

vv. 1, 4

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.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written in the center, aligned with the notes. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "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, 3

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee;
 3. Plen - teous grace with thee is found, Grace to cleanse from ev - 'ry sin;

1. While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 2. Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
 3. Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.

1. Hide me, O my Sa - vior, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
 2. All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring;
 3. Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee:

1. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 2. Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of thy wing.
 3. Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Music: Charles Wesley and Simeon B. Marsh (1798-1875)