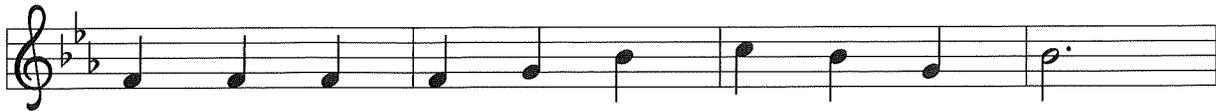


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Be Thou My Vision



1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word;
 3 Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise,
 4 Light of my soul, af - ter vic - to - ry won,



naught be all else to me, save that thou art:
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord.
 thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways:
 may I reach heav - en's joys, O heav - en's Sun!



thou my best thought both by day and by night,
 Thou my soul's shel - ter, and thou my high tow'r,
 thou and thou on - ly, the first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,



wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 raise thou me heav'n - ward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.
 great God of heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Let Streams of Living Justice



1 Let streams of liv - ing jus - tice flow down up - on the earth;
2 For heal - ing of the na - tions, for peace that will not end,
3 Your ci - ty's built to mu - sic; we are the stones you seek;



give free - dom's light to cap - tives, let all the poor have worth.
for love that makes us lov - ers, God grant us grace to mend.
your har - mo - ny is lan - guage; we are the words you speak.



The hun - gry's hands are plead - ing, the work - ers claim their rights,
Weave our var - ied gifts to - geth - er; knit our lives as they are spun;
Our faith we find in ser - vice, our hope in oth - ers' dreams,



the mourn - ers long for laugh - ter, the blind - ed seek for sight.
on your loom of time en - roll us till our thread of life is run.
our love in hand of neigh - bor; our home - land bright - ly gleams.



Make lib - er - ty a bea - con, strike down the i - ron pow'r;
O great weav - er of our fab - ric, bind church and world in one;
In - scribe our hearts with jus - tice; your way—the path un - tried;



a - bol - ish an - cient ven - geance; pro - claim your peo - ple's hour.
dye our tex - ture with your ra - diance, light our col - ors with your sun.
your truth—the heart of strang - er; your life—the Cru - ci - fied.

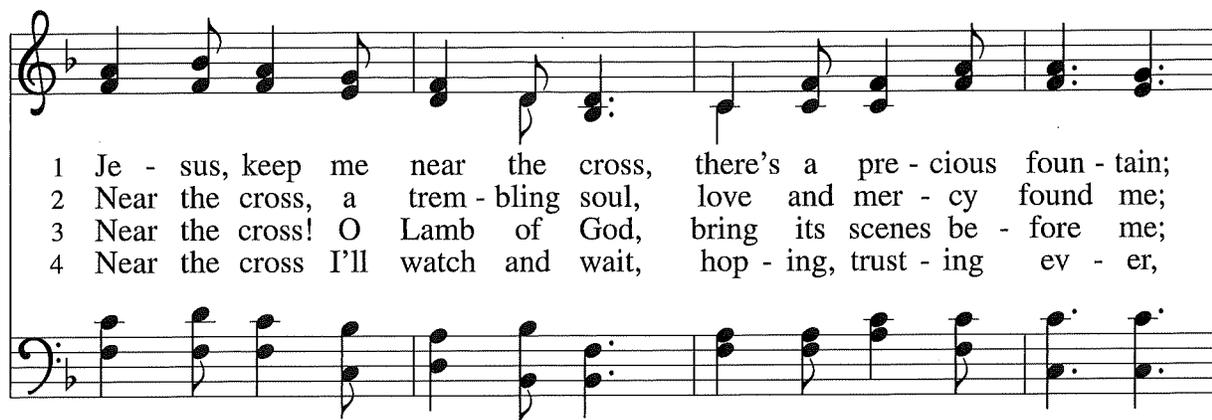
Text: William Whitla, b. 1934

Music: THAXTED, Gustav Holst, 1874–1934

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Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

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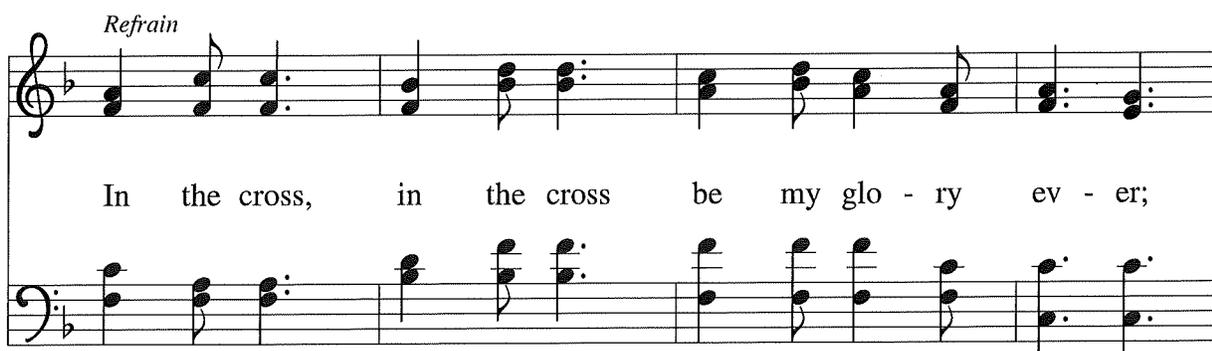


1 Je - sus, keep me near the cross, there's a pre - cious foun - tain;
 2 Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, love and mer - cy found me;
 3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God, bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait, hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,



free to all, a heal - ing stream flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 there the bright and morn - ing star sheds its beams a - round me.
 help me walk from day to day with its shad - ow o'er me.
 till I reach the gold - en strand just be - yond the riv - er.

Refrain



In the cross, in the cross be my glo - ry ev - er;



till my ran - somed soul shall find rest be - yond the riv - er.

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

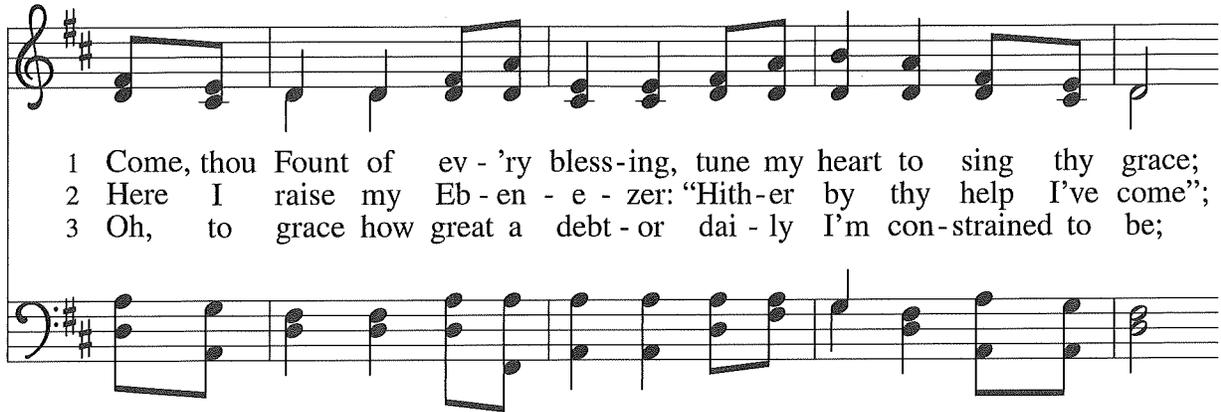
1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
 2 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;

lay down, O wea - ry one, lay down your head up - on my breast."
 the liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one; stoop down and drink and live."
 look un - to me, your morn shall rise, and all your day be bright."

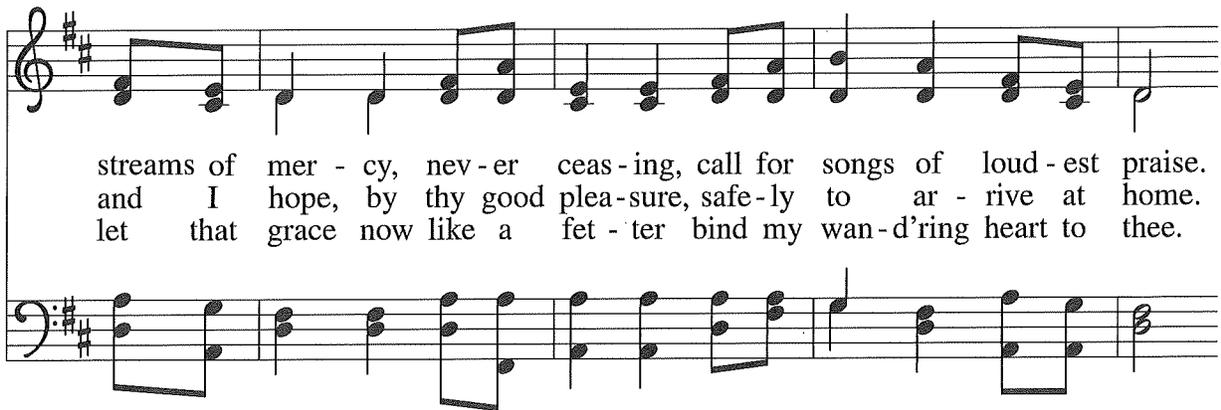
I came to Je - sus as I was, so wea - ry, worn, and sad;
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank of that life - giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found in him my star, my sun;

I found in him a rest - ing place, and he has made me glad.
 my thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, and now I live in him.
 and in that light of life I'll walk till trav-'ling days are done.

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 807



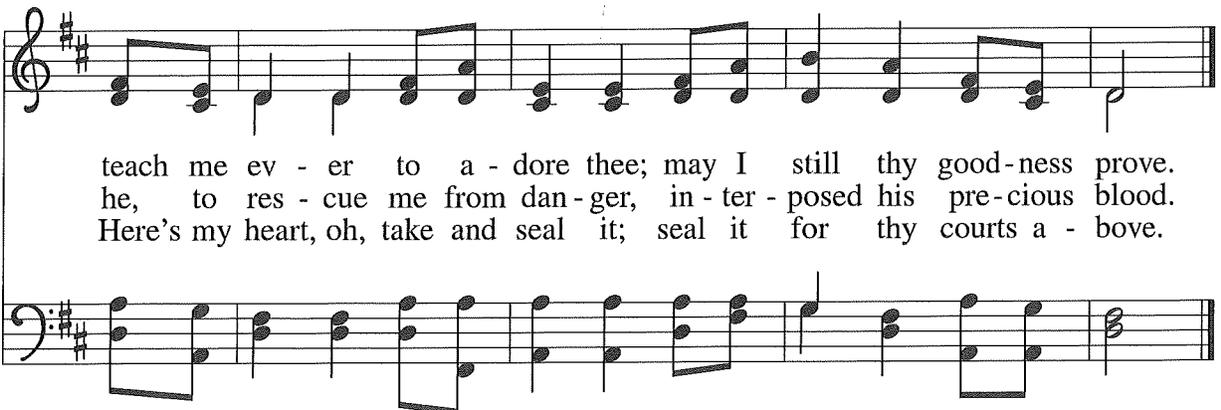
1 Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2 Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer: "Hith-er by thy help I've come";
 3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be;



streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.
 and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 let that grace now like a fet - ter bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee.



While the hope of end-less glo - ry fills my heart with joy and love,
 Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, wan - d'ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; prone to leave the God I love.



teach me ev - er to a - dore thee; may I still thy good - ness prove.
 he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.