

Processional Hymn No. 126: Sing Praise to God Who Reigns Above

- 1: Sing praise to God who reigns above, the God of all creation,
the God of power, the God of love, the God of our salvation.
with healing balm my soul is filled and every faithless murmur stilled:
to God all praise and glory.
- 2: The Lord is never far away, but through all grief distressing,
an ever present help and stay, our peace and joy and blessing.
As with a mother's tender hand, God gently leads the chosen band:
to God all praise and glory.
- 3: Thus, all my toilsome way along, I sing aloud thy praises,
that earth may hear the grateful song my voice unwearied raises.
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart, both soul and body bear your part:
to God all praise and glory.
- 4: Let all who name Christ's holy name give God all praise and glory;
let all who own his power proclaim aloud the wondrous story!
Cast each false idol from its throne, for Christ is Lord and Christ alone:
to God all praise and glory.

(11 o'clock service) Hymn No. 420: Breathe on Me, Breath of God

- 1: Breathe on me, Breath of God, fill me with life anew,
that I may love what thou dost love, and do what thou wouldst do.
- 2: Breathe on me, Breath of God, until my heart is pure,
until with thee I will one will, to do and to endure.
- 3: Breathe on me, Breath of God, till I am wholly thine,
till all this earthly part of me glows with thy fire divine.
- 4: Breathe on me, Breath of God, so shall I never die,
but live with thee the perfect life of thine eternity.

Recessional Hymn No. 427: Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

- 1: Where cross the crowded ways of life, where sound the cries of race and clan,
above the noise of selfish strife, we hear your voice, O Son of Man.
- 2: In haunts of wretchedness and need, on shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
from paths where hide the lures of greed, we catch the vision of your tears.
- 3: From tender childhood's helplessness, from woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
from famished souls, from sorrow's stress, your heart has never known recoil.
- 4: The cup of water given for you still holds the freshness of your grace;
yet long these multitudes to view the sweet compassion of your face.
- 5: O Master, from the mountainside make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
among these restless throngs abide; O tread the city's streets again.
- 6: Till all the world shall learn your love and follow where your feet have trod,
till, glorious from your heaven above, shall come the city of our God!