

2 *Tú sabes bien lo que tengo:
en mi barca no hay oro no espadas;
tan sólo redes y mi trabajo. Estribillo*

3 *Tú necesitas mis manos,
mi cansancio que a otros descanse,
amor que quiera seguir amando. Estribillo*

4 *Tú, Pescador de otros mares,
ansia eterna de almas que esperan.
Amigo bueno, que así me llamas. Estribillo*

O Master, Let Me Walk with You

818

1 O Mas - ter, let me walk with you in low - ly
2 Help me the slow of heart to move by some clear,
3 Teach me your pa - tience; share with me a clos - er,
4 In hope that sends a shin - ing ray far down the

paths of ser - vice true; tell me your se - cret;
win - ning word of love; teach me the way - ward
dear - er com - pa - ny, in work that keeps faith
fu - ture's broad - 'ning way, in peace that on - ly

help me bear the strain of toil, the fret of care.
feet to stay, and guide them in the home - ward way.
sweet and strong, in trust that tri - umphs o - ver wrong,
you can give; with you, O Mas - ter, let me live.

879

For the Beauty of the Earth

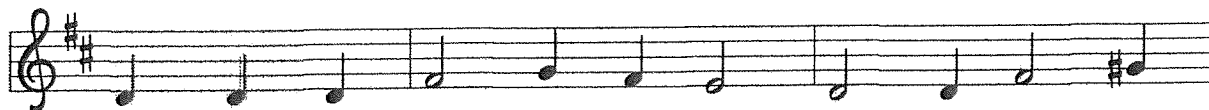
1 For the beau - ty of the earth, for the beau - ty of the skies,
 2 For the won - der of each hour of the day and of the night,
 3 For the joy of ear and eye, for the heart and mind's de - light,
 4 For the joy of hu - man love, broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
 5 For each per - fect gift of thine, peace on earth and joy in heav'n;

for the love which from our birth o - ver and a - round us lies:
 hill and vale and tree and flow'r, sun and moon and stars of light:
 for the mys - tic har - mo - ny link - ing sense to sound and sight:
 friends on earth and friends a - bove; for all gen - tle thoughts and mild:
 for thy - self, best gift di - vine, to our world so free - ly giv'n:

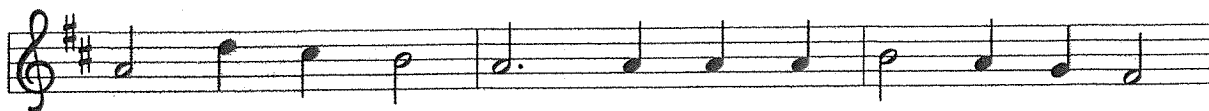
Refrain

Christ, our God, to thee we raise this our sac - ri - fice of praise.

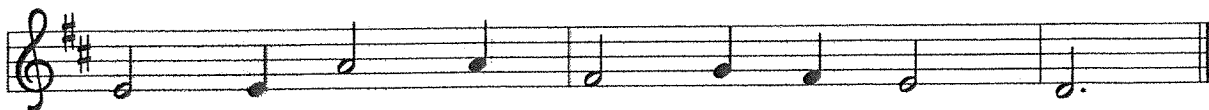
716 Lord of All Nations, Grant Me Grace



1 Lord of all na - tions, grant me grace to love all
 2 Break down the wall that would di - vide thy chil - dren,
 3 For - give me, Lord, where I have erred by love - less
 4 Give me thy cour - age, Lord, to speak when - ev - er
 5 With thine own love may I be filled and by thy



peo - ple, ev - 'ry race; and in each per - son may I
 Lord, on ev - 'ry side. My neigh - bor's good let me pur -
 act and thought - less word. Make me to see the wrong I
 strong op - press the weak. Should I my - self the vic - tim
 Ho - ly Spir - it willed, that all I touch, wher - e'er I



see my kin - dred, loved, re - deemed by thee.
 sue; let Chris - tian love bind warm and true.
 do will cru - ci - fy my Lord a - new.
 be, help me for - give, re - mem - b'ring thee.
 be, may be di - vine - ly touched by thee.

Text: Olive Wise Spannaus, b. 1916, alt.
 Music: *Samotulský Kancionál*, 1561
 Text © 1969 Concordia Publishing House

BEATUS VIR
 LM

717 Let Justice Flow like Streams

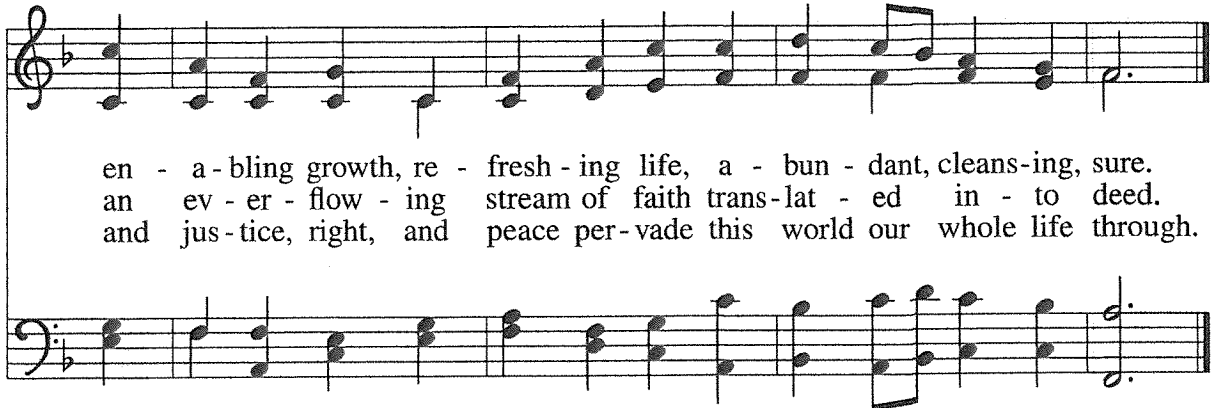


1 Let jus - tice flow like streams of spar - kling wa - ter, pure,
 2 Let righ - teous - ness roll on as oth - ers' cares we heed,
 3 So may God's plumb line, straight, de - fine our mea - sure true,



Text: Jane Parker Huber, b. 1926
 Music: Aaron Williams, 1731-1776
 Text © 1984 Jane Parker Huber, admin. Westminster John Knox Press

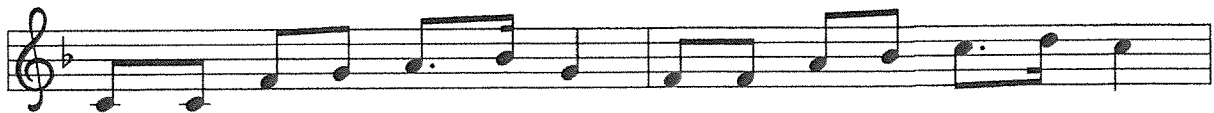
ST. THOMAS
 SM



en - a - bling growth, re - fresh - ing life, a - bun - dant, cleans - ing, sure.
 an ev - er - flow - ing stream of faith trans - lat - ed in - to deed.
 and jus - tice, right, and peace per - vade this world our whole life through.

In a Lowly Manger Born

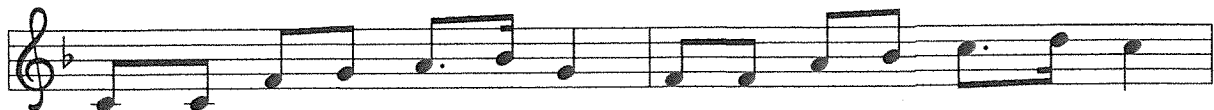
718



1 In a low - ly man - ger born, hum - ble life be - gun in scorn;
 2 Vis - it - ing the lone and lost, stead - y - ing the tem - pest - tossed,
 3 Then, to res - cue you and me, Je - sus died up - on the tree.



un - der Jo - seph's watch - ful eye, Je - sus grew as you and I;
 giv - ing of him - self in love, call - ing minds to things a - bove.
 See in him God's love re - vealed; by his pas - sion we are healed.



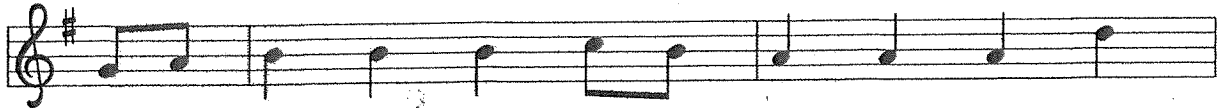
knew the suf - f'rings of the weak, knew the pa - tience of the meek,
 Sin - ners glad - ly hear his call; pub - li - cans be - fore him fall,
 Now he lives in glo - ry bright, lives a - gain in pow'r and might;



hun - gered as but poor folk can; this is he. Be - hold the man!
 for in him new life be - gan; this is he. Be - hold the man!
 come and take the path he trod, son of Mar - y, Son of God.

557

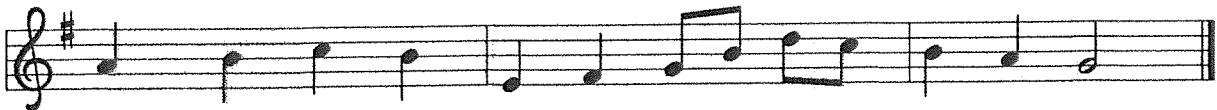
Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun



1 A - wake, my soul, and with the sun thy
 2 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept and
 3 Lord, I my vows to thee re - new. Dis -
 4 Di - rect, con - trol, sug - gest, this day, all
 5 Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; praise



dai - ly stage of du - ty run; shake off dull sloth, and
 hast re - freshed me while I slept. Grant, Lord, when I from
 perse my sins as morn - ing dew; guard my first springs of
 I de - sign or do or say, that all my pow'rs, with
 God, all crea - tures here be - low; praise God a - bove, ye



joy - ful rise to pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 death shall wake, I may of end - less light par - take.
 thought and will; and with thy - self my spir - it fill.
 all their might, in thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.
 heav'n - ly host; praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Text: Thomas Ken, 1637-1711, alt.
 Music: François H. Barthélémon, 1741-1808

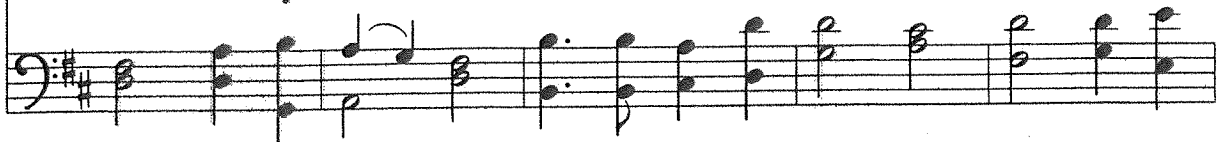
MORNING HYMN
 LM

558

Lord God, We Praise You



1 Lord God, we praise you, now the night is o - ver, ac - tive and
 2 Mon - arch of all things, fit us for your man - sions; ban - ish our
 3 All - ho - ly Fa - ther, Son, and e - qual Spir - it, Trin - i - ty

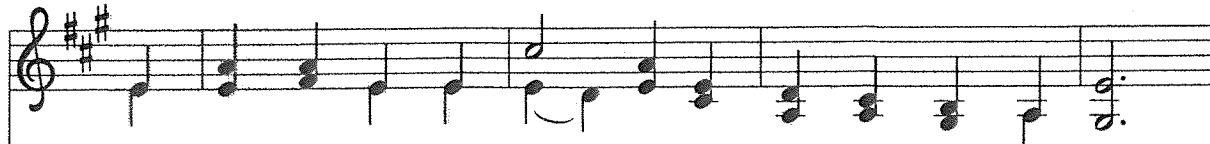


Text: attr. Gregory I, 540-604; tr. composite
 Music: Paris Antiphoner, 1681

CHRISTE SANCTORUM
 11 11 11 5

681

We Plow the Fields and Scatter



1 We plow the fields and scat - ter the good seed on the land,
 2 You on - ly are the mak - er of all things near and far.
 3 We thank you, our cre - a - tor, for all things bright and good,



but it is fed and wa - tered by God's al - might - y hand,
 You paint the way - side flow - er, you light the eve - ning star.
 the seed - time and the har - vest, our life, our health, our food.



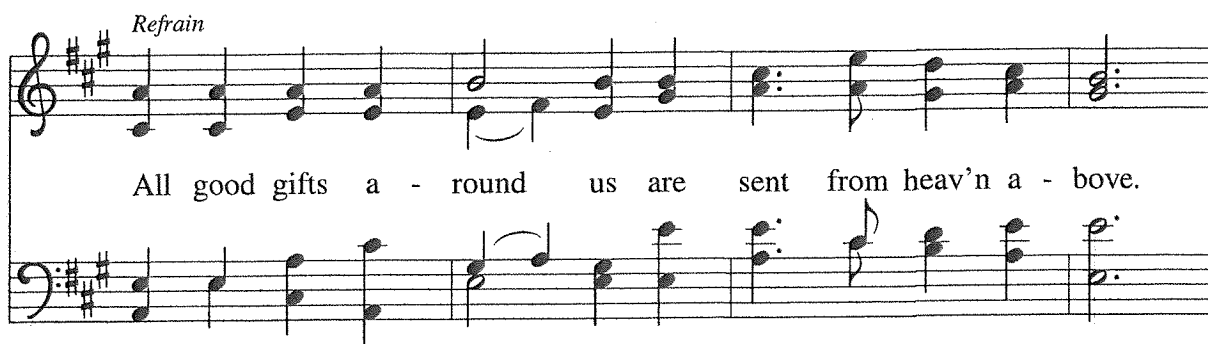
who sends the snow in win - ter, the warmth to swell the grain,
 The winds and waves o - bey you, by you the birds are fed;
 No gifts have we to of - fer for all your love im - parts,




the breez - es and the sun - shine, and soft re - fresh - ing rain.
 much more to us, your chil - dren, you give our dai - ly bread.
 but what you most would trea - sure—our hum - ble, thank - ful hearts.



Refrain



All good gifts a - round us are sent from heav'n a - bove.

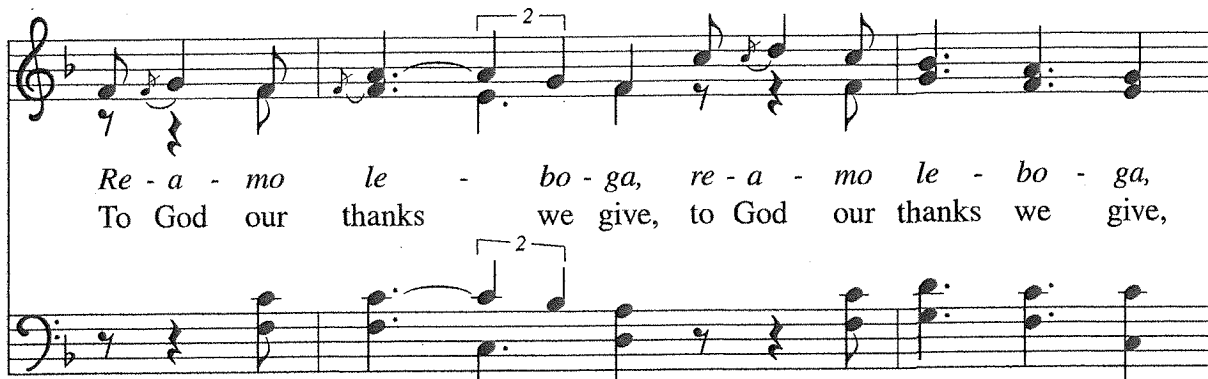


We thank you, Lord, we thank you, Lord, for all your love.

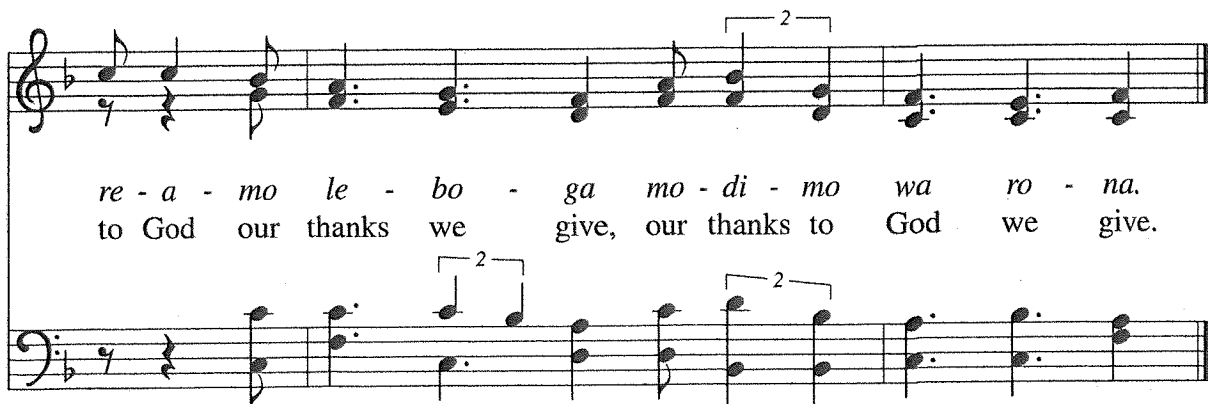
To God Our Thanks We Give

Reamo leboga

682



Re - a - mo le - bo - ga, re - a - mo le - bo - ga,
To God our thanks we give, to God our thanks we give,



re - a - mo le - bo - ga mo - di - mo wa ro - na.
to God our thanks we give, our thanks to God we give.

771 God, Who Stretched the Spangled Heavens



1 God, who stretched the span - gled heav - ens in - fi - nite in time and place,
 2 We have ven - tured worlds un - dreamed of since the child-hood of our race;
 3 As each far ho - ri - zon beck - ons, may it chal-lenge us a - new:



flung the suns in burn-ing ra - diance through the si - lent fields of space:
 known the ec - sta - sy of wing-ing through un - trav-eled realms of space;
 chil - dren of cre - a - tive pur - pose, serv - ing oth - ers, hon - 'ring you.



we, your chil - dren in your like-ness, share in - ven - tive pow'rs with you;
 probed the se - crets of the at - om, yield-ing un - i - mag - ined pow'r,
 May our dreams prove rich with prom-ise; each en-deav-or well be - gun;



great Cre - a - tor, still cre - at - ing, show us what we yet may do.
 fac - ing us with life's de - struc - tion or our most tri - um - phant hour.
 great Cre - a - tor, give us guid - ance till our goals and yours are one.

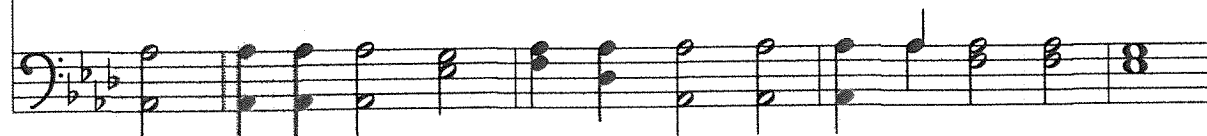
Text: Catherine Cameron, b. 1927
 Music: W. Walker, *Southern Harmony*, 1835
 Text © 1967 Hope Publishing Company

HOLY MANNA
 87 87 D

772 Oh, That the Lord Would Guide My Ways

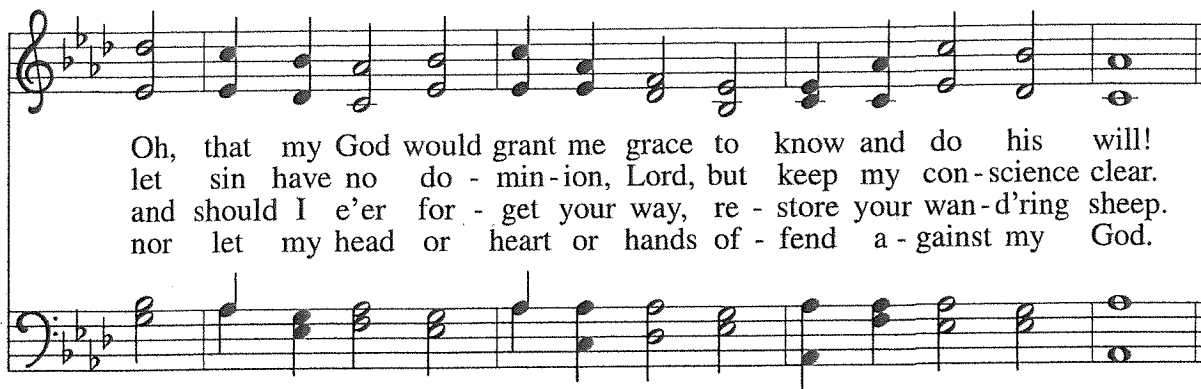


1 Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways to keep his stat - utes still!
 2 Or - der my foot - steps by your word and make my heart sin - cere;
 3 As - sist my soul, too apt to stray, a strict - er watch to keep;
 4 Make me to walk in your com - mands, 'tis a de - light - ful road;



Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748, alt.
 Music: William H. Havergal, 1793-1870

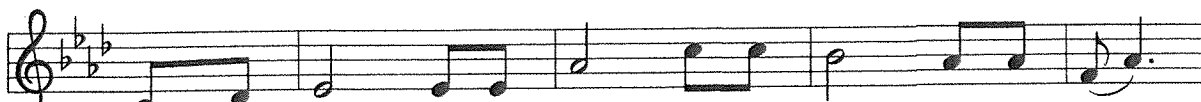
EVAN
 CM




Oh, that my God would grant me grace to know and do his will!
let sin have no do - min - ion, Lord, but keep my con - science clear.
and should I e'er for - get your way, re - store your wan - d'ring sheep.
nor let my head or heart or hands of - fend a - gainst my God.

Precious Lord, Take My Hand


773



1 Pre - cious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand,
2 When my way grows . . drear, pre - cious Lord, lin - ger near,
3 When the dark - ness ap - pears and the night draws . . near,



I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.
when my life is . . . al - most . . gone,
and the day is . . . past and . . . gone,



Through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the light.
hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand lest I fall.
at the riv - er I stand, guide my feet, hold my hand.



Take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.

