

CLOSING HYMN

Thou, whose almighty word

#371

1 Thou, whose al - might - y word cha - os and dark - ness heard,  
 2 Thou who didst come to bring on thy re - deem - ing wing  
 3 Spi - rit of truth and love, life - giv - ing, ho - ly Dove,  
 4 Ho - ly and bless - ed Three, glo - ri - ous Trin - i - ty,

and took their flight; hear us, we hum - bly pray, and, where the  
 heal - ing and sight, health to the sick in mind, sight to the  
 speed forth thy flight! Move on the wa - ters' face bear - ing the  
 wis - dom, love, might; bound - less as o - cean's tide, roll - ing in

Gos - pel day sheds not its glo - rious ray, let there be light!  
 in - ly blind, now to all hu - man - kind, let there be light!  
 gifts of grace, and, in earth's dark - est place, let there be light!  
 full - est pride, through the world, far and wide, let there be light!

Words: John Marriott (1780-1825), alt.  
 Music: *Moscow*, Felice de Giardini (1716-1796), harm. *The New Hymnal*, 1916, based on *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1875, and Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

OPENING HYMN

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven

#410

LAUDA ANIMA  
*With movement*

JOHN GOSS, 1869

1 Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To his feet thy  
 2 Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers  
 3 Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble

trib - ute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,  
 in dis - tress; Praise him still the same as ev - er,  
 frame he knows; In his hand he gen - tly bears us,

Ev - er - more his prais - es sing: Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless: Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.

4 Angels, help us to adore him; Dwellers all in time and space.  
 Ye behold him face to face; Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Sun and moon, bow down before him, Praise with us the God of grace.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834, alt.; based on Psalm 103

SEQUENCE HYMN

My faith looks up to thee

#691

1 My faith looks up to thee, thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
 2 May thy rich grace im - part strength to my faint - ing heart,  
 3 While life's dark maze I tread, and griefs a - round me spread,

Sa - vior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, take all my  
 my zeal in - spire; as thou hast died for me, O may my  
 be thou my guide; bid dark-ness turn to day; wipe sor-row's

guilt a - way; O let me from this day be whol - ly thine.  
 love to thee pure, warm, and change-less be, a liv - ing fire.  
 tears a - way, nor let me ev - er stray from thee a - side.

Words: Ray Palmer (1808-1887) Music: *Olivet*, Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

OFFERTORY HYMN

Pass me not, O gentle Savior

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;  
 2. Let me at thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;  
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face;  
 4. Thou the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me,

1. While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.  
 2. Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.  
 3. Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spi - rit, Save me by thy grace.  
 4. Whom have I on earth be - side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.