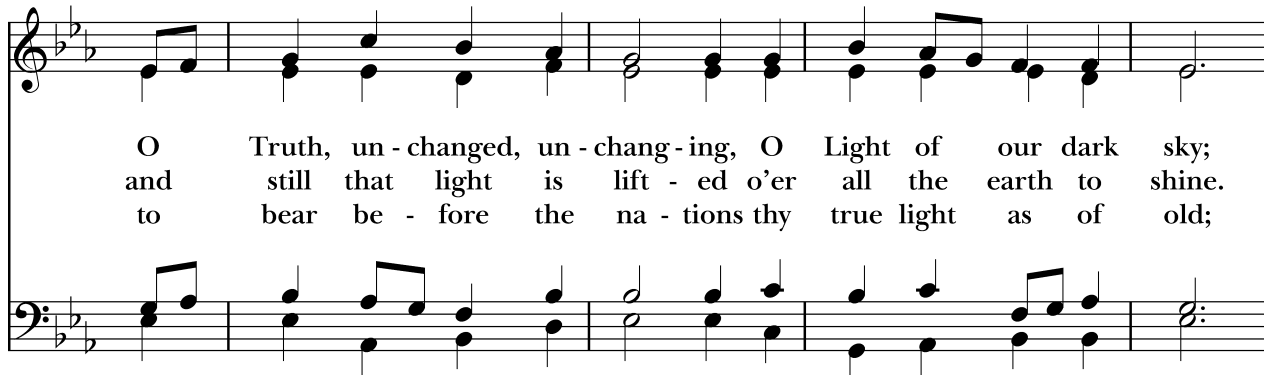
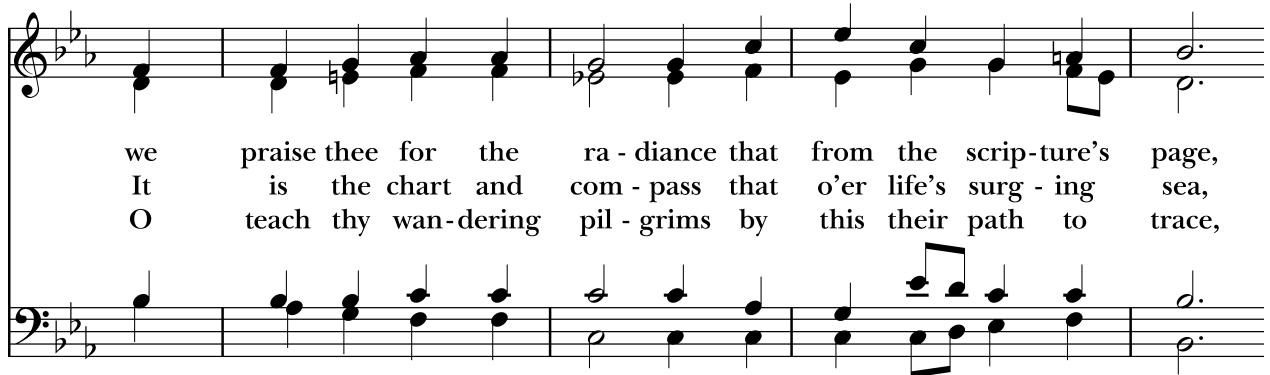




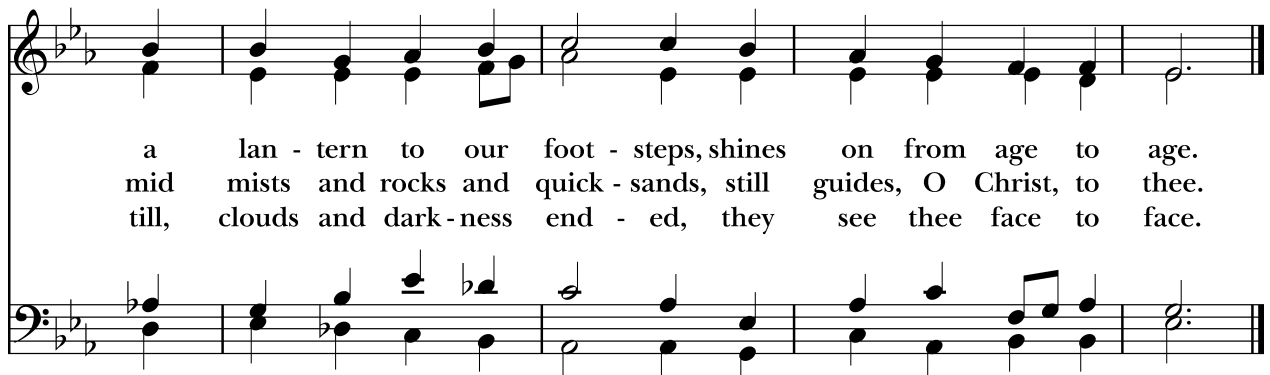
1 O Christ, the Word In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
 2 The Church from our dear Mas - ter re - ceived the word di - vine,
 3 O make thy Church, dear Sa - vior, a lamp of pur - est gold,



O Truth, un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
 and still that light is lift - ed o'er all the earth to shine.
 to bear be - fore the na - tions thy true light as of old;

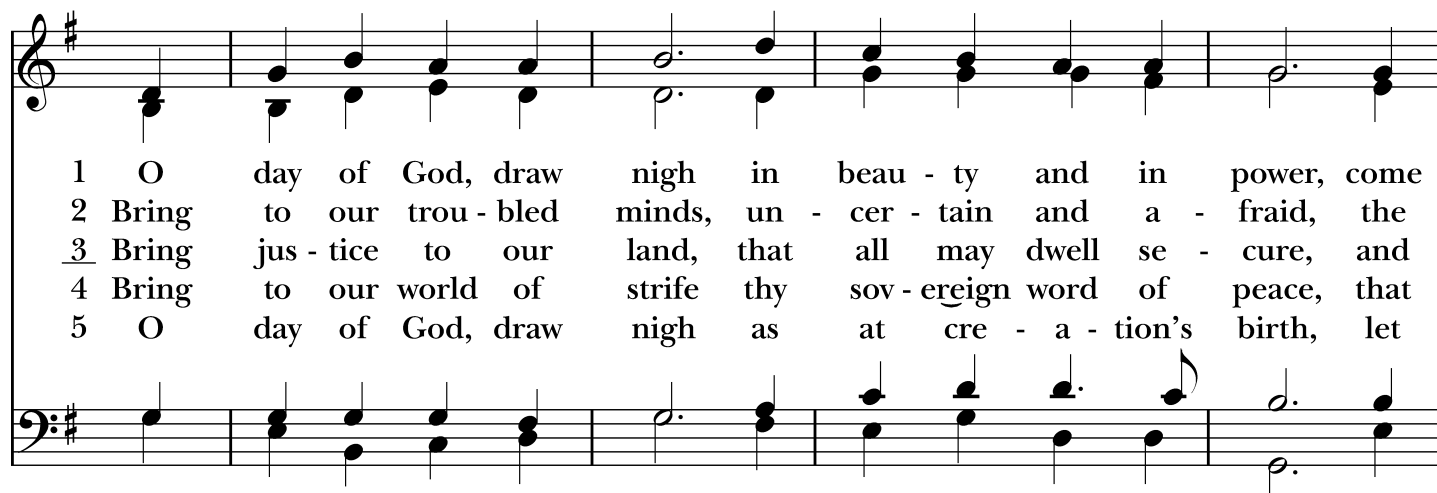


we praise thee for the ra - diance that from the scrip - ture's page,
 It is the chart and com - pass that o'er life's surg - ing sea,
 O teach thy wan - dering pil - grims by this their path to trace,



a lan - tern to our foot - steps, shines on from age to age.
 mid mists and rocks and quick - sands, still guides, O Christ, to thee.
 till, clouds and dark - ness end - ed, they see thee face to face.

Words: William Walsham How (1823-1897), alt. Music: *Munich*, melody from *Neu- vermehrtes und zu Übung Christl. Gottseligkeit eingerichtetes Meinigisches Gesangbuch*, 1693; adapt. and harm. Felix Mendelssohn (1807-1847).



1 O day of God, draw nigh in beau - ty and in power, come
 2 Bring to our trou - bled minds, un - cer - tain and a - fraid, the
 3 Bring jus - tice to our land, that all may dwell se - cure, and
 4 Bring to our world of strife thy sov - ereign word of peace, that
 5 O day of God, draw nigh as at cre - a - tion's birth, let



1 with thy time - less judg - ment now to match our pres - ent hour.
 2 qui - et of a stead - fast faith, calm of a call o - beyed.
 3 fine - ly build for days to come foun - da - tions that en - dure.
 4 war may haunt the earth no more and des - o - la - tion cease.
 5 there be light a - gain, and set thy judg - ments in the earth.

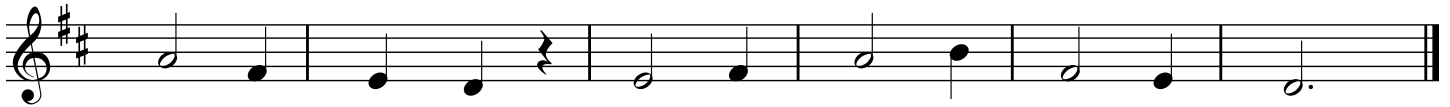
Words: Robert Balthasar Young Scott (1899-1987). Copyright © Emmanuel College, Toronto. Used by permission. Music: *St. Michael*, Louis Bourgeois (1510?-1561?); harm. William Henry Monk (1823-1899).



1 All who love and serve your ci - ty, all who
 2 in your day of loss and sor - row, in your
 3 In your day of wealth and plen - ty, wast - ed
 4 For all days are days of judg - ment, and the
 5 Ris - en Lord! shall yet the ci - ty be the



1 bear its dai - ly stress, all who cry for
 2 day of help - less strife, hon - or, peace and
 3 work and wast - ed play, call to mind the
 4 Lord is wait - ing still, draw - ing near a
 5 ci - ty of de - spair? Come to - day, our



1 peace and jus - tice, all who curse and all who bless,
 2 love re - treat - ing, seek the Lord, who is your life.
 3 word of Je - sus, "I must work while it is day."
 4 world that spurns him, of - fering peace from Cal - vary's hill.
 5 Judge, our Glo - ry; be its name, "The Lord is there!"

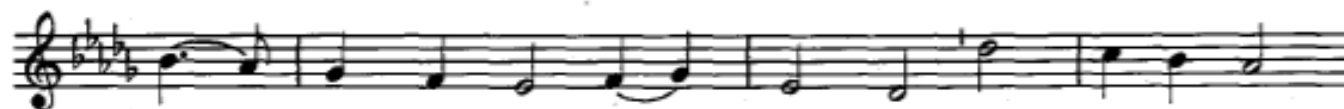
Words: Erik Routley (1917-1982), rev. Copyright © 1969 Stainer & Bell Ltd. (admin. Hope Publishing Co., Carol Stream, IL. 60188). All rights reserved. Used by permission. Music: *Charlestown*, melody from *The Southern Harmony*, 1835; harm. Alastair Cassels-Brown (b. 1927).



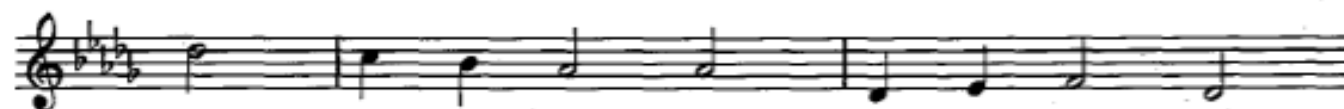
1 Lord Christ, when first thou cam'st to earth, up - on a cross they
 2 O awe - ful Love, which found no room in life where sin de -
 3 New ad - vent of the love of Christ, shall we a - gain re -
 4 O wound-ed hands of Je - sus, build in us thy new cre -



bound thee, and mocked thy sav - ing king - ship then
 nied thee, and, doomed to death, must bring to doom
 fuse thee, till in the night of hate and war
 a - tion; our pride is dust, our vaunt is stilled,



by thorns with which they crowned thee: and still our wrongs
 the powers which cru - ci - fied thee, till not a stone
 we per - ish as we lose thee? From old un - faith
 we wait thy rev - e - la - tion: O love that tri -



may weave thee now new thorns to pierce that
 was left on stone, and all those na - tions'
 our souls re - lease to seek the king - dom
 umphs o - ver loss, we bring our hearts be -



stead - y brow, and robe of sor - row round thee.
 pride, o'er-thrown, went down to dust be - side thee!
 of thy peace, by which a - lone we choose thee.
 fore thy cross, to fi - nish thy sal - va - tion.