

vv. 1-2

1 Lord, whose love through hum - ble ser - vice bore the weight of hu - man
 2 Still your chil - dren wan - der home - less; still the hun - gry cry for
 3 As we wor - ship, grant us vi - sion, till your love's re - veal - ing
 4 Called by wor - ship to your ser - vice, forth in your dear name we

need, who up - on the cross, for - sak - en, of - fered mer - cy's
 bread; still the cap - tives long for free - dom; still in grief we
 light, in its height and depth and great - ness, dawns up - on our
 go, to the child, the youth, the a - ged, love in liv - ing

per - fect deed, we, your ser - vants, bring the wor - ship
 mourn our dead. As, O Lord, your deep com - pas - sion
 quick - ened sight, mak - ing known the needs and bur - dens
 deeds to show; hope and health, good will and com - fort,

not of voice a - lone, but heart, con - se - crat - ing
 healed the sick and freed the soul, use the love your
 your com - pas - sion bids us bear, stir - ring us to
 coun - sel, aid, and peace we give, that your ser - vants,

to your pur - pose ev - ery gift that you im - part.
 Spi - rit kin - dles still to save and make us whole.
 tire - less striv - ing, your a - bun - dant life to share.
 Lord, in free - dom may your mer - cy know and live.

Words: Albert F. Bayly (1901-1984), alt.
 Music: *Blaenhafren*, Welsh melody

$\text{♩} = 46$
 87. 87. D

vv. 1-2, 6

1 The King of love my shep - herd is, whose good - ness
 2 Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, my ran - somed
 *3 Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, but yet in
 *4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill with thee, dear
 5 Thou spread'st a ta - ble in my sight; thy unc - tion
 6 And so through all the length of days thy good - ness

1 fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
 2 soul he lead - eth, and where the ver - dant
 3 love he sought me, and on his shoul - der
 4 Lord, be - side me; thy rod and staff my
 5 grace be - stow - eth; and oh, what trans - port
 6 fail - eth nev - er: Good Shep - herd, may I

1 I am his, and he is mine for ev - er.
 2 pas - tures grow, with food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 3 gent - ly laid, and home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
 4 com - fort still, thy cross be - fore to guide me.
 5 of de - light from thy pure chal - ice flow - eth!
 6 sing thy praise with - in thy house for ev - er.

Alternative tune: *Dominus regit me*, 646.

Words: Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877); para. of Psalm 23
 Music: *St. Columba*, Irish melody; harm. *Hymnal 1982*

♩ = 100
 87. 87