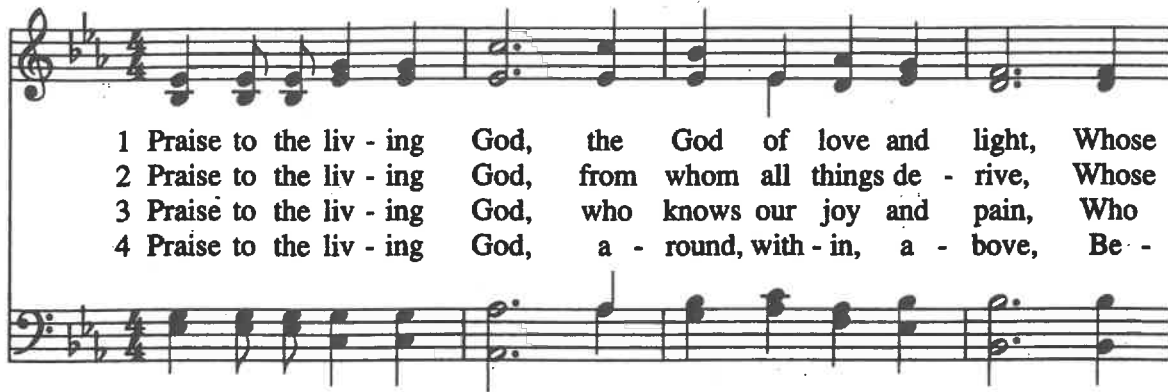


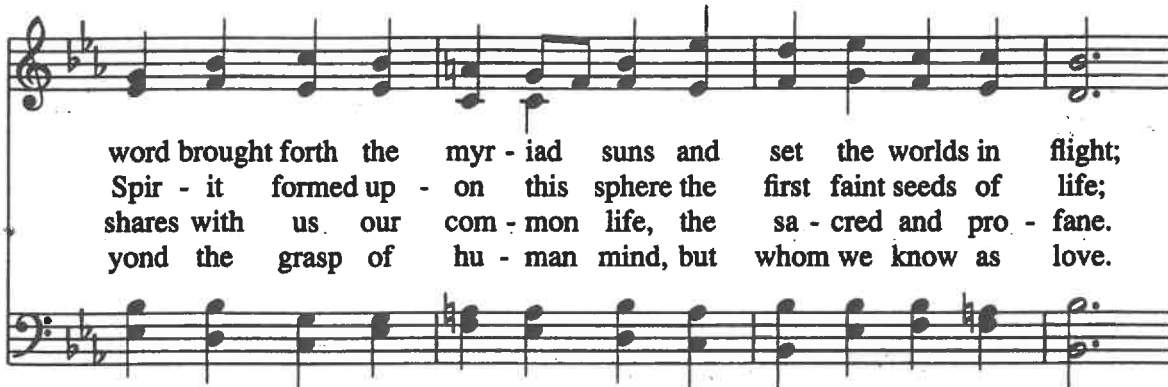
Praise to the Living God

Ps. 84:1-2

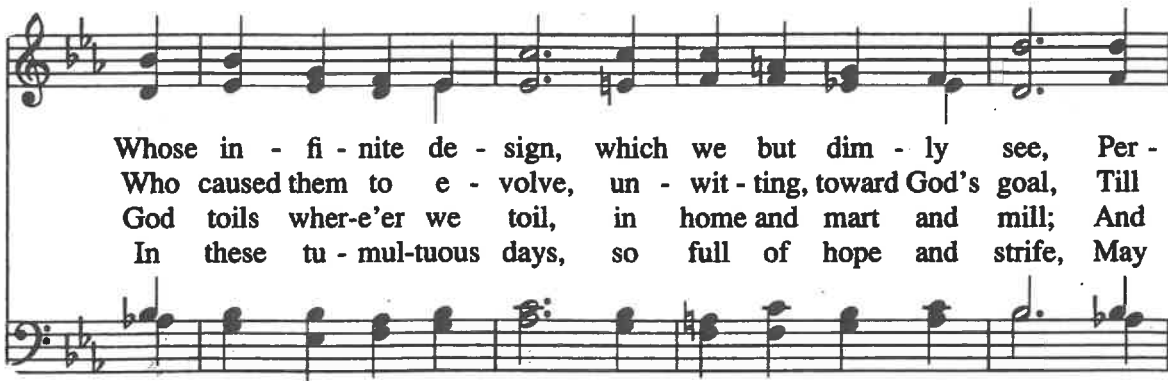
Curtis Beach, 1966; alt.



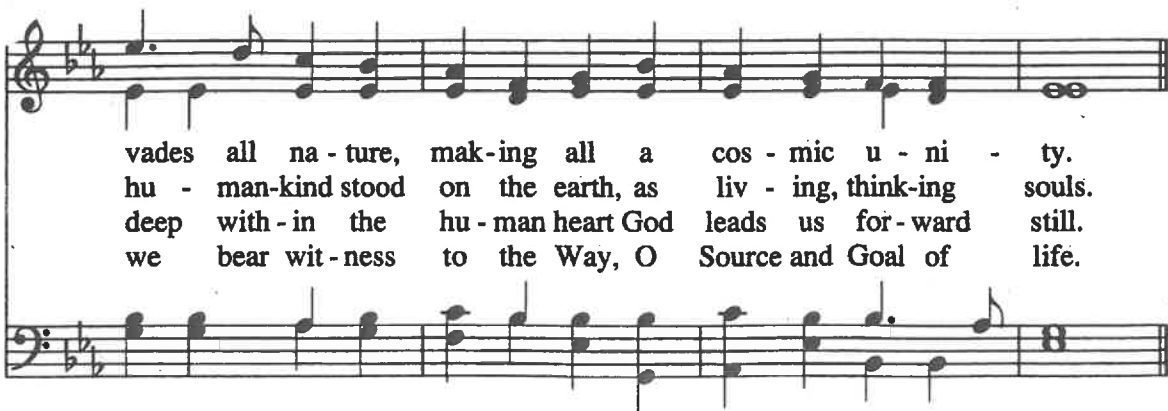
1 Praise to the liv - ing God, the God of love and light, Whose
 2 Praise to the liv - ing God, from whom all things de - rive, Whose
 3 Praise to the liv - ing God, who knows our joy and pain, Who
 4 Praise to the liv - ing God, a - round, with - in, a - bove, Be -



word brought forth the myr - iad suns and set the worlds in flight;
 Spir - it formed up - on this sphere the first faint seeds of life;
 shares with us our com - mon life, the sa - cred and pro - fane.
 yond the grasp of hu - man mind, but whom we know as love.



Whose in - fi - nite de - sign, which we but dim - ly see, Per -
 Who caused them to e - volve, un - wit - ting, toward God's goal, Till
 God toils wher-e'er we toil, in home and mart and mill; And
 In these tu - mul-tuous days, so full of hope and strife, May



vades all na - ture, mak - ing all a cos - mic u - ni - ty.
 hu - man-kind stood on the earth, as liv - ing, think - ing souls.
 deep with - in the hu - man heart God leads us for - ward still.
 we bear wit - ness to the Way, O Source and Goal of life.

Curtis Beach, born into a family of several generations of ministers, was educated at Harvard University, the Boston University School of Theology, and the University of Southern California. A minister in the United Church of Christ, Beach authored *The Gospel of Mark: Its Making and Meaning*.

Tune: DIADEMATA S.M.D.
 George J. Elvey, 1868

My Life Flows on in Endless Song

(How Can I Keep from Singing)

Ps. 46:1-7; 1 Cor. 3:21-23; 2 Cor. 5:17

Anon. in *Bright Jewels* for the Sunday School,
ed. Robert Lowry, 1869; alt.
St. 3, Doris Plenn, c. 1957

1 My life flows on in end - less song; a - bove earth's lam - en -
 2 What though my joys and com - forts die? My Sav - ior still is
 3 When ty - rants trem - ble, sick with fear, and hear their death knells
 4 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a -

ta - tion, I hear the sweet, though far - off hymn that
 liv - ing. What though the shad - ows gath - er 'round? A
 ring - ing; When friends re - joice both far and near, how
 bove it; And day by day this path - way smooths, since

hails a new cre - a - tion. Through all the tu - mult
 new song Christ is giv - ing. No storm can shake my
 can I keep from sing - ing? In pris - on cell and
 first I learned to love it. The peace of Christ makes

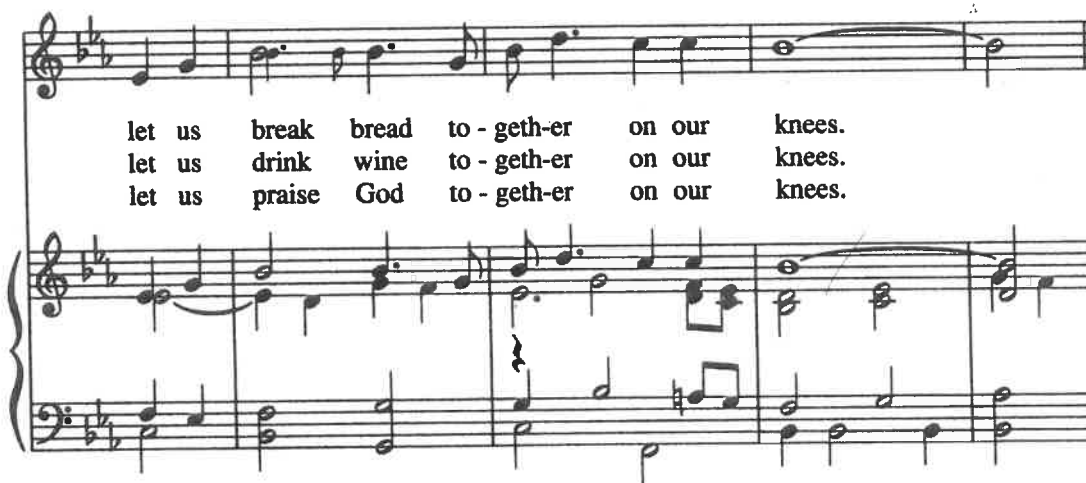
and the strife, I hear the mu - sic ring - ing; It
 in - most calm, while to that Rock I'm cling - ing; Since
 dun - geon vile our thoughts to them are wing - ing; When
 fresh my heart, a foun - tain ev - er spring - ing; All

In various nineteenth-century hymnals this hymn was attributed to different poets, including Anna Warner. The earliest published source credits Robert Lowry as the composer, although Silas Vail later claimed the music. The third stanza was written by Doris Plenn in the 1950s when her friends were imprisoned during the McCarthy era

Tune: ENDLESS SONG 8.7.8.7.D.
 Attrib. to Robert Lowry in *Bright Jewels*
 for the Sunday School, New York, 1869



1 Let us break bread to - geth-er on our knees;
 * 2 Let us drink wine to - geth-er on our knees;
 3 Let us praise God to - geth-er on our knees;



let us break bread to - geth-er on our knees.
 let us drink wine to - geth-er on our knees.
 let us praise God to - geth-er on our knees.

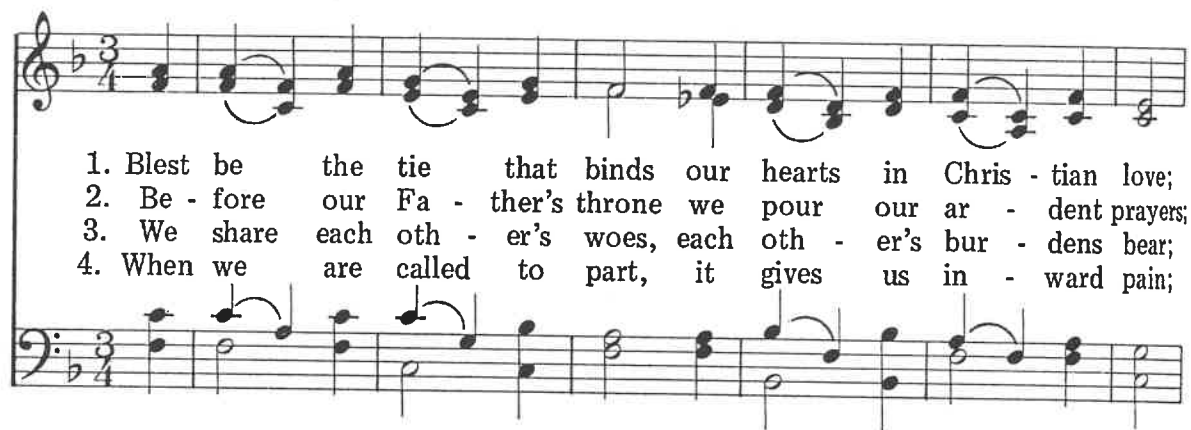
Refrain



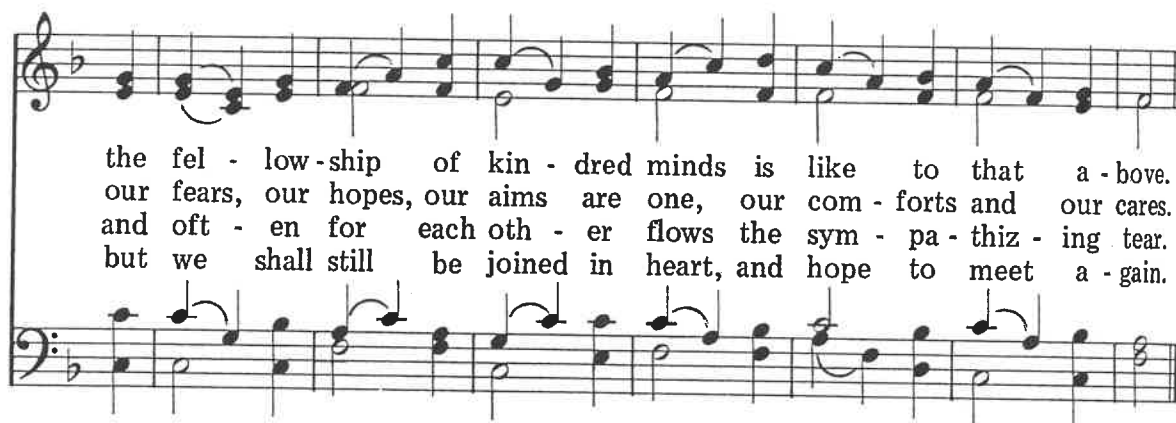
When I fall on my knees, with my face to the ris - ing sun,
 My God, have mer-cy on me.

708 Blest Be the Tie That Binds

For you are all one in Christ Jesus. Gal. 3:28



1. Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne we pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share each oth - er's woes, each oth - er's bur - dens bear;
4. When we are called to part, it gives us in - ward pain;



the fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds is like to that a - bove.
our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, our com - forts and our cares.
and oft - en for each oth - er flows the sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
but we shall still be joined in heart, and hope to meet a - gain.

WORDS: John Fawcett, 1782, alt.
MUSIC: Johann G. Nägeli, 1828; arr. Lowell Mason, 1845

DENNIS
S.M.