me;
 Though my sins a - gainst me cried, thou didst clear me;
 Small it is in this poor sort to en - roll thee;

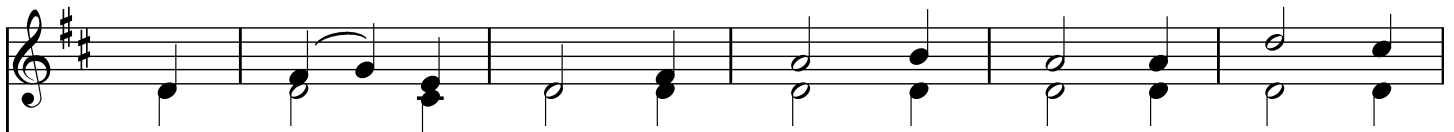
Small it is in this poor sort to en - roll thee;



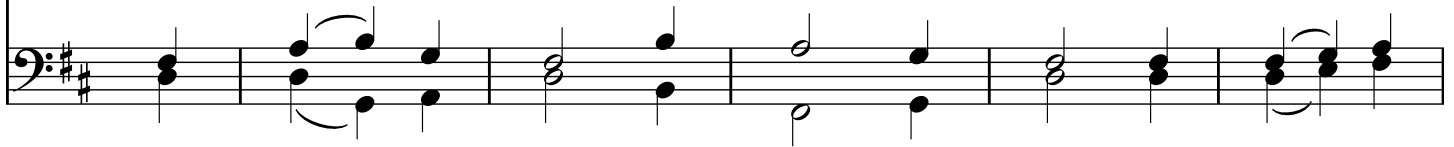
thou didst note my work - ing breast, thou hast spared me.
 and a - lone, when they re - plied, thou didst hear me.
 e'en e - ter - ni - ty's too short to ex - tol thee.

e'en e - ter - ni - ty's too short to ex - tol thee.

Words: George Herbert (1593-1633). Music: *General Seminary*, David Charles Walker (b. 1938). Copyright © 1976, David Charles Walker.



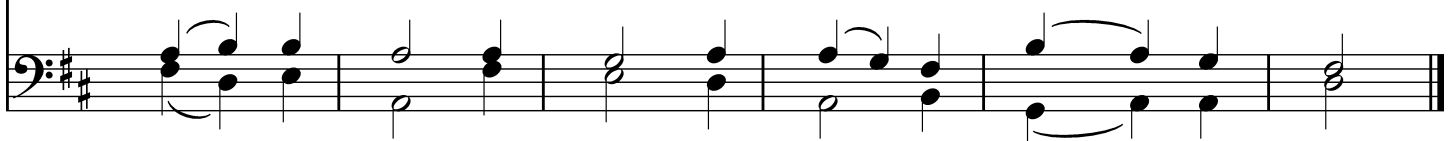
1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross where the young
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet sor - row and
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were an



Prince of Glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
 cross of Christ, my God: all the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
 of - fering far too small; love so a - maz - ing,



count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.



Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748). Music: *Rockingham*, from *Second Supplement to Psalmody in Miniature*, ca. 1970; harm.
 Edward Miller (1731-1807).



1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, tower - ing o'er the
 2 When the woes of life o'er - take me, hopes de - ceive, and
 3 When the sun of bliss is beam - ing light and love up -
 4 Bane and bless - ing, pain and plea - sure, by the cross are
 * 5 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, tower - ing o'er the



1 wrecks of time; all the light of sa - cred
 2 fears an - noy, nev - er shall the cross for -
 3 on my way, from the cross the ra - diance
 4 sanc - ti - fied; peace is there that knows no
 5 wrecks of time; all the light of sa - cred



1 sto - ry gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 2 sake me: lo, it glows with peace and joy.
 3 stream - ing adds new lus - ter to the day.
 4 mea - sure, joys that through all time a - bide.
 5 sto - ry gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

Words: John Bowring (1792-1872). Music: Tomter, Bruce Neswick (b. 1956). Copyright © 1983 Bruce Neswick.