

## Hymn No. 88

## Maker, in Whom We Live

- 1     Maker, in whom we live,  
      in whom we are and move,  
      the glory, power, and praise receive  
      for thy creating love.  
      Let all the angel throng  
      give thanks to God on high,  
      while earth repeats the joyful song  
      and echoes to the sky.
  
- 2     Incarnate Deity,  
      let all the ransomed race  
      render in thanks their lives to thee  
      for thy redeeming grace.  
      The grace to sinners showed  
      ye heavenly choirs proclaim,  
      and cry “Salvation to our God,  
      salvation to the Lamb!”
  
- 3     Spirit of Holiness,  
      let all thy saints adore  
      thy sacred energy,  
      and bless thine heart-renewing power.  
      Not angel tongues can tell  
      thy love’s ecstatic height,  
      the glorious joy unspeakable,  
      the beatific sight.
  
- 4     Eternal, Triune God,  
      let all the hosts above,  
      let all on earth below record  
      and dwell upon thy love.  
      When heaven and earth are fled  
      before thy glorious face,  
      sing all the saints thy love hath made  
      thine ever-lasting praise.

**Hymn No. 465**

**Holy Spirit, Truth Divine**

**(11 o'clock service ONLY)**

- 1 Holy Spirit, Truth divine,  
dawn upon this soul of mine;  
Word of God and inward light,  
wake my spirit, clear my sight.
- 2 Holy Spirit, Love divine,  
glow within this heart of mine;  
kindle every high desire;  
perish self in thy pure fire.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Power divine,  
fill and nerve this will of mine;  
grant that I may strongly live,  
bravely bear, and nobly strive.
- 4 Holy Spirit, Right divine,  
King within my conscience reign;  
be my Lord, and I shall be  
firmly bound, forever free.

## Hymn No. 410

## I Want a Principle Within

- 1 I want a principle within  
of watchful, godly fear,  
a sensibility of sin,  
a pain to feel it near.  
I want the first approach to feel  
of pride or wrong desire,  
to catch the wandering of my will,  
and quench the kindling fire.
  
- 2 From thee that I no more may stray,  
no more thy goodness grieve,  
grant me the filial awe, I pray,  
the tender conscience give.  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make;  
awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
and keep it still awake.
  
- 3 Almighty God of truth and love,  
to me thy power impart;  
the mountain from my soul remove,  
the hardness from my heart.  
O may the least omission pain  
my reawakened soul,  
and drive me to that blood again,  
which makes the wounded whole.