

HYMNS

O Day of Rest and Gladness

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1 O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,  
2 This day at earth's cre - a - tion The light first had its birth;  
3 This day, God's peo - ple meet - ing, His Ho - ly Scrip - ture hear;  
△ 4 That light our hope sus - tain - ing, We walk the pil - grim way,



O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;  
This day for our sal - va - tion Christ rose from depths of earth;  
His liv - ing pres - ence greet - ing, Through bread and wine made near.  
At length our rest at - tain - ing, Our end - less Sab - bath day.



This day the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined to bless,  
This day our Lord vic - to - rious The Spir - it sent from heav'n,  
We jour - ney on, be - liev - ing, Re - newed with heav'n - ly might,  
We sing to Thee our prais - es, O Fa - ther, Spir - it, Son;



Sing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," The tri - une God con - fess.  
And thus this day most glo - rious A three - fold light was giv'n.  
From grace more grace re - ceiv - ing, On this blest day of light.  
The Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One.

*Text: Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–85, sts. 1–2, alt.;*

*Charles P. Price, 1920–99, st. 3; The Hymnal 1982, st. 4*

*Tune: Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Hofkapelle, Württemberg, 1784*

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1 Hope of the world, Thou Christ of great com - pas - sion;  
 2 Hope of the world, God's gift from high - est heav - en,  
 3 Hope of the world, a - foot on dust - y high - ways,  
 4 Hope of the world, who by Thy cross didst save us  
 5 Hope of the world, O Christ, o'er death vic - to - rious,



Speak to our fear - ful hearts by con - flict rent.  
 Bring - ing to hun - gry souls the bread of life,  
 Show - ing to wan - d'ring souls the path of light,  
 From death and dark de - spair, from sin and guilt,  
 Who by this sign didst con - quer grief and pain,



Save us, Thy peo - ple, from con - sum - ing pas - sion,  
 Still let Thy Spir - it un - to us be giv - en  
 Walk Thou be - side us lest the tempt - ing by - ways  
 We ren - der back the love Thy mer - cy gave us;  
 We would be faith - ful to Thy Gos - pel glo - rious.



Who by our own false hopes and aims are spent.  
 To heal earth's wounds and end our bit - ter strife.  
 Lure us a - way from Thee to end - less night.  
 Take Thou our lives and use them as Thou wilt.  
 Thou art our Lord! Thou dost for - ev - er reign!

*Text: Georgia Harkness, 1891–1974*

*Tune: Frances R. Havergal, 1836–79*

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1 The gifts Christ free - ly gives He gives to you and me  
 2 The gifts flow from the font Where He calls us His own;  
 3 The gifts of grace and peace From ab - so - lu - tion flow;  
 4 The gifts are there each day The ho - ly Word is read;



To be His Church, His bride, His cho - sen, saved and free!  
 New life He gives that makes Us His and His a - lone.  
 The pas - tor's words are Christ's For us to trust and know.  
 God's chil - dren lis - ten, hear, Re - ceive, and they are fed.



Saints blest with these rich gifts Are chil - dren who pro - claim  
 Here He for - gives our sins With wa - ter and His Word;  
 For - give - ness that we need Is grant - ed to us there;  
 Christ fills them with Him - self, Blest words that give them life,



That they were won by Christ And cling to His strong name.  
 The tri - une God Him - self Gives pow'r to call Him Lord.  
 The Lord of mer - cy sends Us forth in His blest care.  
 Re - stor - ing and re - fresh - ing Them for this world's strife.

5 The gifts are in the feast,  
 Gifts far more than we see;  
 Beneath the bread and wine  
 Is food from Calvary.  
 The body and the blood  
 Remove our ev'ry sin;  
 We leave His presence in  
 His peace, renewed again.

6 All glory to the One  
 Who lavishes such love;  
 The triune God in love  
 Assures our life above.  
 His means of grace for us  
 Are gifts He loves to give;  
 All thanks and praise for His  
 Great love by which we live!

*Text: Richard C. Resch, b. 1947*

*Tune: Charles J. Dale, alt.*

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# Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

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1 Let all mor - tal flesh keep si - lence And with fear and  
 2 King of kings yet born of Mar - y, As of old on  
 3 Rank on rank the host of heav - en Spreads its van - guard  
 4 At His feet the six - winged ser - aph, Cher - u - bim with



trem - bling stand; Pon - der noth - ing earth - ly - mind - ed,  
 earth He stood, Lord of lords in hu - man ves - ture,  
 on the way As the Light of Light, de - scend - ing  
 sleep - less eye, Veil their fac - es to the pres - ence



For with bless - ing in His hand Christ our God to earth de -  
 In the bod - y and the blood, He will give to all the  
 From the realms of end - less day, Comes the pow'rs of hell to  
 As with cease - less voice they cry: "Al - le - lu - ia, al - le -



scend - ing Comes our hom - age to de - mand.  
 faith - ful His own self for heav'n - ly food.  
 van - quish As the dark - ness clears a - way.  
 lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia, Lord Most High!"

*Text: Liturgy of St. James, 5th cent.;  
 tr. Gerard Moultrie, 1829-85, alt.  
 Tune: French, 17th cent.  
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# Lord, 'Tis Not That I Did Choose Thee

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1 Lord, 'tis not that I did choose Thee; That, I know, could  
 2 It was grace in Christ that called me, Taught my dark - ened  
 △ 3 Praise the God of all cre - a - tion; Praise the Fa - ther's



nev - er be; For this heart would still re - fuse Thee Had Thy  
 heart and mind; Else the world had yet en-thralled me, To Thy  
 bound-less love. Praise the Lamb, our ex - pi - a - tion, Priest and



grace not cho - sen me. Thou hast from the sin that stained me  
 heav'n - ly glo - ries blind. Now I wor - ship none a - bove Thee;  
 King en - throned a - bove. Praise the Spir - it of sal - va - tion,



Washed and cleansed and set me free And un - to this  
 For Thy grace a - lone I thirst, Know - ing well that,  
 Him by whom our spir - its live. Un - di - vid - ed



end or - dained me, That I ev - er live to Thee.  
 if I love Thee, Thou, O Lord, didst love me first.  
 ad - o - ra - tion To the great Je - ho - vah give.

*Text: Josiah Conder, 1789–1855, alt.  
 Tune: Erbaulicher Musicalischer Christen-Schatz, Basel, 1745  
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# All for Christ I Have Forsaken

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1 All for Christ I have for - sak - en And have  
 2 Who is sweet - er than Christ Je - sus? No good  
 3 Gone the past, un - known the fu - ture— Grace sup -  
 4 When God takes me home to heav - en, Should this  
 5 Though the road a - head be thorn - y, Though dark



tak - en up my cross; World - ly joy, its  
 thing in Him I lack! Hand to plow, at  
 plies my dai - ly breath; Strong in Christ through  
 be the day I die, God will keep my  
 clouds all light ob - scure, Though my cross - shaped



fame and for - tune, Now I count as worth-less dross.  
 peace I fol - low Where He leads me . . . why look back?  
 death's dark val - ley, Firm and faith - ful un - to death.  
 spouse and chil - dren As the ap - ple of His eye.  
 path grows steep - er, With the Lord, I am se - cure.

*Text: Calvin Chao, 1906–96;*

*tr. Stephen P. Starke, b. 1955*

*Tune: Southern Harmony, New Haven, 1835*

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